



The Trickster, a body shame

solution

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Fable, Humor, Romance

Once upon a time, there were three skinny mean girls who were rivals and friends. They called each other Chubby, Fatso, and Porky. They wanted boyfriends more than anything, but no one wished to court any of them. When they grew up, the women decreed they would stay the size they were as teenagers. Chubby loved dessert, but she never indulged after age twenty. Fatso loved pasta, but she never gave in to temptation either. Nobody knew what Porky liked because she only ever ate while hiding. Even into late middle age, all three women were still lean, mean and alone except for their cats.

One night in the fall, Chubby saw a turtlebat eating her berries in the moonlight. She called out to him and begged him to take her for a ride. “Oh no,” laughed the turtlebat. “You are much too skinny and you would fall off my back during the flight. You must start eating whatever you like. I will come back here in exactly one year to give you a ride.” He flapped his magnificent wings and flew away.

Chubby went inside and cooked a pie that she ate by herself at midnight with two glasses of whole milk. The next day, she told Fatso and Porky the story. At first, the friends thought it was just another mean trick. But when Chubby started to put on weight, Fatso started eating dishes of pasta with melted butter in hopes of getting a turtlebat ride too. Porky simply started eating in public.

The ladies began going to the tavern once a week to order whatever they wanted. After six months, nobody recognized them as the mean women anymore. Charming gentlemen brought them drinks and asked to join

their table. The friends decided to call each other Honey, Sweetie, and Darling. The first became a large woman, the second was medium size, and the last was still thin. By the time the year was up, the three ladies had suitors. They forgot all about the turtlebat.

But the turtlebat did not forget. He flew over the village to see if the ladies were any happier than the year before and beheld them walking out with their new boyfriends. The turtlebat gobbled up the sweet ripe berries in Honey's garden and said slyly to himself, "It is wrong to lie, but sometimes a little deceit is necessary."

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