

You're standing in an alley under a neon sign reading "Too fat for that, a life well fed." Curious, you open the door and push inside. Your skinny body is struggling with the heavy turnstile. You stare down a long hallway lit only by the lights of diorama cases.

On your left is the first one. A set of workout clothing hangs like a pinned butterfly, a large rip in the seam along the thigh. You smile in recognition. You have the same outfit, still intact, of course. You look at the plaque on the wall. On this day, you ripped your favorite workout outfit on your first day in the gym in months. You decided, Workouts: Maybe I'm too fat for that!

The date on the plaque confuses you. The year was wrong. It's still two years away!. Confused, you moved on to the next case. Suddenly conscience of the tightness of the pants you are currently wearing.

The next display showed two receipts for large cheese pizzas. The time stamps read around an hour apart. This time, the date on the plaque was six months after the ripped pants incident. "On this day," it said, "Ordering for one. I'm too fat for that!" Your stomach grumbles loudly as you finish reading. You rub the part hanging out of your shirt. After you finish this bonkers museum, a buffet trip is definitely in order. The light snack of 4 burgers wasn't going to hold you much longer.

Instead of a display case, the next exhibit was a photograph. The photo showed the outside of your favorite clothing store all decked out for their new arrivals event. The date was now roughly three years in the future. Something like a memory blooms in your mind. You and your friends are trying on the new summer styles. You are more excited than anyone. Your clothing hasn't been fitting right. It's tight in all the wrong ways, so now is a great time to sadly size up. But even the largest style they have doesn't fit right. After what will feel like the hundredth item, you give up. Dejectedly thinking, "normal clothing stores, too fat for that".

The sting of new memory is intensified as you look down at yourself. Wondering if the day you outgrow plus-size clothing stores would be farther down the hall.

Moving to another display case, there is a booth for a chain restaurant close to your house. Without reading the plaque, you know what would happen here. The table, biting into your belly. Your ass wedged in the seat. It wouldn't be comfortable, but you would be too hungry to care. After the first entree, the pressure would start becoming unbearable. The cocktail would help soothe it while you eat a second entree. Your favorite at this restaurant. Now, properly stuffed, you go to get out of the booth and are stuck. It takes an embarrassing

hour to get you free. Waddling out of the restaurant, you sigh sadly. Booth's guess, I'm too fat for that.

The next case was the largest yet. A car sat in it. The driver door was open, seat pressed back, steering wheel raised to its highest degree, and it still pressed into your gut. You would hate that car by the end. Each trip, a reminder of how much larger you would get. The floor was covered in layers of fast food bags and wrappers. The scent of grease so soaked in, no amount of air fresheners would cover it up. A feeling of pride swells within you. Staring at this car, you would someday no longer fit in. Alternative revenue streams have now become your mainstream, You could work from home and get delivery. The struggle with your car would be a thing of your future past. Smiling, you think, driving. Too fat for that!

Sweat runs down your face as you waddle away from your old car. Your body jiggles and shakes with every ponderous step. Your knees are screaming. This is the most exercise you have gotten in years. And you don't like it. The payoff better be worth your effort.

You smile at the next display, it's a pair of pants so large they would be a tent on a normal person. They are the last pair of pants you would ever wear, deciding that it wasn't worth the effort to cram all your soft flesh into a prison of cotton. Your viewers didn't seem to mind; in fact, this particular pair of pants had bought you an amazing feast even by your standards. You live-streamed it as a celebration called Pants? I'm too fat for that!

The next case fills you with a bit of nostalgia. It's filled with your old computer chair and armchair. The day you couldn't fit in the armchair was sad, it had been a gift, and it had served you faithfully, also it had really tied the room together. But the day you got stuck, your hips firmly squished into a space you had been forcing them into far too long. Ment the end of an era. Moving your Steam setup into your living room and settling yourself onto the couch, you restarted your stream with a chipper greeting! Guess what, guy's I've moved to the Couch because Chairs! I'm too fat for that!

And that was it. You reached the end of the hallway a sweaty jiggling mess body aching from effort you had not put into anything beside eating for a long time the Muumuu you were wear for this rare trip outside of your apartment was a mess of stains and you desperately hoped you could find a car big enough to get you home in time for tonights stream. Your fans were sending an entire sheet cake for you to devour in the pig nose and ears you ordered. No hands or utensils, just a face-first like the hog you were. You opened the door and turned sideways your hips to wide for even a chance at getting through. Your belly and butt werent much smaller these days though and soon they were wedged firmly

into the door way halfway through you tried to struggle and suck your gut in but your fat would only compress so much then with a firm shove lubricated by your sweaty body you burst free with a pop. Looking at the door, you rubbed your sore stomach and thought, "Doors. Guess I'm too fat for that!"