

## Philosophical Obesity

Socrates once said that it is a shame for a man to grow old without seeing the beauty and strength his body is capable of. While what he said is true, it is important to remember, he was a flawed man, who, like many, did not see the one true capability of a man's body that every man can enjoy; an ability only man has to reap the benefits and pleasure of: the ability to grow fat, to consume mass quantities of meat, fruit and wine, to feel his body grow soft with the bounty of gods; earthly pleasures that the gods have provided man which they cannot consume to grow themselves.

Yes, they may consume ambrosia, to fuel their muscular bodies which so many young men strive for; but they have left us with the food of man to consume. Sweet, plump fruit. Succulent, lard marbled meat, fat and thick vegetables; all foods they cannot consume. These simple pleasures which the gods bestowed to us came from their hands, and, just as it is rude to reject food from the hand of a man's husband, it is rude to deny the will of the gods by limiting the consumption of their gifts to humanity.

If the Gods wanted us thin, and sickly, why would the bodies they made us crave these foods? Why would we derive great pleasure from the feeling of a swollen stomach? Why have it beg for us to consume when near empty? And why have it beg for more and more once we start? I ask you, how is it proper to deny these urges when the Gods so willed it that food make us feel this way?

Further, if the food of the gods was made to pleasure us so, then why be so conceded to deny the benefits it bestows on the body; and act as though it is shameful? Take my form, for example; a form taken by kings and members of government, a form of those close to the gods

and a form of those who are close to the ones selected by god to rule. I am supple, marbled in a thick layer of fat just as the best cuts of meat. Round, like the plumpest of fruit. A body built by the foods created by the gods, dripping with fat like the freshest of olive oil. Any man in the audience can see that I have not denied the food bestowed upon us by the gods. I consume ever increasing quantities, never able to get enough of the gift of the gods. I do not deny the merciful hands of the gods who seek to enrich us as best as they can, to know the pleasure they feel when feasting from their fountains of ambrosia. But do not assume I am attempting to become a god through consumption. I know a man's stomach capacity can never rival that of Zues. But that does not mean I cannot strive to get as close as I can to get close to the limitless capacity of the gods; just as a priest knows he will never become a god, but worships nonetheless to bring himself closer to them.

Additionally, we know that corpulence is a sign of status and wealth. Men such as I, who's form jiggles with every thunderous steps he takes, carry with them a sense of dominance and wealth which the skinny do not. A man like myself, who's stomach is swollen with the fat of past meals, and distended with the cookings of a loyal house husband, live in lavish luxury. Early man, and the low status man, struggle to find even one thin animal to consume; lucky to find the dry meat of a sickly rabbit. Today, in the average man of Athens has a bounty to consume; able to wear the gift of gods around his belly, show how dedicated his husband is to serving his spouse, if he was not so stifled by the will of his fellow man. Cast that away, and recognize that Greece, the peak of society, has offered us the chance to relish in in the divine corpulence of wealth our Gods have so kindly given us. Stop yourself from being stifled, relish in the gift of the gods as they intended, and let yourself grow fat enjoying our surplus.

And I know full well, just as you in the audience do, that a husband is more than happy to help you grow to your true potential. I know some of you solidified your relations in the temple of Hymen. And I know, each one of the members of this audience who weighs over 250 pounds, is worshipped by his husband. Those looks you are giving me tell me I'm not wrong. A husband serves and grows you because he enjoys it. Nothing pleases him more than seeing you grow corpulent and soft at his hand. Raise your hand if you have your husband cook for you. Keep your hand raised if he hand feeds you. Ah, the fatter ones here kept their hands up. Keep your hand up if he grabs your stomach, slaps it, rubs it, or something similar. Not surprising that those hands are still raised. What about those of you who have noticed that your husbands grab at it while fucking, or snuggle into it after? I see the skinnier of you here seem jealous. That is my point. Why would the gods make man attracted to fat, if it is not what we are meant to be? Based on their behavior, the fatter we become, the happier they become. It's almost like the gods intended men like us to grow and relish in their food, and the men we marry were meant to grow us and relish in that growth. So why deny yourself? You're denying the will of the gods, you're making yourself unhappy by submitting to the foolish ideals of fitness brought by the Olympics, and you're denying your husband the gods given right to relish in the fruits of his worship. Why deny yourselves now, knowing what you know?

Go, young men. I see none of you have come forth to issue a rebuttal. Something tells me the market will be much busier, and those ropes around your togas will be much tighter.