

The Fat Man Shrugs

Written by Greg Mills

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"At the heart of every blogger is a Nude Fat Man eating cookie dough" - Jules Verne

ANGER! DESPAIR!

My stupid mother, my philistine she-ape, soul purging snake of a mother, has DONE. IT.
A pox on her need to fiddle about, to dust, to POLISH.

A POX on her denial of the rhythms of growth and decay. [A pox on her so-called CLEANING.](#)

Her vain crusade to hold back the BLACK FERTILE LOAM OF CREATION with HER
RIDICULOUS SWIFTER and HANDY-VAC has lead to an atrocity that human language can
only meagerly convey.

When will the tender mercy of orphanhood grace me?

For she has, dear Zeus, dear Buddha, dear L. Ron...she
has...THROWN...OUT...MY....DOME-ED....CITY.

I think, perhaps, an explanation maybe in order. Reading over my past entries, from the relative
simplicity of the life I lead only a week ago, I think you may have had a false view of me.

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There was a lot about me sitting in my chair, futzing around, tending to my cats and the pleasures of the body. "Oh," you thought, "Oh, this man is so jolly, so simple and carefree in his leisure." I suspect you also saw how my mother is a fucking albatross, too, as any sensitive person might.

But what you didn't know, what you couldn't know, was the reason for what appeared to be mere sloth on my part. Cleverly, I tricked everyone.

For that wasn't SLOTH. That was RECUPERATION. For at night, sometimes until 10:30, I wrestled with the angel of destiny. My project: nothing less.... than **UTOPIA!!!!!!!** .

For, since the fateful day I dropped out the drama program of Loma Linda Jr. College, I have been working steadily on a DOME-ED CITY, reams of butcher paper and pounds of felt-tips spent, designing a city especially fitted to accelerate our race's evolutionary processes.

Every night, bent over my TV tray for upward of two hours, I would sketch, dream, run the simulations in the old bean. True, I usually ended up fantasizing about having Markie Post as a companion/lover/body guard, and directing her to destroy my enemies after which she would show me her bare buttocks. But I saw that as a mental dessert after the excruciating chore of civilization building.

The plan was simple: I, as philosopher king, would select the most intelligent, most perfect specimens from the vast genetic pool of our human family. Doctors, NASCAR drivers, mighty chiefs of savage lands (I am not a racist), French chefs, Industrialists, gymnasts, science experts, submarine captains, fancy men, world class entertainers, etc.

There would also be women, too. They would uniformly be very pretty, with good makeup and carefully brushed hair. I have (or HAD. Curse the past tense!) designed a collection of suitably attractive outfits for these brave dome women on graph paper.

The DOME-ED CITY would allow sub-normals in to attend to removing feces from the Exotic Cat Habitrail, bleaching and sanitizing the Imperial Erotic Grotto, etc. They would prepared a late afternoon snack EN MASSE for CIVILIZATION'S SAVIORS, then leave to their own gated compound, where simple-minded and enriching entertainment would be provided to keep them happy.

I have experience a certain degree of cruelty and humiliation in my life. I can only extend charity to imbeciles.

The center of the DOME-ED CITY would be a complex housing the LIBRARY OF UNIVERSIAL FANTASTIC WISDOM AND POWER, THE ZIGGURAT OF FOOD STUFFS, and THE PEAK OF THE ALL BENIGN THOUGHT MASTER, which would be compound consisting of my house, and a series of bungalows for the STARS of "Are You Being Served" if they so wish to join me in PARADISE.

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(And to be sure, my gargantuan physical urges will have an outlet for release. Heh! The climate stabilized vault with carefully control PH levels will hold underwear catalogs and glossies of Markie Post. Grrrrrr! Am I right, boys?)

Under the house is a warren of offices and dens, each outfitted with a globe, a large comfy chair, hundreds of books and a free assortment of sodas. The Internet would be made available to the more technically saavy of us. The Native Chiefs would be taught etiquette and be given tuxedos, combs, etc.

Each CIVILIZATION MASTER would be expected to spend no less than 3 hours a day thinking on solutions for the major problems of we humans, such as:

- creating advanced food stuffs
- teasing
- cat training
- useful applications for feline urea
- selfish parenting
- the rudeness rampant throughout the hobby shop industry
- avenging wrongs perpetrated against people. As a pilot program, I have crafted a list of liars, phonies and jerks that I personally know of that could use a taste of righteous vengeance.

But the dream is over. It is in the trash, outside, countless linear feet of wasted hope. And as I have a friction rash on my thighs, I'm not going anywhere right now. For by the time I get around to applying the Gold Bond, the trashmen will have comethed.(Also, Entertainment Tonight comes on in forty-five minutes, and that might be the only thing that will take me on through to see the dawn again. So forgive me if I HOLD OFF ON SAVING THE WORLD FOR ONE MORE DAMN DAY.)

So, today, as you wrestle with the weight of the UNFAIRNESS and BLINDNESS that is the LEADEN ANUS of this world, remember this: I held the key to save us all. And, through the faults of stupid and thoughtless Hun, it was lost.

Sorry, Earth. Your savior got suckered punched...by his MOM.