

Case File B-351

"The Fat Friend Apparition."

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CLASSIFIED — PROJECT CORRESPONDANCE

Subject: *Supermundum, Historicus, Extra Mores, amici multis facies* (B-351).

Project Leader(s): Dr. J. ██████ Thompkins.

Site: Black Site M; ██████████

Status?: Contained. At Large. Unclear.



Upon its capture in ██████████, B-351 has fallen under our jurisdiction.

Its human characteristics make my crew uneasy and studying it uncomfortable. We are learning that it is in the creature's nature to feign personability and to mimic personality. As to be expected of its genus, B-351 has the ability to passively alter the memories of mundane minds to act as camouflage. In a spectacular diversion from what we have observed of the species in other instances, our newest acquisition specifically chooses to take the form of distant friends and loved ones.

This specimen of *Extra Mores* is of a, what we believe to be, previously undiscovered subspecies; or at the very least one that doesn't match any of the known recorded variations. Though similar in genetic makeup, our studies have shown that the pineal glands that allow for telepathy are divergent from the norm established with the more familiar *peregrinus cum multis facies*. Where *peregrinus* has evolved to shapeshift into forms more likely to elicit apathy from those around it in order to be overlooked, B-351 has an entirely different arsenal at its disposal.

Though we are unsure as to whether or not this divergence constitutes a quantifiable sub-breed or subspecies, we have dubbed the creature *amici multis facies* ("Friend with Many Faces") due to the unusual nature of its ability to assume the guise of mundane humans thought forgotten.

The most profound argument for species divergence and sub-breed classification lies in B-351's ability to not only alter memories of the mundane, but absorb them into itself in order to take on a more specified role. Whereas *peregrinus* merely assumes a new identity by scanning the collective memories of all humans within a 3-meter radius to blend in among the mundane (making large crowds a necessity for capture) *amici* has the peculiar ability to tie itself to one (1) mundane human by taking the name, face, and general persona^a of a friend (or in rare occasions, a distant family member) that the person in question has become estranged to.

Its shapeshifting abilities and extrasensory empathy make for many uneasy glances into its cell among the crew, who sometimes give contradictory claims about the physical characteristics of

^a Imperfections remain, no matter how skillful the mimicry. Subject B-351's ability to assume a mundane form are directly linked to whomever they are attempting to interface with and their ability to recall said form. Two lab techs (R. S. ██████ and T. B. ██████) were acquainted with B-351's "Beth Brown", but B. ██████ was able to discern differences between the actual Brown and the *amici's* performance due to later exposure and personal knowledge of said Brown contradicting information given by B-351 as Brown.

just what is contained within. But as long as something is in there, and our scanners are picking up its peculiar radiation signature, we know that we're doing something right.

Though we have come to understand much of our subject biologically, we are naturally driven by a need to understand what key factors (if any) tie into the creature's behavior. While it is capable of human speech and presumably of rational thought, B-351 is unable to be trusted in regards to exposition of its wants, needs and desires. Though it distinguishes itself among our other subjects as a (seemingly) functioning, sentient being, albeit one from outside of our reality, we are unable to be sure of its motivations outside of wishing to escape captivity.

Escaping into the isolation of the [REDACTED] would almost assuredly cause it to enter its natural quasi-corporeal form. While intriguing from a scientific standpoint, [REDACTED] as well as the sanity of any agents unfortunate enough to be tasked with bringing it in while in such a state. Allowing B-351 to leave on its own terms is simply not feasible and must be avoided at all costs. Eyes must be on it at all times.

As a precaution, through careful analysis of the creature's biology via MRI, we have been able to implant nanomachines capable of reaching temperatures hot enough to destroy the creature outright—at least in and of as far as removing it from our physical reality. B-351 has shown an understanding of our ability to destroy it at the earliest opportunity, and has attempted to dissuade us from the precaution's necessity. While we now have a means of termination should the need arise, I (and my team) feel that it would be a waste to simply destroy the creature without understanding the peculiarities of its behavior.

Analyzing interaction with mundane humans within the facility has proven impossible, as all agents and crew members a) are informed of the creature's nature and abilities, and b) not allowed within a certain proximity of the cell. Meanwhile, there exist many white zones across North America where our team would be able to observe B-351 in its natural habitat—interacting with mundane humans who are unaware of its abilities. Doing so would surely grant us a much greater understanding of what drives the creature and how we can better defend ourselves, and our great nation, against other extradimensional beings like it in the future.

With permission, I would implore that we release Subject B-351 into a controlled environment, or perhaps a series of controlled environments, so that we may observe the peculiarities of this evolutionary divergence of what has already been classified as a [REDACTED] threat.


Dr. J. [REDACTED] Thompson, XMD
Black Site M
[REDACTED]



Before all of this started, Lucy and I had never been the closest of friends.

We ran in different circles when we were in high school. I was popular, and she wasn't—you know, back when that kind of stuff mattered. When I was a snotty, mean Pretty Girl™ who wanted nothing more than to flex on everyone just how much better off I was than them.

Back when I actually *had* money. Before the car crash(es), before getting cut off, and...

And honestly before a whole bunch of other things that are probably really good for me and helped me grow out of my bratty phase; but that's really difficult to focus on when you meet up with somebody who you used to absolutely torment when you were kids while you're working behind a coffee counter to help make ends meet.

You know?

I almost didn't recognize her. But as soon as I heard her voice, I knew that there was no denying it; the large woman standing on the other end of the counter was none other than Lucy Laskowski^b.

“Oh my God, *Heather?*”

I couldn't exactly hide from her, but God knows that I wanted to. Even if she hadn't recognized my face, I was wearing my nametag. There was no way for me to get out of it.

“Hiiiiii Lucy...”

It had helped that I wasn't the only one who had gone through some changes in the past decade since we'd last seen each other. Where I had traded in expensive makeup and designer clothes for yesterday's elf eyeliner and a ratty green apron stained with crème base, Little Lucy Laskowski had clearly been treated much better in our time apart.

Gone was the pale, skinny nerd who used to try to hide behind those big coke-bottle glasses, and there in line was an excessively plump, busty woman with gorgeous blonde locks that flowed over her tanned shoulders. Lucy's face had rounded and her cheeks puffed out, pink behind her stylish frames, while her tummy had fattened out into a heavy gut tucked into the front of her summery white shorts. Beneath straining buttons, Lucy's birdy chest had blossomed into humongous, matronly breasts that fought for freedom from her sleeveless yellow blouse.^c

Despite the extra weight, I couldn't help but think that Lucy had undergone a definite glow-up—whereas I was serving coffee and eating microwave ramen until payday.

I thought that she would have rubbed her success in my face, but she was really kind to me. It was a slow day at the Bean Machine (Thursday mornings always were) so she hovered around the serving area and talked with me about my life. When I went on

^b According to ██████████, Lucy Laskowski was recorded as still living in her home town of Greenville, NC at the time of this incident. Laskowski had not left the surrounding county in two years. Outside of a trip to Las Vegas, Nevada, she has never been recorded leaving at all.

^c Physical description of B-351's mimicry of Laskowski is not congruent with reality. Laskowski is slightly underweight and pale, whereas B-351 portrayed her here as obese and well-sunned. The facial structure and height, however, are exact. This seems to be a favored tactic of *Extra Mores amici multis facies*—presumably to help lure its target into expressing desired behaviors necessary to feed on.

break, she joined me in the dining area over coffee and a muffin while we caught up more. She even paid for it, *and* bought me a cookie.

That was how our friendship started—over food.

I guess, in hindsight, it's not that shocking.

Over the next couple of weeks, Lucy started coming in more. She told me that she worked some kind of job nearby, but I never thought to ask what she actually *did*. It sounds weird, given our past, but we became really close. I didn't have any friends in Fairview, and knowing that we somehow wound up in the same small town two states away really meant a lot to me. My guilt over how I'd treated her when we were younger never faded (if anything, it only became *more* intense since I kind of started relying on her to pay for our meals) but I was learning, slowly, to forgive myself for the way that I'd treated her. Eventually we started hanging out outside of my work, going out after my shifts at the Bean Machine and grabbing dinner. Sometimes we would head back to my apartment.

The more time that I spent with her though, the more that I came to understand just how she'd managed to put on so much weight. I had (still have, I guess) those old Rich Bitch tendencies to think about this kind of thing. I felt guilty about dwelling on her size when she was being so nice to me. But it was an understatement to say that Lucy could *eat*—and she was never shy about insisting that I join in on the fun.

And how could I refuse? I didn't have the money to eat half of the time, and Lucy always offered to pay for me whenever we went out, no matter how much we wound up ordering. I felt like some kind of charity case, but I literally couldn't afford to say no.

Over time, I guess I sort of picked up some bad habits.

There were comments made by employees and a few regulars, and even my boss about how tight my clothes were getting. They were probably meant as jokes, but honestly, I was happy to be putting on some weight. I had shrunk down to skin and bones by the time that I'd met Lucy, and it felt good to get some curves back. For a while, I really started to feel good about the person looking back at me from the mirror... that is, until I started to outgrow my bigger uniforms.

I had never had a weight problem before I got cut off. I was never a chubby girl, and I didn't have fat genes or anything. But it seemed like the more time that I spent with Lucy, the more weight that I started to put on.

It got to the point where, six months after Lucy and I became friends, I weighed one hundred and eighty pounds. I had gained fifty pounds in just over half a year. I had a belly, my thighs had started to rub together, and I had a little double chin. Initially, I just chalked it up to Winter Weight. But regardless of where it came from, I was miserable. Not only was I struggling just to pay rent, but now I was *fat* too. It felt like whatever I wasn't spending when we went out to eat, I was upsizing my wardrobe. Lucy paying for our meals was helping my financial situation, but not by much. It felt like all I ever did anymore was go to work and eat.

But even when I mentioned that my New Year's resolution was to lose weight, and asked if I could count on her support, she very openly wouldn't give me any^d.

"I hope you don't expect *me* to go on a diet too..."

"Why do you want to diet? Thick is in, Heather—nobody will like you if you get all skinny again..."

"Okay, but I'm not going to stop eating what I want when we go out..."

I really couldn't believe what I was hearing. And kept hearing. I had come to Lucy as a friend, maybe my *only* friend in town, and she acted snippy over the idea that I might shed a couple of pounds at pretty much every opportunity. At the time, I was upset, but eventually I relented. After all, just because I wasn't comfortable with my body, I couldn't have expected her to feel the same way about hers.

However, after getting to gorge myself on Lucy's dime for six months, my willpower was weak. Watching her suckle on wings at the bar, shovel forkfuls of rich creamy pasta down over a kindling of breadsticks, or eat entire pizzas with stuffed crust and greasy toppings was too much for me. And after just a month, I cracked. I was back to eating just like I had been before.

Worse than I had been before.

And knowing that I had let myself down, failing at yet another aspect of my life, I dived headfirst into the only thing that brought me comfort anymore; food.

I stopped ordering salads when Lucy and I went out. I ordered burgers. Chicken wings. Pasta. Everything that I had craved during the month that I had been denying myself, and Lucy took full advantage of it.

"Glad to have you back on the right side of the diet line!"

She still offered to pay for everything that I ever ordered, even as the bill continued to creep up. She frequently cited my money problems, but to be honest, I had stopped caring. My life was a wreck, and I was depressed. If Lucy wanted to throw down sixty dollars every time we went out after work and got wings, I wasn't going to stop her anymore.

My weight exploded from that point on. I felt so stupid for getting worried about weighing one hundred and eighty pounds by the time I put on another forty. And then another fifteen after that. I was snacking constantly between shifts at my job, at home, and even whenever I got behind the wheel. I had porked up so much that by the time I got an invite back to my parents' Thanksgiving, they didn't recognize me. Which only served to make me *more* depressed.

The more I ate, the sadder I got. And the sadder I got, the more I ate. ^e

^d Observing B-351 in captivity and in controlled environments, research shows that through usage of its pineal glands, *Extra Mores amici multis facies* can subtly encourage certain behaviors from its host—including ignoring socially inexcusable behavior, as well as brazen encouragement towards indulgence.

^e Samples taken from B-351's motus cubiculum over the course of observatory periods a, b, c, and d show that the hosts' differing emotions sustain biology uniquely, and stimulate different part of its brain during processing and digestion. Specific interactions with the host to produce these different chemicals is entirely intentional on B-351's part. Does it have gustatory senses?

And since my only friend was Lucy^f, someone who was also pretty adamant about food fixing everything, I didn't have *anybody* to help reign me in as I got bigger and bigger. I was getting to be a real hog back then, eating everything left and right. I was getting exhausted just doing my job. Walking from one end of the kitchen to the other was beginning to leave me out of breath. My coworkers hated being put on shifts with me, and my boss was starting to get onto me about my low productivity.

The worst part about it was that I had never felt so *ugly*. Sitting next to Lucy every other day or so was one thing. She carried her weight well, all in her chest. But me? I was just *round*. My belly was this big, jiggly roll that brushed against my thighs, with spare tire fit for a monster truck. My arms were gross and flabby, and my face was all fat... I really looked like I was swelling up like a berry. I was miserable. Nothing fit, I was always hungry, and I barely even felt like a person anymore.

Finally—*finally*—it all turned around for me.

I met a cute guy (my now-fiancée, Stephen) who helped me work through my emotional issues. He set me up with a therapist, his ex-girlfriend Laura and I became really close and we started going to the gym...

Considering that I was almost two hundred and eighty pounds at this point, I really needed a friend who *wasn't* basically encouraging me to stuff my face and not deal with my problems.

But when I started losing weight, Lucy started to get really aggressive with me. All of the sudden, she was bringing up the way that I used to be when we were teenagers; things that she had assured me were in the past, and that she had forgiven me for.

“Great, now you can go back to having that superior look on your face again.”

“Ever since you started dating Stephen, you've been ignoring me—what's going on?”

“Losing weight is just toxic body positivity, Heather. Grow up and accept that you're not a teenager anymore.”

We started getting in fights every time I mentioned going to the gym. Eventually, it got to the point where she would just shut down whenever I mentioned Stephen or Laura, or any of the new people that I was being introduced to through my relationship with my boyfriend. It was like she was the only one who could be my friend. Even though I hadn't so much as been to her apartment, or knew where she worked.

Maybe it was the confidence from having more people in my corner. Maybe it was me having dropped twenty pounds, and feeling myself. You know, a can-do attitude transferring out of the gym and into my normal life.

I was much clearer about my new boundaries, but Lucy kept insisting that I go out to eat with her. Just her. And that we go out to bars and toddle home drunk to my apartment. Always my apartment. We could never go out with *my* friends—just me and her. In fact,

^f In order to ensure proper emotional manipulation, it has been observed that *Extra Mores amici multis facies* will use predatory tactics to facilitate the host's isolation. This theory is supported in captivity as well; its shrewd nature and ability to affect mundane minds necessitated much care during designated feeding times and when escorted both to and from cell to labs.

she had never even seen my boyfriend outside of pictures that I showed to her on my phone.

It was around this time that I started to think a little harder about Lucy.

At first, I was convinced that she had just turned into a possessive bitch over the years. Or worse, had always been one, and I just let my guilt over picking on her when we were teenagers get in the way of me seeing that. But then I started thinking that this was some kind of sick punishment for being such a cunt to her in high school.

I mean, think about it—we only ever went out to eat. She knew I was depressed, and she paid for pretty much every time we ever went out and told me to go nuts. I honestly think that she was *trying* to get me addicted to food. Like she was trying to make me fat like her or something. And it worked—I'm still kind of chunky these days, but it's nice to be back under two hundred...

I wasn't really *afraid* of Lucy until the day that I told her that Stephen and I were getting engaged.

I said her that I was going on a hardcore diet so that I could fit into the wedding dress of my dreams, and that I needed her to be supportive. I honestly considered asking her to be one of my bridesmaids, even after everything that she had started putting me through. But then she flipped out on me, stormed out of the Bean Machine, and told me to go fuck myself.

I thought that would have been the end of it.

In a weird way, it felt kind of freeing to have the weight of mine and Lucy's friendship off of my shoulders. Like she pulled the trigger for me, and that it wasn't my responsibility to worry about saying the wrong thing anymore. I had gotten so used to walking on eggshells when it came to anything other than food, booze, and complaining about my problems that I didn't realize how negative of a person Lucy was turning me into.

For the next three weeks I was lighter than air. My complexion cleared up, I was losing weight faster than ever, and Stephen and I were talking about moving in together into a new apartment closer to the city. I was *full* of energy—but every now and then, I thought about Lucy.

I couldn't help but feel like I'd let her down again, even if I knew it wasn't my fault this time.

I hadn't seen her since our big fight, and I honestly thought that she was done with me, until the night that she showed up in my apartment.

“I just wanted to let you know that I'm really happy for you and Stephen.”

I had heard her before I had even turned on the lights. She was sitting on my couch, prim and proper. Her chubby little hands crossed over her lap, fat breasts fighting for space with her hammy arms. Her round face was tomato-red all the way down to her double chin. It looked like she had been crying, but I wasn't about to ask what was wrong.

I don't feel guilty about the things that I said to her that night. I told her off, I called her a creep, and I told her that she was still the same weird little girl from high school and that I wanted her out of my life for good.

I called the police and told them that someone had broken into my apartment, but by the time they arrived she was gone. She said what she felt that she needed to say, left calmly, and that was the last that I ever saw of her.⁸

The police report told me that there was no damage to the lock on my apartment door and asked if I had given her a key, which I hadn't. It was hard to imagine Lucy being able to crouch for that long and pick the lock, given how big she was. I still changed it.

Needless to say, this accelerated my plans to move. I broke my lease and moved out that weekend, and Stephen let me stay with him until we closed the deal on our new place.

I still think about what my life might have been like if I had never met my husband, and if Lucy had been my only friend in Fairview. I wouldn't have just been fat, I would have been miserable. She was so controlling, so *mean* to me towards the end, and I didn't even realize it. She totally whittled down my self-respect *and* my self-control with how toxic she was. I never would have lost the weight—hell, I'd probably be twice the size I was when I met Stephen if Lucy had her way—and I never would have learned how to forgive myself for what a shitty person I used to be.

I know that I definitely deserve a lot of the bad things that happen to me in life. I probably even deserved all of that weird shit with Lucy. But I don't deserve to be weighed down by my past, and I *for sure* don't deserve to be trapped in an abusive friendship.

I don't know if I deserve Stephen, our new life, or to be blessed with our little miracle Molly. But I know that I've worked hard for it all, and that I'd do it all again if it meant that I could come out the other side happy, and healthy...

But I will admit that I miss getting to pig out on someone else's dime.

⁸ While *Extra Mores amici multis facies* appears to be emovorous, it is by genetic makeup capable of simulating the necessary organs to digest prey physically. It is fortunate that B-351 was not provoked into offensive measures, or we may have lost this valuable testimony from Billings.

CLASSIFIED — PROJECT CORRESPONDANCE

Subject: *Supermundum, Historicus, Extra Mores, amici multis facies* (B-351).

Project Leader(s): Dr. E [REDACTED] Simmons.

Site: White Zone Σ; Warden's Office.

Status?: Contained. At Large. Unclear.

Upon seeing its capabilities in Fairview, we are intrigued by B-351's seemingly natural proclivities to simulate overweight versions of otherwise existing acquaintances and relations. Thanks in part to due diligence from Dr. Thompkins and their associated research team, the crew dispatched to receive *Extra Mores amici multis facies* were able to set up a controlled experiment before being prepped and released into the White Zone.

Recruits were polled according to sociability beforehand, with those claiming to have 4 or fewer "close friends or associates" specifically chosen so as to maximize the pool that B-351 could choose to simulate. Observatory teams making use of bodycams on the transport crew and facial recognition software were able to conclude that of the five visages that B-351 assumed, none of them were randomly generated and all were related somehow to the group of ten assigned to deliver it onsite; including distanced relations, and alumni.

There is already a running joke among my team about how we should call it the "Fat Friend".

This is an astounding discovery, and opens several possibilities as to the method of transformation. Somehow B-351 is not only capable of assuming some simulacrum of the original personality as it is recalled by the host, but also simultaneously parsing through the thousands of faces stored in the human subconscious *and* deciding which one is statistically least likely to make an appearance and disrupt camouflage.

To say that my team and I are delighted by such a fascinating development and are deeply appreciative of being selected for this incredible opportunity would constitute something of an understatement.

We will keep you updated with any pertinent information.



Dr. E [REDACTED] Simmons
Warden, White Zone Σ
American Association of Cryptozoology