

"PIZZA IS MY DRUG: THE DOWNFALL OF APRIL O'NEILL"

By Z.O.B. Industries/Zaftig Obsessions

Irma Langinstein got out of her Channel 6 news van, adjusting her tape-recorder nervously. She hadn't seen April O'Neill in years, and had only agreed to do this interview out of loyalty for her old friend.

"Wish she would've just met me in the studio... Gosh, this place is off the beaten track, isn't it?"

Her slightly nasal voice echoed in the eerie silence of the brick tenements around her. Irma looked up at April's apartment, a tiny studio in a rough part of town, and shook her head sadly. Ten years ago, the Turtles had disappeared into the sewers... never to return. With Shredder and Lord Dregg defeated, and the city saved, the mutant ninja reptiles had been no longer needed.

Or so they thought.

After the Turtles left, the city had entered a decadent stage, with crime cleared from its streets and its super-villains all banished to Dimension X. The economy had expanded, the city had enjoyed peace at last... and there had been less and less need for plucky, spunky reporters with hearts of gold, chasing the latest story. And then there was the advent of the Internet...

In the end, Channel 6 had been forced to let people go, to make ends meet. April and Irma had been left out in the cold, with nowhere to go. Irma had gotten into underground blogging, spreading the truth as best she knew how. And April...

Well, April had sold out to the man.

As Irma climbed the stairs to April's studio—she was a big fan of cardio, and even had a few "office workout" videos which had gone viral—she reflected on the years after Channel 6's big downsizing. April had shacked up with one ad agency after another, her position as spokesman for the Turtles used to sell all sorts of junk. The Turtles' legacy had become very popular, and April had jumped that bandwagon hard.

"Turtle Paninis—deliciousness in a half-shell!"

"Teenage Mutant Pizza Rolls—for when your hunger demands a *real* ninja challenge!"

"Ninja Turtle Mouth Funnels—even a competitive hot-dog eater sometimes needs a little turtle power!"

Irma remembered watching these ads with amusement... and later, pity. April's fighting spirit had been less and less evident in each one, and by the end, she'd seemed disheveled and disinterested, her yellow jumpsuit clearly a poor fit. She'd gained a little weight between each ad, slowly softened by her corporate lifestyle, until the yellow suit clung to her like a second skin, seams creaking and groaning...

Well, today Irma would finally get to see where that corporate path had taken her friend. After months of silence, April had agreed to do an interview—with one odd caveat. She didn't want any cameras. Just audio, and she wanted Irma to post the transcripts on her blog instead of releasing them.

Why all the secrecy? Irma wasn't sure. But since April had rarely been seen in public lately, becoming a kind of hermetic celebrity, all she could fathom was that her old friend had gotten camera-shy. Very camera-shy. An ironic thing for an ex-reporter, but whatever.

Irma was just excited to see her friend. Or, at least, she was excited until she got to April's front door. The seedy apartment hallway was littered with odd stains, smelled of grease... and there were two dozen empty pizza boxes outside the door, barely stuffed inside an overflowing garbage-bag.

Well... That doesn't mean anything. Maybe she's just waiting for someone to come by and pick it up. But Irma was nervous. She smelled a story here... but it wasn't the kind of happy, front-page, positive spin-piece she and April used to do on the Turtles.

She knocked on the door with some apprehension. After a while, she heard a deep voice rumbling from inside. "Come in! It's unlocked."

Irma raised an eyebrow. *Is that... April?* The deep, bass rumble only barely resembled her friend's cheery tone. All the same, she pushed her way inside... only to find a scene of devastation within.

The pizza boxes in the hallway, she saw, were just the tip of the iceberg. Dozens more littered the front foyer, and overflowed from the kitchen, consuming the countertops in an avalanche of greasy cardboard. The place was poorly lit, with only the glow of a TV from the living room illuminating April's domain.

"Uh... Hello?"

"Irma!" A heavy, creaking and shifting sound emerged from the living room. "I'm kind of... Tied up right now. Can you... huff, bring me a pizza box from the kitchen? One of the full ones? Or just microwave me a Hot Pocket... I'm not very picky."

Clearly not, thought Irma with a small twinge of concern as she pulled a few slices from a fresh box on the kitchen table. The sticky-notes on the fridge, she saw, were brittle and curled with age. They held schedule notes like *Big Pork ad spot at 3pm* and *pro-soda lobbying commercial at 6*.

“Well, I’m glad you’re at least keeping... busy... Oh my gosh.” As Irma turned from the foyer into the living room, she had to stifle a gasp.

As it turned out, April *was* keeping busy... busy with eating. Lots of eating. In the living room there was a huge TV screen, surrounded by old VHS tapes of April’s ads and interviews. In front of the TV there was a massive armchair, and in the armchair was April. Or... what used to be April.

Still clad in her yellow jumpsuit—which was half-shredded and falling off, revealing her enormous sports bra—April was lounging in the chair, her body so overfed and colossal Irma wondered if she was even looking at a real person. April’s frame, once chubby from too many free meals behind the set of her ad-spots, had grown enormous. Her body was dominated by a huge, balloon-like belly that seemed to fill the chair almost on its own. It pinned down her massive thighs, spreading them apart obscenely, and rolled down the front of the chair so far that it nearly drooped over the extendable foot-rest.

April was morbidly obese... so obese, in fact, that it looked like she hadn’t gotten up in hours. Maybe days. She smelled sour and rank, like day-old sweat and flabby armpits, and her hair was matted and disheveled. All the same, her face—barely recognizable behind her new swollen jowls and plump triple-chin—was beaming as Irma approached.

“Hey, it’s so good to see you! Quick, *urrrp*, gimme that pizza... I haven’t eaten in like... fifteen minutes.”

And that was how Irma started her new blog—“April’s Descent.”

Day one. This is Special Reporter Irma, beginning my story on April O’Neill. I have agreed to come back and visit April periodically, to gather her accounts of adventures with the Turtles and her career in advertising. Not that she has much of a career anymore. In fact, she seems determined to spend her remaining cash entirely on pizza—a decision I don’t really agree with. We spoke for quite some time about what she’s been doing since she left channel 6... unsurprisingly, most of it involves eating. I will do my best to be an objective journalist, but I have to admit, April’s condition alarms me! Any doctor in the city would prescribe her a diet and lots of exercise immediately. I’m not sure how my fit, active friend became this hunk of blubber, but I’m determined to find out.

Day two. My full transcripts of April’s interviews can be found on Soundcloud... against her wishes, I’m posting the full audio, complete with lip-smacking, belching and the occasional

bowel emission... I hate to humiliate her like this, but in truth, I'm pretty frustrated with her. I was expecting to interview a journalist past her prime, sure, but this? This is disgusting. I hate to say it... but gosh, I'm kind of embarrassed by April. She's a mess. Luckily, she's too fat to reach her computer and read this blog, so I can post about her condition without her getting too upset. She also lost her phone in her fat rolls somehow... Ewww. I kind of regret starting this project.

Day three. Since we began our interviews, April has eaten nothing but pizza. Day in, and day out—for breakfast, lunch and dinner. It's revolting. She claims that the Turtles got her into it—she was never a big pizza fan, before she met them. I'm not sure how accurate that is, but I guess it doesn't matter now. April is a bona fide pizza junkie—her addiction is so serious, she should be on one of those TLC shows. I'm tempted to call them, I actually have contacts there. But I wouldn't do that to April. She seems... happy, in her own way. Utterly unwilling to question her gross lifestyle... but happy.

Day four. I've spent today recording mostly belches—April gets quite gassy when she eats, and today is like a storm of gas. Unfortunately for my nostrils, she won't let me open the windows. It's starting to get warm in here from our sheer body heat—my sweater is sticking to my skin, and my skirt is getting grease on it from sheer exposure to her lifestyle. After so long gathering her life's story, I have begun to piece together how she got so fat... but not why she insists on continuing like this. I feel that I must get to the bottom of her condition. She's monstrously overweight, and I actually feel guilty for not noticing her decline sooner. I could have helped her... I could have stopped this. What kind of friend am I, anyway?

Day five. April can barely get out a single sentence between belches today. For the sake of posterity, I've recorded her... emissions for my readers, and compiled them. I'm hoping these sounds serve as a warning against gluttony for all my readers. If a badass like April can be seduced by the power of pizza... well, it could happen to anyone.

Day six. Out of sheer boredom while April lists her journalistic accomplishments, I started nibbling one of her Hot Pockets. Turns out it's not that bad. They must have changed their recipe since the Mad Cow outbreak in the early aughts. Well done, Hot Pocket—another phrase I never thought I would type out, but here we are.

Day seven. I didn't think it was possible, but April is actually getting fatter right before my eyes. At first I thought I was hallucinating, but it's true—she's slowly oozing out of her chair more and more, every day. It's no wonder, really. She only gets up to use the can once or twice a day despite her constant eating, and it's a big journey for her each time. Last time she got up, I had to help her find her footing, because her enormous hanging belly got in the way. I accidentally touched it and it was... soft, SO soft. Like a big bag made of velour or velvet, loaded up with heavy warm liquids. I know it's gross, but I kind of want to touch it again? She's like a big, blubbery stress-toy, and I have plenty of stress to work out. It's not weird, we're friends, she won't mind me squeezing her big weird belly once or twice. Right? ...

Day eight. April has been showing me clips of this great show she was on, after leaving the Turtles. Apparently it was cancelled... which isn't surprising, because it stars April in a bikini! I couldn't believe my eyes! I didn't know she acted. The plot is very strange, too... it's basically just her running around fighting a guy in a Lord Dregg costume, while doing a bunch of product-placement moments with different pizza items. Really, she spends more time on the show eating than acting... I'm starting to see how her backwards slide really began. If I was eating on-set all day, I bet those habits would have followed ME home, too. She was just gorging herself during every shoot... and it shows. Red sauce all over her lips, her belly hanging out of the bikini... also, the show is terribly written despite its high production value. Lord Dregg actually looks like Lord Dregg, and the scenes where he mind-controls April into eating a bunch of pizza—before she beats him again—are all very realistic. I'm starting to wonder who funded this show... and who got April on the obesity wagon. There has to be an answer in here somewhere...

Day nine. I've started supplementing my diet with some of April's pizza. It's actually pretty good—April may be kind of gross, what with her fat-folds and her flatulence and her inability to stand up without jiggling her belly a bunch for momentum, but she has good taste in pizza. She knows all the best places in the city, with all the cheapest delivery rates, and they just pile up the boxes outside her door all day. I have to say—despite her grotesque size and disgusting attitude towards constant gluttony, the “new” April is growing on me. She really knows what she wants... and what she wants is FOOD, lots of it, constantly. Talk about a woman who's accomplished her goals! She's broken through the glass ceiling, at least... and she found pizza on the other side.

Day ten. I'm starting to make progress on my research into April's cancelled show. It was supposed to be called “The Seductions of Lord Dregg,” and was meant to air on late-night TV, to avoid the ratings hounds. But I can't seem to find any credits for it anywhere. No listed producers, no accredited writers—nothing. It's like the show came from nowhere... or from another dimension entirely.

Day eleven. My diet is mostly pizza, now. I admit maybe it's not the best choice of foods—I've gained a few pounds already, and I find myself more and more accepting of April's lifestyle, which I never expected. I keep trying to remain disgusted... but what's the point? She might look bizarre, and she has a lot of acne due to the grease, and her voice has dropped several octaves... but it's still April. And she's happy. Deliriously, stupidly happy. Compare that with my career—I never stop moving, never stop chasing the next story. I'm everything I used to think April was—and where has it gotten me? Tired, sore, exhausted and a bit lonely. Journalism is a hard gig. Maybe it's easier to just sit back... and eat. Just for a day or two. Then I'll get back into investigating.

Day twelve. Apparently April ordered me an armchair, since I'm around so much helping her with her “interviews.” (Lately these have consisted of me turning on the tape recorder and eating pizza with her. Unconventional, yes, but journalism must push boundaries!) The chair is really comfy—it's a Lazy-Girl-9000, and has all the latest features. Drink holder, pizza tray, even a head pillow for when you fall asleep. And a cigarette tray, though I don't smoke. April sure

does—she’s gone through a few packs since I got here. No wonder she’s always wheezing and gasping for air. The woman is like a poster-girl for every unhealthy behavior under the sun! And yet... she DOES look like she’s enjoying herself... Maybe one cigarette wouldn’t hurt.

Day thirteen. Between the pizza, the nicotine, and the beer April keeps in the fridge, I’m starting to forget why I keep coming here. It just seems... right, to sit with her and eat and smoke and drink and watch TV. We’re having a good time, at least. Who cares if the interviews don’t get finished? She doesn’t have much interesting to say anyway—and every time she starts to get deeper into a story about her past, she ruins it by belching or farting, or needing to waddle to the bathroom with my assistance. That bathroom, by the way, is a disaster zone. If you ever visit, don’t go in there. You’ll be scarred for life. Oh yeah, I lost my ankle-socks and my Birkenstock shoes under the garbage in the hallway. Whatever—being barefoot is more fun anyhow.

Day fourteen. Mmm... Beer. Ninja Turtle Swamp Brewing is a company April co-founded, though she got screwed out of a lot of the profits. But hey, at least we have beer. And pizza. SO much pizza. But also... not enough pizza? Like, I need more? A lot more. So much pizza that I’ll never eat my way to the bottom of it... Wow, April’s really rubbing off on me. Ha ha. I should finish these interviews before I get as fat as she is... or fatter. My belly’s already starting to bulge out from under my sweater. Two weeks ago, I would have complained... but now it seems almost natural. And it feels good to be well-fed. To be content. When was the last time I felt so content? Golly, this is great.

Day twenty. I’m getting... Kind of confused about what my interviews were supposed to be about. I was supposed to... gather April’s history or something... get to the bottom of her obesity, blah blah blah... but there’s so much FOOD left to eat. So much beer to drink. April even has a little stash of weed under her chair, so we’ve been doing that for a few days. My brain feels fuzzy.

Day twenty-five... We’re just watching reruns of “The Seductions of Dregg” and eating, now. I don’t think I’ve asked April a single interview question in days. Yet, it feels pretty nice... I’m totally still a journalist, this is just... yeah, this is me using the subject’s attitudes, getting inside her head. I’m so fucking good at my job. Mmm, I need more pizza.

Day thirty. So like... I’m having trouble getting out of my chair. I’ve been gaining weight like, really fast? Like, much faster than normal. But I also don’t really care. I’m in hog heaven with April—so what if I’ve gotten a little gassy, lately? Cheese always gave me the farts pretty bad, and now I’m eating cheese pretty much constantly... April says it’s nothing to be ashamed of, that my gas attacks are “natural” and something I should relish. It’s a super gross attitude... but... I mean, it IS natural, it comes out of MY body... so why should I be ashamed? Maybe I’ll just stay here a few more weeks... eat some more, fart some more... then I’ll be done. Yeah. We’ll wrap the interviews and I’ll... go home or something. But I don’t wanna go home, there’s so much FOOD here, and more coming every day!! It’s like heaven... Greasy, smelly, stinky piggy heaven.

Day forty-five... So heavy. Can't get up. My laptop is resting on my belly now, which gets higher and higher every day, my sweater riding up, covered in grease stains. Soon I won't even be able to see the TV. Won't that be weird? Too fat to watch TV, ha-ha. And I can't get enough of this show... watching it with April has helped me understand so much... It feels so GOOD to just zone out, and eat and eat... Lord Dregg is kind of a super hottie, on this show. I never noticed how defined his pecs are... What a body! And April herself is pretty cute, at least on TV—the real April is basically a blob of zits, cellulite and flab at this point. I've been kind of feeding her pizza the last few days because she's getting too tired to feed herself... We keep hearing snapping noises from inside her chair, I think she's crushing it with her sheer body weight... This is so weird. I should be disgusted by all of this, but every time I look at the TV, I feel... so peaceful. April says there's a bunch of "lost episodes" we still have to watch.

Day sixty... April and I have stopped wearing clothes. It's hot outside and her AC broke, and we're both kind of too drunk, full and fat to go fix it... She did teach me a way to beat the heat, though. My new fat rolls are so slick and sweaty... so she taught me a trick to forget all about the weather. She's got these vibrators... big huge green vibrating dildoes... and get this, she named them after the Turtles! Isn't that weird? She even let me try one... at first I would just use them in the bathroom, but after April lost one under her belly and neither of us could get it out, I just leave one in my couch all day... sometimes two, if I'm feeling frisky... April's lifestyle is the best. Why did I ever question her?

*Day seventy... My boss keeps emailing me for updates on the "April project." Suck it, Editor's Office! I AM the April project now. I'm getting so fat I need to rock myself back and forth to get up... and I love it. I'm covered in sweat and grease and I'm breaking out, I haven't showered in days, my deodorant ran out weeks ago... and **I absolutely love it**. Just letting go, becoming a pig like April, feels so good... so natural. Whoops, I farted again. Phew, that's a bad one!! Damn, I'm getting to be just like April... Just a big pig... I kind of like it... though in the back of my mind I feel like I'm being tricked, somehow... This "Seductions" show is great, but... there's long segments of Lord Dregg just looking at the screen and talking in this low, seductive voice... it really puts me in the zone... especially when Donatello is buzzing away on my clit... I... I like this... I want more. More food, more orgasms, more eating and more TV. Man, I was such a nerd before. It feels great to be cool like April for once...*

Day eighty... We finished the "lost episodes," the one where Dregg explains his plan to brainwash April and turn her into a weapon against the Turtles. I was wrong, the writing on these episodes is actually really good. I can't stop watching them. I watch them when April is asleep... or when she cums so hard she passes out, sometimes with food still in her mouth. I'm addicted to Dregg's voice... his glowing eyes... everything about him is just so great. Why was I worried? All I have to do is eat, and masturbate, and maybe have sex with April the next time I can manage to get up... and everything will be fine.

Day ninety... I recorded some of my farts, heh-heh. This is real hardcore journalism, alright. I'm a genius. I actually blew out my tape recorder farting into it, had to order another one. Thank god for Amazon.

*Day one hundred. I'm... My mind is... I can't think, anymore. Just EAT. All I can do is EAT. Thinking is hard... so hard, and I'm so hungry... and horny. 'Horngrny,' as we say in the blog community. All I want to do is... eat, and cum, and cum and eat... April looks so good just laying there, barely breathing, so stuffed her eyes are crossed and she's drooling pizza sauce... Everything is so great... I want to stay here forever. I don't know why I was ever worried about her. We're happy, so happy, and the only thing we could possibly ask for... is MORE. More of everything. Filling us up, overflowing us, an endless bounty of pizza devoured over and over until one of us bursts or our poor greedy bodies give out... And won't that be nice. Mmm, more pizza. More... more. **MORE.***

*Cowabunga, baby. Time to **EAT.***

—END—