Tiffany Brookes had always had a weight problem.

Stemming back from when she was just a chunky little fourth grader, Tiffany had always been the heaviest girl in all of her classes. This had remained true through elementary school, all the way through middle school *and* high school, and had only stopped once she had entered college and had a couple of classes with the *other* three hundred- and fifty-pounds Communications major.

She had done everything that she could, short of actually using the Fitness Center that had come with the cost of her tuition, to try and shed some of those unsightly pounds and inches. But she had gained the dreaded Freshman Fifteen before midterms of her *first semester* thanks to all the stress-eating and unlimited meal plan… something had to give, and it was probably going to be the sidewalk beneath her before it was going to be her appetite!

When she had hit the big three-five-zero, all hope seemed to have been lost.

Before she ran across a certain magical tome of unlimited eldritch power.

*The Liponomicon* looked to have exactly what she needed—right there on page four twenty-two, there was a spell to make herself lose weight!

*Light as a Feather, Stiff as a Gourd—*

*Make one’s self lighter, no matter the intake. Nothing will hold you back*.

Seriously, why hadn’t she tried looking for mysterious spell books and ancient tomes that would solve her weight problems back when she was in her Wiccan phase? She could have slimmed down by eighth grade and lived her whole career as a high schooler as a total hottie!

Casting the spell had been easy enough, and Tiffany had never felt better. Almost immediately, she felt lighter on her feet; a sure sign that she was working towards the right direction. Even after a celebratory trip to the Campus Life Center and a big ol’ binge through four plates of food, she didn’t feel a pound heavier!

She felt *stuffed*, sure, but no heavier than she’d felt when she’d walked in.

From there on out, Tiffany had stopped holding her appetite back. She ate what she wanted, when she wanted it, without so much as a flicker of thought behind it. After all, her magic spell book would take care of any weight that she gained, and she had never felt lighter! Her walks to class had stopped leaving her winded, her joints didn’t hurt *nearly* as much (pretty soon, they wouldn’t hurt at all!) and she could finally *dance* again!

It wasn’t until she realized that she wasn’t getting any *smaller* that Tiffany realized that something was wrong. Her clothes had stopped fitting her some time ago, but now she was getting so wide that she was having trouble squeezing through the doorways on campus.

She grew nervous—and she ate a *lot* when she was nervous. Her size only increased, growing rounder and fatter with seemingly every passing day. But she couldn’t *feel* the weight bearing down on her. In fact, it seemed like the more she ate, the lighter she got!

Once she had woken up with her gut touching the ceiling, her bed far below her, Tiffany Brookes knew that her weight was at once the least and most pressing of her problems.