*Categorically, most tissues serve some sort of a protective function in the body. Many scientists believe that the same can be said about adipose. Looking at the global population, the majority is obese, and adipose plays a key factor in this. Known more colloquially as just ‘fat’, any person with a body mass index higher than normal is bound to have excess adipose, inside or out. Think of adipose like a marshmallow. Or perhaps a fluffy ball of cotton candy. Or maybe a nice big loaf of bread…….*

Wilbur shook himself awake. His late night essay writing was evolving into a late night craving, and he was still nowhere near the minimum word requirement. His eyes were blurry, even through his prescription frames, despite constant adjustment. It was a hot night in his crowded two bed dorm room, and he was eager to go to bed, but his stomach was telling him to break a cardinal rule concerning the skinny corgi’s routine. Wilbur, known by his friends as Will, saved what he had and closed his laptop, removing his glasses and folding them on the counter next to his Fitbit.

“Ugh, I hate hungry nights,” he groaned, rubbing his flat stomach.

The nights where he forgot to eat were the worst, especially during the summer. He was certain sleep was a lost cause, but Will had to do what he usually did; suck it up and try. The mere thought made him chortle. What a tagline for his life. Even college wasn’t exactly what he’d expected. The thought of a dorm used to make him giddy. Now, it was functional, and not much else. Fluorescent lighting, no air conditioning, and barely running water were definitely not in the brochures; though he was thankful for the last tonight. Slipping into his pajamas, he strode into the kitchenette, filling a sports bottle with lukewarm tap water.

“It’s cheap, it’s close-by…” he muttered, waiting for the bottle to fill. The mantra always helped. Returning to bed and setting the water on the table, he curled up for the night, with hopes that tomorrow would be a big day.

It only felt like minutes since he’d closed his eyes, and now Will was opening them once more to stare at the ceiling, then to his roommate’s empty bed, then to the alarm ringing on the table. He wondered if that was a new record, having never gotten to sleep that early on an empty stomach. Sitting up and stretching, however, his arms came down on a stomach that was anything but empty. Will blinked, not sure how to react to the fact that his pajamas had tripled in size…and apparently so had his muffin top. The first thing the canine did was close his eyes and count to ten. When that didn’t work, he tried thirty, then a minute, and soon nearly an hour of exasperation had passed, and his new body didn’t take well to stress. The summer days were even hotter than the nights, and it wasn’t long before his muffin top was positively buttered with sweat.

“Burr! You awake yet?” came an unfamiliar voice. Will’s eyes darted to the door handle as it slowly began to turn…

TO BE CONTINUED