

SATING HUNGER
Renard De Fleureaux III

Unsealed Record: Federal Anomaly Incident #4591

Designation: Class A (Nonlethal, Temporary Effects)

Codename: "New Diet Plan"

Unclassified Authorization granted by Senator Thomas Magnusson Jr. of the Senate Committee of Anomaly Investigations and Sgt. Torvald Korhonen of Special Forces Unit Alpha

Below is a collection of letters sent by the fae creature- sometimes called a cheshire cat- who goes by the name Theodosius Augustus Charlemagne Gregory Iarlaith Bresson, addressed to his self-styled apprentices, twin brothers and also fellow cheshire cats, Aurele Rameses Oswick Roland Uriel Algernon and Nox Odysseus Orestes Meligante. Their full names, as has been previously recorded, are powerful tools for drawing their attention but also keeping them at bay if necessary, and they have been noted here to ensure these cheshire cats do not interfere with the documentation and archival of these letters. It is almost a certainty that they are reading this foreword, and are entirely aware of their correspondence being in Federal government hands. For the reader's benefit, for the most part in these letters, the master will refer to himself as Theo only, and his apprentices as Aurele and Nox. These letters will, this Agent hopes, give insight into what happened in the small town of Oxgrave, official designation Federal Anomaly Incident #4591. Formal requests have also been made to share this report with the Guild

Report submitted by:

Federal Deputized Anonymous Agent No. 4892

Specialization: Titan class

Alias: Centurion

Legal Name: [REDACTED]

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First letter: Sent sometime in Winter, shortly before the New Year, 2104, 4E

My dearest apprentices,

Oxgrave seems a fine little town, and very well-suited for our purposes. You both have grown considerably in power, and I am ever eager to see how you handle this assignment. I agree, luminescent Nox, about your observations of the citizenry- they are hard-working, slightly dull, and simple in their daily lives and wants. Your note about their general attire and the town's upkeep are also insightful- Oxgrave was once a successful and prosperous little hamlet, centered around a steel mill, but it has long since gone out of business and there is a general air of malaise- surprisingly rich

soil, I think you'll find. These people are simple country folk, but they will be desperate for some small escape, some little comfort- and that is where we come in.

As for your suggestion, brilliant Aurele, I'm disinclined to fully agree. To be certain, working your way through the local football team is a good first instinct. Why, many towns in the Aldernis Federation would be overjoyed to have a local sporting team filled with near titan-like demimortals, densely packed with powerful muscle, utterly unstoppable- and your assessment of the team is not wrong, either. They are one of the main venues of entertainment for Oxgrave, but I would guide your eye to the large collection of trophies they already possess- they win many games already, and it has not given the citizens the satisfaction it might in other towns. Usually, I would agree into making our little Oxgrave a breeding ground for powerbuilding champions, professional athletes, unstoppable juggernauts, even heroes of the day- but not in light of the fact they already have their sportsman's glory.

Both of you will no doubt come to the same conclusion I have already dawned upon. I have taught you to draw your power from feelings of satisfaction, not pride alone. These people need comfort, a touch of luxury, the blessings of plenty- they need a place to indulge. I will leave the details to you; a cafe, a bakery, an ice cream parlor, even a retro-fashioned diner, if you have a touch of whimsy about the affair. It should not, I would wager, be something exotic- you will want an establishment welcoming and familiar, to draw in as many townspeople as possible. I look forward to seeing both of your performances.

Ever your diligent mentor,

-Theo

Second letter: Sent shortly after New Year's, 2105 4E. This is the day after an empty building on Oxgrave's Main Street was formally bought by Aurele and Nox. It should be noted that no one in town took notice of how the two cheshires managed to remodel what was a run-down building, unused for nearly two decades, and turn it into a bakery in one day.

Dearest and richly-hued Nox,

I'm afraid you will have to concede to your brother on this one. Aurele has the right of it on this issue; trying to fatten up the whole town in one fell swoop will send entirely the wrong message. It is too extraordinary a thing to happen, and these country folk with limited imaginations will grow suspicious instantly if you manage to stuff them all silly in the span of one grand-opening event. Remember where you are;

the country in Upstate Hanover is hardly the most whimsical of places. It is a hard-bitten town in a northern state of the Federation, used to hard work and cold winters, and trying to so drastically overhaul the town will turn them against you in short order.

Besides, a town made up entirely of corpulent gluttons will not necessarily be suited to our purposes. Not only will it draw attention, and might invite some decidedly unwhimsical authorities to start investigating, it won't create the sense of satisfaction you think it will. Imagine such a community, where being overweight isn't just accepted or even admired, it is simply how everyone is. Oh to be certain, it would be a delightful sight for all of us- round, tremulous bellies bouncing with every ponderous step, trunk-sized legs rolling off one another, the sheer weight of them cracking the pavement beneath their feet, huffing and panting for more and more food- it would be a veritable banquet for our eyes and our powers- at least at first. But soon, that desperate, gnawing hunger they will have become so accustomed to will not lead to satisfaction, but ever greater want. While we can make do with intense feelings of want, even greed, it is not how you were trained, and we do still have our standards.

You want not a strange, alien town where everyone is too fat and weakened from so much rampant gluttony, they can only wallow like pigs in a sty, a community built on an obsession with not only food but being fat itself, an unceasing hunger that can never be sated- well, not unless they have wronged us in some fashion, which Oxgrave certainly has not. Picture not a hopelessly fat creature in stained, ill-fitting clothes, hunched in some dark and dirty room, mindlessly eating away at junk food that has long since lost all flavor for them- picture instead a group of working men and women seated around a table- and very nearly overwhelming it. Picture their tight clothes- police uniforms, or ill-fitting suits. Picture their bellies pressed up tight against one another as they swap work stories and jokes, and how their girth will bounce and jiggle with hearty laughs in-between well-deserved treats. They will come to terms with their large frames, crack jokes at how they look like whales, how their next shirt will have been a former tent- such good-natured teasing will, if properly cultivated, grow into a sense of pride. These are stout, prosperous leaders of the town- their excessive weight a testament to their dedication to their careers as well as a sign of how much they enjoy the rewards of such labor they so richly deserve. They will smile with dimpled cheeks and nod when concerned spouses or family suggest they diet, but never seriously entertain the notion. If done especially well, you may even cultivate friendly competition to see how far their appetites can stretch. These fat and happy folk will radiate with satisfaction, and you will bathe in the aetheric energy that creates- the fact that not everyone is so porcine will only enhance their emotional flavor. They

stand out, they are the big men on campus, and so on. And in time, while the town will still have its football team and its gym, will still have athletes and fit and healthy people, everyone will not help but admire the girth, the presence such fine community pillars carry with their hundreds of excess pounds, and a good number, conscious of their actions or not, will be compelled to follow their example.

That is where you should set your sights- begin small and unassuming, find a few susceptible characters, and sink your claws into them. Have them invite their friends, encourage sharing and generosity, and watch your efforts ripple across the entire town. One final note to Aurele, however- Nox is correct that your menu need not be overly frivolous and luxurious. Remember these are people used to beef and potatoes, not steak and caviar. We will save the petit-fours and pears belle helene for when you are next at the High Queen's Court.

Your ever-doting father figure,

-Theo

Third Letter: Late Winter, 2105 4E. Presumably, the letters sent by Aurele and Nox contained profiles of the first "clients" the cheshires began working on. Based on my investigation, the two profiles presented to Theo were Tobias T. Turins, a local millionaire, and County Sheriff Peter Ben-James Sandwick.

My very dear apprentices,

I must commend you both on your instincts. Observing your profiles of Mr. Turins and Sheriff Sandwick, I agree that both of them would make excellent candidates for your first clients. I must also commend you on the running of your new bakery- The Cat's Cradle, very droll. I've spotted the first reviews, and you are hitting exactly the right note. The reviews note your original creations- artfully designed pastries, simple but pleasing designs- smiling faces, cat shaped donuts and the like, very charming. As for you two, you have proven to be accommodating and friendly hosts- "always cheerful and ready to find something for each customer," notes the local paper, excellent work.

But as to your profiles, they both make tempting targets- as you may recall, I am familiar with both their families. The Turins are an old, wealthy and powerful trading family, and also naturally inclined to large appetites and larger waistlines. The Sandwicks, at first, appear to be a typical Aldernian family- decidedly middle class, war veterans for family patriarchs, well-kept homes and white picket fences, the entire

production, but they have hidden connections to some very intriguing criminal elements the good sheriff will no doubt disavow out of hand. I understand the desire to target the man about town, the wealthiest scion in the community, but Mr. Turins, you will note, is already quite the plump wolf, and his recent records suggest he has hired a bevy of personal trainers. Any extra weight at this juncture might distress him and scare him off, which is not what we need. Someone else must take the plunge, first.

The good sheriff, on the other hand, is a gruff, no-nonsense, but very well-respected timber wolf- and has a notable soft underbelly, if only in metaphor- at least for now. His records show that he plays the role of St. Illarion every Lucaris, sitting children on his lap. He strikes me as the type of man that cares little for his day-to-day physique, so those first telltale pounds will go unnoticed and cause little concern. As a lawman, he should be well-inclined to donuts. Start with those- offer one as thanks for his service, as no decent officer turns down such an offer. Chocolate or vanilla would be my first bit of bait- you can find more specific flavors to keep him coming back once you have built a rapport.

I remain hungry for more news,

-Theo

Fourth letter: First day of Spring, 2105 4E. At this point, we can start developing a profile of the two apprentices. Both Aurele and Nox are young, by Cheshire cat standards, and very vain about their appearance. Like their master, their preferred form is broad-shouldered and muscular, and the two seem to be in a constant state of secret competition with the other. An important note should any government intervention be necessary with these entities.

My dear, my very dear Nox,

I am very pleased to hear about Sheriff Sandwick's progress- a popped button in a week and a size up in uniform is a very commendable accomplishment indeed. I understand he's brought in his deputy, Officer Clara O'Hare as well- begin on her with all due haste. But always make sure to give Sheriff Sandwick the bigger portion; this can create any number of delightful reactions. She may be relieved that, no matter how much she indulges, her superior is going even further, and so she remains the stronger willed of the two in comparison. She may ignore her own extra pounds, if the Sheriff is always growing faster- or, and this is the most delicious possibility of all, she may grow jealous, and begin ordering more of her own accord. Do be careful- rabbits have a quick metabolism, and so do not be discouraged if she proves to put pounds on in a

slow manner. Do not get overeager with her; you don't want the Sheriff noticing anything untowards. Be sure to compliment them both as well. Leave them with as much confidence as possible.

But let us get to the real reason you wrote to me, without informing your dear brother. Starry-eyed Nox, you are not nearly so subtle as you think you are. You are correct that no one trusts a skinny chef, and a more plump baker would certainly help keep your clients' minds at ease. However, your assertion that I should order Aurele to make himself porcine and corpulent is not how we do things, my dear apprentice. For your artless attempt at tweaking your brother's whiskers, I've decided that it should be you that will serve as the bakery's face. Perhaps you will even make a name for The Cat's Cradle's blueberry pastries, given that, with your luscious blue coat, you will soon resemble one. You will find attached a box with a baker's dozen of pastries- all my own creations. You will eat every single one, my full-moon-figured apprentice, and never again try to so bluntly manipulate me into doing your bidding. Fret not, you will find each and every pastry to be sublime in taste, so much so it will leave you overwhelmed in wanting more. I do highly recommend you change into some loose clothing before you begin. Next time, make sure your chosen target doesn't catch on so easily.

Your ever devoted personal baker,

-Theo

Fifth letter: Just before Spring Break for Oxgrave's public schools, 2105 4E. Pictures of Nox begin to be accompanied with new reviews of the bakery. Several comments are made of how he looks like the friendliest baker- one particularly enthusiastic reviewer refers to an incident, "I accidentally bumped into him, and it was like hitting my head against a pillow. He gave me a quick hug and a free cookie to apologize, but he was just so soft and cuddly! Definitely going back for more- the Cat's Cradle has a wonderful view." To explain to the Board, the Cheshire cats, with a sufficient amount of magical aether, are able to change their forms at will, but Nox's transformation- which would equate to a weight gain of four hundred pounds, judging by the pictures circulating online- is most likely permanent and unchangeable until Theo decides otherwise. This is the type of influence he exerts over his apprentices, another note of importance should any interactions between the Federal government and these particular cheshire cats be necessary.

Dear Bright-eyed Aurele,

I understand keeping up with the customers and your brother's newly acquired appetite may be difficult, but soldier on- with Nox, it may be best to just leave an extra batch of donuts out in the kitchen for him to get through the day- we wouldn't want

him wasting away, after all. In addition, do make sure his clothes are well-fitting. We don't want your clients catching on to any extra pounds- this is just how dear Nox is, a large, rotund, full-moon of a feline. I want those apron strings taut around his lovingly fed, spherical belly, shirts able to hold up his sagging chest, and pants able to cover all his augmented posterior- I want him to look presentable, is what I'm trying to say.

As for you, you could stand to put on a few extra pounds- well-sculpted abdomen don't do us much good in this particular mission. Just a slight layer of adipose is all I require, an off-season bodybuilder's physique- though if you end up going further, I will not chide you. Nothing ever said our line of work excludes indulging ourselves.

Your report is very promising. Securing a daily delivery of donuts to the police station is excellent news, and the photo included of Sheriff Sandwick is delightful- you should both be proud of your craftsmanship with him. Buttons are wonderfully strained, his uniform strung taut- again- he's noticeably not as pear-shaped as I thought he would be. He must be keeping active, which we will not begrudge him. His profile and lines are delightful to see, however- that round, tremulous belly, the size of a particularly large pumpkin, must be titillating to watch bounce with each increasingly heavy step he takes. Officer O'Hare is developing nicely, as well- a lovely full figure on her. Well-fed, if not overfed. It may be all we can get out of her, but fret not- if she leaves happy, you can practically drink in her satisfaction soon.

Now, you should start expanding your clientele- in every sense of the word. Perhaps the football team's coach would be a good start. Send a case of donuts to him when the team wins their next game. If you're feeling particularly ambitious, see if you can't coax Mr. Turins into the shop and win him over- give some extra donuts to the Sheriff, perhaps a small pie, to share. No doubt he meets with Mr. Turins regularly, if rumors of his ambition to run for mayor are true.

As to your comment about Sheriff Sandwick being recently divorced, why, my dear Aurele, I could not help but detect a hint of enthusiasm. His divorce is irrelevant to our work here, but dear boy, if you are taking personal notice of it, I will not discourage you. As I said, nothing in our line of work states we cannot indulge ourselves.

Faithfully yours,

-Theo

Sixth Letter: Shortly after Oxgrave's Spring Break. The local paper reports that the local high school football team, the Steeldrivers, lost their first game in three years. Given the type of place

Oxgrave is, this was a severe blow to town pride- and as can be seen, Theo is urging his apprentices to take advantage. As has been witnessed, this is his most common tactic- as he and his apprentices draw power from feelings of satisfaction, he tends to wait until someone is in low spirits before acting, ensuring his methods have the greatest effect.

Dear Ripening Nox,

Did I not tell you that you would want more? Your apology is accepted, and I am only too glad to see you are enjoying this trip into decadent gluttony. You will find, as requested, a box of my own creations- but only half a dozen for now, my boy. I need you to be rotund and prosperous, not rendered immobile. Do tell Aurele to prepare a new baker's uniform, an extra size up. You were right to inform me of the Steeldrivers' defeat- it wouldn't have anything to do with the coach being distracted by a sudden weight gain, would it? Aurele has mentioned your roving eye and open nature as well; you've become quite the hugger, haven't you? All the better, make them all appreciate the pleasant side of such a great, plush heft. Do let's not be too friendly, of course, but with the football team's loss, this is an excellent opportunity to strike. Invite the coach, the team, the trainers- the entire outfit. Make them feel like royalty, like the town heroes they are. Perhaps one or two comments to the coach about maybe investing in bulking up his linebackers- you have always had a gift for words, so I will leave the specifics to you, but do not let this opportunity slip away!

You also mention your concern about Aurele being distracted by the sheriff, but I assure you, this is all perfectly manageable. The Sheriff is a pillar of the community after all, and the more he favors your bakery, for whatever reason, is to our advantage. Encourage it, if you can, cater their dates, even. Besides, if your brother happens to overindulge in some treats on his own, well. That may just temper his habit of making jabs about your own weight, would it not? Learn from your past mistakes, Nox. Take an opportunity when it presents itself, or learn when to cultivate it when conditions are favorable, instead of trying to force one.

Your diligent instructor,

-Theo

Seventh Letter: Summer months, 2105 4E. Mention is first made of their Liberty Day preparations. Liberty Day, the Board will note, is when the Apprentices' influence over the town began to accelerate, and when Federal Agent ██████ first alerted me to the profound impact their work was having on the citizens of Oxgrave. Knowing my history with Theo, he directed me to investigate the day after Liberty Day, as Oxgrave is located in Culper County and thus falls

under my jurisdiction as a Federal Anonymous Agent. To confirm speculation, Agent ██████ is related to the Sheriff of Oxgrave; ██████, and the Sheriff's alarming weight gain is what tipped Agent ██████ off to the anomaly in Oxgrave.

Dear Prosperous Aurele,

Your efforts are bearing fruit, and I could not be prouder of you and your brother. I tip my hat to you both, but I will ask for further patience for a while yet. Your photograph of the Sheriff and Nox getting stuck in the doorway, their ripe, overfed bellies squeezed together, is a testament to your work. Bravo! I also note you have been indulging yourself- I am not unaware of the photographs floating around of you and the football coach on your little lake rendezvous. Swim trunks feeling a bit tight, are they?

Liberty Day is the Federation's most important holiday- a celebration of the nation's independence from the Brannach Commonwealth. Local feelings of patriotism will be high, and, like any good Aldernians, they will celebrate by absolutely gorging themselves. The Cat's Cradle must be front and center as a sponsor. Work yourselves to the bone and prepare as much as you can, and the night of Liberty Day will be an absolute feast for us all. I will be arriving myself just before the fireworks, and do make certain that Nox wears something a bit tighter this time around, a shirt that rides up over his belly- I want that sort of display to begin being normalized. Indeed, make certain he's seen by the lake or public pool- I want him radiating confidence in his plus-sized frame. Lead by example, you see.

I look forward to seeing the both of you soon,

-Theo

Eighth Letter: Dated the day after Liberty Day. This letter was found on the counter of The Cat's Cradle, after two signs, marking the bakery as Closed and the building For Sale, were placed in the main window. A box of strawberry frosted donuts were left, as the letter will attest, for myself next to the letter. A bill has been attached to (temporarily) let out my uniform. Formal apologies are submitted to the Board for breaking protocol, but this is a normal procedure for Theo- he is acquainted with my favorite flavor, and unfortunately, fae food is enchanted. Agent ██████ has also recommended I submit myself for a physical and mental evaluation, which I willingly agree to. Let me assure the board that, despite the (again, temporary) weight gain of some forty pounds, this agent remains more than capable of fulfilling my duties, and Agent ██████ has already recommended a strenuous diet and exercise plan to correct the consequences of this lapse in judgment.

My very dear Mr. ■■■■■■■■■■,

I must regret to inform you that I will be unavailable to answer questions directly during your investigation, but please accept the small treat attached as a token of my continued esteem for your tireless efforts to deliver justice to the supernatural criminals and miscreants of the Federation. Let me assure you that whatever you believe happened here, it was not done with malice; merely a most equitable exchange that neither party is unsatisfied in. Indeed, I implore you to explore Oxgrave- that is, once you're done sampling my apprentice's baking. They made these donuts especially for you, you know- I've never forgotten how much you enjoy strawberries.

*As to the town of Oxgrave, I charge you to find anything wrong in this charming little hamlet. The town is, in a phrase, fat and happy. To be certain, the incident on Liberty Day, where Sheriff Sandwick and the local magnate, Mr. Tobias Turins, flattened the stage under their combined weight and accidentally smothered Mayor Carter is regrettable- but Mayor Carter is walking away with no major injuries, and Mr. Turins and Sheriff Sandwick only bruised egos. Their combined weight, so I understand, did in fact weigh a ton- you must admit, that is an impressive turn-around. I believe it is the Sheriff I am personally most satisfied with- you will find him still on his rounds, taking up the entire sidewalk, leaning back so his belly does not drag along the pavement, and still insisting that there is nothing wrong- nor is there! His willpower and strength ought to be applauded- and rewarded generously, don't you agree? Ah, but he is a sight- rounder than he is tall, a belly large as a boulder and heavy enough to flatten his patrol car, limbs bursting his sleeves and pants apart with the reams of fat swaddled around them, his tie unable to contain that tire of a neck- my apprentices are really coming into their own, wouldn't you agree, Mr. ■■■■■■■■■■
■■■■■■■■■?*

Mr. Turins is a sight, too- all pear-shaped, so I understand. Well, when one lives a pampered lifestyle such as he, it is not too surprising. His rear flattened a bench, did you know that? You can find the wreckage near the park- the bench closest to the bakery, naturally. The man does not possess the Sheriff's fortitude, regrettably, and so will not be waddling nearly as far- pity, the sight of that gloriously globular rear, trembling with each step, is a sight. But fret not- his personal trainers have their work set out for them now. Other increasingly round pillars of the community you will find are likewise getting accustomed to their new weight- Coach Silverstein is entertaining the notion of starting up a heavyweight wrestling team, so I understand- ah, hopefully they can find a manufacturer that makes singlets large enough! You may enjoy speaking with him- he's the bull with arms still thick as steel beams, and a belly like a

tankard. Mother Dorothy of the local Vitoran Congregational Church was also a patron of ours towards the end- well, no one can doubt she is certainly more matronly now, can they? With that deliciously pronounced chest and wide, swaying hips- let us hope they do not distract too much during her next sermon.

I do hope I do not come across as gloating, Mr. [REDACTED]. You will find the people of Oxgrave are quite comfortable- especially after my apprentices and I published all our recipes and gave them away during the Liberty Day celebrations. Now, the delicious treats these fine people have been indulging in will become a local tradition- alongside a prosperous market for plus-size clothing for generations to come, one hopes. We must always support local businesses, no?

Enjoy the donuts,

-Theo

Final Report and Agent Recommendation: Starting from New Year's Day to Liberty Day, a span of six months, the average weight for citizens in Oxgrave increased exponentially. As it stands, the average male citizen of Oxgrave weighs 250 pounds- more than 70 pounds over the recommended average male weight for the country. The average female citizen also sits at about 200 pounds- well over average weight as well. As can be attested by these letters, at least a dozen people in town weigh over half a ton, including prominent local leaders such as the Sheriff and the local football team's coach.

Remarkably, however, health has not seen an immediate decline. Local doctors and the local hospital have not seen any abnormal increases in patients. Whether this is due to the influence of the cheshires or not remains to be seen, and requires further study. A quick, snapshot poll of the town's mood, however, shows that a remarkable 65% of the town strongly approve of local policies, with another 15% moderately approve- this suggests that the cheshires succeeded in making the town, I quote, "fat and happy." The best performing businesses in town are restaurants and bakeries that seem to have adopted some of The Cat's Cradle recipes, followed closely by plus-sized clothing stores. The worst performing businesses are local gyms and health food stores. Again, the extent to which these feelings and opinions are manipulated by fae magic requires further study. Though, in the weeks since Liberty Day, Coach Silverstein's local initiative has seen an uptick in gym business- only centered around powerlifting and heavyweight wrestling. Cardio programs are virtually nonexistent, outside of swimming, surprisingly.

From interacting with Theo in the past, this agent's personal recommendation is for continued observation and monitoring of the town, but no direct interference. I have procured a copy of The Cat's Cradle cookbook, attached to this report, and the recipes listed are entirely benign, and have no attached magical reagents, curses, or invocations. They seem completely mundane, if excessive in the required amounts of sugar, butter, and saturated fats. The

damage, in short, is already done- Oxgrave will no doubt attract curiosity, and garner a reputation for their new, plus-sized culture. Mayor Danielle Carter has already introduced a new motto for the town: "Oxgrave: Where we live life to the fullest!"

Theo and his apprentices will be back, however, so a permanent listening post is recommended until their return. Theo has a habit of "checking in" on clients, and so will be compelled to see what state Oxgrave is in- I would personally recommend paying special attention around holidays like Lemura and Lucaris, as their association with candy and feasting will no doubt draw Theo's attention, especially as Oxgrave seems to have some very lavish plans for these holidays. Special note should be made of Sheriff Sandwick, who seems to have undergone the most dramatic shift into the fattest man in town- he also, as the letters attest, was of particular interest to Aurele, who I believe to be the more flirtatious and social of the two brothers. It is possible Aurele may reach out to him in the future.

This is Centurion, Agent No. 4892, concluding his report.