of furniture. So we have no extant record of the long years of wanting, of wanting and wanting and being denied. Reaching for bread and peanut butter and having Slimfast thrust into my twelve-year-old fist. Mother says "No, I am putting my foot down." She is putting her foot down, I see, and I see that to want and demand things is bad.

The Most Massive Woman Wins

by Madeleine George

A seventeen-year-old girl in a liposuction clinic waiting room ruminates in *The Most Massive Woman Wins* by Madeleine George.

5

RENNIE: The first picture of me is at my first birthday party. In this one I am screaming with laughter and holding my hands up to show the camera that I am covered with chocolate cake. My face is smeared with it, it is all over the front of my pretty pink dress. Apparently I was quite verbally advanced, and my parents were showing me off when my Uncle Jake said, "Oh yeah? How smart is she?" "She's a genius," says my mother, "she understands everything. Try it. She'll do anything you say." So ... "Rennie," says my Uncle Jake, "smush that chocolate cake all over your face, sweetheart. Will you do that for me?" And I did it, of course, because I was just that smart and I ruined my dress and they took a picture of me humiliating myself when I was twelve months old. (Flashbulb pops.) This one is my mother's favorite. It's of her and me on one of our mother-daughter days, we're on the steps of the Met looking very close and what you don't see is Mother boring her knuckles into the small of my back saying "Straighten up, sweetheart, it lengthens your neck. Now glow, come on, glow. We want this one to glow." For awhile there is an absence of photos - when tummies are no longer little-girl cute. Mother hides me at family gatherings and I seem always to end up behind pieces