

It was not the Miracle of Milano, but it was something like that as the sun played with those on the beach in the Korb beach chairs, trying desperately to get a natural tan as against the unnatural solarium look. In a week the sun would be gone on its own holiday. They moved the chairs to get the best situation. A decade ago they had flocked to Benidorm, now they were on the island of Fehmarn staying in a holiday apartment. It was quieter. The two of them were in their forties. He was large and she was large. The fast food diet had taken its toll on them, as well as their love of sausages and consumption of beer. They were indifferent to their largeness. He was naked waist up, his stomach was flabby with several layers of surplus fat, he had a mat of black hair on his chest, and man boobs that were reddish, his shoulders had hair too, he had the Lech Walesa moustache, his mouth was large with blubbery lips, his nose was like a boxer dog's, flat and quite large, his eyes were smallish, his ears medium scallops, his hair was biker short. He was wearing Bermuda shorts. She was wearing a one navy blue blouse and white shorts. Her legs and arms were of the same girth as his, she had large breasts that showed the same kind of cleavage as his bottom as he walked. Her hair was chestnut, long and curly. Her nose for some inexplicable reason was similar to his. Her eyes were green. Her ears fairly large hidden under the hair. Her mouth was average. When in bed they rolled towards each other, and then rolled away. She sat in the beach chair and he being the good hubby that he was, sat on a colourful beach mat they had purchased in Spain. Their daughter aged fourteen was down at the shore. She was of the thoughtful sonority. She was not large, with long hair, oval face, round blue eyes, a petite nose, a pink set of lips, she was wearing a one piece swimsuit. "What are we going to do?" "What's that dear?" "About her?" "It's a phase." "But she is not fitting in – I mean this keeping to herself." "Relax she'll grow out of it." "When I was her age I was already dating." "Yes and I know all about that." "But seriously she has issues." "You thinking we should get her to see a psychologist?" "Maybe, something has to be done before it is too late – I read that a girl in Dusseldorf hung herself." "Now you are being silly, didn't you talk to her about what's wrong?"

"Yes, but she clam
Pass me a beer." "
over there has his
bit." "Honey I am c

This is not the complete story. To read further, please either
register as a new reader or login now if already registered

nothing wrong.
y – that guy
ttle. "Wait a
Hand me a

coke then." "Here you are, come here you need more cream for your back." She took out a tube from her bag and squeezed out a dollop. She massaged his back as he drank his coke and looked down to the shore at their daughter. What was wrong in the world of the girl? Not much really, she was a teenager going through puberty. The puberty blues? Perhaps. It was as if she stopped playing with dolls, looked up and saw her parents and the house she lived in. It was as if she had been born again. That's what it amounted to. She had started to observe her friends and environment, with appalling results. What was it about this world? When she was ten she was all giggly and excitable. She jumped up and down when she got presents, clapping her hands and screaming. That changed. She looked in the mirror one day and that little girl had vanished. It was like something out of Peter Pan. The kid took her doll and ascended the stairs and disappeared in the sky. Her replacement was HER. She pinched herself to test to see if she really existed, poked her tongue out, combed her hair. What was this? Who was this? An alien had taken over. All the suffocating pink stuff had to go. For more Christmases than she could remember she had received girly stuff. The dolls with sets of clothes. The horse with a mane. Lots of cosmetics. The pink CD player. It was all pink. Her bedroom was a shrine to pinkness. Her father doted on her. Then it happened that one day she looked at herself and realised she was no longer that girl. A darkness descended upon her. She started to keep a diary one should not trust to social media. She wanted black clothes. Her friends who remained, were dark minded too. For the first time in her life she had a real sense of immortality. In the middle of the night she woke up in a sweat. She realised also, and this knocked her sideways, that both of her parents were ugly and fat. This upset her so much. She was not alone. The girls in the school who