



ARMED WITH A ROBUST PAIR OF FAKE BUTTOCKS, MINX'S ROVING REPORTER PUTS HER **BEST CHEEK FORWARD** FOR THE RETAIL RIGHTS OF THE LARGE-OF-ARSE

"Bum, bum, bum, bummmmm"

## I AM PROUD

of my arse in all its abundant glory, but I have noticed that others are not. Shop assistants find it confronting and are forever playing it down with things like, "This skirt is soooooo slimming on you". Do they ever talk some crap!

Not being one to linger in the background, I jumped at the chance to inflate my arse beyond all natural proportions and gladly donned a fake *derrière* for this month's column. The purpose? To assault humble retailers with the bountiful beauty of my outrageous buttocks, that's what!

I mean, so what if the outer-edges of my bum hang over the sides of the toilet bowl? There's usually no-one in there but me. And if I want to book two seats at the cinema that's my business. I just don't understand this retail obsession with the size of my buttocks. The world is filled with raunchy robust rumps and mine is one – okay, two – of them. I, for one, find the soft folds of my saddlebags to be quite comforting, particularly on those long-haul flights. They also give me extra flotation in the ocean and provide hours of trampoline fun for my neighbour's chirpy offspring.

But, I ask you, have you ever tried finding a pair of hot, spray-on Levi's in a

# "DOES MY BUM

size 34? Or a tube skirt, a wrap-around or an A-line hipster? The fashion world just doesn't cater for us fat-arse females and there are only so many camping stores a girl can frequent before someone finds out. A chick's life just ain't worth living without shopping, and shopping with a fat arse is hell.

First, the sales assistants – all size 12 lips and size 8 hips – "Daaaahhhhhling, we have a stunning wrap in a bewitching black. It's just divine and soooooo slimming". They ramble on and on as they try to connect each end of the skirt around my substantial playing field. As I stand in front of the mirror, half of my arse is draped in chiffon, the other half is revealing my strange pendant for Y-fronts.



"You look superb, darling. It's the latest look from Paris, you know. It's called flesh-et-fabrique; it's in this month's *Vogue*."

*Vogue*, schmogue. My rear end looks like a soufflé straight from the oven: all ripples and air. Come on, I wail, do you think my butt looks big in this?

"No, no, no, what butt? You don't have a butt, *daaaaaaaring*."

Christ, take a closer look, lady! My arse is the size of one of those small Central American countries and as for the cellulite, I'm claiming hail damage.

"But, *daaaaaaring*, this colour does soooo much for you."

Colour? It's black, baby. B-L-A-C-K. Why do they insist on dressing me like an old Italian mama in mourning? I want colour, I want checks, I want stripes, I want floral and paisley. And what happened to white? I want gleaming white – and lots of it.

Then there're the sales girls that ignore you. How can you ignore this butt? I practically have to flag them down with a pair of Barbie-sized denim capri pants hot off the rack before they'll pay me attention. I guess they figure if they ignore me, my bum will go away. Trust me, it doesn't: I've been ignoring it for years.

When I finally have their attention they usher me into a change room, usually in the far corner. There are no mirrors and I am forced to waddle my fat arse – the one that they don't want to acknowledge – to the full-length

## WOMEN WITH FAT ARSES UNITE! IT'S TIME TO RECLAIM THE BUM

mirror in the centre of the shop. Does my arse look fat in this lycra mini?

"Oh noooooooo, it's very, very in to have the top button undone. And it's meant to be a hipster, so the fact you can't get it over your knees is perfectly okay. Why don't you go back to the change room now and I'll run it up on the register for you?" And thus I'm herded into the change room like a high-class heifer into the breeding stalls.

But you know who I really hate, who I loathe with a passion? The pre-pubescent twigs who parade in front of the mirrors in their size 6 patches of lycra complaining about the size of THEIR arses. I mean really, what arses? They're just sacks of bones with a crack in the middle. I know that they secretly lust after my fleshy butt cheeks. I know they dream of owning a butt that puts lycra to the test. They want to be a posterior princess just like me.

To be honest, I don't blame the poor sales assistants. I mean what can you say? "Yes, madam, your arse looks

bloody enormous. In fact, madam, it resembles the back end of a bus. I, for one, can't believe that you, of all arses, are trying to pour that lard into this tiny stretch of fabric that shows every dimple, you fat-arsed cow."

Women with fat arses unite! It's time to reclaim the bum. Start eating now. The bigger the bottoms, the more demand for big behind clothing. But that's not enough, we need to encourage sales girls to eat – to be proud of their arses, to be honest with ours. We need an arse-in: a collective community of posterior princesses camping out in buttist stores. There will be arse honesty: "Does my bum look big in this?" will be greeted with a resounding, "Yes, your bum is huuuuuuuuuuuge and beautiful". Bumper stickers like "The Gluteus Maximarse Is Groovy" and "Fat Arse On Board" will adorn our wide cars. We'll burn our girdles and let our arses hang free. It will be totally fabulous. Jim Morrison will come back from the grave and write a song called *(Come On, Baby) Light My Arse* which will skyrocket to number one.

So, the next time a sales assistant tries to pour your sagging cheeks into a skirt fit for a toddler, be proud. Step out of the change room with a smile on your face, hoist your butt into the air for all to see and ask in a booming voice, "Does my arse look small in this?"

That'll get them, guaranteed. @

# LOOK BIG IN THIS?"

