

Emperor Augustine
was a Fat Man

Emperor Augustine was a fat man. A very, very fat man.

So fat, in fact, that he couldn't walk. So fat that he couldn't wriggle his big, round cherry-like toes individually anymore.

"...So fat!" shouted the bard in the marketplace, "that he could stash entire pies in the folds of his belly skin!"

The small, loose crowd around her tittered and moved away. She was obviously drunk, shouting her proclamations to the sky with one finger pointing toward the heavens. She swaggered and swayed as if she could hardly stand. As her head rolled down drunkenly to the side, she snuck a crafty peek at the guard standing by the corner of a building nearby. Beneath her squinted lids, her eyes sparkled for a moment with mirth and glee.

She squeezed them shut and threw her open hand in the air again, head down.

"So fat—in fact—!"

Some people began laughing before she even finished her sentence. She had been going at this for hours, beginning with less offensive jokes and slowly ramping up her repertoire of blasphemy. She had watched the back of this black-uniformed guard tightening like a wind-up toy since she'd begun.

"That when the enemy attacked, they used his belt to hold up the walls of the city. When they set out to sea they used his underwear as a sail, and when he sat down on the field his generals confused him for a tent – and parted his robes to enter."

Chortles sounded, and she forged ahead over them, hearing the rustle of a cloak walking up behind her. "A foreign ambassador once said upon touring the Gallery of Portraits... *'They say the entire continent quakes with the stamp of a foot of a truly powerful king... After seeing His Majesty Augustine's portrait on the wall, I finally understand what they mean.'*"

The people burst into laughter.

"As for his great-great-grandson, now—!"

The guard came over and escorted her out by the collar.