

# Stroll

She was tired, sweating and out of breath. Kimberly huffed as she slowly made her way through Ponyville's central market, the pegasus mare worn from the exertion of waddling under the hot afternoon sun. Her hooves were aching under the weight they were carrying. Even though their load was greatly reduced by her obese stomach dragging across the dusty ground; a great pillowy mass that bulged out between her legs, adding several more feet to her overall girth. Though she could—and often did—just collapse forwards into herself and use her considerable gut as a bed, the utility of such a feature was diminished somewhat by having to drag it around everywhere.

Utility too had become somewhat a foreign subject to her wings, her feathers beautifully preened and tended to, and still an impressive when fully spread, had become overtly useless when it came to locomotion. She couldn't hope to be able to lift herself at her current size. It was why she was here—in Ponyville—under this blasted sun to begin with.

The mare hefted herself up to a market stall (her sides spread wider than the stall itself) and ordered a drink. She relished not having to move for a while, stretching each hoof in turn away from her body

while her beverage—a blend of daisies, raspberries, and ice—was prepared for her. She attempted to dry her brow with a wing to little success, beads of sweat forming almost as quickly as they could be extinguished.

She took her drink, paid two bits and left the stall, relocating to a communal table within the market. She placed the drink on the table and—forgoing the available seating—flopped into her soft, all-encompassing mass to relax.

She spent the next half an hour or so just watching the world go by. Traders selling their wares to the crowds that milled around, fillies laughing as they ran through the square chasing one another, and even a unicorn passing by hovering a large basket of goods in a gold-coloured aura. She noticed a few ponies looking her way for a slight too long to be unintentional, but she paid them no mind; she had little time for narrow minds from narrow ponies.

Feeling suitably refreshed and with the feeling of sweatiness relieved she realigned her hooves to the floor and stood up; her stomach and flanks remained firmly in contact with the ground, but it was of little concern. She resumed her slow waddle across the market place, wondering whether she could block out the sun one day.

*Kimberly G. Birdhouse belongs to @kimintodarkness.*