

Fat Camp Sequel

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A sequel to the story where Sue Ellen had to go to a weight loss center

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Fat Camp Sequel

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This is the sequel to 'A character went to fat camp'

This story happens minutes after Busters visit to the doctor. He was about 300 pounds.

"So your stomach size is 56 inches waist is about 80 inches," The doctor said as he measured everything.

"That means I will lock up the cupboard and pantry," Mrs. Baxter replied.

Buster sighed in disbelief as there wouldn't be anymore fast food, pastries or ice cream sundaes for months. "But what am I supposed to eat?"

"Health food," Mrs. Baxter replied, "And before you do anything I expect you to apologize to Sue Ellen."

"Nooo!" Buster screamed, "She is going to beat me up."

"You are going over for dinner at her house tonight and you gracefully accepted," Mrs. Baxter replied.

"Me?" Buster yelled in shock, "She will kill me."

Mrs. Baxter and Buster left and went home. Once they got home Mrs. Baxter had a neighbor lock up all the cupboards. Buster was scrounging around for food nearly losing balance.

"Whoa!" Buster said as he almost fell, "Being almost 300 pounds is a bit tough."

"I think instead of having you snack on junk food you should have an apple," Mrs. Baxter replied

"Aww," Buster complained.

"Fruit is nature's candy," Mrs. Baxter replied, "Besides it will clear out your system and you will start losing weight."

"I think I will pass," Buster replied then waddled up to his room.

The next day at school in class Buster was sitting in a special chair due to his weight.

Fern poked Busters stomach, "Just like a marshmallow."

Muffy laughed, "Can we call you `chubby bunny?'"

Buster was slightly annoyed, "No."

"Don't forget gym class," Sue Ellen said.

Sue Ellen had gone several grueling months of weight loss; she was back to her normal weight.

"What are we doing?" Buster replied.

"We are going to play soccer," Fern replied.

"Fern you better not screw up like last time!" Francine warned.

The Brain overheard, "Why do you have to be mean to people that aren't as good as you in soccer?"

"Well let's hope Buster can catch up with everyone," Francine joked as she poked Busters large stomach.

It was time for gym, Fern, George, Muffy, Brain and Binky were on one team and Buster, Sue Ellen, Francine, Arthur and Jenna on another team.

As the game progressed Buster had a very tough time catching up with everyone, he was running out of breath.

After the game Muffy was making fun of him, "So Buster, how the mighty have fallen."

"Shut up Muffy," The obese rabbit boy said.

Muffy slapped Busters stomach, "You need to loose some weight, what happens if you gain more?"

Fantasy Scene.

Buster is about 500 or 600 pounds lying in bed being interviewed for being the fattest third grader, "I wash myself with a rag on a stick."

End Fantasy Scene.

"600 pounds?" Buster asked.

"Yea tubby that is what is going to happen," Muffy replied.

Francine stormed up to Buster, "You better loose some weight, it was practically four against five out there."

"I am sorry," Buster said.

Francine just thought of something, "Goalie..."

"Wait no I am not going to be the goalie," Buster replied.

"You are perfect you block the net perfectly," Francine replied.

"Honestly Francine I hope you aren't going to encourage his eating habits," Muffy said in shock.

"WE could win more games," Francine replied.

"Well he will be 600 pounds in no time!" Muffy argued.

"Yea if you encourage his eating habits he is going to gain more weight," Sue Ellen added, "And that gives the opposing team an unfair advantage."

"Hey you shouldn't talk," Buster warned, "You were over 200 pounds yourself."

"But I managed to loose it and keep it off," Sue Ellen replied.

"But we will win more games if Buster is the goalie," Francine replied, "His fat can block all the shots."

"But obesity is very unhealthy," Fern warned.

"You are going to thank me when we go against mighty mountain," Francine replied, "There is no chance of loosing as long as Buster stays at his current weight."

"Winning isn't everything," The Brain replied; "Besides he needs to loose weight."

"Yea someone is going to harpoon him," Binky joked.

"You are just exploiting Buster because of his weight," Fern replied.

"Buster will lead our team to victory, he just has to stand and block shots," Francine explained, "Buster go in net we are going to test it."

Buster waddled in front on the net and Francine kicked a soccer ball. The ball bounced off his stomach.

"See?" Francine asked.

"It just seems like exploitation," George replied.

"I am the captain of the soccer team!" Francine yelled, "And if anyone is against this plan then there's the door!"

"I hope you aren't going to encourage him to gain more weight," Muffy warned, "There is too much of Buster here already."

"Hey!" Buster yelled.

"It's true," Fern joked.

Buster waddled out of the net to join his friends.

"Well it's your choice," Francine replied.

"I think I will accept," Buster said.

Everyone except Francine and Buster sighed.

The next day.

"This is excellent," Francine said.

"I am not really interested in being 300 pounds," Buster admitted.

"Ok fatty I mean Buster," Francine said, "You are ready to be the goalie."

"Let's just get to class," Buster suggested.

When Buster sat down he felt his underwear split.

Fern noticed there was more of him, and thought, "I need to talk to him, I hate seeing him like this."

After school Fern met up with Buster, "I have an idea to help you loose weight; I will put you on a strict low fat diet, I want to help you."

"I see get me away from Francine thinks I should just keep the weight on because she wants me to be some sort of human wall for the soccer games that is why she wants me as goalie," Buster replied.

"I will help you," Fern replied.

Buster waddled with Fern to her place.

"I hate being this big," Buster admitted..

"You are big and huggable like a teddy bear," Fern joked.

"You are nuts!" Buster yelled.

"Your stomach is so soft," Fern said as she poked his flabby stomach.

"Leave me alone; just help me loose the weight!" Buster continued yelling as he pushed her back he then felt weird and he clutched his chest.

"What's wrong?" Fern asked nervously.

"I don't know..." Buster said as he was suffering from shortness of breath and sweating profusely; he was feeling light headed, "I need to sit down."

"Mom!" Fern yelled, "Something is wrong with Buster!"

Mrs. Walters ran into the room as quickly as she could to investigate, "Oh, no... This is not good, Fern call an ambulance."

Buster collapsed as he clutched his chest; he was suffering from a heart attack.

Fern dialed 911 and an ambulance arrived to take Buster to the hospital.

Mrs. Walters and Fern followed the ambulance to the hospital and Buster was sent into the emergency room.

"You saved his life," Mrs. Walters said.

"I was scared; is he going to die?" Fern asked.

"He is severely overweight, he needs to loose weight because he just suffered from a heart attack," Mrs. Walters explained.

A doctor came out, "You saved his life, but he seriously needs to loose weight."

Mrs. Baxter came running into the emergency room, "Is Buster ok?"

"Let me talk to you in my office," The doctor suggested.

Within minutes they were in a nearby office.

"Mrs. Baxter your son is severely overweight, he needs to start loosing weight or he will suffer another heart attack or even worse," The doctor warned.

The left the office and met Fern and her mom in the hospital room Buster was staying in.

“So heart attacks can affect people of any age?” Fern asked.

“Yea it affected Buster because he was so obese,” The doctor explained.

“But how do I go around giving him healthier things to eat when all he is eating is coming from a machine, or something that has been processed?” Mrs. Baxter asked.

“Well just start by giving him more fruit and water, whole grain or multigrain bread for sandwiches instead of white bread, instead of him snacking on chips have an apple or some fruit,” The doctor suggested.

“No problem,” Buster replied.

“Buster I want you to loose the weight, you nearly died,” Mrs. Baxter said in a serious tone.

“I will,” Buster said.

Fern was feeling a bit troubled by what had happened, “Seeing what happened to you has made me very scared.”

“Don't worry I will try loosing the weight,” Buster replied.

“Please! I don't want you to die,” Fern said sadly.

A few days later Buster waddled to school, he was still snacking on junk food despite the warnings.

Fern sighed, and lowered her head, “Oh Buster...” She walked towards him, “You know you did suffer from a heart attack.”

“Yea but what doesn't kill me makes me stronger,” Buster replied as he put some potato chips in his mouth.

Fern had just one more person to deal with and it was Francine she encouraged him just to keep the weight on.

Francine was at her locker when Fern confronted her.

“Why did you want Buster to keep on the weight?” Fern asked.

“Because he could have made an excellent goalie,” Francine replied.

“He suffered from a heart attack at my house a few days ago,” Fern admitted, and walked away.

After school Buster was at home snacking on junk food, Fern and Sue Ellen sighed when he plopped himself on the couch just eating vending machine snacks and watching TV.

Mrs. Baxter had a bag of groceries and sighed, "Buster we will try this again," She said as she handed him an apple and he started eating it.

"Perhaps I should just go to bed," Buster said.

"It is only 7:30," Mrs. Baxter replied.

"Well I happen to be tired," Buster said and he waddled upstairs.

Buster went into his room and started eating his secret stash of snacks.

Fern and Sue Ellen were watching him eat a chocolate bar as he left the door open a crack.

"We better tell Mrs. Baxter about this," Sue Ellen suggested.

The next day Buster waddled home from school, when he opened the door his mom, Sue Ellen, her parents, Fern and her parents were there waiting for him.

"What are you all doing here?" Buster asked curiously.

"We tried being nice by having you diet but now we are being serious," Mrs. Baxter said.

"What do you mean?" Buster said as he was playing dumb.

"We saw you eating a chocolate bar in your room," Fern admitted.

"You suffered one heart attack already what happens if the next time it happens and you aren't so lucky?" Mrs. Walters asked.

Buster was offended, "I am not that fat," he ran and jumped out the window which was opened earlier but got stuck midway through.

Sue Ellen laughed, "Just loose the weight."

Mrs. Baxter sighed as she opened the window a bit more to let Buster free; he climbed back inside.

"What we are going to do is send you to a weight loss center," Mrs. Armstrong replied.

"Like the one Sue Ellen was sent to?" Buster asked.

"Not quite... You are being sent to a weight loss boot camp, wake up at 6:00, a strict drill instructor who used to be in the army, and a lot of grueling exercise," Mrs. Baxter replied.

"And the only way out is suicide," Binky added seriously, "Or loosing the weight,"

About thirty minutes later they were at a weight loss center however it was not the same one Sue Ellen went to.

Buster noticed barb wire fences around the area, as if it were a prison and he was shocked, "What is this? A prison?"

"No it's just a weight loss center, it wasn't as expensive as Sue Ellen's," Mrs. Baxter said as she parked the car and they walked into the main building.

A tough looking bear man was in the lobby, "Welcome to Choppers weight loss center, I am Ben and I am going to make you thin!" Ben yelled as he poked Busters large stomach.

"How fast are the results?" Mrs. Baxter asked curiously, "My son is over 300 pounds and I want him back into his normal weight when he gets out of here."

"We start by weighing him, then after that we have him doing grueling exercises, then there will be the part where I watch him and the other kids here throw out sweets and stuff," Ben explained, "It is a lot of stuff,"

"Like how is your approach to helping them loose weight?" Mrs. Baxter asked.

"It is a little something called tough luck," Ben answered.

"I see well anyways I think it is a good idea, it will teach him a lesson since he made fun of a classmate because she had to go to a weight loss center," Mrs. Baxter said, "See you later Buster,"

Mrs. Baxter left.

Ben and Buster went into the back room, "Ok, strip down to your underwear so we can get you weighed."

Buster took off his shirt and pants exposing his flabby stomach and rolls of soft fat. He stepped on the scale, but Buster couldn't read the numbers since his stomach was too far out, "What does it say?"

"It is 305 pounds," Ben said, then yelled, "Are you proud of this? Are you happy for being this overweight?"

"It wasn't my fault, it kind of happened," Buster said innocently.

"How did you get so overweight anyways?" Ben asked as he calmed down.

"I am big boned," Buster lied.

Ben laughed and jiggled Busters stomach, "That's a lie."

"It is glandular," Buster lied again.

"It is not in the glands, tell me the truth!" Ben said as he was getting impatient.

"Fine, I made fun of a classmate because she went to fat camp and the way I mocked her was by constantly eating junk food and fast food all the time," Buster admitted.

"That is what I wanted to hear, now go and get changed tubby you are making me sick," Ben said as he was holding his stomach.

Buster got changed and left the room.

Ben sighed, "With an attitude like his it is a wonder why he is here."

The next day Buster and some kids his age were up at six. And they walked into a mess hall. Buster's eyes lit up when there were snack foods on the table enough for about 20 people. He waddled over to the table as fast as he could. But Ben stopped him.

"Not so fast tubby!" Ben yelled, "We are not eating them we are throwing them out."

"What?" Buster asked in shock.

"It is very simple you just throw the snack," Ben explained.

Buster and the kids started throwing out the snacks. Within about 20 minutes the garbage cans were full.

"Ok, we are going to throw these snack cakes and stuff out," Ben said as he opened the door and led everyone out.

Buster was last in line as he was the heaviest and was having problems lifting the garbage can. Buster dumped the snacks into the dumpster. He had an idea he was the last to leave and of course the last to enter. Buster decided to start eating the snacks in the dumpster.

Back inside Ben was doing a head count but realized Buster was missing, he checked outside and caught Buster red handed as there were wrappers everywhere.

"Come with me," Ben said coldly, "We are taking a drive."

"I am sorry!" Buster pleaded.

Buster and Ben went into a nearby black Cadillac and drove off.

"What are you going to do?" Buster asked nervously.

"Do you know what failure is?" Ben asked back.

"Well getting a bad mark on a paper," Buster explained.

"No, not that type I mean look at yourself, you are well on your way in being 400 pounds," Ben explained, "Come with me we are taking a drive back home!"

Buster was definitely afraid, "You are going to tell my mom right?"

"No, your mom is sacrificing money just for you to loose the weight," The well built bear man replied, "Like your friends and family chipped in some money to have you loose the weight,"

They drove into town by Busters and through the window they saw Mrs. Baxter paying some bills.

"See what I mean?" Ben asked, "You should loose the weight or you could die!"

"But..." Buster replied.

"No more buts! You are going to go on a strict diet right now, and plenty of grueling exercise!" Ben yelled as they drove back to camp.

Over the course of the next few months Buster was learning to exercise and eat right, despite the fact that this weight loss center was more like a boot camp...

Buster was now about 105 pounds and was free to leave the weight loss center; he had considered himself lucky because he didn't have to jump the fence. He had managed to keep the rest of it off.

"So Buster, I take you learned your lesson," Mrs. Baxter said.

"Yea, not to eat too many snacks," Buster replied.

"Yea, and not to make fun of a persons misfortune," Mrs. Baxter said sternly.

"But she started it," Buster protested, "Therefore it is her fault,"

"But off topic Fern saved your life," Mrs. Baxter replied, "Don't you forget that."

"I guess it is my fault," Buster admitted.

"Perhaps you should go and apologize to Sue Ellen," Mrs. Baxter suggested, "And thank Fern for saving your life."

Buster went to Ferns apologized to her then went to Sue Ellen's, he knocked on the door and Sue Ellen answered.

"Hi Buster," Sue Ellen said.

"Hi, I just want to say that I am sorry for giving you such a hard time when you had to diet," Buster

replied.

“Thank you,” Sue Ellen said happily, “Do you want to come in for some chocolate ice cream?”

“No I am being punished for what I did,” Buster admitted.

Sue Ellen just laughed, “Perhaps I will just grab an apple instead.”

The End.