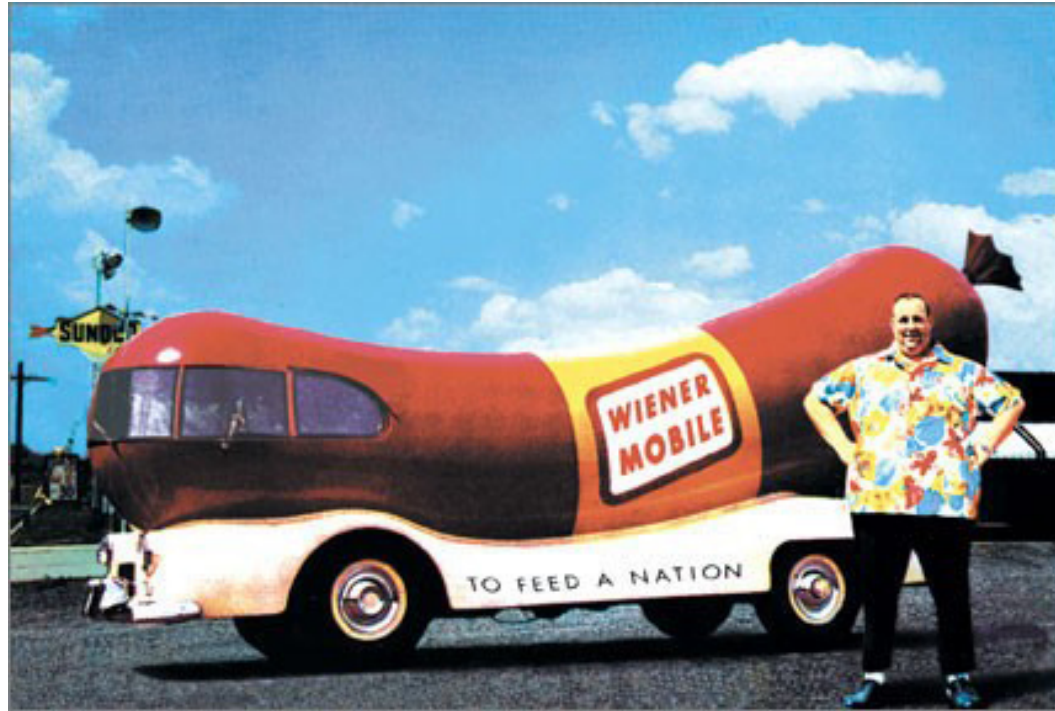


Jacques Spratt



“Maybe I can’t *eat* no goldarn fat, but I sure can drive it!” exclaimed Jacques Spratt, as he steered his Wienermobile across the Missouri River into Council Bluffs. It was the very first automobile to run exclusively on fat. And it wasn’t just any old fat. Utilizing a devilishly clever array of hydraulic pumps, he was able to perform a real-time liposuction on his wife, the once grossly obese Mrs. Spratt, who could eat no Lean Cuisines. In fact, thanks to her fat, they had driven all the way from Las Vegas without ever having to stop to refuel. In the process, Mrs. Spratt’s weight had dropped from 435 pounds to 150. Now she felt that she needed a week off to recover. But Jacques would have none of it. He was determined to drive all the way to New York where representatives from The Guinness Book of World Records were waiting to photograph and interview him. Mrs. Spratt struggled to break free of her tether, and Jacques had to stop the car to cinch the ropes tighter. But when he tried to restart the car, his overeagerness caused him to flood and stall it. Jacques angrily stomped out of the car, opened the hood, and looked in. But he didn’t know the first thing about how the motor worked. Suddenly a small voice piped up, “Hey mister, can I take your picture with the car?” Jacques pasted on his best crocodile smile and said, “Sure, kid, for a dollar. Here. Like this?” Arms akimbo, he posed beside the bulbous red and white vehicle. Unbeknownst to him, the car had absorbed more than fat during its journey. It had soaked up part of Mrs. Spratt’s very essence. Slowly but surely, it began to roll towards Mr. Spratt, as the junior shutterbug looked on in bewildered horror.