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## Celulite

by Maureen Marsh

Some of these things are true and some of them lies! This is what she pondered as she looked at the reviews, the articles and the online gossip. They all seemed to agree that it was true that she had chosen well with the pale blue dress and lace trim and they all seemed to be in agreement and think it true that she had justly won her award for best new talent. From then on there was so much written and said that was half true, conjectured truth, downright lies, fabrication and fantasy that it was hard to know who this person was that they were talking about. She thought ' Hmm this character is interesting, bit of a bitch and a slut but wow...great dress choice!'

3 years ago, no-one would have been even vaguely interested if she had walked on a beach stark naked, singing the national anthem, with a firework up her bottom, ok, maybe the police might have taken an interest. But this year on holiday a thousand and one images taken and even film footage of her body, her bottom and in particular her dimpled thighs. Yes, she had broken the cardinal law of femaleness and had Cellulite. Cellulite, for gods sake, I mean no self respecting woman has cellulite, do they?....she mused that if a man seriously wanted to date someone with out cellulite, they probably need to be dating another man.

She had made a joke about her humiliation in her award acceptance speech, saying that she thanked her mother, her father, her cellulite, saggy boobs and vagina. It had got some laughs, some nervous ones. The medias other obsession was with her single status, linking her with every man she had breathed in the same room with and some that were separated by continents and oceans and she had literally never met. She had made a joke about this humiliation also, saying how desperate she was and couldn't find someone to date her and that her therapist had advised that if she relaxed about it, magic often happens then. She took her therapists advice and sure enough...she still couldn't find anyone to date her. This also got a laugh. There is a truth in laughter, she felt, a release of energy.

She could not help but question the nations obsession with her cellulite and indeed, cellulite in general. In a world where the permafrost was melting and the forests burning, the human race had appeared to loose the thread of what was real and what was not, what was true and what was a lie.

And yet, she had longed for success, dreamed about it, fantasised about what it meant. She longed for success and a legacy and here it was, but with the perm frost melting and the forests burning, was a legacy a true thing to even imagine possible?

She had finally made it to the club of the elite ones, finally knocking on the right door, having knocked on all the wrong ones forever and it had inexplicably opened for her. She had been accepted, welcomed even. ..but it was bitter sweet. In a world where the permafrost was melting and the forests burning....the truth was melting and burning away too.