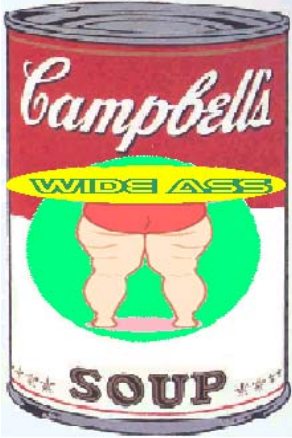


Dear Britney Spears,

Once again it seems congratulations are in order. Your "back-up" dancer husband managed to convince some of his "back-up" dancer semen to dance "back-up" your untalented snatch to get you pregnant. I couldn't be happier for you. Well, not happy for you, but happy.

Right now at this very moment, lurking deep inside you is something so heinous, so unspeakable, something you've tried to beat into submission with all of your might. That's right, the FAT GENE. It's been hiding, watching, and waiting for the right moment to open up a can of wide-ass all over your soon to be enormous body. Over the next several months, as you're plumping up like a hot dog on a grill, you may be tempted to find a giant bun and eat yourself. Try to resist.



Instead, how about I familiarize you with a few sentences you'll be hearing quite often in the near future: "Welcome to Lane Bryant. I'm sorry, you can't bring the Grand Canyon into the store...Oh, that's your ass. I'm terribly sorry. We don't carry anything large enough to cover that gaping hole. There is however a warehouse a few doors down that sells tarps to cover the infields at Major League Baseball stadiums, perhaps you could inquire there." There's even a small chance that Evel Knievel will come out of retirement to try and jump over the giant crevasse you call an ass-crack. Keep your fat little sausage fingers crossed on that one.

Yet another thing you'll have in common with your idol, Madonna: being a pop-star mom. Yet where Madonna is the "material girl", you will be the "need a lot of material to cover your giant ass girl".

It'll be great, bacon and ice cream for breakfast, (after you've spent the morning vomiting) a whole cake for lunch, and oops you did it again, another cake for dinner. If you listen really hard you can probably hear your ankles getting fatter every second. If you want a good idea of what you have to look forward to in the postpartum body type area, watch some re-runs of the first season of "Roseanne". (Or any season of "Gimme a Break", starring Nell Carter)

Right now you're young and full of energy, but in a few months you'll need help wiping your own ass. Maybe the "back-up" dancer could "back up" a fire engine and just hose your ass down like a giant bidet...



And the hemorrhoids, oh the hemorrhoids. How I wish I could be a fly on the wall on the first day your hubby has to slather a generous helping of Preparation H your swollen, tender, anal glands. Please include that on your new reality show.

Oh, and have fun breast-feeding. I'm not all that familiar with the eating habits of newborn babies, but I'm fairly certain that silicone is not on the menu.

Allow me to make a prediction about the day your devil-baby is born...You're going to show up at the emergency room, you'll be dilated to 2 centimeters and the doctor will come in, look at your skanked-up vagina and say the following: "Yes you're dilated, but it's not time yet dear. Think of this like one of your concerts, your lips are moving but nothing's coming out."

*Love,
Bill Scott*