

Why could she never find herself a public man? A man to walk down the street with, a man who would tend to the barbecue and flirt lightly with her friends. The fact that she was fat might have something to do with it (though she had no trouble scoring); the fact that she was fat and so felt herself to be odd; the fact that she was fat and so felt herself to be beyond the pale – free. Because every man she found was perfect at the time, perfect within her four walls or his, but, without exception, they all fell apart when she put them on display. Perhaps she was not sufficiently odd. Maybe there was an insubordinate streak of the ordinary in her, a thin woman trying to get out.

Successful women are supposed to be fat, she decided early on. If they are trim and look like mistresses then the board room is a minefield. She developed a motherly laugh. She developed a viciousness that made people mutter 'Fat bitch' and 'No wonder she's so neurotic – would you look at the size of her,' as their assignments came in on time.

She liked sleeping with men. It changed them. They were always surprised by her body – fat being a novelty

