

Hangry

A Short Story

By

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Tina lay on her bed, all but naked save for her underwear, as she gazed up at the ceiling while doing her best not to cry. It had been a really shitty day and the last thing she wanted was to cap it off by laying in bed and weeping like a child. All she wanted to do at that point was get some sleep and hope she felt better in the morning.

She hadn't even felt enough motivation to eat anything after getting home. So, a little over three hours later, her stomach had started to make some rather appalling noises. Which only made her feel that much worse about everything.

With a dejected sigh, she went to rub the soft, somewhat pudgy flesh around her belly to try and soothe its agitated grinding. Which, oddly enough, often seemed to be enough to sooth the hungry beast inside her. But as her hand moved, it bumped into something on her stomach that tumbled down onto the bed.

She jumped and sat up to see David working to scramble back upright next to her on the comforter. "Sorry, I didn't see you there," she said with a sniff while reaching down to pick up her two-inch-tall friend.

His presence had startled her every now and then, which was expected from someone who was the size of a small rodent. She'd warned him about sneaking up on her like that before as well. But perhaps she'd been too busy sulking to have noticed him trying to get her attention beforehand.

She didn't even know how he'd managed to get up there in the first place. Then again, he had managed to find a way around the house without needing her help all that much up until then. Which was something that she'd always thought was somewhat suspicious, if not a bit peculiar.

"It's alright," he said in his squeaky little voice, "I shouldn't have been there in the first place without you knowing. You were just so upset that I couldn't wait."

She frowned at him and shifted position so that her upper body was propped up, then set him onto her belly again. "I appreciate the thought though," she said while trying to rub the moisture from her eyes.

David patted the bare flesh of her pudgy belly and asked with a small sigh, "You've gone all day without eating again... haven't you?"

"I'm fine," she replied with an agitated huff, "Stop worrying about it."

"I can barely hear myself think over the angry gurgles and increasingly desperate groaning from your stomach," he said with a gesture towards the plain of pale skin under him. "Hell, I can actually feel how hungry you are. What's going on?"

She took a moment to gather her thoughts and dry her eyes again. “I’m just— this new job... I’m having a hard time dealing with it. I feel as though I don’t fit in and that no matter how hard I try, all I’m doing is pushing people away.”

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