Superhero costumes are so very often mistaken for spandex—but the truth is far more complicated than that.

Like their wearers, costumes that crime-fighters wear have to be durable. They’ve got to be able to flex and bend, they’ve got to be breathable, and they have to be able to take a punch. The costume—no, the *uniform*— is perhaps the most important part of an aspiring hero’s wardrobe, not to be taken lightly or be reduced to mere “spandex”.

However, the most important aspect of the costume not listed in the above, is that the costume has to *fit*.

It should have been common sense but, with the way that things were looking around the Watchtower’s lunchroom, you would have thought that it had never been mentioned to some *particular* members of the Justice League.

“Great Hera, Lantern—” Wonder Woman exclaimed with a probing finger sunk deep, *deep* into the larger Leaguer’s gut, “—I thought your creed preached temperance and moderation?”

Jessica Cruz wiped a doughy arm across her face, lips still smacking as she stuffed down the latest in a long line of courses from the interstellar eatery. Her ring of caramel-colored chins resting on the upper portion of her chest.

“That’s the *Blue* Lanterns.” She said in a thick, heavy voice as green tendrils bloomed continuously from her jade jewelry, “You’ve worked with Hal *and* John, Diana—how did you not know that?”

“Er…” Wonder Woman bit her bottom lip, “…Carry on, then.”

What had come over some of these women? Gorging themselves on their off-duty and half-assing it out on the field, and for what? So that they could come plop themselves down on the bench seating of the Watchtower’s interior and make them bow with their enormous bottoms? If some of these women couldn’t fly, Diana doubted that they would have been able to move at all!

“Diana!” a rotund redhead waved her arm to signal her, her great stomach sloshing back and forth catching Wonder Woman’s eye more than her flailing flabby limb ever could, “Come on, I saved a seat for you!”

Shayera Hall may as well have been a bowling ball with wings—her ridiculous build had meant that she was effectively useless in battle, if not for her application of Nth metal and anti-magic. Zatanna Zatara’s custom-fit getup and newfound bottom-heaviness meant that she looked less like a sexy stage magician and more like a penguin every time that Diana saw her. Fire and Ice were twin titans of tonnage, practically beaching themselves on the other side of the table after the JLI’s disbandment some time ago…

Didn’t these tables used to sit a lot more than just five women?

“Thank you, Hawk Girl—” Diana tried to distance herself from the social obligation by using their code names, to no avail, “—But J’onn needs me in the monitor room and—”

“Oh come on, I *invented* that excuse.” Shayera grabbed the elder hero by the bracelet and pulled her towards the chair, “Come on and take a seat—they’re serving your favorite!”