

SO IT GOES

BY JASON LOVE

I'm a sugaholic. It starts at breakfast with Cookie Crisp, part of a nutritious breakfast when served with other, *natural* food. I'll start the day with anything up to and including Toxic Waste-e-o's. Frosted.

The addiction began in junior school, when I discovered Sherbet Dabs—packets of sugar you eat with a stick... made of sugar. I bought extra large 99s from the ice cream man, who drove by the school gates like a pusher. I would chase him down the street behind that sign reading, "Slow Children." Maybe we wouldn't be slow if you didn't keep selling us junk food.

The ice cream man also peddled "fun-sized" chocolate bars, but if you ask me, fun size should be when you need a ladder to reach the top.

Speaking of which, my mum used to place the biscuit jar on top of our fridge, where I couldn't reach it. I could, however, open the shed and grab the step ladder. I still remember when, in a frenzy, I knocked the biscuits off the fridge. The china shattered in slow motion, and a strange calm washed over me... *It had been a good life, one filled with passion and joy, tender bonds, and finally one irretrievable error.*

My mum decided against murder, and by secondary school I was snorting Topic bars.

I do eat normal-people food, but only as a pretext for dessert. And for the record, *no*, I cannot "just eat fruit." Fruit only angers my need for chocolate. So it goes.

Waist management has become an issue. It's hard to run the treadmill with fudge on your breath; your brain doesn't know what to make of it. Thank God for the dangling carrot cake.

Sometimes the cakes call me from the cupboard: "Jaaaason... Cream fiiiilling, Jason..."

One year I quit cold turkey, because I have no problem with turkey; but then I

tried to quit sugar, and by Day Two I was in the bakery thinking, *What is sugar anyway? Doesn't everything, including broccoli, eventually break down into sugar?* Before long I was back to apple pies on the basis that apples grow on trees, and what could be more natural?

Last month I went the other direction and plied myself with sweets, hoping to find the bottom. Thirty-five Almond Joys later, I could only pronounce the word "meh." Which echoed in the toilet bowl. Sometimes you feel like a nutter.

I don't care anymore. I would rather be a happy DayGlo marker than some scratchy ballpoint. If God wanted us to be thin, sugar wouldn't taste so good.

Some say that it's natural to obsess. In the distance a lab scientist is recording the hypothesis formally... *The rats choose chocolate nine times out of ten, but they always feel guilty about it later.*

The doctor says my stomach will rot; the shrink says my mind will rot; Mr Kipling wants to elope with me. And it's a tempting offer because only he understands the blood-bending bliss of eating your 35th Almond Joy: sick but not sick enough. Never sick enough.

