

JASPER'S PIZZA PLAN

and

- i) Why there's no such thing as a free lunch
- ii) Why too much of anything is bad for your health
- iii) All that glitters is not a golden ticket

This is the tale of a nice little boy
Who fell for a restaurant's despicable ploy
To get people eating there more every day
Without ever thinking of how they would pay.



The diner in question, it shall remain nameless,
And the boy, named Jasper, is really quite blameless
In the horror that's about to unravel:
A story of how far greed will travel...



Jasper was good, as good as could be.
He was nice to his mum and ate healthily.
Fruit and fresh veg was his favourite diet
(Loved potato – he'd never fry it).
But one day he went with no bad intent
To a world-famous pizza establishment;
On the window a glittery poster was pinned
Alongside the menu, deep-pan and thinned.

It said: **Win a round-the-world adventure!**

It didn't take long for Jasper to venture

Inside the building to find out more;

It was in his nature to go and explore.

They gave him a leaflet and said it was cinch,

Three pizzas a day (all over 12" inch).

Three pizzas a day for twenty six weeks...

Jasper felt colour drain from his cheeks.

He didn't like pizza with all of its flopping,

Its slimy, processed and fatty topping.

He looked at a leaflet – **a flight round the planet!**

He could stomach it – just (if he didn't deep-pan it)...

He ran home dreaming of world expeditions

And showed his mum all the terms and conditions,

Not that she managed to read all the text

With Jasper's loud chatter of what he'd do next.

One seat only, it said in small print,

(So small an ant would be forced to squint.)

The very next day he started his mission,

(With the leaflet in hand and his mother's permission).

He sat at the table and looked almost pleased

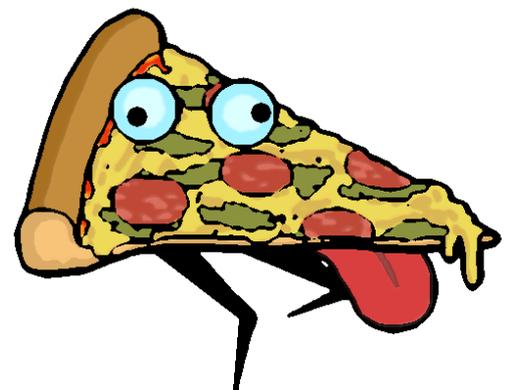
As food was presented, all heavily cheesed.

He didn't much like it but kept on chewing,

Remembering his marvellous reason for doing
All that his body was begging him not to.
If I want to go travelling, then simply I've got to!

Three pizzas a day, it started off hard
But soon he became accustomed to lard.
(The pizza chain here is entirely at fault,
Knowing that kids get addicted to salt).
So his daily crust he just kept on eating,
With waitresses checking he wasn't cheating.
They said "Nearly there!" when Jasper went slow.
'You're one bite nearer Rio de Janero!'

Hundreds of pizzas, he gobbled them down
Thinking of each European town,
Then the Americas, North and South.
He knew it depended on his mouth.
But the alarming element of this contest,
Was the increased straining of Jasper's vest.
His tummy was growing oddly distended,
It was hard to see where it started and ended;
His arms got wobbly, his chin became three,
He had rolls of skin like dough on each knee.
His mum begged him: 'stop Jasper, stop all this!'
But he wouldn't...the world was nearly his.



With each 12 inch pizza the ticket got closer...

Just one more thin-crust Capriciosa!

When he was tackling his final slice
The camera crews turned up in a trice
To film him come out the other side –
Six months on, sixty inches wide.
The cheer went up when he'd cleaned the plate.
'I'm off to see the world, can't wait!
He shouted as he ran through the thicket
Of tv crews to claim his ticket.

When he sat down to discuss the trip
The agent look troubled and bit her lip.
'It says clearly here it's one seat per prize.
You're going to need one for each of your thighs!
It's clearly a case for disqualification.
There's no chance of taking your world vacation;
Unless', she said with sarcastic tone,
'You reckon that you can lose ten stone?'
Of course he could, Jasper said so brightly,
He wanted to – he'd exercise daily and nightly.
'Off you go, love, tuck into some salad.
You've got three days... Then the ticket's invalid'.

He protested but really it did no good.
The fact was he'd eaten too much food,
And needed two seats for his large derriere
Now filled with a 300-pizza layer.
From the travel shop Jasper sadly hobbled,
Cursing the bits of his body that wobbled,
And went back home to a mum who knew nothing
About her son's ultimate pizza stuffing.

When she saw Jasper's face, long and glum,
She said 'what's up, love? Gonna miss your mum?'
I'm not going anywhere, Jasper did blub
And all because of that horrible grub.
I can hardly move it's made me so fat.
'Right,' said mum, 'we'll see about that'.
She stormed right into the pizzeria
And did her best to fill them with fear.
Defeated, she said: 'There's no point in fighting,
They said we didn't read the small writing,
It said one seat only, right at the bottom,
And it's clear you need more with how fat you've gotten.
But they apologised and said they will happily offer
Free pizzas for life to their favourite scoffer.
Love, every cloud has a silver lining,
And we may never again have to pay for dining.

We'll put what we save aside for vacation.

And we'll make a pact: to exercise moderation.'