

Eric's work experience

HUNGER PAIN

"IT'S the fast issue," we told Eric, "so go away and find a story that fits the theme." Eric never did understand homonyms. Read it and weep.

JUNE						
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JULY						
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28	29	30	31			

Tuesday
24
June

Week 26

10. Have my last meal for 48 hours. I have an extra piece of Toast, which constitutes the main plank of my cunning plan to get through the next two days. From now on, all I can have is water, Tea, coffee, juice - and barley sugar, so I don't fall into a coma or actually die.
30. Not too hungry yet. I have a cold, which is a worry. What do they say? Feed a cold, starve a child, or something?
00. I go to a caf for lunch. The people I am with have a chicken schnitzel, quiche and chips. I have a coffee and barley sugar, followed by a glass of water. For the one and only time in my life, I know how a supermodel feels. Without the money, long legs and vomiting, obviously.
- 2.30. If I can have juice, maybe I could juice a kebab.
- 5.00. I think I'm running a fever. I could be very ill. I'm becoming emotionally unusual. My attention span is only eight seconds. I have only missed one meal.
- 5.30. One of my so-called friends takes a barley sugar, as if from my starving mouth.
- 6.30. Go home. Stop off in a shop for more barley sugar, but they don't have any. Nearly fly into a low-glucose rage. Control myself.
- 8.00. Everyone has dinner. I have barley sugar. I am going off barley sugar.



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JULY						
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Wednesday
25
June

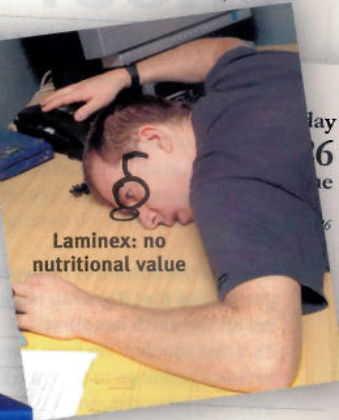
Week 26

- 10.15. I seem much thinner. My pants don't hurt me anymore. Maybe I don't actually need solids. I could live on soup and celery juice. Maybe I'm special. Maybe not.
- 11.25. I want a pizza
- 11.26. I want a pizza
- 11.50. Everything irritates me. Especially the fact that I can't have a pizza
- 1.00. I now realise how much time I spend on food. If I'm not planning a meal, I'm making it, eating it, talking about it, digesting it, or remembering it. My life is empty without food.
- 1.01. So is my tummy.
- 2.00. Have an enormous cappuccino, so I can sneak the chocolate sprinkles on top.
- 3.00. I feel like a maniac. Thanks to all the caffeine. Someone tells me I should be having barley water, not sugar. This makes me pointlessly annoyed.
- 3.25. It is someone's birthday. There are cakes and biscuits and everything. I sit in a corner and try not to cry. Someone tells me I should just give up, that no-one would ever know. But I'd know. I'd know.
- 4.00. I have no energy. I slump at my desk like a punctured sex doll. I need to lie down. It's all over for me now. I have some water. My stomach is not fooled.
- 5.00. Someone tells me to come to the pub and have a vodka. If I had a vodka I'd probably get on the floor and start eating the carpet. I have a cranberry juice, which is surprisingly delicious. Compared to water.
- 5.10. I find out I am doing the wrong kind of fast for the fast issue. It makes me angry. Then fine. Then angry. Then fine. Angry. Fine. I should probably go home.
- 8.00. Twelve hours to go. I can't watch a TV channel for more than half-a-second at a time. All I think about is food. By morning there may be nothing left of me but a pair of glasses.

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- 8.00. Am I dead? Is this heaven? It must be. Here is a piece of Toast.



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