

Spin Spin Sugar

BOOK ONE

Worse than the ordinary
Miserable childhood
is the miserable child-
hood without Sugar*

by sarah leavitt

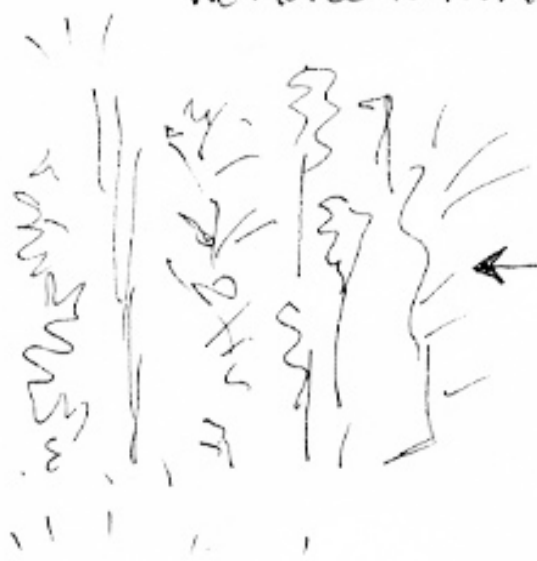
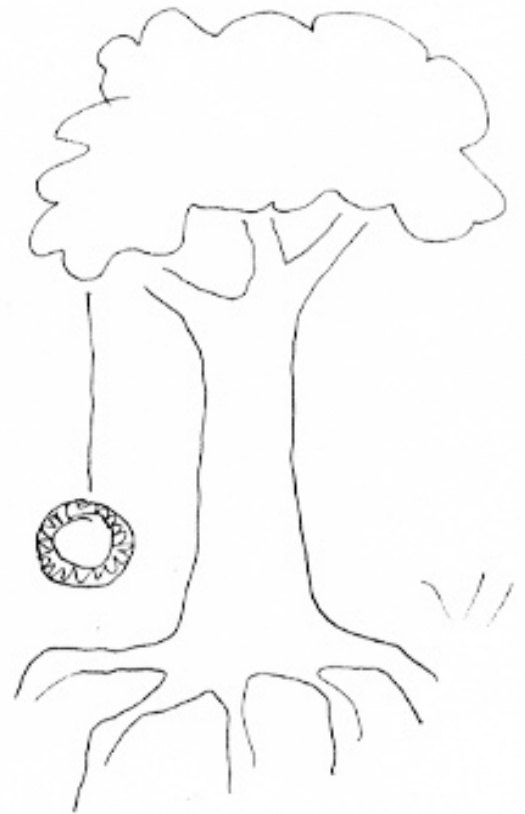
* with apologies to Frank McCourt

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My parents meant well, they really did. They just wanted us to be healthy.



ramshackle old farmhouse we moved to from the city



giant garden instead of a supermarket

dirt road

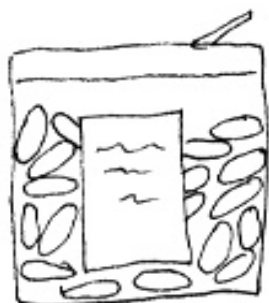
It started out with homemade baby food. My favourite was mashed up garden beets.



I didn't know about sweets
back then. I loved everything
my parents fed me - even cod liver oil.



As we got older, my sister Hannah and I inevitably discovered sugar - our first exposure may have been at grandma + grandpa's.



grandma's tic-tacs
(we can have ONE each)



grandpa's fudge
(off limits - needs to be stolen after dark)



I-C-E C-R-E-A-M

(grandma spells it so we won't understand)

No, they weren't health freaks - just controlling.

One time, for a party or something,
Mom and dad made a meringue. I saw
them put 2 whole spoonfuls of sugar
in! I ran out of the room to tell
Mannah.



I didn't even see them put
in the other 2 cups.

School was interesting)

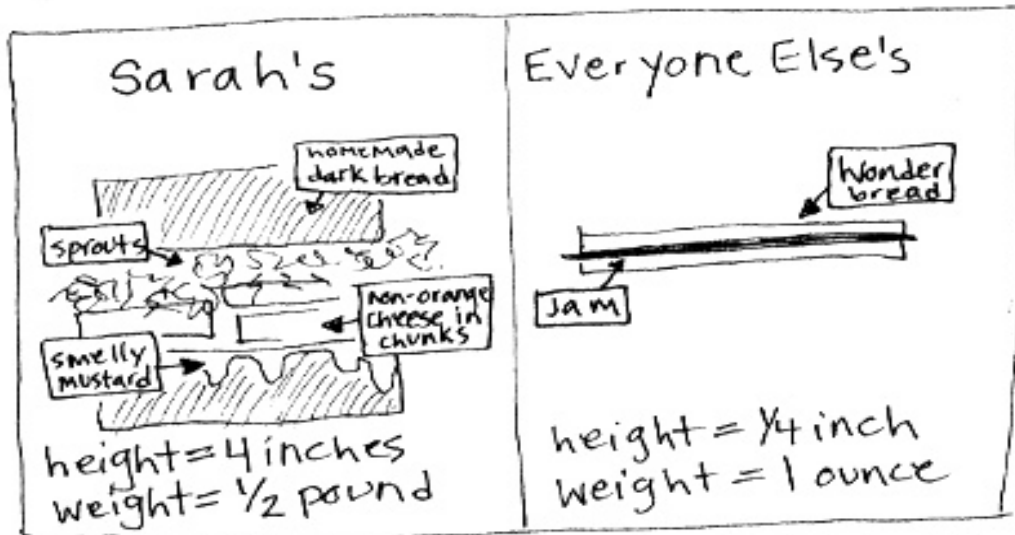


Fig 1.A. Comparative diagram of sandwich types



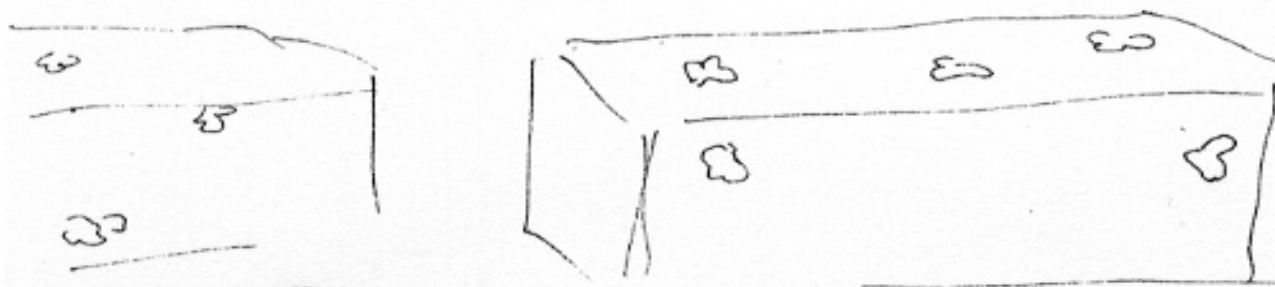
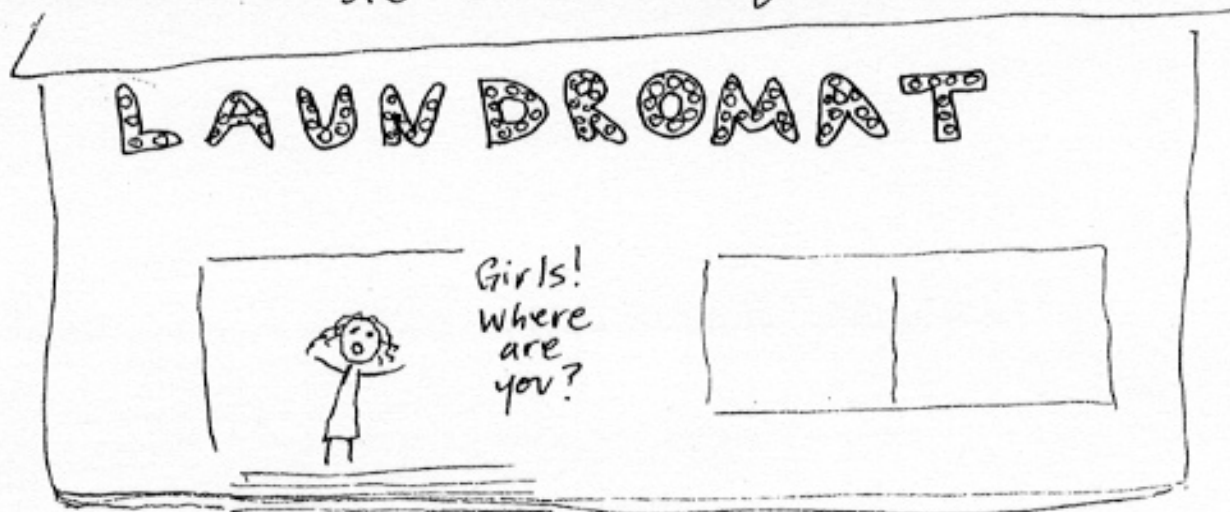


I learned to
eat my lunch
without taking
it out of the
bag.

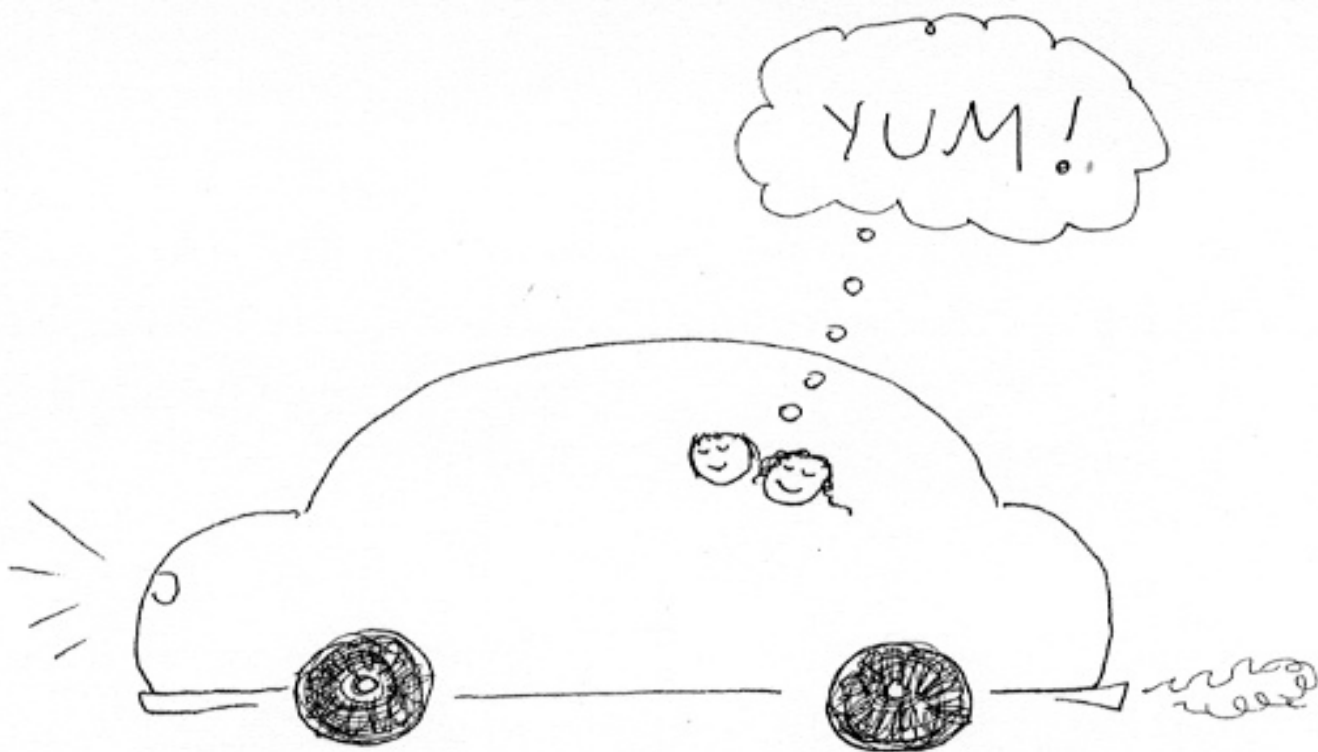
Sometimes I
gave my sandwich
to the kids
without lunch
(I actually didn't
notice their lack
of lunch at the
time - I just
knew they had
candy to trade).



Blannah and I loved going into town
to do laundry.



While we waited for mom, we peeled
gum off the granite blocks in the parking
lot. It still had a lot of sweetness.



When we went out to dinner we stole sugar packets from the restaurant and sucked on them in the back seat on the way home. The paper dissolved and sugar flooded our mouths.

When I was a teenager, we moved to a bigger town. I had a new friend over for dinner and Mom steamed up some garden broccoli as a Treat...



there was a caterpillar in mine!
And then of course there was no real dessert. "F.O.Y.C.," said Mom -
Fruit Of Your Choice.



At 14 I realized that I could go on an extreme diet (800 calories a day max) and still eat candy: I skipped breakfast and stopped at the corner store for Smarties on the way to school. I lost 20 pounds.



My diet faltered after a while. I got really into Betty Crocker frosting that came in little tubs which I hid in my closet.

The moral of this story is:
do NOT try to restrict your
children's sugar intake - it
turns them into freaks.



Dedicated to Mom, who didn't even like
sweets, and Dad, who was eating them
on the sly.

What you should do, is
fill them up with pop
and Froot Loops and keep
the fresh garden vegetables
under lock + key.

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