



A dessert lover's no sugar diet experiment

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I have embarked on the greatest journey of self-discovery to date. If I were given the opportunity to have free brownies for life in exchange of committing a heinous crime, I probably would not do it but I would definitely give the idea more thought than I am proud to admit.

Here is the journal of the 7 days which changed me as a person.

DAY 1

I have slept all day. I haven't talked to anyone at home. I do this from time to time but today's probably has to do with the lack of sugar. I honestly have never been more miserable. Everything hurts and I am dying. If I could just drink a cup of milk tea or Coke or the divine grape juice that's stocked in the fridge I would feel much better. There are no cookies at home. As I think to ask my mom for some cookies, I realise that there is no point to it. The clock has struck 12. Six more days of misery will follow if I don't die before that. May the Lord have mercy on me if I ever get diabetes.

DAY 2

I want to sleep all day because staying

awake means not being able to eat anything sweet. It's 4 AM and all I can think about is the enormous cheesecake I got to eat last week. Some coffee would make me feel better but I don't take coffee without sugar since I am a real human being with feelings. I am about to watch the season finale of my favourite series and I really need a piece of cake to survive this, or at least a hug.

DAY 3

"What drink would you like to go with your burger?"

"Just water, thanks." I say as I wait for the sweet release of Death - the only sweet I'll get to taste.

DAY 4

I still want Coke or at least a biscuit. However, I have to admit I feel a lot better than the first day. I am a little more cheerful as I am slowly getting used to this dark, horrible, painful lifestyle devoid of sweets. But the heart wants what it wants. I



go ahead and devour nature's sugar-free candies i.e. mangoes.

DAY 5

Here it is - the dreaded wedding of an acquaintance for which I have dolled up and taken 53 selfies. The aroma of *kacchi biriyani* calls out to me.

I don't hold back. I am stuffing my mouth with *biryani* and roasted chicken when I see the waiter bring a glorious bowl of golden, gooey *roshogolla* to our table. I wipe off the solitary tear before it can roll down and ruin my mascara.

DAY 6

Today is an eventful day. After a whole day of shopping, I have come to my friend's place who is now insisting that I must try her fancy 3-layered dessert. It is important to my thesis that you understand that by this time I have somewhat controlled my temptation to jump at the first sight of a

cookie. Since I know that just eating this spoonful of a dessert will not open me to give up on the rest of the experiment, I am proceeding confidently towards it. It melts into my mouth effortlessly. The Jell-O, the custard and the cream bring me back to a life I had always craved. A sugary, sweet life.

DAY 7

I feel normal. I don't have the insurmountable urge to gulp down a litre of Coke or the cookies I can see in the kitchen. I have survived this ordeal. I am an unstoppable force to be reckoned with.

This unnecessary experiment has taught me that contrary to the belief of my closest friends and family, I can survive without desserts but this probably will only work for a short chunk of time. I don't know life's purpose but in the grand scheme of things, regardless of what it is, the path to fulfilling it would be a lot sweeter with brownies. Hence dear sugar, I am never giving you up.

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