

# “Marjorie Gluten”

Marjorie Gluten lived on carbs  
Through school and college suffered barbs  
About her girth, about her weight  
Which brought her down, so she ate and ate:  
She ate more rice, she ate more wheat  
And lots of cake, and lots of sweet.  
The more she ate, the more she grew  
Behind her back - she was “Fatty Glu”.  
The barbs kept coming fast and thick  
Till one day Marj felt strange and sick.  
She moped all day and lay in bed  
Didn’t eat a thing, not even when fed  
She sobbed a bit and she wiped her tears  
When she saw she ate just for her fears -  
She cried some more, she wailed “Boohoo,  
These years of eating, I ate for you!”  
From today I’ll see how I feel  
Before I eat another meal.  
From that day on Marj ate more slow

She chewed her food and tasted more,  
She felt the texture, she smelt the smells  
And as she learnt, or so she tells  
She found that eating with some sense  
Made every bite just more intense.  
With her mind clear now when she ate  
She found she didn't like chocolate  
That too much wheat made her sleepy  
That it was sugar that made her weepy  
She started eating what made her feel good  
And she found with surprise - it was healthy food!  
She started to enjoy her portions small  
And soon her weight began to fall.  
After years of eating all the while  
For once Marj had time for a smile  
She felt so fit, she felt so fine  
That she had herself a sip of wine.  
And as Marjorie Gluten lost more weight  
On prom for once she had a date  
She laughed and danced the night away  
And then she cried "I have something to say:  
These years of teasing me about my weight  
Made me eat more and caused me to hate

Till I finally stopped, and what did I see?  
That the person I needed love from was me.  
It was more than enough to make me feel great,  
It was finally what made me watch what I ate.  
It wasn't your kind words, it wasn't any of you -  
You didn't see Marj, you saw Fatty Glu.  
And if you can't be kind, then you shouldn't dance  
All these years I was lonely you didn't give me a chance.  
So all you starving uglies, stuff you and your prom  
I've found myself, you stay where you're from!"  
With that Marj stopped, she dumped her date  
She went back home, where she sat and ate  
Some bread and honey, a slice of cheese  
She felt warm and full, happy as you please.  
And that's the story of Marjorie Glu  
She found herself, have you found you?

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