

Stop at the first one

A short book about eating crisps, sweets and snacks
straight from the packet until it's empty

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First edition

Written by AI with human guidance. It can
contain mistakes, which later editions correct.

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Before you start

This is a short book and you can read it in two or three sittings. It's about one habit. You open a bag of crisps, or sweets, or a tub of something, meaning to have a few, and some time later your hand goes in and finds the bottom, and you're surprised, and slightly disgusted, and you'd have said an hour ago that you didn't want that many. You didn't. You ate them anyway, because the packet was open and the programme was on and your hand knew the way.

I'm going to argue three things. The first is that the habit makes sense from the inside. You like crisps. A few is a reasonable intention. And the bag is right there. The second is that the intention never had a chance, because people treat a unit as the right amount and the packet is the unit, sized by someone who wasn't thinking about your evening. A bag hides how much has gone, so the only signal it sends is the bottom. Eating with a screen on raises how much you eat now and later. And the pleasure you opened the bag for is in the first few and fades within minutes, so the run to the bottom destroys the very thing it was meant to enjoy. The third is practical. You put what you're going to eat in a bowl, you put the packet away, and you eat it without a screen. Chapters 20 to 23 cover how.

This book doesn't ask you to stop eating crisps, or sweets, or anything you like. It doesn't ask you to count anything. It asks you to change the unit, so that "a few" is what you eat, and to look at them while you do.

One caution. If the run is large, if it comes with a feeling of losing control, and especially if it's followed by making yourself sick or by not eating for a stretch, that isn't the habit this book is about. It may be an eating disorder, which is an illness with good treatment. The charity Beat and your GP are the places to start. This book is about a sharing bag on a sofa.

The notes at the back give my sources and their limits. Where I'm giving my own reasoning and not a finding, I'll say so.

The bottom of the bag

It's half past eight and you're on the sofa with a programme on. You've had dinner. You fancy something, and there's a sharing bag of crisps in the cupboard, so you open it, and the first one is exactly what you wanted. Salt and crunch and the taste you'd been thinking of. You have another. The programme goes on. Your hand goes to the bag and back, and to the bag and back, and you're not thinking about crisps, you're thinking about the programme, and then your hand goes in and there's nothing there, and you look down, and it's the bottom.

A hundred and fifty grams. You'd have said, an hour ago, that you wanted a handful. You'd have been telling the truth. What happened between the handful and the bottom wasn't a decision. It was a hand, a bag and a screen, and it's happened three times this week.

Or it's the bag of sweets in the car door, opened at the lights and empty by the motorway. Or the tub of nuts on the counter that you passed six times and now can see the bottom of. Or the biscuits, or the popcorn, or whatever your packet is. The shape is the same. An intention to have a few, a container that doesn't stop, and a surprise at the end that you'd think would stop being a surprise by now and doesn't.

These are invented, but I'd guess yours is close. Some words. I'll call whatever the snack came in **the packet**, whether it's a bag, a tub or a box. The first crisp, the one you actually wanted, is **the first one**. The empty packet is **the bottom**. Eating from the first one

to the bottom without deciding to, I'll call **the run**. A portion you've served yourself is **the bowl**. The automatic movement from packet to mouth is **the hand**. Whatever's on while you eat is **the screen**. Anything that breaks a quantity into decided amounts, a bowl, a small bag, a clip, I'll call **a partition**, which is a researchers' term I'll credit in chapter 8. And the amount that feels like the right amount, without anyone deciding it, I'll call **the unit**, which is another.

Before you go on, do one thing. For a week, keep a list. Every packet you open, write down what it was, roughly how big, whether a screen was on, and whether you reached the bottom. Don't change anything. Most people who do this find that the bottom was reached nearly every time a screen was on and a sharing bag was open, and almost never when the snack was in a bowl. That's the whole book in a week of notes, and you'll believe it more from your own handwriting than from me.

Why the packet seems fine

Before I argue with the run, I want to be fair to it, because the reasons for it are ordinary and the people who do it aren't gluttons.

It's a snack. Not a meal, not a binge. A bag of crisps on the sofa after dinner is one of life's small permitted things, and a book about it can seem to be making a fuss.

You'll just have a few. That's the intention, every time, and it's sincere. You're not opening the bag to finish it. You're opening it for the taste, and a few would do.

It's open now. Once the bag is open, it's a different object. An unopened bag can sit in the cupboard for a month. An open one is a thing in progress.

It'd go stale. Crisps left open go soft by morning. Finishing the bag is thrift, not greed.

You deserve it. The day was long and this is the bit of it that's yours, and the crisps are part of that.

Everyone does it. Sharing bags are the normal size now. The whole country is on a sofa with one open.

It's what the evening is for. The day was demands, and the sofa is where nobody asks anything of you, and the bag is part of that, and a book about the bag can feel like one more demand arriving at the one hour that had none.

And the taste. Crisps are good. That's not a belief, it's a fact about crisps, and a book that pretends otherwise isn't worth reading.

There are needs under all of this. A small pleasure at the end of a day. Not to waste things. Not to fuss. Those are reasonable, and the method later in the book meets them, because the method keeps the crisps and the sofa and the programme. What I'll show is that the run doesn't give you the pleasure you opened the bag for. It gives you the first ten crisps, which were the pleasure, and then a hundred and forty you didn't taste, and the bottom, and a feeling. The intention to have a few was a good intention. It was the packet that didn't cooperate.

"I'll just have a few"

Start with the intention, because it's real and it fails every time, and the reason it fails is one of the tidier findings in the psychology of eating.

Andrew Geier, Paul Rozin and Gheorghe Doros, in 2006, described what they called unit bias, which is the tendency to treat one unit of something as the right amount to have, whatever the size of the unit. They tested it by leaving out food in public places with a sign saying help yourself. Sweets in a bowl, with a small scoop one day and a large scoop another. Pretzels, whole one day and halved the next. People took a scoop, or a pretzel, and the scoop or the pretzel was what they took, so on the large-scoop and whole-pretzel days they took much more, by weight, without anyone taking more scoops or more pretzels. One unit felt like the right amount, and the unit was whatever they'd been given.

An earlier book in this series, on eating past full, uses this study for plates. I'm using it for bags, because the bag is the unit. When you open a sharing bag of crisps, the amount that feels like the right amount isn't a handful. It's the bag. Not because you've decided that, but because that's what a unit does. It presents itself as the amount, and the hand goes until the unit is finished, and a sharing bag is a hundred and fifty grams. "A few" was your intention. "The bag" was the unit's, and the unit was set by someone who wanted to sell a bigger bag.

The finding is stronger than it sounds, because Geier's participants weren't stopped from taking more. They could have taken two small scoops on the small-scoop day and matched the large-scoop day. They didn't. One scoop was the amount, and the same is true in reverse. If you put a handful of crisps in a bowl, the bowl becomes the unit, and the bowl is the amount, and you'd have to get up to have more, and mostly you won't. The intention to have a few can't win against a bag. It can win easily against a bowl, because the bowl is a few.

So when you say you'll just have a few, you're describing an intention that has never once survived contact with a sharing bag, and that isn't a fact about your character. It's a fact about units. Change the unit and the intention gets a chance.

"I eat until I've had enough"

Here's a belief about your body. You eat until you've had enough. Hunger goes, or the wanting goes, and you stop. If the bag's empty, you must have wanted the bag.

Consider what information you have while eating from a bag. You can't see how much you've had. The bag is opaque and it's held at an angle and your hand goes in without your eyes. You can't see how much is left, until there isn't any. You have no sense of the amount at all, from first to bottom, and the only thing a bag ever tells you is that it's finished.

Eric Robinson and colleagues, in 2013, pooled twenty-four experiments on how attention and memory affect how much people eat. One of their findings was about exactly this. When the visual information about how much had been eaten was taken away, people ate more, by a moderate margin, than when they could see it. Not because they were hungrier. Because the signal that would have told them how far they'd got had been removed, and without it they went further.

A bath filling with the plug out, seen from outside the door, is a fair comparison for two sentences. You can hear the tap, and you can't see the level, and the first you'll know is when it comes under the door.

That's the bag. "I eat until I've had enough" assumes there's a signal for enough that arrives on its own, and there is one, faintly, for hunger. There isn't one for a hundred and fifty grams of crisps after

dinner, because you weren't hungry, and the wanting that opened the bag was satisfied by the first one, and everything after that had no signal at all except the bottom. The bottom is the only enough a bag provides, and you reach it every time because it's the only stopping point on offer.

The bowl is a signal. You can see it. You can see it half gone and you can see it nearly gone, and each of those is information that the bag never gave you. That's most of why a bowl works, and it's chapter 20.

"It's just a small packet"

Some readers will say the sharing bag isn't the problem, because they buy the ordinary ones, or the packet isn't that big, or a hundred and fifty grams isn't much.

Natalina Zlatevska and colleagues, in 2014, pooled the research on how portion size affects how much people eat, and produced a figure. When a portion is doubled, consumption goes up by about thirty-five per cent on average. Not doubled, because people do stop somewhere, but a third more, from the same person with the same appetite, because the container was bigger. The effect had a shape. It was strongest for snack foods and weakest for non-snack foods. It was weaker in contexts where more attention was being paid to the food. And it flattened as portions got very large, so the difference between huge and enormous matters less than the difference between a small bag and a sharing bag, which is exactly the range you're in.

The Cochrane review that an earlier book in this series uses found the same direction across seventy-two studies. Larger portions, packages and tableware raise what people eat, by a moderate amount, reliably enough that the reviewers were confident in the direction if not the exact size.

Now do the arithmetic for your cupboard. A single-serve bag of crisps is about thirty grams. A sharing bag is a hundred and fifty. That's not a doubling, it's five times, and Zlatevska's curve says the effect flattens at the top but not at the bottom, and thirty to a hundred and fifty is the bottom. The sharing bag doesn't make you

eat five times as many crisps. It makes you eat far more than the small bag would have, and, because of chapter 3, it makes you eat all of them, because the bag is the unit.

"It's just a small packet" is true of the small packet. The small packet is the one this book will end up recommending you buy, in chapter 21. What's in the cupboard now is the big one, and the big one was chosen for you, in a shop, by someone who'd read the same research and drawn the opposite lesson.

"I was hungry"

Sometimes the run gets explained by appetite. You'd had a small dinner. You were peckish. The bag went because you needed it.

Look at what the first crisp did and what the fortieth did. The first one was the taste you'd been wanting. It was good. The fifth was good. Somewhere between the tenth and the twentieth, in my experience of asking people to notice, the crisps stopped being distinguishable from each other and became a texture. By the fortieth you weren't tasting anything. You were doing something with your hand while watching a programme, and the something happened to involve crisps.

Barbara Rolls and colleagues, in 1984, gave people a four-course lunch, either the same food in every course or a different food in each, and found that people ate sixty per cent more when the courses varied, mostly in the third and fourth. As people ate a food, they rated it as less pleasant, while foods they hadn't eaten held their appeal. The researchers called it sensory-specific satiety. You get full of a taste before you get full of food. Marion Hetherington and colleagues, in 1989, timed it and found that the biggest drop in how pleasant a food seemed came about two minutes after eating it, which is fast enough to be a sensory effect and not a matter of the food reaching your stomach. An earlier book in this series uses both studies for meals. They apply to a bag with full force, because a bag is one taste, repeated.

So the pleasure of crisps, measured, is front-loaded and short. The first few are the pleasure. Within two minutes the pleasure has mostly gone, and what's left is the hand. If you were hungry, the hunger was satisfied somewhere in the first handful, and hunger is a thing that stops. The hand doesn't stop, because it isn't being driven by hunger or by taste. It's being driven by the bag being there and the screen being on, and those don't run out until the bag does.

"I was hungry" might be true of the first one. It isn't true of the last hundred. Those weren't eaten by a hungry person. They were eaten by a person who'd stopped tasting them, and the reason you feel slightly sick at the bottom isn't that you overate. It's that you ate a hundred and forty things you didn't taste and got nothing for them.

"I wasn't paying attention"

You'd say this as an excuse, in a slightly embarrassed way. The programme was good. You weren't concentrating. It just happened.

I'd say it as the mechanism, without the embarrassment. Not paying attention isn't why the run happened despite you. It's how the run happens, and there's good evidence for how much.

Robinson's review from chapter 4 had a second finding, and it was the largest in the paper. When people ate while distracted, by a screen or a task, they ate moderately more at the time. But the bigger effect was later. Distracted eaters ate more at the next meal too, by a margin about twice the size. The distraction didn't just let the hand run. It seemed to stop the eating from registering, so that the body and the memory didn't count it, and the next meal was eaten as though the crisps hadn't happened.

Hetherington and colleagues, in 2006, put thirty-seven people through four lunches, alone, alone with a television on, with strangers and with friends. Eating with the television on raised what people ate by fourteen per cent over eating alone. Eating with friends raised it more, by eighteen per cent. Eating with strangers didn't raise it, which the researchers took to mean that the effect isn't only distraction, since strangers distract too. But television alone, with no company, added a seventh to a meal. It's a small study and it's about lunch, not crisps. The direction is the one the review found across twenty-four studies.

Zlatevska's meta-analysis in chapter 5 had the same thread. The portion size effect was weaker when more attention was paid to the food. Attention is the thing that lets you notice the fifteenth crisp tastes of nothing, and notice that the bag is lighter, and notice that you didn't want this many. Take it away and none of that gets noticed, and the hand goes on.

So "I wasn't paying attention" is the truest thing you could say about the run. It's just not an excuse. It's a cause, and causes can be changed. Chapter 22 is about eating the snack with the screen off, for the two minutes it takes, and then turning the screen on with an empty bowl and a taste in your mouth that you actually remember.

"It's willpower"

At the bottom of the bag, the verdict is willpower. You haven't got any. Other people can have three crisps and put the bag away, and you can't, and that's a fact about you.

Two findings, and both are about what willpower is up against.

David Marchiori and colleagues, in 2014, asked whether the portion size effect works the way anchoring does in other judgements, where a number you're shown first pulls your estimate toward it. They had people imagine being served a small or a large portion and say how much they'd eat. Those who imagined a large portion said they'd eat more than people given no portion to imagine, and those who imagined a small one said less. Then they told half the participants that the portion they'd imagined was random and meant nothing, and it made no difference. The anchor held. This was a study of imagined eating, and I wouldn't take the numbers to the sofa. But the mechanism is the one to notice. The size of what's in front of you sets how much you'll eat, and knowing that doesn't undo it.

Amar Cheema and Dilip Soman, in 2008, tested partitions. They gave people chocolates either in one quantity or divided into smaller units, and found that people ate less when the quantity was partitioned. The partition worked by drawing attention to each decision to continue, and the researchers found something else that matters here. The effect appeared when people were

trying to control their eating and disappeared when they weren't. Partitions are a tool for people who want to eat less than the bag. They don't do anything to people who want the bag.

Put those together. A sharing bag is an anchor, and it pulls the amount you'll eat toward a hundred and fifty grams, and knowing it's an anchor doesn't help. Willpower is you, in the moment, trying to stop a hand that's being pulled by a bag, with a screen on, and no information about how far you've got. That's not a fair fight and it's not a test of character. It's a test of whether one person can beat a unit, an anchor and a distraction at once, and the answer for nearly everyone is no.

The partition is what wins, and it wins for a reason. A bowl turns one decision, open the bag, into two, fill the bowl and then decide whether to get up. Cheema and Soman's participants controlled their eating better with partitions because the partitions gave them somewhere to decide. Willpower was never the tool. The bowl is, and it works precisely for the person who wants to have a few, which is you.

"Once it's open it has to be finished"

Here's a belief about bags rather than about you. An open bag is a bag in progress. It'll go stale. It's a waste to leave it. Finishing it is tidiness.

Take the staleness first, because it's the practical half. Crisps left open overnight do go soft. Crisps with the bag folded over and a clip on it, or the top rolled and tucked, don't, or not much, and certainly not by tomorrow evening when you'd have the next bowl. A bag clip costs almost nothing and it converts an open bag from a thing that has to be finished into a thing that's been started. Sweets don't go stale at all. Nuts keep for weeks. The staleness argument is true of one snack for one night and gets applied to everything.

Then the tidiness. A finished bag feels tidy because it's gone, and a half bag in the cupboard feels like a loose end. But the tidiness is bought with a hundred and forty crisps you didn't want, and if someone offered you the choice between a slightly untidy cupboard and eating a hundred and forty crisps to avoid it, you'd take the cupboard. The run isn't tidying. It's eating, and calling it tidying is the unit from chapter 3 finding a reason.

There's also what "has to be finished" is a version of. It's the bag being the unit again, in different clothes. An open bag presents itself as a thing with an end, and the end is the bottom, and the mind supplies a reason why the end has to be reached tonight. Staleness, waste, tidiness. The reason changes with the snack and the conclusion is always the bottom.

Nothing has to be finished. A bag of crisps has no deadline. What has an end is the bowl, and the bowl's end is where you put it, and once you've had the bowl and clipped the bag, the cupboard has an open bag in it, and that's a cupboard with tomorrow's snack already open, which is a convenience and not a loose end.

"A bowl is fussy"

Some readers will resist the bowl on grounds of temperament. Pouring crisps into a bowl is what your grandmother did. It's fussy. It's the sort of thing people do who iron their tea towels. You're a person who eats from the bag like a normal adult.

I'd ask who the bowl is fussy for. Nobody's watching you on the sofa. The bowl takes about fifteen seconds and a trip to the cupboard you were making anyway. The fussiness isn't in the effort or in anyone's opinion. It's in the picture of yourself as someone who doesn't need a bowl, and that picture has been reaching the bottom of the bag three times a week.

The bowl is a partition, in Cheema and Soman's sense from chapter 8, and it's the cheapest one there is. It puts a decision between you and the second handful, which the bag doesn't. It gives you the visual information about how much you've had, which the bag doesn't. It makes the unit a handful, which the bag doesn't. Fifteen seconds buys all three, and the return is that you eat the crisps you wanted and stop, without any willpower at all, because the bowl did the stopping.

There's a version of the objection that's about the sofa specifically. The point of a snack on the sofa is that it's easy, and a bowl makes it a thing. I'd say the bowl makes it a snack, and the bag makes it a run, and one of those is easy in the way you meant and the other is easy in the way a hill is easy going down. A cereal bowl on the arm of the sofa is not an event. It's crisps, in a bowl, on the sofa, and it's what a snack looked like before sharing bags were invented.

If you want a test, do it for a week. Bowl every time, bag back in the cupboard with the clip on. Then look at your list from chapter 1 and count how often you reached the bottom. In my experience the answer is never, and a habit that stops on a week of cereal bowls wasn't a willpower problem.

"I'm a grown adult, I can eat what I want"

Some readers will bristle at a book about cereal bowls. You're an adult. You earn your money and buy your crisps and eat them how you like, and a rule about bowls is the sort of thing that gets imposed on children.

I'd agree with the premise and ask you to look at who's been deciding. Chapter 3's finding was that the unit sets the amount, and the unit was set by a manufacturer. Chapter 8's was that the portion anchors the intake and the anchor holds even when you know it's arbitrary. Chapter 7's was that the screen takes the attention that would have let you notice. Put those together and the person deciding how many crisps you eat on a Tuesday isn't you. It's a bag size chosen in a meeting, a screen that was already on, and a hand. You wanted a few. You got a hundred and fifty grams. That's not a grown adult eating what they want. It's a grown adult eating what a packet wanted.

The bowl is the opposite of a rule imposed on you. It's the moment in the evening where you decide the amount, in the light, before anything else has a say. Pour a handful or pour three. Pour the whole bag if that's what you want tonight, and you'll be a person who chose the bag rather than one who found the bottom. The bowl doesn't take the decision away. It gives it back, from the bag, and puts it in your hand at the one point where your hand is still yours.

There's a test for autonomy, and it's whether the outcome matches the intention. An adult who intends a few and eats a few is exercising choice. An adult who intends a few and eats the bag, three nights a week, with the same surprise at the bottom every time, is exercising something, but it isn't choice, however much it feels like freedom to eat from the bag.

So keep the freedom. Eat what you want. The bowl is how you find out what that is, because the bag has been answering the question for you, and its answer is always the same.

"I don't remember eating that much"

The surprise at the bottom has a particular quality. It's not that you decided to eat the bag and regret it. It's that you don't remember eating it at all. The programme happened. The bag emptied. The two events don't seem connected.

That's not a failure of memory in the ordinary sense. It's what the screen does, and the research on it points at something you can use.

Suzanne Higgs, in 2002, ran two experiments in which women were asked, before eating, to think for five minutes about what they'd had for lunch. Those who'd been reminded of lunch ate less than those who'd spent the five minutes thinking about whatever they liked. In the second experiment, being reminded of today's lunch reduced intake, and being reminded of yesterday's lunch didn't. Their ratings of hunger and fullness were the same across conditions. What changed how much they ate wasn't their stomach. It was whether recent eating was in mind.

Robinson's review picked up the same thread. Enhancing people's memory of what they'd eaten reduced how much they ate later, by a moderate margin, though the effect may depend on how prone people are to eating without restraint. And the distraction finding from chapter 7 fits alongside it. Distracted eating raised later intake more than immediate intake, and the likely reason is that distracted eating doesn't get remembered, so it doesn't count, so the next meal happens as if it hadn't been.

That's the run. Eaten with a screen on, from a bag you can't see into, it leaves almost no memory, and food that isn't remembered doesn't do the one thing eating is supposed to do to appetite, which is register. You reach the bottom and don't remember the middle because there was nothing to remember. Your attention was on the programme for the whole of it, and the crisps went in without leaving a trace.

The practical answer is chapter 22. Two minutes of eating the snack while looking at it, before the screen goes on, is two minutes of eating that gets remembered, and Higgs's finding is that remembered eating is eating that counts. You'll have had your crisps, you'll know you've had them, and the next thing you eat will be eaten by a person who remembers.

"I'll make up for it tomorrow"

At the bottom of the bag comes a resolution. Tomorrow will be better. No crisps tomorrow. A run tomorrow. Salad.

An earlier book in this series is about diets and the write-off, and its argument is that the sentence "well, that's today ruined" is the moment a diet ends, and that the resolution that follows it is the beginning of the next cycle rather than the end of this one. The same shape is here, at a smaller scale. The run, the resolution, the day of virtue, the next run. The resolution isn't a correction. It's part of the pattern.

Notice what tomorrow's resolution does to tonight. It closes the account. The bag is finished, the verdict is passed, tomorrow will pay, and so there's nothing to look at in tonight, no reason to ask how the bag got empty, because the matter's been dealt with by a promise. The promise is what stops you noticing that the bag was the unit and the screen was on, which are the two things that would actually change tomorrow.

And tomorrow is another packet. Not because you're weak, but because the cupboard is the same, the sofa is the same, the programme is on, and the resolution was made at the bottom of a bag by a person who felt sick, and by half past eight tomorrow that person has gone and the one who fancies something is back. Resolutions made at the bottom don't survive to the top of the next bag.

What survives is an arrangement. The bowl in the cupboard. The small bags instead of the sharing bag. The rule about the screen. Those are there at half past eight tomorrow whether or not the resolution is, and chapter 20 onwards is about them. If you want to do something about tonight's run, don't make a promise. Put a clip on a bag and a cereal bowl where you'll see it.

"They're made to be eaten like that"

There's a fair observation under some of this, which is that the packet isn't neutral. A sharing bag is designed. The size, the resealability that doesn't quite work, the word "sharing" on a bag that one person eats. The run is what the bag is for, and fighting it feels like fighting a thing that was built to win.

I'd agree, and I'd draw a different conclusion from the same fact. If the unit was set for you, it can be set back. Geier's unit bias in chapter 3 doesn't care who chose the unit. It works on whatever unit is in front of you. A manufacturer chose a hundred and fifty grams. You can choose thirty, by buying the small bags, or a handful, by using a bowl, and unit bias will work for you exactly as hard as it worked for them. The mechanism has no loyalty. It serves whoever sets the unit, and this book is about being the one who does.

The sharing bag became the normal size for a reason that had nothing to do with anyone's evening. Larger units sell more product, and Zlatevska's thirty-five per cent is the reason they do. That's not a conspiracy, it's a shelf. But knowing it should change how the bag feels in your hand. It isn't a snack. It's a unit set at the size that sells, and you're the person the size was set for, and you don't have to accept it.

The word "sharing" is worth a sentence too. It's on the bag because the bag is the size for four people, and the bag is eaten by one, on a sofa, and the word is doing the manufacturer's work of making a

hundred and fifty grams feel like an ordinary thing to open. It's a sharing bag. Share it, with tomorrow, by putting a bowlful out and clipping the rest.

So yes, they're made to be eaten like that. And you're not obliged to eat them the way they were made to be eaten, any more than you're obliged to buy two because there's a sign that says two for one. The design is a fact about the bag. What you do with the bag is chapter 20.

"It's the only treat I get"

This is the belief I want to be gentlest with, because I share the premise. The evening snack is one of the few small pleasures in a day full of things that aren't. A book that takes it away is taking something real.

The book doesn't take it away. It keeps the crisps, the sofa and the programme. What it asks you to look at is where in the bag the treat actually is.

Go back to chapter 6. The pleasure of a crisp, measured, is in the first few and falls within two minutes. The first ten crisps are the treat. They're the salt and the crunch and the taste you'd been thinking about since dinner. Crisp number eighty is not a treat. It's a thing your hand did while you watched television, and you couldn't describe its taste if asked, because you didn't taste it. The run doesn't contain more treat than the bowl. It contains the same treat, the first handful, followed by a hundred and forty crisps of nothing and then a feeling at the bottom that isn't a treat at all.

So the belief has the treat in the wrong place. It imagines the pleasure is spread through the bag, so that more bag is more pleasure. It isn't. It's concentrated at the front, and the bowl captures all of it. A bowl of crisps eaten with attention is the whole treat. A bag eaten with a screen is the treat plus a run, and the run is the part you'd give back if you could.

I'd go further, and this is my observation rather than a finding. People who eat crisps from a bowl, looking at them, enjoy crisps more than people who eat them from a bag. They taste them. They know they've had them. They finish the bowl wanting one more, which is the state a treat is supposed to leave you in, rather than finishing the bag wanting never to see a crisp again. If the evening snack is the only treat you get, that's a reason to make it a treat, and the run is the thing that's been stopping it from being one.

Keep the crisps. Have them every night if you like. Put them in a bowl and turn the screen off for two minutes and taste them. That's not a smaller treat. It's the treat you thought you were having.

"I can't stop halfway"

Here's the objection from experience. You've tried. You've opened a bag meaning to have half and put it away, and you didn't, because halfway is a place with no signal and no partition, and once you're in the bag you're in the bag.

You're right, and the method agrees with you. Don't stop halfway. Nobody stops halfway. Halfway through a bag is a place with no markers, in the dark, with a screen on, and expecting to stop there is expecting willpower to do the thing chapter 8 said it can't.

Start with half instead. That's the whole difference. The decision about how much to eat is made once, at the cupboard, in the light, before the screen is on and before the first one has been tasted, and it's made by pouring. After that there's no stopping to do, because the bowl stops. The bowl is a partition placed at the start, where you're strong, instead of a resolution placed in the middle, where you're a hand.

Cheema and Soman's partitions worked this way. The chocolates were divided before the eating began, and the division did the controlling. The participants didn't have to decide to stop at chocolate six. They reached the end of a partition and had a moment, and the moment was where the decision got made, and it was made by a person who'd been given somewhere to make it. The researchers also found that partitions wear off with habituation, and work best when they change. That's worth

holding onto for chapter 21. A bowl every night becomes invisible. A small bag one night and a bowl the next, or a different bowl, keeps the partition doing its job.

So the belief is right about halfway and wrong about the conclusion. You can't stop halfway through a bag. You don't need to. You can start with a bowl, and the bowl is the amount, and the stopping is already done by the time you sit down. What's left is the eating, and the eating is the good part.

"I've tried the small bags and I just open two"

Here's the objection from a reader who's already tried chapter 21's method. Small bags. Multipack. And on the sofa, the first one went and the hand went back to the multipack and opened a second, and sometimes a third. The partition didn't partition.

Two things. The first is arithmetic. Two small bags is sixty grams. The sharing bag was a hundred and fifty. A person who opens two small bags has eaten forty per cent of what the run would have taken, and if that's failure, it's a failure that leaves ninety grams of crisps in the cupboard every night. Three small bags is ninety. The multipack was doing its job on the nights you thought it wasn't, and the job wasn't perfection. It was less.

The second is what happened between the bags. You finished the first one. There was a moment. In that moment you decided to open another, and then you did. Cheema and Soman's partitions worked by creating exactly that moment, a small transaction cost and a decision point, and the researchers found that the moment is where people who want to control their eating do so. The moment was there. On some nights you went through it. But it existed, and it never exists inside a sharing bag, and a habit with a decision point in it is a different habit from one without, even on the nights the decision goes the same way.

What makes the second bag easy is where the multipack is. If it's on the sofa, the moment is a second long and the hand is already moving. If it's in the cupboard, the moment involves standing up, and standing up is enough of a pause, in my experience, for the

tenth crisp's flatness to register and the wanting to be found already satisfied. Multipack in the cupboard, one bag out. The second bag is still available. It just costs a walk.

And vary the partition, as chapter 21 said. Cheema and Soman found that partitions people are used to stop working. A multipack every night becomes a sharing bag in thirty-gram pieces. A multipack some nights and a bowl on others keeps each one a decision, because neither has become the way crisps are eaten.

If after all that you open two, you've eaten sixty grams, sitting down, with two decisions in it. That's the method working at a lower setting, not failing.

What the run costs you

I've argued the mechanism. This chapter is the bill, and it's smaller than a diet book would make it and larger than "it's just a snack".

The label. Turn the sharing bag over. It has a number on it, and the number is per bag, or per hundred grams with the bag being a hundred and fifty, and I'm not going to quote one because bags differ. But look at yours. Three sharing bags a week is three of that number, eaten by a person who wanted a handful, and over a year that's a figure you'd have said was impossible if it were a meal. It isn't a meal. It's the part of the evening you don't remember.

The sugar, for the sweets. The NHS's guidance is no more than thirty grams of free sugars a day for an adult, and its food labelling guide says that more than twenty-two and a half grams of total sugar per hundred grams is high. A bag of sweets is mostly sugar. A bag of sweets in the car is most of a day's sugar in a traffic jam, and it's eaten by chapter 12's person who won't remember it.

The feeling at the bottom. Slightly sick, slightly cross with yourself, a verdict forming. Three times a week. That's a hundred and fifty evenings a year that end on that note, for a snack you meant to enjoy.

The money. A sharing bag costs more than a small bag and less than five small bags, which is the economy the shelf offers, and the economy is real if you eat a fifth of it a night and false if you eat all of it. The run turns a bargain into five small bags in one sitting.

The meals displaced. Robinson's distracted eaters ate more at the next meal, not less. The run doesn't replace tomorrow's lunch. It adds to it, because it wasn't remembered, and the body eats as though it hadn't happened.

The children watching. A child on the same sofa learns that a bag is a unit and a screen is where you eat it, and takes both to their own sofa in twenty years. The bowl teaches something different, and they'll learn that too, and it's the only nutrition lesson that needs no words.

The wanting itself, oddly. A person who reaches the bottom three times a week wants crisps more, not less, because the wanting is being fed by the run rather than by the crisps. The run trains the hand and the hour, and by the next evening the hand and the hour are asking for it, and the crisps are almost incidental.

None of this is a catastrophe. It's the cost of a habit, spread thin across evenings, and most of it disappears with a cereal bowl.

What it does to the snack

There's a cost that lands on the crisps, and it's the one that convinces most people, in my experience, because it's about pleasure and not about health.

You've stopped tasting crisps. Not entirely, and not the first one, but the crisp as a thing you enjoy has been buried under the run. Ask yourself when you last ate a crisp and thought about how good it was. For most people who eat from the bag with a screen on, the honest answer is the first one of each bag, and possibly not even that, because the first one is eaten while reaching for the remote.

Rolls's finding in chapter 6 was that the pleasantness of a food falls as you eat it, fast. That's a fact about tongues and it applies to everyone. What the run does is take a food whose pleasure is in the first handful and eat it in units of a hundred and fifty grams, so that the proportion of each bag that's actually enjoyed is small and shrinking. You're eating more crisps than you've ever eaten and enjoying them less than you did as a child with a small bag at a party, and the reason isn't age. It's the unit.

The screen does the rest. A crisp eaten while watching television isn't tasted, because attention is on the television, and a crisp that isn't tasted isn't a crisp. It's a texture in the mouth while the eyes are elsewhere. The programme gets most of you and the crisps get the hand.

So the run has done a strange thing to the snack. It's made you eat it more and want it less, or want it in the way one wants a habit rather than a pleasure. The wanting at half past eight isn't for crisps. It's for the run, which is a thing you do with your hand while you unwind, and the crisps happen to be in it.

The bowl gives the snack back. A handful, tasted, with the screen off, is a handful you'll remember, and the taste is the taste you'd forgotten crisps had. People who try this for a week say the same thing, which is that they'd forgotten how good the first one is. They hadn't forgotten. They'd just stopped having it, because the first one was the opening move of a run and not a thing in itself.

That's what the run costs the snack. It takes the treat and hides it in a bag of texture, and the bowl is how you find it again.

Put it in a bowl

The next three chapters are the method, and the method is short, because most of it is a cereal bowl.

The bowl. Whatever you'd call a few, pour that into a bowl. A cereal bowl is about right for crisps. A cup or a ramekin for sweets. A small dish for nuts. Not a serving bowl, which is a bag with a rim. The bowl is the unit now, in Geier's sense, and unit bias will work on it exactly as it worked on the bag, which is to say you'll eat the bowl and stop.

The packet back in the cupboard. Before you sit down. Not on the arm of the sofa, not on the coffee table. Cupboard, door closed. The bag on the sofa is a bag within reach, and a bag within reach is a run waiting for the bowl to end. The bag in the cupboard is a trip, and a trip is a decision, and the decision is the partition working.

The clip. On the bag, before it goes back. This kills the staleness objection from chapter 9 and it turns the open bag into a started one. A started bag in a cupboard is tomorrow's bowl, already there.

Seconds allowed, and decided. You can have more. That's the rule that keeps the bowl from becoming a diet. If you finish the bowl and want more, get up, go to the cupboard, and pour another bowl. You'll find, mostly, that you don't, because the wanting was satisfied in the first handful and the getting up is enough of a pause to notice. But the door isn't locked. Nothing is banned. There's just a step between you and the second bowl, and the step is what the bag never gave you.

A bowl you like. This sounds trivial and isn't. A bowl you'd be pleased to eat from, rather than the chipped one at the back, turns the snack into a small thing you've done for yourself rather than a portion you've been rationed. The point of the bowl is that it's yours, and a bowl you chose says so.

Fifteen seconds. That's what the whole thing costs, and it's why chapter 10's fussiness argument doesn't hold. Cupboard, bowl, pour, clip, cupboard, sofa. You were going to the cupboard anyway.

Do it for a week before anything else. Don't change the snack. Don't buy different bags yet. Just the bowl, every time, for a week, and keep the list from chapter 1 going. At the end of the week, count the bottoms. In my expectation the count is zero, and that's the day the willpower story ends.

Buy the unit you'd eat

The bowl works at the sofa. This chapter works at the shop, and it's the version of the method that needs no fifteen seconds at all, because the partition comes ready-made.

The small bags. A multipack of thirty-gram bags is the same crisps in units of a handful. Open one, eat it, done. The bag is the unit, and the unit is a few, and unit bias is on your side for the first time since sharing bags arrived. Zlatevska's curve says the difference between a small bag and a large one is the steepest part of the effect, and you're now on the right side of it.

Buy the partition. Sweets in small bags rather than a big one. Nuts in the little pots rather than the tub. Anything that comes pre-divided into the amount you'd actually want. You'll pay a little more per gram, and you'll eat a great deal less per evening, and the second saving is larger than the first cost.

Vary it. Cheema and Soman found that partitions lose their power as people get used to them, and keep it when they change. A small bag one night, a bowl from the big one the next, a different bowl the night after. Not for variety's sake, but because a partition you've stopped noticing has stopped partitioning.

The sharing bag as an occasion. You don't have to stop buying them. Buy them when there are four people to share with, and put them out in a bowl for the four people, and they'll do what sharing bags were named for. What you stop doing is buying one for a Tuesday on your own.

Don't buy in bulk. The economy of the big bag is only an economy if the big bag lasts as long as five small ones would. Chapter 18's arithmetic says it lasts one evening. Buy the size you'd eat, and the price per gram stops mattering, because the grams are the ones you wanted.

Leave the shelf's unit on the shelf. The shop has decided what a normal amount of crisps is, and it decided in its own interest. Walking past the sharing bag to the multipack is the whole of this chapter, and it takes as long as reading this sentence.

Eat it looking at it

The bowl sets the amount. This chapter is about the two minutes it takes to eat it, and it's the part that gives you the snack back.

No screen for the snack. Pour the bowl, sit down, and don't turn the programme on until the bowl is finished. Two minutes, perhaps three. Then the screen. Robinson's review is the reason. Eating while distracted raised intake at the time and raised it more at the next meal, and eating that gets remembered lowered it. Two minutes of attention buys both.

Look at the crisps. This sounds absurd and it's the whole technique. Look at the first one before you eat it. Taste it. Notice that it's good, because it is. Notice the fifth. Notice, around the tenth, that the taste has started to flatten, which is Rolls's finding happening in your mouth. That flattening is the signal the bag never let you hear. Now you can hear it, and it says the treat is nearly over.

Finish the bowl. You've served yourself a few. Eat them all, with attention, and don't stop short to prove anything. The bowl is the amount and the amount is fine. The point isn't restraint. It's tasting.

Then the screen. Bowl empty, taste in your mouth, memory of having had crisps intact. Turn the programme on. You'll watch it as a person who's had a snack, rather than a person who's in the middle of one, and the difference is that the hand has nothing to do and knows it.

If you can't manage the screen off. Some evenings the programme's already on and the household won't pause it. Then at least look down. Eat from the bowl with your eyes on the bowl for the first few, and let the screen have the rest of your attention once the bowl's low. Half the attention is better than none, and the bowl still sets the amount.

Two minutes is the whole cost. Not a mindfulness practice, not a ritual. Two minutes of eating crisps while looking at crisps, which is how everyone ate crisps before there was something else to look at.

The decision

You've got the argument and the method. What's left is to decide, and I'd like the decision to fit in one sentence.

I put what I'm going to eat in a bowl, I put the packet away, and I eat it without a screen.

Three parts.

The first is the bowl. Whatever you'd call a few, in a cereal bowl, with the packet clipped and back in the cupboard before you sit down. Seconds allowed, by getting up.

The second is the shop. Buy the unit you'd eat. Small bags, small pots, the sharing bag only for sharing. Vary the partition so it keeps working.

The third is the two minutes. Screen off, or eyes down, for the bowl. Taste the first one. Notice the tenth. Then the programme.

There's a form of planning that helps with rules like this, and it's been tested many times. Peter Gollwitzer and Paschal Sheeran reviewed ninety-four studies of it in 2006. You decide in advance what you'll do and when, in the form "when this happens, I'll do that", and people who plan that way follow through much more often than people who only hold the intention. So write three.

When I open a packet, I'll pour a bowl, clip the packet and put it back in the cupboard before I sit down.

When I'm in the shop and reach for a sharing bag, I'll pick up the multipack instead unless there are people to share with.

When I sit down with the bowl, I'll leave the screen off until the bowl is empty.

What to expect. This is my expectation and not a finding. The first night the bowl will feel small and slightly ridiculous, and you'll finish it and consider getting up for more, and about half the time in the first week you will, and that's fine, because the getting up is the partition working and the second bowl is still smaller than the run. By the third night you'll notice the taste of the first crisp, and notice that you'd stopped noticing it. Around the end of the first week the getting up for seconds will have mostly stopped, because the wanting was satisfied in the bowl and the walk to the cupboard is enough to tell you so. The list from chapter 1 will have a week of bowls on it and no bottoms. By the third week the small bags will be in the cupboard and the sharing bag won't, and the sofa will have a cereal bowl on the arm most nights and a person on it who's had crisps and knows it. You'll still fancy something at half past eight. You'll have it. It'll taste of crisps.

Sweets, nuts, the cinema, the car, the children's packets and when it's more than a habit

The rule holds for every packet. A few need their own paragraph.

Sweets. The unit is the bag and the bag is a day's sugar, by the NHS's thirty-gram guide. A cup or a small dish is the bowl. Sweets don't go stale, so the staleness argument from chapter 9 has nothing at all to stand on. Buy the small bags or the ones that come in individual wrappers, because a wrapper is a partition, and Cheema and Soman's chocolates were controlled by exactly that.

Nuts. Good for you and eaten in tubs, and a tub of nuts is a sharing bag with a lid. The small pots, or a ramekin from the big one, and the tub back on the shelf. Nuts are the snack where "it's healthy" does the run's work, and a ramekin of healthy is still the right amount.

The cinema. The largest unit anyone is ever handed, in the dark, with a screen the size of a wall. Buy the smallest size they sell, or bring a small bag, and eat it before the film starts, in the light, looking at it. That's chapter 22 in a foyer, and it's the one place where you'll finish before the distraction begins by design.

The car. The bag in the door, opened at the lights, is the run with the road as the screen. Don't keep bags in the door. If you want a snack for the drive, a small bag on the passenger seat, and when it's gone it's gone.

The children's packets. The multipack of small bags for their lunchboxes is the unit this book recommends for you. Buy it for everyone. And the sofa rule applies to them more than to you, because a child who eats from a sharing bag with a screen on is learning the run at the age when units get set, and a child who's handed a bowl is learning something they'll keep.

Grazing. Some readers don't have a run so much as an evening. The cupboard visited six times between dinner and bed, a few of this and a few of that. The bowl still works, once, for one snack, and the rest of the evening is chapter 13's arrangement. Not resolutions. The cupboard door, the clip, and the bowl.

When the bag is a remedy. If the run happens because of how you're feeling, bored, flat, tense, sad, rather than because you fancy crisps, then the packet is standing in for something else, and two earlier books in this series are about that. The bowl still helps. It just isn't the whole answer.

When it's more than a habit. I said it in the preface and I'll say it again. If the run involves large amounts, with a sense of losing control, especially if it's followed by making yourself sick, using laxatives, or going without food to make up for it, please talk to a GP or to Beat. That's an illness, not a packet, and it has treatment, and a book about cereal bowls isn't it.

When you reached the bottom again

It'll happen. A bad day, the bag already open, the programme already on, and your hand will find the bottom before you've thought of the bowl. Then the surprise, and then the verdict.

One bag isn't the week. The list will show a week of bowls with one bottom in it, and last month it was three bottoms a week with no bowls. What happened is that the arrangement wasn't there, the bag was on the sofa and the bowl was in the cupboard, and the run did what it does when nothing's in its way. It isn't willpower. It never was.

No write-off. Chapter 13 is about the resolution at the bottom of the bag, and the answer to a run is not a promise about tomorrow. It's a clip on the next bag, tonight, and the bowl left on the counter where you'll see it. Tomorrow's snack is a bowl because the bowl is out, not because you've vowed anything.

Work out which packet got through. Was it a sharing bag that was still in the cupboard from before? Then the cupboard gets cleared of big bags this week. Was it a bag that came into the room before the bowl did? Then the bowl lives on the counter, not in the cupboard, so that it's the first thing you see. Was the screen already on when you opened it? Then the bag doesn't get opened in the sitting room. It gets opened in the kitchen, where the bowls are.

One more thing about the bottom. It's information, not a verdict. It tells you exactly which part of the arrangement was missing, and each of the three parts has a fix that takes a minute. A run with a

lesson in it is worth more than a bowl that happened by luck.

No streaks. Don't count bottom-free nights. Count bowls. One bottom in a fortnight of bowls is a fortnight that went differently from every fortnight before it, and the run, if it's keeping score, has lost.

The bottom of the bowl

It's half past eight, some months on, and you're on the sofa. You fancy something. You go to the cupboard, and there's a multipack of small bags and a sharing bag with a clip on it from the weekend when your sister came, and you take a small bag, and you pour it into the cereal bowl that lives on the counter now, and you sit down with the screen off.

The first one is exactly what you wanted. Salt and crunch and the taste you'd been thinking of since dinner. You notice it. The fifth is good. Around the tenth the taste has gone flat, the way it does, and you notice that too, and finish the bowl, and it's the right amount, and you don't want another one, though you could have one, and the cupboard's right there. You turn the programme on. Your hand has nothing to do and doesn't mind.

The list is still going, in the notes on your phone, because it's become a small habit of its own. This week it has five bowls on it and no bottoms. Last week there was a bottom, on the Thursday, from a bag your partner had opened and left on the arm of the sofa, and you noticed at the end and wrote it down and put a clip on the next one and didn't make any promises.

Your daughter asked for a bowl last week. She's seven and she'd watched you do it and she wanted a bowl too, and you gave her one, and she ate her crisps looking at them and told you which one was the best one. You hadn't taught her that. She'd watched.

Your partner has started doing it too, without anything being said. There's a second cereal bowl on the counter, and the sharing bags in the cupboard have clips on them that you didn't put there, and the two of you sit with two small bowls and the screen off for two minutes, which is the only two minutes of the evening you talk, and then the programme goes on.

None of this is a transformation. You still fancy something at half past eight most nights and you still have it. You eat crisps as often as you ever did and about a fifth as many, and they taste of crisps, which they hadn't for years, and the bottom of a sharing bag is a thing you remember the way you remember a hangover, as a feeling you used to have and don't now.

If you take one thing from this book, take this. Tonight, when you open the packet, pour what you'd call a few into a cereal bowl, clip the packet, put it in the cupboard, and eat the bowl with the screen off. That's the whole method. Everything else is detail.

Notes

This book gives general information about an everyday habit. It isn't medical or dietary advice, and it's no substitute for a GP, a dietitian or an eating disorder service that knows you. The NHS guidance I mention is for England as I found it in September 2026. The book makes no claim about weight.

I've kept sources out of the chapters where I could so they read easily. Here they are by chapter, with the limits I'm aware of. Unless I say otherwise, I read the published summary of each paper and not the full text. I checked each paper for a retraction or correction notice in September 2026 and found none. Where a chapter isn't listed, it rests on my own reasoning. That includes chapters 1, 2, 9, 10, 11, 14, 15, 19, 20, 25 and 26. The sofa, the sharing bag, the programme, the bag in the car door and the tub of nuts are invented. No study from the laboratory of Brian Wansink is used in this book, because of the retractions and data problems associated with that work.

Before you start. Beat is the UK eating disorder charity. The description of what to look for is in plain words and isn't a diagnostic list.

Chapter 3. Geier, Rozin and Doros, "Unit bias: a new heuristic that helps explain the effect of portion size on food intake", Psychological Science 17, 2006, pages 521 to 525. Used in the earlier book in this series on eating past full. The application to a sharing bag is mine.

Chapter 4. Robinson, Aveyard, Daley, Jolly, Lewis, Lycett and Higgs, "Eating attentively: a systematic review and meta-analysis of the effect of food intake memory and awareness on eating", *American Journal of Clinical Nutrition* 97, 2013, pages 728 to 742. Twenty-four studies. The claim that a bag sends no signal but the bottom is mine.

Chapter 5. Zlatevska, Dubelaar and Holden, "Sizing up the effect of portion size on consumption: a meta-analytic review", *Journal of Marketing* 78, 2014, pages 140 to 154. The 35 per cent figure is for a doubling of portion size, on average. Hollands and colleagues, "Portion, package or tableware size for changing selection and consumption of food, alcohol and tobacco", *Cochrane Database of Systematic Reviews* 2015, CD011045, as verified for the earlier book on eating past full. The arithmetic for bag sizes is mine and the gram figures are approximate.

Chapter 6. Rolls, Van Duijvenvoorde and Rolls, "Pleasantness changes and food intake in a varied four-course meal", *Appetite* 5, 1984, pages 337 to 348, and Hetherington, Rolls and Burley, "The time course of sensory-specific satiety", *Appetite* 12, 1989, pages 57 to 68, both as verified for the earlier book on eating past full. The first report of sensory-specific satiety is Rolls, Rolls, Rowe and Sweeney, *Physiology and Behavior* 27, 1981, pages 137 to 142, for which no summary was available. The application to a bag is mine.

Chapter 7. Robinson and colleagues as above. Hetherington, Anderson, Norton and Newson, "Situational effects on meal intake: a comparison of eating alone and eating with others", *Physiology*

and Behavior 88, 2006, pages 498 to 505. Thirty-seven people, four lunches, which the chapter says is small. Zlatevska and colleagues as above.

Chapter 8. Marchiori, Papies and Klein, "The portion size effect on food intake: an anchoring and adjustment process?", Appetite 81, 2014, pages 108 to 115. Hypothetical eating situations, which the chapter says. Cheema and Soman, "The effect of partitions on controlling consumption", Journal of Marketing Research 45, 2008, pages 665 to 675. Chocolates in the first study. The claim that will against an anchor loses is mine.

Chapter 12. Higgs, "Memory for recent eating and its influence on subsequent food intake", Appetite 39, 2002, pages 159 to 166. Women who weren't dieting. Robinson and colleagues as above.

Chapter 13. The earlier book on diets and the write-off is Breakfast isn't the problem.

Chapter 16. Cheema and Soman as above, for partitions and habituation.

Chapter 17. Cheema and Soman as above. The arithmetic is mine.

Chapter 18. The NHS pages "How does sugar in our diet affect our health" and "8 tips for healthy eating", for the 30 gram guide and the labelling thresholds. Robinson and colleagues as above, for later intake. The rest is mine.

Chapter 21. Zlatevska and colleagues, and Cheema and Soman, as above.

Chapter 22. Robinson and colleagues, and Rolls and colleagues, as above.

Chapter 23. Gollwitzer and Sheeran, "Implementation intentions and goal achievement: a meta-analysis of effects and processes", *Advances in Experimental Social Psychology* 38, 2006, pages 69 to 119. The rule hasn't been tested as a package, and what I say to expect is my expectation and not a finding.

Chapter 24. The NHS sugar page as above. Cheema and Soman as above. The earlier books on eating for a feeling are *Eat when you're hungry* and *The feeling will pass without help*. Beat as above.