

Mourner: Hello? Is that the priest John Christmas?

Priest: Yes, it is. But please call me Father Christmas. It's more holy.

Mourner: Of course. I'm sorry, Father.

Priest: Why is it you call me, child?

Mourner: I wish to book a funeral.

Priest: I'm so sorry for your loss. Whilst it is me who delivers funerals, it's not me who plans them. However, I can refer you to someone.

Mourner: Great, thanks...

Priest: Do you mind if I ask what caused the individual's death? Was he or she young?

Mourner: I know this sounds a bit unbelievable - it took me a while to come to terms with it, too - but my father ate too many pizzas and he turned into one.

Priest: I'm sorry?

Mourner: The official cause of death was 'pizzafication'. However, as it's a new condition, people are unsure what to call it. Others call it 'Food conversion syndrome', which I think is more dignified.

Priest: Is that supposed to be funny?

Mourner: Not really. I didn't even get a chance to say goodbye to him...

Priest: No, I'm not going to help you book a funeral because your father turned into a pizza.

Mourner: Well it's either that, or his body will be donated to the homeless as a feast. Do you have any idea how offensive that is?

Priest: If you don't hang up, I'm going to have to call the police. I personally know Constable Morgan.

Mourner: Have you been living under a rock?? You must have heard the stories on the news!

Priest: No, I haven't watched the news today, and I don't intend to. Unlike you, I have a life and work to do.

Mourner: I do work, actually. I'm just taking the day off for very obvious reasons.

Priest: Because you're mourning the death of your father who was also a pizza?

Mourner: No, I'm just mourning the death of my father! Have some respect!

Priest: Don't get angry with me, you demented freak. What kind of a twat are you?

Mourner: Father Christmas!!

Priest: I'm SO sorry!

Mourner: Can you please just look at the news? Look on your mobile phone...

Priest: Fine. But only so I have evidence to section you. I'll hang up and call you back. What's your number?

Mourner: It's (number kept secret to prevent phone spamming).

(A minute or so passes...)

Priest: Well I'll be damned.

Mourner: So is there anything you can do?

Priest: If he was once human, I don't see why a typical funeral can't be performed.

Mourner: Great!

Priest: He WAS once human, right?

Mourner: Yes! What do you think I am? Another pizza?

Priest: I don't know what to believe...

Mourner: Ok. I understand.

Priest: How did it happen, anyway?

Mourner: My old man was on twenty pizzas a day, by the end.

Priest: You mean eating too many pizzas REALLY causes it?

Mourner: That seems to be the case...

Priest: But I was eating a pizza just now! I've been giving them away at the church!

Mourner: How many a day do you eat?

Priest: 30...

Mourner: 30??

Priest: Sometimes more... On my birthday I did a hundred, talk about feeling

bloated. It was a nightmare. Then I had another. I'm fifty foot tall now and I don't know what to do. I thought maybe I grew because of the flu or something, I've been feeling a bit under the weather recently. It's because of the pizza, isn't it?

Mourner: Wow.

Priest: Now that I think of it, I think I smell of tomatoes and cheese...

Mourner: Do you want me to call a doctor?

Priest: Oh no. I think pineapples are coming out of my fingers... This is the worst day of my life.

Mourner: Oh my God.

Priest: I don't know what's happening...

Mourner: It's a good sign you've noticed your symptoms early. Well early-ish, in a way... Well not really. Actually, yeah you did, why not. My dad on the other hand was proud and thought he knew best. He thought bits of pizza simply dropped on him for ages, despite the fact others told him otherwise. Then it was too late.

Priest: I can see the headlines now '50 foot Father Christmas swears at mourner and turns into pizza'.

Mourner: Please stop! You'll be fine!

Priest: My thung is thurning into thomatoes....

Mourner: Not again!

Priest: I thaff to go!