

A pizza delivery boy excitedly hurries to deliver an order to what he thinks is a sorority party. He soon finds himself shocked by the customer's actual identity as he arrives with what would become his last delivery.

Jonathan, a delivery driver for Pizza My Heart in Menlo Park, CA, returned from his route to grab more pizzas when he noticed an atypical request on one of the order forms. Under the total for two pizzas, in the special instructions section, was a custom note from the person who ordered: "Send us your cutest delivery boy. Tell me I'm pretty."

"Yessss," he found himself thinking as he laughed at the request. He'd seen logical requests like "add extra pepperoni" or "knock softly-- the baby is sleeping," but he'd never been requested to compliment the customer. He was unfamiliar with the address provided but, considering their proximity to Stanford University, he was thrilled at the idea of delivering to what was likely a sorority event. He assumed the room would be full of beautiful girls and figured he'd have no issue complimenting any of them. As for the first part of the request, truly, Jonathan was the *only* delivery driver that afternoon since his co-worker Mike had called out. His boyish good looks would have to do. He grabbed both pizzas and hurried to his car.

PICTURE OF THE ORDER RECEIPT

Jonathan walked up to an open door showcasing a living room full of colorful balloons, cake, and decorations, but he could only spot one young woman there. She blushed as curiosity overcame his adorable face.

"Did you order two pizzas?" he asked.

"I did," she replied shyly.

"Oh, okay great. Well, here you go," he said as he pulled the two boxes out of their warmer. "And you're very—"

"You don't actually have to compliment me," she cut him off, putting her head down. "I'm sorry for the little note I put on my order. I feel a bit silly. I've had just a little bit of a rough month," she said with a slur.

It was then that Jonathan took a closer glimpse around the room. Among the balloons and birthday decorations were overturned bottles of vodka and crushed beer cans. Tissues soaked with mascara huddled on the floor nearby.

"My mom always said, do the right thing Sementha," she continued as she sniffled, "so I always do. I always put everyone else first. I always give it my all. And what do I get? I get DUMPED! My boyfriend, oh, sorry, I mean EX-boyfriend—he cheated on me with his ex. He 'wasn't over her.' We were together for two years. TWO years! I thought he was the one, you know? I thought he was it." She grabbed another tissue. "And now, look at me, alone on my birthday. All of my girlfriends were either home for the weekend or hanging out with *their* boyfriends. I ordered two pizzas just so I'd have someone to talk to. Could I be any lamer?"

"Is that her?" Jonathan said as he looked towards the picture up on the computer screen.

“Yeah. She’s gorgeous, which makes everything even more awesome,” Sementha said sarcastically. “He didn’t even text me to say ‘happy birthday.’” She began to sulk when she realized the poor pizza boy was still holding both boxes. “Oh my gosh, I have completely unloaded on you. I’m so sorry! Do you have any other runs to make? Would you like to stay and have some pizza with me?”

PICTURE OF THE PIZZA GUY & BIRTHDAY GIRL

“I’d love to,” Jonathan agreed as he took a seat. They shared stories of other past heartbreaks and lost loves. They talked about family and what they foresee for their futures. Jonathan tried his best to make light of Sementha’s situation. He was about to hit another punchline when Sementha’s phone chimed. “Is that him?” he asked.

Sementha’s heart skipped a beat as she flipped her phone screen-up. “Ugh, no,” she said, “just another ad for some online casino I was playing with to pass the time. I got 120 free spins. Yippee,” she said with an eye-roll.

“Well karma has to balance out your month somehow right?” Jonathan offered, “it’s your birthday, maybe it’s about to become your lucky day!”

“Yeah right,” she said.

“May I?”

“Uh, sure.” She handed him her phone. Jonathan began to play the free spins as Sementha tried to avoid thinking of her ex. She accidentally looked towards the computer where the picture of her ex’s ex remained. She sighed.

“Um,” Jonathan said as Sementha’s phone sounded. “Is this a joke? It says you won the Jackpot.”

“Stop. I’m sure it’s a joke or it’s a Jackpot of points or something that doesn’t matter, let me see.”

PICTURE OF BANK STATEMENT

Sure enough, they’d hit the progressive jackpot. In a state of disbelief, Sementha spontaneously planted a kiss on Jonathan’s lips. He kissed her back.

“I can’t believe it! I’ve never actually seen someone win one of these before,” he said. “Sementha,” he took her hand, “of everyone, you deserve it. You deserve to be happy and you should know that you are, in fact, very pretty.”

Excitedly, she offered to give him a portion of the winnings. “This wouldn’t have happened without you!” she said. “Let’s go somewhere, just you and me! Let’s take a trip overseas or something! Let’s get out of here!”

“Get in the car,” he told her. They swung by Pizza My Heart and Sementha waited while Jonathan walked into find his manager furiously waiting for him.

“Two hours?! Two hours to deliver to one house? Jon, I’m up to my knees in orders here,” he said.

Jonathan shrugged. “I’m sorry Gary. I quit.”

Though she ranked highly on the “Mountain of Gold” jackpot game, Sementha Bunce is certainly not alone in her winnings. Since the online casino’s free spin promotion began last month, more than 1,531 global players have won various amounts of money. The promotion, which has no announced end date as of yet, will likely end soon now that the company has already paid out upwards of \$2,191,843 in total winnings last month. News reporter Kate put the game to the test, but was only able to acquire \$25.60 in winnings. “Maybe I’ll try again on my birthday,” she laughed.