

# Chubby writer explains agonies of starting diet

Last week I told you about my new exercise program and promised to share my diet with you this week.

To begin with, the exercise program isn't going too well. I've gained three pounds. Luckily, though, you can't tell. It's like throwing a bucket of water in the ocean and trying to find it.

The only answer, of course, is to bolster this strenuous exercise program with a well-balanced low-calorie nutritional diet.

"Of course, I do have some variety in my diet," I said. "I like pot pies, frozen pizzas, Pop-tarts, Apple Jacks, Hamburger Helper, pancakes, malts, hot dogs and Double-Stuff Oreos."

"You snack on that junk?" he asked. "How do you ever get an appetite for a regular meal?"

"That is a regular meal," I said. "As a matter of fact, that's what I had for breakfast before coming over here."

He picked up the phone and canceled my X-rays.

The doctor suggested I continue my exercise program and go on a special diet.

I don't see anything special about it. First of all, I can only have three meals a day, half of what I'm used to. If I want between meal snacks I have to eat fruit or celery. So what am I supposed to do with the rest of the Bloody Mary?

Also, no fried foods and no refined processed sugar, which excludes about 70 percent of all the things you can buy in the supermarket.

I have to eat slowly and have only one serving, writing down practically every bite, so I can keep track of calories.

My wife tells me it will be worth it. While she was telling me this she put a saucer of Brussels sprouts and lean, dry turkey in front of me and said, "supper time."

I was thinking "Miller time," but the doctor said no alcohol. That's like asking Mary Lou Betton to give up Wheaties.

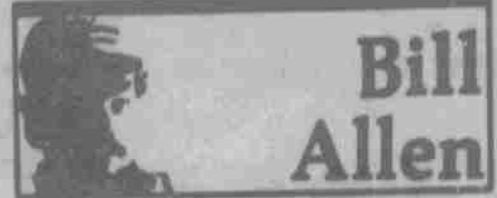
I'm hoping to be able to fit into the clothes I wore last month before long, and I suppose there will be other advantages to losing weight.

For one thing, I'll avoid embarrassing situations on the beach this summer.

No one ever kicked sand in my face, but once while laying on the beach, two scientists came over, started examining me and asked where I had washed up from.

Another time this fisherman put his foot on my stomach and held up a fishing pole while his friend snapped a picture.

I'll keep you posted. In the meantime, remember spring is on the way, and with this diet there is no way I am going to enjoy it. That should make you feel better.



**Bill Allen**

Every diet listed in the National Enquirer said to consult a physician before starting the diet program, which makes me wonder about the safety of their diet programs.

Nonetheless, I did consult a physician.

First of all, he made me pay cash, in advance.

He said I was a marvel of science, as he looked for the bolts and stitches where Dr. Frankenstein put me together.

"Well, Bill," he said, "you have no pulse, breathe like a heavy smoker and your muscles are in dormant stage."

I said, "Come on, doc, I know all that stuff. Tell me what's wrong with me."

"You're thirty pounds overweight, that's what's wrong with you."

He suggested suicide, but I told him I was too much in debt to kill myself.

He asked me how I got this way.

"Well, I don't like to brag," I said, "But I never eat anything unless it's saturated in animal fat. I like my french fries out of the grease."

He started to turn white.

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