

I'm not too heavy; I'm just too short

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I can't avoid seeing all the news releases about obesity in our country as well as the new methods of losing weight being advertised on TV, radio, and other news media. One even offers a pill that melts away fat as you sleep. Yeah sure!

The nameless female person that shares my last name and home has been on my case to lose some weight and once again she is dead wrong. You see I went to my doctor's office and looked at his weight/height chart and discovered that according to my weight, using this data I am supposed to be six-foot-two, meaning that I am exactly seven inches too short. I first became aware of this at my tennis club when they seemed to have lowered the courts by several inches. I could no longer reach them when I bent over.

There is very little I can do about my height but I decided to satisfy her by at least trying to lose weight. I agreed to try some of those horrible rubber tasting low fat muffins and pastries that I see around. Not for me. I bought some low trans-fat muffins that didn't taste so bad but she showed me on the package that it still had lots of fat and many calories. She determined this using some complex mathematical formula dividing the calories by the fat grams or vice-versa and multiplying something else by the square root of my BMI to the 10th power of Pi.

Fuggedaboutit. Math was never my thing anyway. I have been cautioned about eating meat, cheese, fruit, bread, milk, soda...both regular and diet, coffee, tea, etc. etc.

Many of the prescribed diets also add a note about jogging or walking 10 miles a day plus regular visits to the gym to be successful. I make regular visits to the gym, meet a lot of nice people there, chat a bit and go home

looking the same as when I left. Big deal! As you now know, I ride my bicycle for miles and likewise come home looking the same. So what is the answer?

I have done some extensive research on the subject and come up with my own diet plan. The main enemy seems to be calories. I looked up calories on Google:

"Any of several approximately equal units of heat, each measured as the quantity of heat required to raise the temperature of 1 gram of water by 1°C from a standard initial temperature, especially from 3.98°C, 14.5°C, or 19.5°C, at 1 atmosphere pressure."

In other words, heat. I reasoned that if calories are heat, the best way to get rid of them is with cold. I began a rigid routine of going to Cold Stone Creamery and ordering large ice cream cups mixed with various fruits to add nutrition and negate the calories that I have consumed all week. The results haven't been measurable so far but I am trying so please don't make fun of me if you happen to see me there. I am trying my best to remain healthy.

I also reasoned — this on my own — that going to sleep with a partially full stomach causes the food to slosh around all night and possibly interrupt one's sleep. A full stomach after eating a healthy snack at bedtime avoids this potential problem.

As you know, I hate lying to people but sometimes it becomes necessary to save one's reputation.

On a recent trip to Costco I was buying several skids of fat ~~full~~ muffins to get all the flavors that I like. The gentleman behind me in line was doing the same thing. I thought we might have something in common so I commented on his muffins. He told me he was buying them for his football team. I replied "Me too!" Please forgive me but I wasn't about to tell him they were all for me.

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