

Eating Our Aggressions



Good morning, y'all. The rains have pushed through leaving everything soggy and foggy. I feel for folks who have to get up and drive these mountain roads when they're all fogged over like they are today. I guess one of the perks of being "self employed" is not having to punch a time clock located somewhere else and fighting the traffic to get there. Of course, my current situation dictates I don't have to be anywhere but here.

I'd like to blame my [house arrest](#) for my gradual ascent into blividity, but, truthfully, that's only one of the factors. Certainly the abstinence from alcohol has had the largest effect. Now, I'm not saying that swapping a Bud Light at a hundred and ten calories for an apple is anywhere near equivalent. I'm saying when you drink a drink a six pack of Bud Lights, which totals six hundred and sixty calories, you probably missed the meal you no longer felt like eating. For example, the calories in two double quarter pounders with cheese, **one thousand four hundred and sixty eight**, plus super size fries, **three hundred seventy eight**, and a soda, **one hundred eighty two**, total to **two thousand and twenty eight**. I didn't even add a fried pie for dessert, **two hundred and thirty two** calories. That pushes us to **two thousand two hundred and sixty calories** for our meal. Or four six-packs.

Now, in truth, four six-packs should be more than enough for a day, even in the worst season the Bulldogs have ever had. And, I just realized as I wrote this, that I may have unearthed a kernel of truth. I swallow my aggressions. Now, previously I was swallowing a lot of alcohol to aussage my feelings. It now appears that I am swallowing everything in sight to help me feel better about a world that constantly fills me with concern. I know Freud has got this all labeled and sorted out. I have detailed at length that I know that I have "[Mommy issues](#)". I just need a quick weight loss fix for the Holiday Season, we can work out the details for a long term program after the New Year.

How did I get here? Well, I could make "Lite" of the situation and say I have a hearty appetite for life, but that would be misleading. It would be more realistic to say I have a hearty *anxiety* for life, and I soothe that anxiety by swallowing. The Republican Debate Potlucks are the worst. I've gotten in the habit of returning the potluck dishes to their donors after I've cleaned the dishes for them. Some of the leftovers I can resist, but others, like the widow Ferguson's sweet potato pie, are going to be consumed. Donald Trump's stupid statements are going to make me perfectly round if I don't get a handle on the situation. Chris Christie is a life long Republican, have we found a cause and effect for his size issues? Anyway, when you mix the debates with the Holidays, I'm doomed.

Christmas is that time of year when even the septic tank cleaning company is sending out baskets of assorted fudges to thank you for your business. Food and snacks are coming from every direction, and I seem to be able to get my share and then some. I realize that I might not be able to fit into the Santa Claus outfit this year. It would break my heart to have to pass the role of park Santa to Al Katz this year just because I can't fit into the suit. I'm pretty sure that Al is Jewish, so I'm not sure it would be ethical for him to be Santa, even though I know he'd jump at the chance. It looks like I've eaten myself into a corner. Help me Jenny Craig.