IT’S A WEIGHTY ISSUE

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By Angel Kane

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By the time, you read this article, I will have been eating meat and only meat for a solid week!

So, about six months ago, I woke up with the worst back pain. And like any sane person, I refused to go the doctor. So month after month, I have just wallowed in my pain.

Finally, those around me couldn’t take my complaining anymore, demanding I see a doctor.

As I explained my symptoms to the nurse, she required I get on the scale.

And herein lies the problem with doctors.

No matter what the symptom…be it a raging cold, fiery rash or bulging disc…for some reason, only known to these so called medical professionals, they insist on knowing my weight.

And honestly, if they would just ask me, I’d tell them.

I weigh 110 pounds. The same amount I have weighed since high school. See, I don’t mind saying it out loud.

But Nurse Hatchet didn’t buy it, insisting I get on that scale to prove it.

So, Becky called me after I was done with the X-ray.

“Did the doctor find anything?”

“He is supposed to call me tomorrow but I’m sure that X-ray is going to show I’m secretly pregnant with a 12 pound baby, because if it doesn’t, I am going to blow up his stupid scale!”

Unfortunately, the X-ray was fine and it turns out the only bundle of joy I’ve had lately, consists of my late night hot chocolates made with whole milk and my deliciously warm peanut butter, chocolate chip cookies.

As a result of my regrettable run in, with that clearly malfunctioning scale, I convinced Becky to start dieting with me. But this time we are doing it right! We joined an actual diet center.

You know, the ones where you hand people hard earned money so they can tell you all the things you can not eat and then they ….weigh you.

Because that’s not insane.

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