

The Bandera PROPHET

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Gone Country
A Weighty Divorce

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The Bandera Prophet

There I was lounging on the couch the other day, munching on some buttered popcorn and a Nutrisystem commercial came on the smart TV. I know; that TV's smarter than me. Anyway, it wasn't your normal, "I lost 132 pounds eating these tiny microwave meals. Trust me, I felt like Gandhi." No, this one was much worse.

It was the "Partners Plan" for loving couples who are trying to get ready for their 40th High School Reunion. Or whatever. But I'm here to tell you, that right there is reason for a divorce. Right ladies? You hearing me?

Evidently men were meant to be skinny with no shape from the shoulders down. Why is it that men wear the same size underwear in their 70s that they wore in high school? I've changed bra sizes 13 times over the years. I'm on size SAG now.

If a man does develop a big old beer belly, all he has to do is quit drinking so much beer and he'll get skinny. He'll still eat all the brisket, biscuits and breakfast tacos he wants and stay thin while we eat grapefruit and cottage cheese to no avail.

I know, I know. There are some men out there that might have "fat genes," but you put them on the little microwavable meals only fit for a Barbie Doll to eat, and they'll lose weight. And they'll lose twice as much and faster than their poor wives who are silently starving.

The couple in the commercial looked happy but it probably took her six months more than him of eating those Nutrisystem rations and she had to start running marathons to lose more than 10 pounds. That's okay,

when she decides to divorce him for all the torture, she'll be able to run away. Literally.

No, I think the "Partner's Plan" should be called the "Ex-Partner's Plan" because that's where it will lead. I can just hear the conversation now:
Him: Oh look! I get the larger sized meal for men, and you get that little one for women. How cute!

Her: I hate you.

Him: I really do like this diet. It's so easy to lose weight! I'm down 17 pounds this month.

Her: Can you sharpen the kitchen knives for me?

Him: I think I'll go take a jog around the block.

Her: Jog around several blocks. The locksmith needs time to change the locks.

I guess this commercial struck a nerve because My Future Husband eats about as much as Paul Bunyan can pack away in a meal. Carbs? You bet. Bread? With every meal please. Ice Cream? Sure, every night. Me? I forgot what a croissant looks like, I haven't eaten anything fried in six years and I only dare eat 90% chocolate which is more like torture than anything else so eating one small square takes a while.

And now My Future Husband has lost another 10 pounds since I met him due to some now resolved health issues. He's weird. When he doesn't feel good, gasp, he doesn't eat. I never learned that trick.

So, I'm whipping around the kitchen cooking three hearty meals a day for him and crunching on salad and veggies for me. He's just lucky we're not married, and I don't run marathons, and I don't know any locksmiths. But I am going to get him to sharpen all the knives.