The Bandera Prophet

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Gone Country
Important Conversations

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The Bandera Prophet

Very Best Friend and I both hit the big Seven Oh! last year. We decided this year is our last chance to get thin, limber and healthy so our gray hairdos will shimmer like Breck Girls. If this doesn't work, we will pull all our hair out and just go bald.
So, we've had a series of serious discussions. Read on. You might learn something. Or maybe not.

Losing Weight
VEB: What we are shooting for this year is to be as healthy as we can for women our age.
ME: You mean old and decrepit?
VFB: No that's not what we want.
ME: Well, if it has to do with a damn diet, I've already tried every single one in the book. The Grapefruit Diet, South Beach, The Magic Soup Diet, Weight Watchers, Fasting where I didn't lose weight, but I did get hallucinations, and KETO. The only thing I haven't tried is the shot that makes you never want to eat bacon again and there's no point in living if there's no bacon.
VFB: All we need is protein and fiber.
ME: Great! Bacon has both!

Exercise
VBF: Well, I flunked my Zumba Class today.
ME: How did you manage that? Isn't the class voluntary?

VBF: The class lasts an hour. I only made 23 minutes before they called the paramedics.
ME: Were the paramedics as cute as firemen?

Diet Books
VBF: You know how I love to cook, so I've come up with an idea for a new diet cookbook.
ME: Really? Do tell.
VBF: It's called the Cardboard Diet. You just eat cardboard. It's got plenty of fiber and I'll come up with some great, low-calorie sauces to pour over it, if you get tired of just crunching away.
ME: Can I make a BLTC sandwich? You know, Bacon, Lettuce, Tomato and Cardboard?

Getting Up off the Floor
VBF: Next time you visit, let's practice getting up off the floor gracefully.
ME: (Hysterical Laughter.)
VBF: Well, I still want to look like a lady when I get up.
ME: At this point, the only way to get me off the floor is with a snow shovel and a wheelbarrow.

Squats
VBF: So, we need to practice our squats. What I do is squat down when I get things out of my produce bins in the bottom of my fridge.
ME: Ha! If I tried that, the dogs would knock me over. Then as I lay there helpless on the floor, the cats would lick me so much I'd turn into Cat Woman. Hey wait! She had a fantastic body, and I get a whip.

Beauty Rest
VBF: And then there's sleeping.
ME: Oh, I know; seven to eight hours every night.
VBF: No problem for Perfectly Engineered Huband and me. We go to bed at eight. Say, are you snoring?

Clothes Shopping
VBF: Once we're incredibly thin and flexible, we need to go clothes shopping. If that's not a motivator, I don't know what is.
ME: Actually, since I've lost eight pounds, I heard the beckoning of the sales racks, so I went to the nearest store I could find. I ended up in a sale for Petites.
VBF: Not the evil Petites! They're always tiny and skinny! The mortal enemy!
ME: Yeah, and their clothes still don't fit me. As DDM used to say, "Don't worry, honey. You're just big boned."

As I here stretching my fingers on my keyboard, I'm pretty sure we are destined for success this year. Maybe if I eat more bacon, tomorrow I might wake up and look 24 again.