

TALKING BODIES

Some people believe that their bodies talk to them, will warn them when they become deficient in a vitamin or mineral, will give them a serious craving to eat a vegetable that will fulfill an unknown deficiency. Well, my body works differently. Recently my wife went away for a week, leaving me and my dog Bob alone. As soon as she left, my body began to ask for Kentucky Fried Chicken because I don't get to eat it when she's around. I ignored the impulse for a few milliseconds, but my body began to talk louder until it was screaming and the mental anguish became so great that I succumbed and went to town and bought a ten piece bucket. The thing is, other people's bodies seem to lie dormant until they sense something is required that is fundamental to good health, then the body kicks in with subtle reminders. My body doesn't concern itself with health matters.

In fact, right now as I sit typing away, my body is reminding me how satisfying the beer I had on Monday afternoon tasted. "Remember," it implores, "how the carbonation sluiced all that gunk from our throat, how the beer sat in our stomach and sent soothing waves of alcohol through our capillaries? We were relaxed, expansive, clever even." Yes, I remember. Excuse me for a minute.

OK, where was I? Oh yeah, my body talking to me. My body never tells me when things are good for me. Pregnant women seem to get signals from their bodies that create cravings for food items which contain trace elements which either she or the fetus need. It is said this is the source for their unusual longing for things like dill pickles with ice cream. That seems to work for them, but in my body resides a self-indulgent, enormously fat, hedonistic, unhealthy demon. Sometimes, my mind will try and talk reason to him.

My body: "We should have another scotch."

My mind: "Yes, I know that second scotch tasted really good. But remember last Saturday, when you smelled bad, couldn't focus very well, and were anxious to avoid schpeaking? Sorry, speaking."

My body: "That was then, this is now. What I remember is how good I felt on Friday. I'm getting some ice."

My mind: "You better use that with a soft drink or

something."

My body: "Who looks after the walking and talking? Let's remember who runs this joint."

It's not just alcohol, but my cursed body craves almost anything that is considered unhealthy. Ice cream, potato chips, cookies, bacon cheeseburgers, all manner of things. Both my mind and my body mistrust the experts. Barbeque was bad for you, now it isn't. Sorry. Watch out for eggs and butter. Oops, they're OK now. Hope you weren't inconvenienced. Bacon? Oh, too bad you deprived yourself. Maybe cholesterol is good for you, after all. Too bad you avoided it all these years. But you can have some nice, sticky, pasty oatmeal sprinkled with bran. With this kind of expert advice, my mind hasn't got much chance arguing with my body.

My body is getting weaker though, subject to all kinds of painful twinges, toad-like growths, discolorations, scourges and sicknesses. Trouble is, a visit to the Doctor allows him to discover illnesses you never knew you had. I think lab tests are a very bad idea. You are diagnosed with

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