

Life&Style.



Week Two Deal with it

By Sharon Miki, Assistant Editor

Jacey Gibb and Sharon Miki signed up for Douglas' Biggest Loser competition with the goal of losing the highest percentage body weight in eight weeks. Join them on their noble quest as they chart their triumphs and tumbles. Winner gets the bragging right, loser eats a cockroach. Seriously.

So it's week two and I was feeling really positive about my progress after my second weigh-in this morning: I'd lost some pounds, was feeling healthy, and was fitting into older clothes with ease. Things were peachy on the BL front, until my nemesis Jacey did how he do and bested me by doubling my weight lost percentage.

Reading his text announcing his mini-victory, I sunk into a spiral of negative feelings. At first, I was doubtful—he lost an incredible amount of weight and it seemed impossible to fathom. Once he proved it, I was jealous. Why do good things always happen to Jacey? My mother always told me if you're good and kind you will always come out on top; Jacey publicly taunts me, and he loses more weight? No fair. That's where I had to stop myself—before I found myself at the bottom of a shame binge, undoing all my hard work.

For some people, weight issues come from a simple love for linguine carbonara; for others, excess poundage has more to do with emotional issues. I'm with the latter group.

Since I was a kid, I've dealt with my overwhelming feelings of self-hatred by stuffing my gullet with foodstuff—the more processed and poisonous, the better. As a teenager, I slimmed down by dealing with my demons through physical activity. In recent years,

however, I've gotten lazy and launched myself back into the cycle of eating to feel better about feeling bad about myself then feeling bad about myself because of how much I've eaten then eating to feel better about feeling bad etcetera, etcetera.

I know that if I allow myself to let Jacey's success affect me, I will fail. So, I'm not going to hide behind my favourite baggy sweatshirt and pretend like I'm not eating six servings worth of carrot cake. I'm determined to stay mindful and stay on track. He will not defeat me, even if he does, somehow, lose more weight than I do.

So why the determination now? How can I be so sure things will be different this time?

I often joke about my extreme affinity for Diet Coke, but my taste for aspartame comes from being raised in a household with a diabetic father. A few months ago, my mother was also diagnosed with Type II diabetes. I've seen the havoc that obesity-related disease can wreak on people, and with my mom's disease, I can now count both of my parents, two of my grandparents, and most of my aunts and uncles as hereditary fodder for illness. How dare I wantonly disrespect the suffering that my family has gone through by munching away my sorrows? This might have started as a quest to make my friend eat an insect, but it's become something that could mean a lot more to the rest of my life.

Sorry, Jacey. You might be ahead in the sprint, but I'm going to win this war. Clear eyes, full heart, can't lose.

Totals so far:

Jacey: -9%

Sharon: -4%

The Rival Report: an update from Waistland

By Jacey Gibb

Up until our first weigh-in, I was dreading having to write my Rival Recap. The back pain I mentioned in last week's War of the Waists reached bed-riddening heights on the following Saturday, and I missed a good chunk of my planned workouts because of it. But, an acupuncture appointment, chiropractic visit, and two hot tub rendezvous later, my back is back to normal. At least my sense of humour didn't suffer because of it!

Officially joining Team Not-Sharon is *The Other Press's* very own vegan/funny man, Joel MacKenzie. He'll be helping me do strength training during the week and will also be there to smack pieces of pizza out of my hands. Welcome aboard, sir!

As for my first weigh-in, the school's scale tells me that I've lost 22.4 lbs, or nine per cent of my body weight. I'm giving my change in eating habits the most credit here, seeing as how I've gone from eating out all the time and eating packaged, processed garbage to mostly fresh fruits, veggies, and lighter meats. It feels great to be going into Week Two with a solid seven days behind me and an even better seven ahead. See you folks next week!

I'll have a vodka cran, hold the vodka

By Allie Davison, Staff Writer

I've been drinking pretty steadily for the last eight years or so. There have definitely been times, years, when I was drinking quite heavily, but as I've matured I've come to realize that getting completely hammered ain't all it's cracked up to be. The hangovers, the blackouts, the waking up in strange places—it just got old (or maybe that was just me).

In the past few years, I've tapered off drinking a lot. Oh, I still generally drink on a weekly basis but I don't remember the last time I didn't remember anything. Progress! Yet, I have maintained a fairly high alcohol tolerance level. I can out drink most of my friends without even getting drunk.

So, when we do go out, even if I don't get drunk, I still have the highest bar tab in the joint. Something my bank account just can't afford.

An even bigger problem lately is even when I do limit myself to three or four drinks, I feel absolutely awful the next day. Stomach ache, headache, body ache, the works. Drinking, why you be hatin'?

All of this led me to make a drastic decision a few weeks ago: Allie Davison was giving up drinking. It just wasn't working anymore. A sweeping declaration was made. I promised myself not a drop of alcohol would touch these lips for the next month! Done and done.

Bold move, I know.

That lasted exactly seven days. I went out for lunch with my brother—at a pub—and caved. It had been a long week, I was tired, and I just wanted to relax. Trust me, I had all the right reasons. I ended up having three beers and a vodka cranberry (my all time fave beverage). It was good at the time, but I started feeling sick later that night.

I was sick all weekend, and because now my boyfriend is also extremely sick, I realize that it probably wasn't exactly the booze that did me in. Perhaps a little bad karma was sent my way for breaking a promise to myself? Or maybe I just had the flu.

Either way, the ban is back on. Allie Davison is giving up drinking! And this time, I mean it. It's not

going to be easy, but sometimes you just gotta' take one for the team.

Wish me luck!

