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Word count: 448

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The Low Carb Revulsion... I Mean, Revolution

“Wow! You can eat all the sausage and cheese and eggs you want...and lose weight! This is my kind of diet!”

My husband, Steve, was excited to jump on the “low-carb” bandwagon. He showed me the book he’d been reading, which I won’t name. But it rhymes with “Fatkins.”

Nobody counts calories anymore. And eating “low-fat?” Forget it. Just take away carbs, and your body goes into a state of confusion bigger than California. The pounds fly off!

It sounds too good to be true...which is exactly what I look for in a diet.

“I’m in!” I said, and we headed to Costco for “diet food.” Soon our cart was loaded with meat, cheese, and dozens, I mean DOZENS, of eggs (I think we had more eggs than the Easter Bunny).

The next morning, Steve got up early and made breakfast. I sat down in front of a huge omelet filled with cheese, a pile of sausage links, and a mound of bacon. Garnishing the plate was a large pat of butter.

“What’s the butter for?” I asked.

“I dunno, but we can have all we want, so I figured we should eat some! Isn’t it great?”

Wait a minute...I started to see a flaw with this plan. I wanted my butter ON something. Butter goes ON things. It’s like an accessory. You can’t wear a belt without pants, and you can’t have butter without something to put it on. Like toast.

But Steve patiently explained that if I ate carbs, I’d throw my body right out of “Klyposis,” or “Kractmosis,” or some other scientific-sounding “osis” that went right over my head.

It's confusing, because in the olden days carbs were part of the "four basic food groups." Of course, like the Egyptians, we eventually graduated to the food "pyramid." Then we moved on again once we realized that if we ate using a pyramid, we started to look like one.

After that we ate nothing but the new "food groups" – meat, cheese, and lots of eggs - meal after meal, until I felt like I was going to gag. Then, I experienced a painful side-effect – "Constipated-osis" – since the only fiber exposure I'd had recently was from wearing clothes.

All this was making me very, very grumpy. Finally, I'd had enough. "How long have we been on this stupid diet?" I asked.

Steve studied the calendar, calculating. "Almost three whole days!"

I answered, "I want to quit this RIGHT NOW!!"

I think he saw it my way once I described a painful side-effect HE was about to experience - "Divorce-osis."

Because his only question was, "Can you sell eggs on ebay?"