

# So You're Thinking About *Cheating*

By Dave Bock

*Hey ladies, thinking about cheating? Of course you are. Many of you do it once a week or more. You call it a cheat meal. You know - food. What did you think I meant? Here's a better question - how does the word "CHEAT" make you feel. Like you did something wrong? Like you're weak? What a way to think about food. Is your car cheating when you fill it with gas? (It's probably cheating you out of sixty bucks per fill-up, but that's beside the point.)*



I'm thinking of submitting an idea to a daytime TV talk show called, "Women Who Think They're Fat, and the Men Who Love Them." Couldn't most of us be guests on that episode?

Don't so many of us live this everyday, like a bad re-run? Here's a part of the script from every episode you'll all recognize. A man and woman get ready to go to the store - the store mind you, not even some place nice, and here's how it goes.

"I'm almost ready, I just want to put on different pants. I feel like a cow in these!" To which I reply, I mean, the guy says, "Honey, you're beautiful!" She mutters, "You have to say that, you're my husband."

Most of us guys are smart enough to drop it and keep the fact that we've just been called a liar to ourselves. The ones who aren't that smart show up at work with a black eye and a lame excuse about getting hit in the face by a fly ball.

My wife is beautiful, but always insists that she doesn't see herself that way. She's a mom, personal trainer, a figure competitor, and the list goes on. She eats very healthy, or "clean", as she likes to say. Does that make her dirty when she deviates from her regimen here and there? A cheater? A weakling?

Her job and figure career are physically demanding. Not to mention being a mom and having to put up with me and our schizophrenic cat. She also has to cope with thyroid problems,

reactive hypoglycemia, and fibromyalgia. So, after a particularly tough week of all of the above, I start to watch out for what I call, "The Look." It's a crazed look in the eye followed by a slow circling of the kitchen area. Sometimes the cat joins in and I feel like I'm on safari in Africa. I hide behind the couch and listen carefully. I start to hear things like, "I really want pizza." Or, "Do we have any cheese?" This is generally followed by a look of guilt for even thinking of such blasphemy. Next, everything in the fridge is eaten, or more accurately, swallowed whole. I often tell her, her teeth are in mint condition because she never uses them. Now, it's all good healthy food, but not what she wants. When the dust clears she says, "I should have had pizza."

Recently, I did the unthinkable. I changed the channel. I saw "The Look" and rather than hide behind the safety of the sofa and cower with my son, I immediately got her and my son to the corner pizza joint for emergency rations. And you know what? The sun still came up the next day. We didn't have to widen the doors to get her out of the house. She's still beautiful inside and out. I didn't marry her based on an acceptable weight range - I simply married...her.

So go ahead ladies. Cheat, I mean, eat. Eat healthy, exercise, and have some pizza once in a while. You're all gorgeous!



*Dave is a middle manager by day, and an artist, writer, musician, photographer, and in spite of some injuries, an athlete by night. His primary objective is to make the world a better place and have fun doing it. It all starts with family. We're all superheroes and we've all got our own Kryptonite, so be nice to someone today - will ya! Don't be afraid, try it! If you make one person smile, you've succeeded. Dave and his wife, Karen have a ten year old son, Alex. You can contact Dave at [dbock@phillyfitmagazine.com](mailto:dbock@phillyfitmagazine.com)*