

Error Error – Life on the wagon

Amongst the stuff that we inherited when we purchased our Golden Girl was a set of bathroom scales. Neither of us are overly obsessive about our weight but on the basis of not looking a gift horse in the mouth, and the fact that they looked quite expensive, we decided to keep them. It turns out that they don't really work on a boat. The problem is that of shifting weight. I don't mean that we are dieting so furiously that the scales can't keep up with us.

No, the problem is that when you stand on the scales the boat rocks and the electronics in the workings can't understand what's going on. About four out of five attempts result in a long delay before "EE" is displayed. I am assuming that at least one of those letters stands for Error, your guess is as good as mine as to the other one. Electronic Error perhaps? Or maybe just Eating Excessively. Anyway, the point is you have to keep stepping on and off the scales multiple times before you get a reading. Just attempting to find out your

current weight is probably a reasonable workout and may in fact result in a steady stream of diminishing readings if you keep at it long enough.



Captions welcome

As I said I don't usually bother with such things but as I have

joined the flock of sober sheep that are doing Dry January I thought I might just weigh myself once a week to see what difference an absence of alcohol might make. After a prolonged session of what must have looked like the easiest step exercises ever, I managed to get two identical readings indicating that I had lost 3lbs. I hastily stepped off the scales and put them away before they changed their mind.

This is the third time in four years that I've done Dry January. I didn't do it last year because I

was worried that I might be developing a habit. It's been much easier this year in that I know what to expect, know I can do it and there is altogether less drama about the whole affair. I think I do it mostly to prove to myself that I'm still in charge, thus giving myself permission to drink again for eleven months of the year. I've never felt for one minute that I was in danger of becoming dependent on drink but I do have an alcoholic gene in me so I'm always aware that the potential is there given the right circumstances. Besides it's nice

to spend a month sleeping like a log, eating like a horse and waking up every morning feeling as fresh as a daisy. If you've never tried it maybe you should give it a go next year and find out what it's like to experience a variety of life forms other than your own.