

First World Dilemma

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11am Sunday

Busted with my finger in the peanut butter jar and ripping a baguette apart with my teeth.

“Thought you were dieting,” snooted Sara as she emerged from the bedroom catching me red-handed.

“After this,” I muffled with a mouth stuffed full of bread.

She flicked her hair extensions behind her as she picked up a tabloid magazine from the coffee table. Her loose-fitting joggers outlined a perfectly taut bum which she’d achieved from the weighted squats she did daily at the gym.

“Well I hope you washed your hands. You’re not the only one in this house who likes to eat you know.”

She strutted to the fridge, prudently selected a bowl of grapes and returned to the bedroom.

12pm Sunday

Kicked my feet up in front of the TV, accompanied by the last slice of a baked cheesecake.

Sara materialised like an obsessed stalker. “Thought you said you were on a diet.”

Shocked by her sudden appearance, I swallowed a spoonful of cheesecake down the wrong way and coughed. “Just finishing this first.”

Her fixed stare, bloated lips, and false eyelashes resembled an emu the moment before it attacks.

Instead she spat, “The key is willpower, you know.”

She marched to the kitchen, smoothed a wedge of avocado over a rice cracker and returned to the bedroom to continue her microscopic examination of the world’s most beautiful people.

1pm Sunday

Grabbed a packet of salted caramel pretzels from the pantry and a cold beer from the fridge.

Snuck to the lounge, took a swig of beer but kept a cautious eye on the bedroom door. Thought I’d made it. But there she was. Hands on hips, blocking my view of the football.

“A new type of diet, no doubt?”

I repressed a burp and held up my beer. “Low carb.”

The injections they’d put in her forehead didn’t allow her to frown but I could tell she was angry from the lump that bulged like an inverted horn above her nose. Exasperated by my lack of self-discipline, she stormed off.

2pm Sunday

Rang for a pizza, double cheesy garlic bread and an oozy chocolate lava cake.

She poked her head out. Watched me make the phone call. No protest. She just retreated into her cave.

Thirty-six minutes later the door-bell buzzed. I tipped the delivery driver, put my feet up, slapped open the box, began to salivate, and was just about to take a bite when I heard the creak of the bedroom door.

“What’s this then?” she half-scolded but lacked any actual conviction.

“Starting tomorrow.”

“Great. I’m starving!” She plunked down next to me and dug in. Scoffed everything.

After she finished she snuggled into my shoulder like a content kitten resting on a padded pillow. “Love you babe. So glad you appreciate me for who I really am,” she purred.

“Same.”