

028 W5 Doom and Gloom Report March 29, 2019

Hi. Liz Underhill here. And I'm here dishing up Real Life Stories from behind my bifocals, where we share with you some uplifting and funny things happening, hoping to bring a smile to your lips and a warmth to your heart for the brief moments we are together here.

Boy, I realize trying to get a job in this economy I have to have my wits working double time. A local newspaper was looking for a news reporter. I knew that was something I could do, and landed an interview.

There I was folks, sitting in front of a chunky interviewer who obviously couldn't see out of her horn-rimmed glasses as she kept her steely eyes on me by glaring over the top of them, but I ignored that by winking at her. I figured her problem was she was jealous of me, you know my good looks and all.

She said she didn't think I suited the job, as I had no resume (whatever that is), but she was obliged to let me write an article. She warned me that the story had to include the 5 W's of journalism: who, what, where, when and why.

I told her I wouldn't have a problem with that as I was always firing questions at my Clem like - who he was out with, and what he was doing that was more important than me, where he had been when I had been calling and why he didn't answer.

This seemed like a simple assignment to me. I began to write what I thought was the clincher to my getting the job. You be the judge.

Who - Companies

What - Trim Corporate Fat

Where - Everywhere

When - Everyday

Why - To compete in the global market.

Sound familiar? I'm tired of this daily report in our newspapers. Do I need to hear this? I'm faced daily with my own doom and gloom statistics.

Who . Liz Underhill

What - Trim Spandex Fat

Where - Everywhere

When - Everyday

Why - To compete in the local meat market.

Enough is Enough!

I'm tired of dieting, pills, fat farms, exercising, and everything that goes with trying to stuff this size 18 into a beanpole size 12.

I see all the advertising. Who are they kidding? The last time I saw hips that size was when I measured one thigh. How about those slinky dresses with no back? I too, used to have a slender, unwrinkled back, just like those models, but as I grew older, I developed those gorgeous ~~love~~ handles+now known as ~~ski~~ slopes+

How about exercise videos? I sit and watch those Skinny Minnies trying to convince me that exercise is good for me. All that jumping is bad for the eyesight! I do sit-ups and that is enough.

Each morning around 3 a.m., I sit up, get out of bed and go piddle. The next time my body is conscious is when the alarm goes off and wrenches me up from a deep sleep. I then get dressed and take Cranky Cat for a walk.

I even tried pool fitness at the Y in town. I now know what six lashes with a wet noodle means. I took a round foam pole with me to keep me afloat, (they called it a noodle).

This thing was a contortionist! If I sat on it, the thing buckled and came up between my legs, while pinning my head underwater. I was mugged, punched, and dumped by this thing. I wasn't fit to do anything after that outing!

Enough is Enough!

Who . Liz Underhill

What - Pitch the Corset.

Where - At the advertisers.

When - Immediately

Why - So I can binge at the local meat market.

And how was your day? **p.s. I didn't get the job!**

Subject: Men's Age You are in the middle of a few projects around at your home: putting in a new fence, painting the basement walls, putting in a new garden. You are hot and sweaty, covered in dust, lawn clippings, dirt and paint. You have your old work clothes on.

You know the outfit -- shorts with the hole in the crotch, old T-shirt with a stain from who-knows-what, and an old pair of tennis shoes. Right in the middle of these projects you realize you need to run to Home Depot for supplies.

Depending on your age you might do the following:

In your 20s:

Stop what you are doing. Shave, take a shower, blow dry your hair, brush your teeth, floss and put on clean clothes. Check yourself in the mirror and flex. Add a dab of your favourite cologne because, you never know, you just might meet some hot chick while standing in the checkout line. And yes, you went to school with the pretty girl running the register.

In your 30s:

Stop what you are doing, put on clean shorts and shirt. Change your shoes. You married the hot chick so no need for much else. Wash your hands and comb your hair. Check yourself in the mirror. Still got it. Add a shot of your favourite cologne to cover the smell. The cute girl running the register is the kid sister to someone you went to school with.

In your 40s:

Stop what you are doing. Put on a sweatshirt that is long enough to cover the hole in the crotch of your shorts.

Put on different shoes and a hat. Wash your hands. Your bottle of Brute is almost empty, so don't waste any of it on a trip to Home Depot. Check yourself in the mirror and do more sucking in than flexing. The hot young thing running the register is your daughter's age and you feel weird about thinking she's spicy.

In your 50s:

Stop what you are doing. Put on a hat. Wipe the dirt off your hands onto your shirt. Change shoes because you don't want to get dog crap in your new sports car. Check yourself in the mirror and swear not to wear that shirt anymore because it makes you look fat.

The cutie running the register smiles when she sees you coming and you think you still have it. Then you remember -- the hat you have on is from Bubba's Bait & Beer Bar and it says, 'I Got Worms'.

In your 60s:

Stop what you are doing. No need for a hat any more. Hose the dog crap off your shoes. The mirror was shattered when you were in your 50s. You hope you have underwear on so nothing hangs out the hole in your pants. The girl running the register may be cute but you don't have your glasses on, so you're not sure.

In your 70s:

Stop what you are doing. Wait to go to Home Depot until the drug store has your prescriptions ready too. Don't even notice the dog crap on your shoes. The young thing at the register stares at you and you realize something is hanging out the hole in your crotch.

In your 80s:

Stop what you are doing. Start again. Then stop again. Now you remember you need to go to Home Depot. Go to Wal-Mart instead. You went to school with the old lady greeter. You wander around trying to remember what you are looking for. Then you let out gas loudly and think someone called your name.

In your 90s and beyond:

What's a home deep hoe? Something for my garden? Where am I? Who am I? Why am I reading this?

Did I send it? Did you? Who let out gas?

Music:

Trivia: The youngest pope was 11 years old.

The first novel ever written on a typewriter: Tom Sawyer.

%am.+is the shortest complete sentence in the English language.

Q. What trivia fact about Mel Blanc (voice of Bugs Bunny) is the most ironic?

A. He was allergic to carrots.

Q. There are more collect calls on this day than any other day of the year?

A. Father's Day.

I'd love to hear from you and if you'd would please send us an email at liz@lizunderhill.com or visit us at souptanuts.com, and leave us a comment. If you'd like to be part of our show by sharing a real life story of your own with our friends, or even if you'd like to be interviewed live, please put that in the email to let us know and as our gift to you, I'd like to share a free book I wrote called *Flying By The Seat of Your Cans*. Meanwhile, take care, keep smiling, until the next time. Bye for now.