

New Year's resolutions

By Trish Beaver

This year I have made New Year's resolutions that I am determined to keep. I am an expert at making and failing New Year's resolutions and by February that peppy feeling of "get up and go" has got up and left the building.

By Valentine's Day, having failed to locate, let alone snag, a rich and generous husband, I'm sifting through piles of paperwork on my desk looking for the repeat script for Prozac.

There are websites dedicated to coaching you through the New Year period, and if you are going to take this tradition seriously, you can sign up with a life coach and really start cracking on those goals.

But I have realised that I have been getting it all wrong I am setting my goals way too low. The old lose weight, make money and find a partner thing is far too prosaic.

The thing is to make your goals achievable. My first goal will be not to win the Lotto.

Let's be realistic here - how many people do you know who've won the Lotto? We see the little balls in the machine on TV and we see the serious auditors make notes on their pads, but where are the winners?

So I will endeavour this year not to scoop the Lotto, and heck, if I am, by some cosmic fluke, a winner, I will just have to go for therapy to deal with this massive disappointment.

The other thing I have decided is not to lose weight. The more I run away from calories, the more they chase me like gremlins with a vengeance. They attach themselves to my thighs and hips like mini-limpet mines.

I have enough adipose tissue to donate to Ethiopia and other starving nations, and the more I wish it away, it comes back.

I have spent thousands of rands on weight-loss gadgets, pills, vibrating pads, electric-impulse stimulators, creams and gels and home exercise equipment, and still the calories find me.

I have tried hypnosis, reputable weight-slimming clubs and homeopathy. The salesmen in those telesales stores love me. They see me coming and their eyes flip over and start ringing like a cash register.

This year I will not spend money on a single slimming aid or pill and I will instead learn to love my body. It may not be the sleek racing car it once was, but it can still get from A to B.

So, Playboy, now's the time to offer me that nude centrefold photoshoot that Jennifer Love-Hewitt turned down. I'm ready.

My motto will be: shake rattle and roll, baby! I think this reverse psychology will totally outwit the calorie gremlins and they'll have to find another neurotic dieter to bug.

This year I am not going to make more money take that, Mr Taxman, and smoke it! Instead I think I will spit in the eye of materialism and just go with the flow.

Sweating about keeping up with the Joneses or the Buthelezi is so uncool. Brand labels be damned, I will shop with the masses and learn to live within my means. Earning more money just means spending more.

Also, 2008 is the year I am not going to have fun. Every year I think I am going to get my groove back and hello it's still missing.

I am going to be realistic and grown up and realise that belly-dancing and bonsai trees are about as much fun as I'm meant to have.

I have growing children and a bond - these are not good ingredients for fun. But if anything else comes along, well, that would be a huge bonus.

Now that I've made my list, I feel so much better.

Last year I didn't do hard drugs, was not sexually harassed by Brad Pitt and I managed not to go to the dentist more than twice. So I'm slowly becoming a New Year's resolution achiever. Believe me, you can too.

Happy New Year.

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Human beings are born naked and coming down is also left naked, we are living in the nude campaign.

-- That in mind

Freedom naked campaign

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This beautiful scene continued for a while after disappearing completely, and people can no longer find from the sky in the slightest trace. I look at the empty sky rise, their inclination to bow to see the shadow, has been found to have entered the evening can not be avoided.

The sun sets.

Darkness in the sky under the cover of all the influx of housing, so I feel a dim beautiful. Bleak in the dark in my house quickly solidified, and this kind of solidification for four weeks Jingde surprisingly, faint moonlight through the dirty windows shone into my house, the only one to give me guidance moonlight as a clear road . But I can not go forward along that road, the end of the road as far away from me is, I can not reach, but also unable to reach.

More importantly, that road is not the end of my world.

Rising Sun Dongsheng.

From my host cities to the local clouds are a very long distance from this fractured when he was young, I had extremely intoxicated, when all the impulse of youth and dreams revolve around this around, like a rainbow after the rain Road Yinghui Go Away. Now, I stand in a loss full of clouds from the recent peaks on top. Look at the clouds overhead, look at the foot of the mountain for those busy life of people go back and forth, I felt dizzy dizzying.

On that day, when I walk in the Peak when seen wearing several color clothes, they look very strange, they have a young body, but of the old faces, as if every person have stricken the vicissitudes of life and their warm and I was prodded, as a group of old friends again after years of separation come together. They hailed the enthusiasm of those very special play, they used very special vision looked at me, then asked: You really, you are ... you are not already dead?

I shook his head, and told them admit people.

They are convinced that may not admit their own people. One of them said: Do you really are dead, I saw, and you jumping from the roof, floor Below is a hard cement floor, you are wearing a suit of armor also killed.

I rotate the body, to let them know I was alive.

How can this be? You jumped to a clearly. That person asked me, Do you know who we are?

I shook his head, but feel that they look familiar.

You know who is your own? The person asked.

I continue to shake their heads. I am not saying no fear, I have forgotten what, I can not remember who they are, can not recall who we are, I can only vaguely remember a certain period of time in the past to live very disgraceful. During that time, I have been reluctant to be, lost to lose. I now do, are done for those disgraceful cover up. But in order to meet their enthusiasm, I still ask them to the foot of the mountain sat in a teahouse sitting. The waitresses wear Guxiangguse the pot for our bubble tea Yan. I put them before the January 1 Daoman cup, and then sat on a sofa to listen to them carefully said.

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About the Author

From www.iol.co.za:

The advent of nude exercise resorts, gyms and home workout videos has given health nuts an. Here are 5 tips for starting your own nude exercise. Weight loss just got a bit more interesting. The advent of nude exercise resorts, gyms and home workout videos has given health nuts an additional. It is a simple concept and many women state that it is freeing to be able to perform the aerobic exercises in the buff. Performing nude aerobics. It is usually best to do this exercise nude, and it is highly recommended that such practice be adhered to at all times possible. Keep lighting. In the 1800s, gymnastics exercises using rings, bars, balls and mats were. In Ancient Greece, most athletic competitions took place in the nude. After the bath, exercise nude before an open window, if the outside temperature permits. Soon the circulation and skin action will improve. Watch seemingly casual exercises end in sweat, tears, and highly erotic suffering! Hot girls come to our trainers, and they give the chicks. The advent of nude exercise resorts, gyms and home workout videos has given health nuts an additional option for shedding.

Source: <http://www.productsherbal.com>