



Dear **(beloved husband/significant other/co-parent/lovely wife/offspring)**,

You may have noticed that my **(butt/gut/thighs) (have/has)** spread in the last few **(decades/9 months/weeks/holidays)** and is now **(wider than an ax handle/looking' like a pony keg/preventing me from wearing corduroy as friction may ignite a thigh fire)**.

I am trying to **(lose a few pounds/shrink the muffin top/fit into my old football jersey/see my toes/be able to go upstairs without requiring oxygen)**. I have decided to **(count calories/reduce carbohydrates/switch to light beer/move around more)**. You may notice strange things in the crisper next to the bacon, they're called vegetables. I will do this with or without your support but seeing as I **(let you get the big screen TV./tolerate your mother/never missed Muffins w/Mom/never missed Dough-nuts with Dads)** would appreciate you respect my choices.

Please don't **(offer me seconds/leave leftover pizza/order an extra French fry)**. When you say **(but it's a birthday party/it's only one/you deserve a treat/looked I baked yummy cookies)** I know you're trying to be nice but it does not help me. When I talk about my eating plan and you **(roll your eyes/snort/laugh about it with your mother)** it makes me feel **(angry/sad/lonely/a teensy bit murderous)**.

Because I know you love me and want me around to **(wash the socks/mow the lawn/drive you places/destroy you when we play Jeopardy)** for years to come. Here are a few ways you can **(help/stay out of my way)**. The proper way to ask me about my progress is to say *how was your weigh in* NOT *did you lose anything?* If I say **(good/fine/horrifying)** this means I've **(not lost/gained/want to beat someone up)** and you should just **(give me a hug/suggest we take a walk together/shut up)**. If I say I lost weight you can say **(you look so great/way to go/I still don't think you need to lose an ounce)**. I may or may not share how much I've lost or gained.

If I have inspired you to **(get off your butt/eat a carrot/buy me something nice)** great! But if you continue to **(laugh at me/push food on me/load the dishwasher like a psychopath)** I will file it away on the list I keep in my head. If you are supportive it will also be duly noted.

And keep in mind I **(love you just the way you are/support your choices/think you're the bees knees/know you let me win at Jeopardy)** and that taking care of my health means I can better take care of you. If you disregard this letter I have no choice but to invite MY mother to come live with us.

Love,  
The Nurturing Dieter