

Uber Activity

Written by David Howard

First thing Saturday morning, I get a call from a good pal o' mine...

"What are you doing?"

"Well CPG is running.. so I was going to read this comic I found (GREEN HORNET: KICK ASS!!) then perform an aria declaring love (because CPG reads my blog) and then a nap, some laundry and finally "getting that cobweb"

"Uh I need to move today.. the short story is that the cops and hookers keep visiting my roommate"



Which sounds much more fun than my day's plan (except for the GREEN HORNET PART).

While happy to do it, I was concerned about 4-5 hours of activity. Walking, lifting, sweating and all the stuff that comes with the joys of helping a friend move. All this Uber Activity could put me in lows for the entire day.. I would have to eat a lot.

But friends help friends move. It's a gauge. Real Friends help move.

All the guys who are going to be in my eventual wedding "court" have helped me move.

Moving sucks. It's stressful... it's tetris.. except you have to move all those blocks...and they are heavy.... and then your friends make fun of you for the weird shit they find... which you haven't seen in years...

"Your bedframe is trashed... NICE!!!"

"The porn bin is sticky... what were you thinking??"

"Wow... that's a lotta lube, why do you own so much toilet paper... ?"

"You have "Suburbia" Let's watch that! I haven't seen that since I was a kid!!!"

"Is that a slice of Papa's Pizza? They've been outta business for years... Damn it's STILL good!"

Moving is always what a bachelor party should be. A good look at your former life...

Yet we prefer alternative entertainment. A move really shows the last few years.

Fortunately, he caught me before I take my normal shot of 35 units. With all that extra activity I am told that a should have a good amount of both carbs and protein as a base. Which is also a great advice if one was a young lady, say, going to go the Aqua Lounge in Beverly Hills for an Oscar party and drinking Martinis. It really helps the ole stomach...

People should really listen to me more often.

I cut my Lantus intake to 25 units and eat some bacon, eggs, toast, coffee and hash browns. I sploit and get to Santa Monica by noon. Greet the roommate and congratulate my pal on his new gig at Warner Brothers and move to the San Fernando Valley. This is a big lie, but apparantly my pal thought it was easier than having the "You're a Freaking Psycho" conversation.

We start off easy, each loading a car with several boxes of stuff. Amazingly, I hit a perfect 100 just before our lunch break at 2:00. It was forboding.. we really hadn't done that much work at this point and the afternoon was a promise of beds, dressers and a 150 lb tv set.

So we nosh at Jerry's Deli. While not a big french fry eater I have a few (oil and potatoes mixed together give you a sustained high blood sugar) along with a grilled cajun sandwich and mixed fruit. Which are also high in carbs. When I was first diagnosed the only thing I could put down (and keep down) was Jamba Juice. This would also explain the 800 I hit.

I take just two units (with no activity I would probably do about 7) and back to work. The rest of the day was a struggle to keep them up. Beds, dressers, tables, couches and as I mentioned a 150 lbs. "tv set my pal gave to me as a "Thanks for Helping out" Which by the way beats the hell out of pizza and beers. I can feel "that sweat" coming. Not the satisfying sweat of a good day of hard work. But the back sweat. The other guys are sweating too so I am guessing I am doing okay. When you are the only one sweating that when you know you are in trouble.

But man that TV was heavy. Around 5:00, we managed to get it into my Mustang Coupe, however, using 5th gear or Reverse was out of the question. I knew I needed to eat something I was feeling sweaty but not yet panicked. I had packed some Gatorade and that took the edge off. Now since I can't back up, It severely limits where I can park and grab something quick. I didn't want McDonalds... or any kind of drive thru food... and pretty much anything else would require backing up.

A-HA! Gas Station with Mini Mart! I know this sounds gross, but it was pretty much my only option at this point. So at this point I have a half a PayDay bar (carbs and protein) and Tuna Sandwich, some smoke house almonds and a Pepsi One. And NO insulin. We continue the move which was not the worst move I have ever gone through, but man, was it a lot of stuff and we were hurryng as it was getting dark.

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I wrap it up and am feeling about 100. With all the activity I know I am gonna drop soon. So I finish the other half of the Payday bar. I got the sweats. I look at the crown of my 49ers hat and it's stained with the work of pores throughout the day. I smell.

I go over to CPG's house for a shower and have a well deserved beer. An MGD has rarely tasted this good. I am burnt so I know I am not having sex tonight.. another act of physical activity.. but I am at a 200.

Your body keeps working for up to 24 hours after any kind of physical activity... walking to the market or running a marathon. CPG, an ultra- marathon runner, tells me that for a week after running a marathon that you are working on negative calories. Eat whatever the hell you want.

I used to do Sarah Ivanhoe's Fat Burning Yoga, which I enjoy, but I feel like such a pussy for not being able to do this in a class. I tank out during the workout and need sugar. Then you fall asleep and suddenly wake up in the middle of the night with a 40 (Zero is dead) and I forgot to buy stuff and end up eating raw rice to shoot me back up an hour from now. Now I keep a ginger ale on my nightstand and a cake frosting in CPG's girlfriend's nightstand (which does have it's bonuses)... ever have to quit sex in the middle to get a soda? It's quite humbling. More on SEX later.... but CPG always brings me a snack after sex.... that's SO hot...really...

Great sex... then Pizza... it's the American Dream...

This bit is about moving...

I am at 200...

200.

200.

200 is high... but my body is working....

CPG makes me an English Muffin with Peanut Butter.... I dont do any insulin....

I wake up at a perfect 98.

I can do this. I can do this. I can do this.

I can do more than push ups and sit ups... I can do something real.. I can do something.

If I can move someone for 6-8 hours... I can do a run in the morning.. I can do a Yoga Tape...

I can be a good diabetic.

