Stage 1 - Denial.

The 5 Stages Of Grief. By: The CDP. Wait. All I ate today was a sub from Cousins? That can't possibly be right.



Stage 2 - Anger.

What in the hell is wrong with me? How can I expect myself to properly function when I force my body to run on nothing but French bread and provolone? Am I slow? This is why Dad never calls, because he knows I'm an idiot and I'll be dead in 2 years.



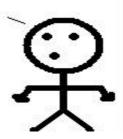
Stage 3 - Bargaining.

Starting today, I'm a new man, damn it. I'm going to run 5 blocks every afternoon, buy an Ablisolator from the Sharper Image, and make something of this bland, shapeless lump that is my body. Anything; I just don't want to die today.



Stage 4 - Depression.

What was I thinking? I can't do any of these things. I'm a failure with a stupid job, a wife that's seconds from walking out on me, and a body that's sure to betray me for all the years of neglect and Skittles.



Stage 5 - Acceptance.

16-inch please, extra mayo. Make it to-go; I've got casket shopping to do.

