

**The 5 Stages Of Grief.**  
**By: The CDP.**

**Stage 1 - Denial.**

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 Ab-  
Isolator 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.

