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The Constant Dieter

Always on the verge of losing it



Nicole

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Constant Dieter Blog Author Bio

April 20, 2007 at 12:00 AM by Nicole S | [comment](#)

I love food. I love to cook. I love going out to good restaurants. But unfortunately, all this love has given me 20 (sometimes more like 25-30) extra pounds to carry around. And I hate that I've become a conflicted, cranky dieter. [MORE](#) >

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Cookie Coup

April 24, 2007 at 12:00 AM by Unknown | [2 comments](#)

Let's get one thing straight right off the bat: In this blog, I will never talk about the exact number I see on the scale. You know from my bio that I need to lose 20 pounds (more or less) but that's all you're getting from me in terms of numbers. I'll let you fantasize about whether I'm 130 pounds or 230 pounds. ;)

Anyway, I have a confession to make: I am addicted to the cookies in my office cafeteria. They're fresh and (seem like) homemade. I particularly like the peanut butter cookies, but the chocolate chip with M&M's are equally yummy. I have this ritual: I never buy them with my lunch, thinking that if I don't have them within arm's reach, I won't want them. But inevitably, at about 3:30pm, something inside me yells about needing something sweet. (I swear it's a yell because if it was a whisper I could ignore it.) I hold off as long as possible, but most days I give in.

I head down to the cafeteria with the intention of getting just one cookie – just one! – but I always leave with three. Why? Is it that I'm that much of a pig? Well, yes, but not entirely. The deal they run in the café is this: 1 cookie for \$.50 or 3 cookies for \$1.25. Now, let's be real: Who can eat just one cookie, even with the best of intentions? Not me. And since the special is for three, the most appealing option is to just buy three. But now I'm wondering, Why isn't there a special for only 2 cookies instead of just 1 or 3?

Well, today I decided to ask. I wrote to the customer service team at the cafeteria:

Dear Cafeteria,

I love your cookies. They are obviously made from scratch, making them so irresistible that I end up eating them everyday. But may I ask, Why is there only a special for 3 cookies, and not 2? No one can eat just one cookie. And for those of pretending to watch our waistslines, a special for three is just asking for trouble. Two cookies I can rationalize; three is just piggy.

So to help other wannabe dieters out there, will you please consider making a special for 2? Thanks in advance.

about this blog

Good Housekeeping's Constant Dieter blogs about her love of food, her frustrations with dieting, and her struggles to reach her perfect weight.

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Within 24 hours, I received the nicest response:

Dear Nicole,

Thanks for bringing this to our attention! As of tomorrow, we will now be offering 2 cookies for \$.85.

Woo hoo! I feel like I've won the fight not just for me, but for other employee waistlines in my office building. I know I shouldn't be eating cookies in the first place, but at least this will help me eat only two. Goes to show that speaking up can be a good thing!

How I was good today: Only put one scoop of salad dressing onto my salad, instead of two. Also managed to not drown the salad in fixings like raisins and croutons and stuck mainly to veggies and chicken. For dinner, I popped a Lean Cuisine in the microwave (Macaroni and Cheese, my fave) and had a Purdue baked chicken breast on the side.

How I was bad today: Well, okay, I ate three cookies as I mentioned above. But I figured it was my last day to do it before I am forced to eat only two tomorrow.

What I managed to avoid today: Not going back for ANOTHER round of three cookies!

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Thinking About Eating

April 25, 2007 at 12:00 AM by Nicole S | [comment](#)

The next person who tells me, "I was so busy today, I forgot to eat!" is going to get a wallop. How in the world can one forget to eat? It makes no sense to me at all. Wouldn't you start to wilt? Wouldn't your stomach remind you to eat by letting out a growl? Not having time to eat is one thing; not remembering must be B.S.

Personally, my stomach never stops talking to me. I want to eat constantly. In fact, I practically revolve my day around what I'm going to eat next:

9am

Get to the office and go to cafeteria for breakfast. Hmmm.... Eggs and turkey bacon look yummy. Get some

.11am

Look at today's cafeteria menu and start thinking about what to have for lunch. Mexican tacos - mmm.

11:30

Take another peek at the menu. Maybe I'll go for a sandwich instead of the tacos - it's gotta be a bit healthier, no?

12:00

Want to get lunch, but need to hold out longer because if I go now, I'll be starving again at 3pm.

12:30

Should I go now? Can I wait another half hour?

12:45

Not waiting anymore because if I do, the lines will be ridiculous.

12:50

Waiting in line for the tacos after all.

1:10

Eating the tacos, plus the nachos that were given on the side.

2pm

Should I go back to the cafeteria for a snack for later? If I don't, I'll be wilting by 5. I can get something healthy, like a piece of fruit. Well, I'll just think about it for now.

3pm

Going back to the cafeteria to get my snack for later. And maybe some cookies. No, wait, no cookies. Nicole, you're dieting. Well, okay maybe just one. I've been good today. End up with a banana and two cookies, thanks to the new price deal.

3:01pm

Eat cookies immediately.

5pm

Eat the banana.

7pm

Eat dinner with a client at a great Italian restaurant. Eggplant parm. Yum.

11pm

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Drank wine with client and now need something salty. Grab an open bag of Fritos and ingest a few handfuls before getting into bed.

Anyway, you get the idea. Food is constantly on my mind! So the next time someone says, "I was so busy I forgot to eat!" I'm going to respond with sympathy, saying, "Gosh, I can't imagine being devoid of a basic instinct like hunger. How sad. Have you had that checked out?"

How I was good today: Didn't get guacamole with my tacos. Also ate only two tacos instead of the three they gave me. Pat on the back for my attempt at portion control!

How I was bad today: Yeah, okay, ate two cookies but at least it wasn't three.

What I avoided today: Ordering an appetizer at my dinner meeting. My client had one but I said no! Way to go.

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Results Not Typical

April 25, 2007 at 12:00 AM by Nicole S | [comment](#)

I'm starting to think about how to not gross out myself at the beach this summer, which naturally means going on some kind of diet. This morning I was walking my dog Finn (my main form of exercise, btw), and I passed a Jenny Craig center. Not surprisingly, there was a big picture of Kirstie Alley in the window, looking all svelte and happy. What I never noticed before was the fine print under her picture that said, "Results not typical." What does that mean exactly? Did she have a personal chef instead heating the food in a microwave? Or maybe she had a consultant with her 24/7 to physically pull her away from noshing on the wrong things? Well, whatever it was that she did, it clearly isn't something I will be able to replicate. Very unfair! I feel like I've been lead on. Here I was, eagerly following her progress for a year now, actually getting inspired by her "before" and "after" photos. And now I'm told that even if I try as hard as I can, I probably won't achieve results like she did. Grrr...I feel duped.

But despite that, I've been on Jenny before and enjoyed it. The food is reasonably good (although watch out for that tuna salad! Yuck-o). It also did wonders for portion control education. I can still size up a plate and see if it'd fit in a Jenny box. Who knows - maybe I'll try it again someday. Not now, though. I still can't stomach Chicken al Fredo after eating so many when I was on Jenny the first time.

How I was good today: Fried an egg this morning, and used Pam instead of butter. I swear there's no difference and it's an easy way to cut calories. Put the egg on a whole wheat English muffin and drank water with it instead of the Orange-Pineapple juice I really wanted.

How I was bad today: Put cheddar cheese on my egg sandwich. Munched late night on Cinnamon life cereal, somewhere in the neighborhood of 11pm (munched meaning like 3 bowls. Yikes.)

What I managed to avoid today: On my walk with the dog, we passed about 5 vendors selling ice cream and hot dogs. I dream of the day I can stop, scarf a hot dog with the works, and top it off with a Good Humor Strawberry Shortcake. But I managed to say no today.

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Dieting Tips...From a Dog?

May 21, 2007 at 12:00 AM by Nicole S | [comment](#)

Anyone who knows me knows how much I love my puppy, Finn. He's so adorable! He's a boxer mix and a little over a year old. He's also in really, really good shape. Sometimes I can't believe his muscles - they literally bulge out from his legs. In fact, people at the park often tell me how fit he looks! So I figure I should do everything possible to keep him strong and healthy. Almost every morning I take him for a walk through the park...which is good for me as well since it gets in a bit of exercise for both of us. (Only he runs around much more than I do. I'll have to work on that. Too bad I can't catch a Frisbee in my mouth like he does. Ha.)

Recently, though, he was finicky when it came to eating. I would leave him kibble in the morning before work, only to return at night to a full bowl. It took me a few days to realize why: He doesn't like to eat alone! He likes to eat when someone's home. So now we have a ritual: I come home, prepare his food - and mine - and we eat dinner together. Same for breakfast.

Sure, it's cute, I know. :) But it got me thinking about the downsides of eating alone. For me, it's the easiest way to binge because no one's watching what (or how much) I put in my mouth. Plus, I usually graze in front of the television if I have no one to talk with. An evil combo for the waistline! So I'm going to try to eat with company

whenever possible - my husband, friends, family, and yes, even my dog. It'll hold me accountable for what I eat and besides, it's much more fun to eat with others.

The other cue I want to take from him is how *much* he eats: He doesn't linger over a long meal with multiple courses; he just eats what he's served and that's it. Munch, munch, done. Sure, he begs for more but that only lasts about a half second because he quickly remembers he's not getting anything more. I know I can learn from that! I can certainly try to eat only what's on my plate for dinner and not go back to the fridge again and again for more. I can eat, put my plate away, and then move on to something else entirely...like playing with Finn! I'll be sure to let you know how this goes.

How I was good today: Asked for my salad dressing on the side instead of having it dressed it for me. I still used the whole container but it was a small one.

How I was bad today: Two cookies after lunch. Had to have something sweet. 9

What I avoided today: Only had one piece of cake at a co-worker's birthday party. Easy because the cake was way too sweet but, hey, at least I only had one piece!

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Clothing Camouflage

May 23, 2007 at 9:00 AM by Nicole S | [comment](#)

I imagine that even the skinniest of women have certain hard-to-shop-for clothes but for me, it's always pants. I'm short (5'1") and about 20 pounds overweight (more or less). Petite pants are often too tight at the butt, and regular pants need to be hemmed. And I hate getting pants hemmed. They never look right! You can always tell they were hemmed. (Well, except for jeans. You always have to ask for the "original" hem to remain...I learned that the hard way.)

But today I have a success story to tell! I went to the Gap and their cropped/Capri pants actually fit me perfectly. They're not capris on me, but they hit at just the right spot for a nice, summer pant -- at the bottom of my calf, just above my ankle. I can't believe I never thought about it before: pants for shorter people are really capris for taller people! I feel so happy -- this is going to give me so many clothing options now.

The other success is that I easily fit into a size 12 at the Gap. Is it me or have they changed their sizing? Or maybe they've added more stretch fabric? Gap pants never worked for me -- always too long, always too narrow. But now, surprise surprise: pants at the Gap not only have a wider cut than they used to, but they also have many pants, shirts and skirts in size XL which truly are XL.

So what does this have to do with constantly dieting? Well, for me, constantly dieting is also about constantly finding ways to hide my extra pounds so I can feel better about myself. There's nothing like getting great new clothing in a size I'm not (that) embarrassed by to put me in a good mood. ;)

How I was good today: Had yogurt with blueberries for a late afternoon snack.

How I was bad today: Actually, nothing! I was very good today.

What I avoided today: Having cookies as a reward for fitting into Gap pants!

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Repenting for Memorial Day Sins

May 29, 2007 at 8:00 AM by Nicole S | [comment](#)

Ugh... I was sooo bad this Memorial Day weekend! I just ate and ate and ate. Then I sat and sat and sat on my big fat...well, you know! Today I feel terrible - and I'm determined to get back on the wagon this minute. In fact, all week I'm going to try to be really good. I feel like I need to detox!

So one thing's certain: I will NOT eat dinner late this week. I find that if I adjust the timing of when I eat, it's sometimes enough to make me feel better, and to actually shed a pound or two. When I do this, I eat a big breakfast around 9am, a light lunch around 12:30 or 1, and then a normal size dinner around 6. I eat what I normally eat -- I just don't eat a full meal late (say, after 8pm). And that's it! The next morning I usually wake up starving, but it's okay because I know I'm having a sizeable breakfast. Remember, I'm not a dietician or anything - I've just found that this works for me. (Well, it also works for my mother who is the one who gave me this tip years ago!)

Since I knew I'd be in a "why-oh-why-did-I-pig-out-so-much" kind of mood today, I actually planned for it in

advance. (Gosh, you know you're in trouble when you're in the *process* of pigging out and at the same time, you're *planning* for all the guilt you'll have afterwards!) Anyway, when I barbecued this weekend, I made extra grilled shrimp and veggies. I have enough for a few meals this week and it's going to make it easy to throw together a quick dinner so that I actually have a chance of eating on the early side!

How I was good today: Ordered a poached salmon sandwich, but ate it open faced so that I could avoid one whole slice of bread.

How I was bad: Not bad today -- just bad all Memorial Day weekend! I'm scared to rattle off how much I ate but *what* I ate should give you a clue: salt and vinegar potato chips, brownies, donuts, bagels... OMG, I have to stop right there. This is too humiliating.

What I avoided today: I would say nothing because I honestly didn't crave anything too unhealthy since I got it out of my system this weekend.

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Breakfast for Champions

May 31, 2007 at 10:00 AM by Nicole S | [1 comment](#)

I think I could eat egg whites with toast every morning for the rest of my life. (Just kidding -- I'd get bored of them if that were truly the case.) I find that if I eat 2 egg whites with multigrain toast in the morning, I'm not hungry again for at least 5 hours -- and that's a necessity since, as I told you the other day, I'm trying to not eat late and instead, have a big breakfast, light lunch and early dinner. That means I wake up every morning hungry so I need something to fill me up.

Almost all other breakfast foods are like Chinese food for me: they make me hungry again later on! If I eat oatmeal for breakfast, I'll immediately feel so full I want to throw up -- but then I'll be starving again by 11. If I eat a lighter breakfast of toast and fruit, I'll feel nice and healthy -- but only for an hour or two until I'm hungry again. But when I eat egg whites, they fill me up, give me energy and I feel really satisfied, as if I had a fattening breakfast! ;) It feels like a treat even though they're healthy. I recommend trying this breakfast and seeing if it staves off hunger for you too. Let me know at constantdieter@goodhousekeeping.com.

But I will confess that I am very, very picky when it comes to preparing eggs and egg whites. I abhor eggs that are hard and brown because the flavor changes completely. Nothing can ruin my appetite like burnt eggs! Even just the smell...yuck! I like my eggs light and fluffy. But definitely not runny. I don't think I'm alone in being picky about my eggs -- in fact, I saw someone this morning send back her scrambled eggs because they weren't hard enough. That'd be a nightmare for me but hey, to each his own.

How I was good today: Took a one-hour walk with my dog Finn before work. I even jogged a little. Just a little.

How I was bad: Literally inhaled a bag of Baked Lays Potato Chips because I was starving and low on blood sugar come 5pm. My fault -- I had a light lunch and no 4pm snack.

What I avoided: Getting the Italian hero I wanted at lunch -- it looked so delicious! Thick slices of mozzarella and prosciutto...yum

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The Case of the Shrinking Shorts

June 4, 2007 at 3:00 PM by Nicole S | [comment](#)

Boy, did I have a shock this weekend! It was so hot outside I decided to work up enough nerve to finally try on my shorts from last summer. I think of it as an act of bravery because I'm always terrified they won't fit anymore. And it turns out my fears were right this time: None -- I repeat *none* -- of my shorts fit at all. They looked terrible -- too tight in some places, too loose in others. I realize I've gained a few pounds since last summer, but can it be possible that my entire body has shifted since then?

Normally, shorts are snug around my thighs and butt, but loose around my middle, thanks to my hourglass-shaped figure. (Hourglass is a much nicer way of saying what it really is on me -- a big butt and extra weight in my boobs, meaning my middle usually curves in.) Anyway...for some reason, this summer, my shorts are loose around my butt and thighs -- but I can't button them at all! They're not even close to getting buttoned -- in fact, the button is on my left hip and the buttonhole is on my right. How can that be? I know I haven't been doing crunches and Pilates as often as I have in the past, but can my entire body shift from an hourglass to an apple in less than

one year?

Maybe I washed my shorts before putting them into storage, and they all shrunk. That's possible -- I'm not the perfect laundress.

Or maybe there's some strange bug that snuck into the storage box, took in the waistlines on all my shorts -- and is pointing and laughing at me right about now?

Hmm.

I know I'm reaching.

But one of these excuses must be true because I cannot imagine how my body could've shifted so dramatically in one year. I've always been an hourglass and I'm way too old to start thinking of myself as an apple! :(

I'm going to attempt to buy a new pair of shorts and see how they fit. Unfortunately, though, I have a feeling this isn't going to come down to a shopping spree. I think it's going to be yet another reminder that I need to diet. Maybe it'll be a wake up call for good this time. At the very least, I know I need to be good all this week! I'll report back on how I do.

How I was good today: Salad and lentil soup at lunch. Lentil soup fills me up so much I can never even finish the bowl.

How I was bad today: Nothing really. Yesterday, though, I ate almost the entire Choco Taco (what a stupid name!) ice cream that my nephew didn't want anymore.

What I managed to avoid today: An extra roll to go with the lentil soup. That was a good choice since I couldn't eat all the soup anyway.

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Just Say YES!

June 6, 2007 at 4:10 PM by Nicole S | [comment](#)

On my way to lunch today, a friend told me a dieting-related story that I've experienced myself so many times! So I thought I'd share it with you (but her name is changed for confidentiality purposes):

This morning, Julie had to go to a work-related breakfast, hosted by the big head honcho in her office. Having attended these in the past, she knows there's never enough food served. In fact, her boss calls it a "wellness" breakfast, which means healthy -- but tiny. Julie knew that if she ate only what was served, she'd leave the meeting and grab the first thing she saw to shove in her face -- which would ruin her diet. So she took preventative action: she ate her normal breakfast before the meeting (cereal and yogurt). Great idea -- so many nutritionists recommend having snacks before an event so you don't pig out when you're actually there. Plus, she thought, this would let her eat the fruit served at the boss' breakfast because she couldn't show up to the breakfast and eat nothing!

So Julie goes to the breakfast and right off the bat, she's served fruit and nuts. She picks at the fruit, just like she planned. But surprise, surprise -- today they actually had a second course of scrambled eggs and bacon!

What did Julie do? Did she say no to the second course?

God, no.

She ate the eggs and the bacon, right along with everyone else she works with!

I would've done the same thing.

It's virtually impossible to be at a work-related event, and not eat what's served -- no matter how much you try. Not only is it uncomfortable to not eat when everyone else is eating, but let's face it: the food is generally quite good! I can imagine Julie sitting there, at a table with her co-workers and boss, and sitting in front of her is a full plate of apple-smoked bacon, perfectly fluffy eggs and homemade bread. I can tell you I would've dived right in, too.

To Julie, I say -- don't think about it twice. I can't imagine anyone would have the will power to say no in that situation. ;) And thanks for sharing your dieting woes with me! It's always appreciated because it reminds me I'm not alone in this dieting war. If you have a story to share with me, you can always email me at constantdieter@goodhousekeeping.com.

How I was good today: I poached salmon last night and brought it with me for lunch. I made the yummiest sandwich with it, using multigrain bread, cucumbers, onions, cilantro and mayo. (Well, ok, so the mayo isn't good for me but I only used a little.)

How I was bad today: Ate a big, fat blueberry muffin for breakfast, and it had a delicious, brown sugar topping too. To be honest, I don't feel guilty about it whatsoever because it was so good.

What I avoided today: Having chips along with my sandwich. There was a bag of barbecue potato chips right outside my office and somehow, miraculously, I walked right by them. I must not be feeling well. ;)

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Pigging Out Late Night

June 8, 2007 at 3:00 PM by Nicole S | [1 comment](#)

I can't believe what I did 2 nights in a row this week:

After being so good all day, I ruined all my efforts in the evening.

It was 11pm and I wasn't tired, there was nothing on TV, and everyone in the house was already in bed. Stupid me decided to straighten up in the kitchen -- unloaded the dishwasher, went through the mail, etc. Next thing I know, I'm sticking my hand into a big bag of gingersnap cookies.

Again, and again. MMM....gingersnaps.

That was Wednesday night, and Thursday morning I woke up with the worst stomachache! I felt like a little kid who ate too much candy.

Then comes Thursday night, and it's the same deal: I'm puttering around, and there my hand goes, diving into a big bag of potato chips. Whatever commercial it was that said, "You can't have just one" probably should've revised it to say, "You can't have just one HANDFUL" because that's me: handful after handful, I'm downing the chips. Okay, well, maybe it was more like 4-5 handfuls, which isn't super disgusting but still -- they were big handfuls and it's gross to eat that much right before bed. Not to mention that I was thirsty because of the salt on the chips and I chugged half a bottle of water. I then proceeded to get up twice in the middle of the night having to pee.

WHY DID I DO THAT???????????

Both nights, I had had nice, healthy dinners on the early side (around 6:30/7) and I should've left it at that. I wish I could put a lock on the kitchen door. That way I couldn't even get in if I wanted to.

I realize that the dieticians and psychologists would say that there was a mental reason that I did this -- emotional eating and whatnot. I'm not so sure. I think boredom plays the biggest part.

So how do I prevent this in the future?

By going post-it-note crazy. I now have post-it notes all over the fridge and cabinets that say, "Nicole! DO NOT PIG OUT! You will regret it." I'm hoping they'll stop me in my tracks next time -- because I'm realistic to know there *will* be a next time.... I'll let you know if they help.

How I was good today: Felt so guilty about the past two nights that I couldn't stomach any food until 1pm. Then I ate half a turkey sandwich and an apple for lunch, and I plan on an equally health dinner.

How I was bad today: Nothing yet. Again, too guilty.

What I avoided today: The "build your own burger" station at the work cafe. Those burgers looked amazing! Thankfully the line was so long and I had little time, so it was easy to avoid it.

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Movers and Shakers

June 12, 2007 at 6:00 PM by Nicole S | [comment](#)

Guess what? I actually feel great today! Went for a long walk with Finn (my dog) this morning, and jogged for about half of it. I even walked briskly to work afterwards (another mile)... and it's only 9am!

I think my motivation to jog more than usual today came from looking at other women exercising. But not all women -- sometimes looking at other women makes me feel worse about myself rather than motivated; and sometimes the other way around.

When I see a woman in perfect shape, with not a jiggle in sight, running, barely breaking a sweat, it makes me feel like I will never look like her, so why bother? She must've been born that way!

But today I saw quite a few out-of-shape women jogging, slowly, with lots of jiggling and even some bouncing and shimmying, too! I saw one woman, quite overweight, who was jogging along, huffing and puffing, with her shorts riding up between her legs as they rubbed together. I could tell she wasn't loving this jog -- in fact, I could practically see the friction burn she'll have afterwards -- but hey, at least she was doing it! I figure, if she can do it, so can I. So I picked up the pace and I felt amazing afterwards. Finn loved it too, running alongside me with his big tongue hanging out! ;P

But I admit I probably spend too much time comparing myself to other women. I can't help it -- I'm a people watcher by nature. It's almost impossible for me to look at others and not compare myself on some level. I do this with everything. If she has curly hair, I look to see if she's doing something I should be doing; if her butt looks great in jeans, I get completely and totally jealous; if she's walking down the road, listening to her iPod and singing out loud, I think about how happy she is and how I should be that happy. The good news is that I don't stew over these comparisons -- I either act on them right away (like, throw on the iPod and a good Madonna song to get instantly happy) or I forget about them. It's not like I'm dwelling and feeling sorry for myself. It's very fleeting.

Today, though, I'm glad I compared myself to those overweight women who were exercising, no matter the struggle, because I feel so motivated today. I may even walk again tonight!

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Not Guilty

June 15, 2007 at 12:00 AM by Unknown | [2 comments](#)

Gosh, am I tired today! I met my girlfriends last night and we had a few glasses of wine. It was fun but I'm paying for it today because when I drink, I don't sleep well. I fall asleep easily but then I wake up 2-5 times that night. So this morning, I'm not only slightly hungover but I'm also really tired. And for me, that means hungry, too.

So today, my diet has gone right out the window. When I woke up, I knew I wouldn't be able to function without bacon (the grease seems to offset the hangover), so I had egg-whites-bacon-and-cheese on a roll. It did the trick, along with a full cup of coffee. But come lunch, I started to fade. I craved sugar to wake me up so after my sandwich, I ate a big, homemade chocolate chip brownie.

You'd think I'd feel guilty about this -- but I don't. Not at all. I wanted it. And it was delicious.

Doesn't that sound so taboo? That I ate some fattening food and I actually have no guilt about it whatsoever? I feel like I never hear that anymore. Even the slightest indulgence is usually followed by some guilt or repentance by working out longer than usual. What happened to just eating something delicious and being okay with it?

I can tell you I have absolutely no plans to work out today at all, never mind workout longer to pay for my "sins." I just wanted the bacon and the brownie and I had them. That's all there is to it.

Yum.

How I was good today: Um, well, I wasn't.

How I was bad today: Already went into that above, but I also ate two slices of pizza for dinner. And potato chips.

What I managed to avoid today: Nothing - ate everything in sight!

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New FDA-approved Diet Pill Alli

June 15, 2007 at 8:00 AM by Nicole S | [4 comments](#)

I can't let this week go by and not comment on the new, FDA-approved diet pill, Alli. Like other people out there, I have definitely dreamt of a miracle weight-loss pill, but I'm not sure this is it. As the Constant Dieter, I thought I'd try the pill just to report back on it here, but I'm not sure I can bring myself to do it.

I've watched the coverage on the news about this pill, with all the warnings about taking an extra pair of pants with you in case "of leakage" and boy, does that gross me out! That alone is enough to make me not try it. (Hello, Olestra! Didn't that have a similar warning?)

But then I decided to visit the MyAlli.com website myself to read the warnings, and I found a series of questions and answers which include the following:

"How do I know when I'm ready for the alli program?"

This was their answer:

- I am willing to do the hard work to lose weight gradually
- I am committed to following a reduced-calorie, low-fat diet (an average of 15 grams of fat per meal)
- I understand that if I take alli with a meal containing too much fat, I may get bowel changes known as treatment effects. The effects may include gas with oily spotting, loose stools, and more frequent stools that may be hard to control. Why? Because alli prevents absorption of some of the fat, and undigested fat passes through the body
- I am committed to eating smaller portions
- I am committed to making time to be more physically active
- I will read and follow the alli label

Now, I ask you: If I was willing to do all of that -- lose weight gradually, follow a reduced calorie, low fat diet, eat smaller portions, exercise -- why would I need this little blue pill? Especially when its side effects include one of the most stomach-turning phrases I've ever heard, "oily stools"?

I am all for doing whatever someone thinks they need to do to lose weight -- even if it means taking (other) pills or having surgery. I am never one to preach about what someone should or shouldn't do. But for me, I can tell you that I will not be trying this drug (at least at this time -- never say never).

I may, however, experiment with a low-fat diet. Can you believe I've never been on one? I've been on low calorie diets, high protein diets, vegetarian diets, blood type diets, you name it. But I've never been on a low-fat diet. It's almost like I made a mistake and just forgot to try that one. One thing I can say for sure: Limiting my fat intake is much more appealing to me than changing underwear multiple times a day! :)

How I was good today: Blueberries and melon for breakfast, with a fat-free muffin. Salad for lunch.

How I was bad today: Held Hot Dog Night in my house with friends. Ate way too many dogs. Blech.

What I avoided today: The regular, full-of-fat lemon poppy seed muffin I wanted at breakfast. The lemon icing looked amazing!

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[Tags over the counter weight loss drug, constant dieter, obesity, alli, fda approved, xenical, fat blocker, fat, alli pill, weight loss product](#)

Waistline Wastefulness

June 18, 2007 at 9:00 AM by Nicole S | [2 comments](#)

For Father's Day, I baked my step-dad his favorite peanut butter cookies. I specifically waited until the day of (instead of the day before) to bake them in order to reduce the temptation of having a full plate of cookies in my house overnight. I don't trust myself with sweets as it is, but I especially can't contain myself with *these* cookies since they are melt-in-your-mouth delicious. They're called Whole Jar of Peanut Butter cookies and the name alone should give you an idea of how good they are, and how fattening. (Exactly *how* fattening I don't know -- I can't bring myself to look at the nutritional info.)

So I embarked on the process of baking these, and I was good until the third batch came out of the oven. Two broke in half, and I knew I couldn't serve those, so I ate them. Burnt the roof of my mouth instantly. But no problem: I still managed to snatch a few more when they had fully cooled down. By the time dessert was served, I didn't even want any! ;)

Anyway, step-dad loved them. Everyone did actually. After dinner, all that remained were six cookies. Six perfect cookies. Everyone had gone home, and my family was in bed. The only things left downstairs were these cookies -- and me.

A truly critical moment: Woman's will power versus homemade cookies. I will win this, I thought to myself.

So I decided to pack up and store the six cookies in an airtight container. I figured if I put them in the pantry and closed the door tight, it'd be enough of a barrier to avoid the temptation since I couldn't just walk by and pop one in my mouth.

That lasted about 10 minutes.

I went to the pantry and took down the container. Opened it. Ate one. And another. We were down to four cookies left.

But I knew something had to give: Either I had to go or they did. We could not live in the same house, or else one of us (or in this case, four of us) wouldn't make it till morning.

So I did the most sinful, wasteful thing:

I threw them out. Right in the garbage.

I then washed the container, put it back in the drawer and pretended like I never had any extra cookies at all, as if they were all eaten at dinner. As the expression goes, "Out of sight, out of mind." Unfortunately it works for me.

I realize there are many of you shaking your finger at my right now. What a waste of good food! And I agree. But I also know I'm not alone. Remember the Sex In the City scene where Miranda throws the brownies into the garbage, and then proceeds to eat one from it? Okay, I didn't go that far (this time) but hey, she tossed good food, too. Plus, two of my girlfriends admitted the other day to buying a pack of cookies or chips, eating half of them while riding in a taxi or bus, and abandoning them there in the seat in order to prevent themselves from finishing the pack.

Is it okay to be wasteful when it comes to our waistlines? Probably not. But it's just another method that constant dieters resort to: When the will power's not there, then the food itself shouldn't be either.

How I was good today: Had egg whites for breakfast, with one slice (not two!) of whole grain toast. Also had a snack of strawberries and blueberries at 4-ish.

How I was bad today: Haven't exercised in three days. And as described above, I ate like 5 gazillion peanut butter cookies this weekend.

What I avoided today: Having two slices of toast at breakfast. And all forms of exercise.

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