



Eat – *a living document!*

# EAT

*A living document.*

Yesterday, I ended my story, opinion piece, life diatribe with, "Stress is killing me." And "I don't want to live."

I am **SCREAMING OUT** now: **THOSE THOUGHTS ARE NOT TRUE.**

I'm going through some shit, crap I'm not allowed to talk about. The excrement bashing into me is creating a new level of stress, it is hanging out in the corner with depression, lurking. Fucking, lurking.

I hate lurkers. And stress.

A little stress can be invigorating. All-encompassing stress, well, it's made me type the word encompassing, preceded by all.

## I WANT TO LIVE

I want to learn how to skateboard. Turn pro. Go on the circuit. Learn the lingo. Crash. Scrape. Carve. Ride a fakie into a perfectly performed Caballerial. Landed. Stoked.

To live we need to eat.

I'm a genius. I typed the sentence above without any help.

Eating shouldn't be a challenge.

Shouldn't, shouldn't be a thing.

I think the most successful restaurant in the world should be called **SHOULDN'T.**



**LOCATIONS EVERYWHERE.**

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Shouldn't is quite easily the greatest eating success story of the past century.

Tell a kid no, and what do they do?

*Shouldn't* is the greatest motivator.

I think if you told someone they *shouldn't lose weight*: watch the pounds melt away.

I digress.

I find it laughable, appalling, dreadful (another word for appalling), food advice costs money.

Wouldn't it be in the best interest, of, I don't know, every fucking living person, if we stopped confusing them with **EAT THIS...NOT THAT**, what's the latest **SUPERFOOD** is, how to fucking lose belly fat — **everyone in the whole world is trying to lose weight** — that is a thing.

We applaud each other when we lose weight (secretly hoping those whom we applaud to girth up again).

We shamefully make fun of each other when we put on pounds.

FUCK OFF.

I have a mirror.

Asshole-ness: NOTED.

Fitness people, whoever the fuck they are, trick us into performing ridiculous things all in the name of VANITY — one powerful mother jamming drug.

I just signed up for —

## SKATEBOARD LESSONS

The **MORNING SHOW** has some girl trying to convince us Pilates is for everyone. IT'S NOT.

If it, were, she'd be hanging out at homeless camps!

There are not ton of Lululemon being worn at homeless camps.

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The following dialogue may be offensive. (I'm not sure).

*Then don't type it. You shouldn't type it.*

There's that motivating word, again.

*"Hey Boxcar Bobby, how did you turn your life around + escape poverty?"*

*"Pilates! If you'd like, I can buy you lunch at Shouldn't."*

*"Nah, Boxcar, I'm on this new eating plan: Cardboard + the sips left behind in trash cans."*

I think you may have been right: OFFENSIVE. <sup>(1)</sup>

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*Digress more please!*

You don't have to ask. *Where was I?* Oh yeah, fitness people. Fitness people are pushers, yesterday, Tuesday, I think, unless it was Monday, anyway, I was passing a park in Coal Harbour. There was a group of middle-aged women being trained. They were being barked at as they performed Lateral Shuffles, breaking into High Knees, and then –

My mind jumped to, what the bleep are you doing? What do you think this is going to do for you? You're 50, what's next, are you going to be running through tires? Are you training for the Olympics?

# STOP

3

You're wasting money. And besides, if you talk about doing side shuffles, you will become incredibly boring.

Would you like to hear what I could bench press thirty years ago?

Please say... YES.



*Hey lady, over here, for \$80.00 per hour, I'll get you to stand on this half ball on one foot and play catch with you – you only need twenty sessions to become desirable. You in?*

*What do I do after twenty lessons?*

*Well, you can try to do this yourself, but solo catch doesn't work well...I'll lower my rate to \$60.00, and I will add for free telling you, "You look fabulous," at least three times per session."*

Over here, look, for half of what he's charging, I'll let you stand on my board.

Digression finished.

Kick Vanity to the curb. It will your soul good.

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- 1) I am not making light of homelessness. What I am doing is illustrating how pretentiousness is an ugly disease where those preaching it, are so vapid they don't understand people who go by the moniker Boxcar, do not watch daytime television.
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Is my contribution to helping me, and maybe you, live a fulfilling, hopefully, happy life.

It is my attempt (for free) (for now) to share with you (my people) (LOL) (I typed LOL) (LOL) (STOP) (OKAY), what I've learned from several wasted hours clicking on clickbait about food.

I like the pictures. I like the food.

I don't like having to read and research everything I eat and then share my neophyte expertise on things I'm not interested in and barely understand or grasp.

That's not to say, as I expand this LIVING DOCUMENT, I won't become annoying, *more annoying*, and share my never-have-enough expertise.

Eating shouldn't be a challenge. It shouldn't be shouldn't. It need not be EAT THIS...NOT THAT.

It's best we don't know everything about we eat.

Probably. Us, us of us who are human, are already far too stressed to spend our days counting grams or ending friendships with our lack of knowledge.

Some kid long ago said something about crows. His dad said, "*Crows are smart.*" From that day forward everyone believes it. Photographic memory isn't a thing.

*You're digressing again.*

I'll stop.

Here's the only formula you'll need for nutritious eating. Four Pages. Print them out. Put them on your fridge. Use them as grocery shopping guidelines.

**THE ONLY FORMULA YOU'LL NEED  
FOR NUTRITIOUS EATING.  
AND AN END TO MIDDLE-AGED PEOPLE  
DOING LATERAL SHUFFLES.  
AND HOT YOGA**

—  
**PRINT THE FOLLOWING FOUR PAGES  
EAT EVERYTHING ON THE FOUR PAGES IN TWO MONTHS  
HIGHLIGHT WHAT YOU'VE ATE**

**START OVER**

1. What Healthy People Eat. (Research + add to your list).
2. For the Belly. (Add a bite or two).
3. 50 Superfoods. (Add to make it 51...52...53...)
4. Be Honest. (There is a reason SHOUDN'T is the worlds most successful restaurant. (Put on this list whatever you like + don't regret it).

People who like guaranteeing things, *not me*, would guarantee if you followed this simple plan, you'll likely become a little healthier every two months. Seriously. No seriously. Really.

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# WHAT HEALTHY PEOPLE EAT

Almonds	Ginger
Apple Cider Vinegar	Dark Chocolate
Avocado	Honey
Beans	Olives
Berries	Popcorn
Black Pepper	Protein Shakes
Broccoli	Salmon
Cinnamon	Spinach
Coffee	Turmeric
Cookie Dough	Yogurt
Cumin	Pickles
Dark Chocolate	Tart Cherries
Garlic	Eggs
Game Meat	Chia Seeds
Ginger	Tea

**ADD TO YOUR LIST**


# FOR THE BELLY (BURN BABY BURN)

Agar-agar	Ginger	Quinoa
Apples	Grapefruit	Red Fruit
Blueberries	Green Tea	Strawberries
Broccoli	Honey	Tomatoes
Cabbage	Lean Meat + Fish	Turmeric
Cambogia	Lemons	Vinegar
Cinnamon	Oat Bran	Watermelons
Coffee	Oranges	Zucchini
Eggplant	Papayas	
Eggs	Parsley	
Flax Seeds	Pears	
Garlic	Peppers	

**ADD A BITE OR TWO**


# 50 SUPERFOODS

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Acai Berries	Chia Seeds	Olives
Almonds	Cinnamon	Oysters
Apples	Collard Greens	Prunes
Asparagus	Cranberries	Pumpkin
Avocados	Edamame	Quinoa
<b>Bananas</b>	Eggs	Salmon
Barley	Flax Seeds	Sardines
Beans	Garlic	Scallops
Beets	Goji Berries	Spinach
Blackberries	Grapes	Steel Cut Oats
<b>Blueberries</b>	Greek Yogurt	Strawberries
Bok Choy	Green Tea	Sweet Potatoes
Brazil Nuts	Kale	Tomatoes
Broccoli Rabe	Kefir	Walnuts
Brown Rice	Kiwis	Watercress
<b>Brussel Sprouts</b>	Kombucha	Wheatgrass
Cauliflower	Lentils	

## BONUS BITES


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# I EAT WHAT I WANT

## STRESS

# MY CHEAT SHEET

<b>Beer</b>	Fried Chicken	
<b>Burgers</b>	<b>Gummies</b>	
Chicken Burgers	Magic Mushrooms	
Chicken Pot Pies	<b>Ramen</b>	
<b>Cola</b>	Soju	

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## Tic-Tack-Toe

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Fuelled up with nutritious foods, it is time to chase my passion: becoming the best 60-year-old skateboarder in the world. Possible? Nothing is impossible?

*Hey, listen, impossible things are impossible.*

*Don't be a buzz kill.*

I'm not going to listen. I grab my tatted-up Minority Maple Skateboard and head down to the skatepark under the viaduct.

There's a gnarly group of boarders, pulling luggers and double swamis, outrageous.

Big Tuna is sitting on his perch, perching.

Big Tuna is the pack leader; he's a man-child of few words, gestures are his drop: gosh fist-bumps, shocking thumbs ups and downs, and rarely, a fist punch toward the universe — — the ultimate endorsement.

Big Tuna never performs tricks; he is fifteen, sinewy, maybe one-hundred-twenty-five pounds, at most. The skate-chicks all swoon over him. Big Tuna comes from a broken home, shattered really, nightly. His father hits his mother after he reaches soused in his drink fest. Big Tuna escapes to the sanctity of the boarders. He is often seen racing around town on his motorized longboard, M-Bop blasting from his wireless speaker — — a man-child in search of self.

The last time he spoke was when he was thirteen. Now he broods in salty darkness, a mystery to be unlocked. The Simon Cowell of the park. If Simon Cowell were cool.

I roll into the park, confident. A few laps to ease my nerves, and then it was time to hit it.

And hit it, I did. I rolled into a shredding carve of a |sic| railing, blasting upward into a triple axel spin, landing it, and somehow elevating into a terrifying backflip that wasn't supposed to be part of my routine. I stuck the landing.

The Boarders of Christ sprung to their feet in jubilation. Big Tuna levitated from his perch, punching his right arm into the air. I had been ordained. I'm here. Arrived.

One border remained seated, Scraps — a twelve-year-old, who'd been attempting death-defying stunts for the better part of a year — even sticking a Rodeo Flip. Big Tuna barely looked up.

In my moment of glory, after twenty fist-bumps, Scraps came running over. I extended

my fist in anticipation. Instead, I was met with a flurry of rabbit punches to my solo-plexes. Ouch. Ouch. Ouch. Ouch. Ouch. Stop it.

Scraps kept wailing away, tears dripping from his eyes. Big Tuna was his hero, and I had stolen his future thunder in the time it took me to flip one time.

I'm sixty, meaning: worldly, wise – I understand pain.

Three punches later, I dropped to the ground, allowing Scraps to claim victory.

Scraps extended a hand, helping me to my feet. Scraps sat down; his tears had subsided – big Tuna saluted him. Scraps, wait here, I'll be right back, I said.

I hopped on my board and blasted four blocks to Mickey D's – and grabbed fifteen cheeseburgers + shakes + fries and shot back to the park.

The boarders gobbled up the feast. Scraps presented Big Tuna with the only double cheeseburger + large fries in the batch – and then he returned to me.

Thank you, Scraps said. Thank you for allowing me to win.

No problem. I've got to run.

Mister, do you mind if I tag along with you today?

I paused and thought: *Is it okay for a sixty-year-old man to be hanging with a child?*

Sure, but under one condition, you have to tell me your name.

Mister, my name is Teddy.

We packed up our boards and headed out, thumbing upward to Big Tuna.

We walked and walked and walked.

We came to the old Convention Center, oblong-ing it because it's an oblong. On the upper level, we came across two groups of people doing stretches.

Mister, I respect these elderly Chinese –

Teddy, we don't know if they are Chinese; they could be Japanese, Korean, Vietnamese – Asia is a ginormous diverse continent.

Thanks, Mister. I respect these people; they don't care what others think. I think their stretches likely are rooted in martial arts. I think they are fending off ageing in a graceful way. Zen. I hear many white people hooting and hollering and making fun of these people and their customs. It disgusts me.

Teddy, you are definitely wise beyond your years. We, white people, are often shamefully guilty of disparaging things we don't understand.

We continued on, coming to the same park in Coal Harbour, where I had witnessed the middle-aged women struggling through side laterals. Today, it was a new crew. Their trainer barked instructions as they all tried desperately to perform what could only be described as lunges meet jumping jacks results in hilarity – and likely injury – another

\$80.00 per hour each, cellulite jiggling, pointless.

Mister, what are they doing? I played little league, and we did callisthenics before every practice. This is like nothing I've seen. Maybe we should go get the Asian people stretching gracefully to come and laugh along with us.

Teddy, I'm sure they couldn't be bothered. I'm glad you see the ridiculousness in what Vanity can make people do. I want to take these ladies aside and ask them if they could ever see themselves in a park, alone, doing this, whatever, this is – without paying for it?

Teddy, why do they call you Scraps?

Mister, not yet, a tear formed in Teddy's eyes, maybe later.

We turned the corner at English Bay, heading up Davie Street. There was a fortyish-year-old-woman lying on the sidewalk. Hovering above her was a man about the same age.

Yeah, Montreal is advancing. They're going to play, I. Fucking. Hate. Vegas...sorry about the colourful language, or Colorado, he shouted.

The girl, whose home appeared to be the sidewalk, seemed to care.

We continued on. Five blocks later.

Crap, my dad.

What, Teddy?

My dad, he is up ahead.

Where?

He's lying on the sidewalk.

Oh my.

It's okay. Every day he spends a couple hours lying in the same spot. He's not begging or asking for anything; he's talking to the awning above him. Dad named it Awny. Dad says Awny is a great listener.

What?

Dad lost his job. He had been with a company for a long time. The day he lost it, as the story goes, he was on his way home, a broken man, along the way he stumbled, fell backward right where he is now; he might have hit his head – he looked up – met Awny – and poured out his heart.

Oh my. My.

I found him lying here. I asked him what they talked about. He said, oh, you know, the weather, sports, politics, life. He's been coming here daily for years. Mom sends me to bring him home.

Are you okay?

Yeah. No. It's just what it is. We survive. Barely. Without dad working, it's been hard.

Mom tries desperately to provide for us, but with her qualifications, she'd have to work forty-eight hours per day to provide for us – if she did that, I wouldn't have a mother. So, we get by on assistance from the government.

Jesus, Teddy, what do you eat? How does your family survive?

We weren't always on assistance. Mom used to work two jobs, until one day, my Auntie Emily took care of me and my sister Melinda; she picked up mom from work; on the way home, a semi crashed into us – Emily and Melinda died on impact. I was unhurt. Mom hasn't been able to work since.

I'm so sorry.

Mister, we get by. We live in subsidized housing; it's our only option. We live in a food desert. There are no grocery stores in our neighbourhood – just a store below selling mostly candy and foods you heat up in a microwave. We don't have a fridge or stove, so it's the best option. Mom pokes a hole in the top, hits the power button, she's a good cook – and we get to dive into whatever is the cheapest. Occasionally, my dad and I discover discarded items in the trash: mouldy bread, rotting fruit, cans of chickpeas. Last night I had two slices of dry bread for dinner: it's not so bad after trimming off the green spots. I'm glad we don't have a can opener; I don't much like chickpeas.

Is that why you are called Scraps?

Yes, Mister. Dad, get up; it's time to go home.

Hello, Teddy's dad.

Dad won't talk to you, Mister; he has trust issues.

Okay, why?

He worked a long time for the same company. He was an outsider amongst a group of friends. Dad never felt secure in his position – so much so, he kept our landline. He used to tell me he was keeping it because the number belonged to him, and he was never sure when the nepotism of his work environment would deem him expendable.

Teddy, that's harsh. I couldn't imagine how hard that must have been on him.

Yeah, but dad managed, even rising up through the ranks. He helped the company soar. Dad was full of pride.

Why did they let him go?

The economic downturn, and because he wasn't part of the clan; Dad said the owner once told him to not bother calling on brown people, prospects – because brown people stick to their own kind. This upset dad. He wore it, understanding his days were always numbered. Dad lasted another ten years after that despicable piece of advice. In the end, some of us whites stick to our kind as well. Dad told me that no matter what happens in life, Teddy, don't stick to your own kind; don't have a kind.

Your dad sounds like a good man.

He's a great, kind, caring, broken man. Dad was the only one to rise on his own merits. Most of his colleagues were long-time friends of the owner, or their fathers were higher-ups in the same industry. Dad told me that life is often unfair, especially when the entitled don't even understand the advantages they've been given.

How old are you again, Teddy?

Mister, I'm twelve. Dad is right; could you imagine if you were a person who, no matter how hard you worked, you'd never be able to erase the only things on your resume that mattered: who your father is and who is your friend. Dad told me we may be poor, but at least we don't have to be delusional.

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*If you happen to be an entitled person –  
admitting your advantage goes a long way to making you a decent human being.*

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Teddy, I'm speechless. I'm being schooled by a twelve-year-old. Let's get your dad home.

We arrived at their meagre home, Teddy's mom opened the door, both Teddy's mom's and dad's eyes lit up – their love is profound.

Teddy, I tell you what I'm going to do; first, here, have my board. I've achieved all I can with it.

Really, Mister, cool. Thanks.

What I'm going to do is this, I have a proposition for you, do you like playing games? Do you know Tic-tack-toe?

I sure do, Mister. I love it.

Well, Teddy, this will be unlike any Tic-tac-toe you've ever played. You said you don't have a fridge. I have an extra one, a small one at home I'm not using; I'm going to have it delivered to you today. Fully stocked. Fully stocked with nutritious, some yucky, foods for your family. All much better than mouldy bread. Except for maybe Brussel sprouts.

Tomorrow we will start our game of Tic-tac-toe. Me versus you. You game?

Yes.

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## Tic-Tack-Toe Rule

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The rules are simple, you get the first move. You pick one of the items on the board, your family must eat it, and then we mark it RED. The next day it is my move, I'm blue, I must eat what I mark. Then your turn, my turn, your turn...until we crown a winner.

What are we playing for?

Better health. More than that. If I win, you owe me nothing. We play again. If you win. I'll throw you a pizza party in your honour for your family and the kids at the skatepark. If you win, we play again, and if you win... you pick... and then we play again...

Awesome.

Thanks, Teddy; it's been a great day!

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<b>Asparagus</b>	<b>Beans</b>	<b>Spinach</b>
<b>Eggs</b>	<b>Brussel Sprouts</b>	<b>Yogurt</b>
<b>Broccoli</b>	<b>Avocado</b>	<b>Turmeric</b>

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Day 1 - **Teddy: Brussel Sprouts.**

Day 2 - **Mister: Yogurt**

Day 3 - **Teddy: Broccoli**

Day 4 - **Mister: Spinach**

Day 5 - **Teddy: Turmeric**

Day 6 - **Mister: Asparagus**

Day 7 - **Teddy: Avocado**

**Teddy Wins!**

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