

Many people ask me: “How do you keep in shape despite eating like how you eat?” You must be wondering what they mean when they say, “How I eat”.

Alright, let me just use last Friday as an example. To start my day, I had a bowl of extremely spicy minced pork noodles, two half-boiled eggs, a slice of bread with butter and jam, and a tall glass of iced Milo. Mid day, I had Bak Kut Teh with Pigs’ Trotters (not lean meat, I like it when the fats melts in my mouth). Dinner, according to my dictionary, is the most important meal of my day, as I need to justify for working so hard and unwind after a day’s work. I had Japanese buffet which made me feel like exploding. Thank god I felt like a glut at the end of the day. Otherwise, I would have gone for Cheese Prata with Milo Dinosaur before meeting up with the food monsters in my dreams.



Wow, that’s a lot of food in a day! Now that I’ve listed them down, I should be extremely guilty if I had to count my calories! Well, I’ve been stuffing myself since god knows when. I’m a foodie and it makes me happy. So what the heck!

Perhaps thanks to the good genes that run in the family, I’ve been maintaining my weight in the region of 50-55kg. Not too bad for my height. I didn’t do much until I touched my third decade. When you are young, your metabolism is your greatest friend.

I guess the nature of my work does play a part too. As a realtor, it is required that I go around the island for viewings. Just last month, I was trying to sell a 4th floor walk-up apartment. I wished I had my running shoes on. I went up and down the flight of stairs in my stilettos 8 times. And this was just one occasion. I was there 3 times. Luckily I was not wearing a pair of Manolo Blahnik.

I’m always very high in energy. Whenever I’m out for a social gathering, I will be the one who will try to spice up the party. If you say this is not part of an exercise, I would like to hear from those event organizers and party planners. Do you feel tired after trying to keep everyone entertained?

I have my lazy days which I refuse to even climb a step of stairs. Occasionally, I allow myself to be the couch potato. This is when overhauling takes place. While following the Gossip Girls and Lipstick Jungle serials for hours with chips, I would plaster masks on my face and nails (No prospective boyfriends allowed during this ritual). Excessive moisturizing follows, and finally ends with a nice rub of my legs and feet. They deserve a break too, after serving me and walked from Singapore to London in my size 10 slippers, and from Jurong to Pasir Ris in my Aldos.

And you know what? Just last night, I have a new addition to this weekly ritual. I'm referring to my brand new [uKimono](#). Yeah!! Finally in my hands!! I felt like an anxious child unwrapping my new toy. Like a curious kiddy, I was exploring this cute and cheerful looking belt. Hmm... no pictures of my plastered face with singlet and boxers yet. Will get in a better suit for public eye and snap a picture for you in my upcoming article.

Apart from what I've mentioned, any other fun exercise suggestions you can contribute? Or keeping in shape the "lazy" way? Let me take a peek into your room, I'd love to hear your own rituals too!

I'll be waiting.... *wink*