

Your Wellness Is Making Me Sick

How to survive a summer of sanctimony. *By Mike Albo*

You saw it coming. First, your friend started fasting and going to Flywheel twice a day. Then, another only drinks cold-pressed juices and speaks in statements of gratitude. Now, suddenly this summer, you realize everyone you know has become a boring buzzkill. It's going to take a lot of self-control to stay calm and centered when you talk to these wellness clones about their coconut oil regimen. So, we worked out some responses for you.

Your Friend Says: "I can't join you for your annual Fourth of July BBQ. I am staying home and practicing gratitude instead."

You Can Say: "Well, I'm so grateful you told me this!"

You Want to Say: "You know what I'm grateful for? The 'hang up' button on this smartphone! Call me when that magic rainbow unicorn you're riding lands back on Earth."

Your Friend Emails: "I am so excited for your wedding! Just wanted to make sure there will be vegequarian options at the reception. (In case you didn't know, this is a strict diet of locally grown

and carefully fermented vegetables that have naturally fallen from their source.)"

You Can Reply: "We will absolutely look into that! Thanks so much for letting me know about your *diet!*"

You Want to Reply: "No problem, let me hit up the dumpster behind my apartment. I'm sure I'll find plenty of suitable options there, and it will be my pleasure to serve them to you."

Your Friend Says: "Can we move seats? That neon sign across the street is attacking my energy body."

You Can Say: "Oh, no! By all means, we can't have that!"

You Want to Say: "So, when you are binge-watching *Orange Is the New Black* later tonight in bed, do you wear a HazMat suit?"

Your Friend Emails: "I really hope you can join me and Cree Kula for her amazing hip- and heart-opening yoga class and dharma talk. She has changed my destiny."

You Can Reply: "This sounds so amazing. I wish I could come, but I have promised to lead a prayer circle that weekend."

You Want to Reply: "Yeah,



I always find that gorgeous, barely-dressed twentysomething white girls who haven't had a moment of self-doubt are the ones with life's answers. Thanks, but I'll stick to my guru, Shiraz."

Your Friend Texts: "I'm doing a ten-day detox, so I won't be drinking or eating when we hit up the wine-and-food festival this weekend."

You Can Reply: "Oh, that's fine! Anything I can do to help you release toxins!"

You Want to Reply: "What a coincidence. I am experiencing a mini-detox right now, because you just made me spit up my breakfast."

Your Friend Emails: "We are so glad you are joining us for the weekend in East Hampton! Just a couple house rules: no alcohol, synthetic fibers or gluten. You will be responsible for one farm-to-table dinner and breakfast. Also, please, strictly nonviolent toiletries."

You Can Reply: "Roger,

wilco! Oops, sorry for the violent war reference!"

You Want to Reply: "OK! Just so you know, your requirements will cost more than if I purchased tickets for every guest to ride the Acela from New York to Boston thirty times. If you can't find me after dinner, check the pool. I'll be floating face-down, Gatsby-style."

Your Friend Says: "I am taking a media and gossip diet, so I'd appreciate it if we didn't talk about *The Real Housewives* or Jason and Brad's messy divorce."

You Can Say: "Absolutely. It's so important that we all connect on a deeper level."

You Want to Say: "Oh, that's too bad. But just so you know, I think it's in the Lotus Sutra that the Buddha says: 'Honestly, the only reason to have friends is to gossip about other people. And buy each other margaritas during happy hour. Otherwise, one's life becomes a boring bowl of cold daikon.'" **BC**