

By Nancy Whitaker:

I WILL SURVIVE

I admit it. I love reality shows, well some of them. In fact I have been watching some of them since they made their debut on TV. I am such a big fan of some of them, that if I am going out for some reason, I make it a point to get home by the time, “my show” is on.

My favorite all time reality show is “Survivor.” In the show, contestants are taken to an obscure desolate place with just the clothes on their backs and they have to learn how to survive. They compete for rewards and immunity and see who can outwit, outplay and outlast each other.

They literally have to provide their own food, eating very sparsely. The food is limited and consists of things such as coconuts, perhaps a sand crab, or maybe someone will get lucky and catch a fish.

Then there are the challenges the participants have to compete in. Winning a challenge could mean the difference between a reward such as food or an opportunity to stay in the game longer.

Naturally, a lot of people want to be on “Survivor” and compete for the \$1 million prize. If selected to take part, you must know how to play the game either by being a strategic player or one that just stays in the background. If you are a physically fit contestant, you could win challenges easier than a weaker person.

Of course, I do not have the physical ability to play “Survivor,” but if I could, this is how it would probably all go down.

First of all, I cannot take any clothes with me, so I will be wearing the same garments for the length of the competition. The weather is hot, muggy and rainy and I have no deodorant, so I will start to stink by the end of day one.

The next obstacle to overcome is me being afraid of anything that moves. The first thing I would see of course, would be a snake or a mouse! Yikes. I want to go home and am discovering very quickly I am not a survivor.

My stomach is starting to growl as the group has had no food to eat yet. Ha! They want me to go catch a fish! There is just no way I could do that, because I am scared of fish and also of water.

Now if someone would get lucky and catch a fish, I could not even stand to see it get cooked and be on the supper table. I would have to pass.

Coconuts are usually plentiful, so that will become my staple for quite as long as I am in the game. Now I have to figure out how to get that coconut open.

At bedtime there are no warm blankets or comfortable pillows and we try huddling together as the nights do get a little cool. We all are starting to smell bad and our bellies are empty. Rain begins to fall on our makeshift shelter we have managed to crawl under.

I begin thinking about this desolate place and what I want to do. I want to get on Facebook. I bet there have been over 100 posts since I left home. I sure miss it and a lot of other things.

I miss my TV, my computer, my food, my cell phone, my family, dogs, and even my co-workers. I want to take a shower, wash my hair, look in a mirror and I would really like to go shopping.

I cannot do it. I cannot be sole survivor. I am spoiled, too old, not physically fit, scared of fish, hungry, dirty and ... someone else can compete for that \$1 million.

As for me, I would just rather sit back in my warm cozy house in my easy chair with a bag of chips and watch others as they contend. I am just not the type to outwit, outplay and outlast anyone.

Oh, change the channel and pass the chips, my show is on.

Do you like the world of reality shows? Have you ever watched "Survivor" or "Big Brother?" Let me know and I'll give you a Penny for Your Thoughts.