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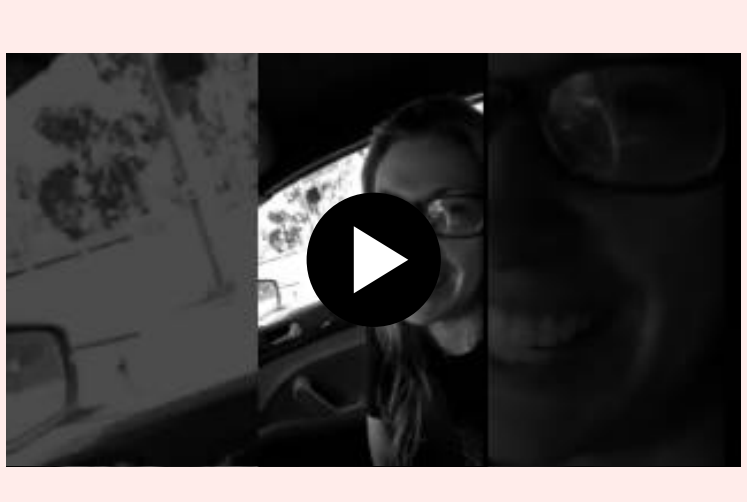
Show Me The Meaning of Being Old

Last weekend will go down in history as one of the wildest nights of my life—because it was the weekend my friend Ale and I spent $1,000 to see the world's oldest boy band: **The Backstreet Boys**...in concert...in Vegas!

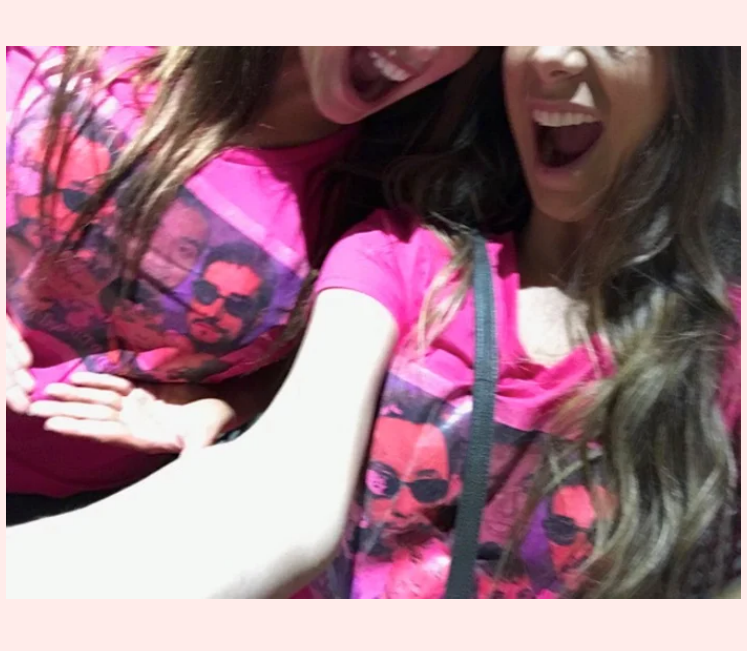
Here's a little backstory for ya:



Six months ago, Ale and I cleared our calendars and made the life-changing decision to purchase Backstreet Boys tickets the moment they went on sale, and we've been patiently waiting for the most exciting weekend of our lives to begin ever since!

Above is a video of me looking sexy in my glasses and laughing hysterically as we realized we had just spent $300 each on tickets to see a bunch of elderly men with joint problems and bad knees dance around in glittery costumes like they used to when they were in their 20s.

So, in preparation for the BSB event, Ale, Fernanda, and I attempted to make these snazzy T-shirts—in yet another DIY fail. (Let's face it, I'm just not cut out for domestic activities.) Fernanda was busy partaking in other young(er) adult activities the weekend of the concert, so she couldn't join us on our epic Backstreet adventure. But she did jump in to assist with the terrible shirts.



Then Ale and I loaded our dogs in the car and headed to Vegas for the most glorious concert of our lives!

At the concert of our dreams—whilst watching these middle-aged men attempt to dance like they used to when they were in their prime—I had the overwhelming realization that all of us '80s and '90s babies are, just like the Backstreet Boys, **getting old as f*ck!**

Since most of my friends and I are slowly approaching the much-dreaded decade that is our 30s, I thought it appropriate to analyze the joy of aging through my experience of watching the world's oldest boy band perform live in concert.

Let's dive in, shall we?
In your late 20s and early 30s, you may begin to notice some very *un-fun* changes to your physique that simply weren't a concern in your teens and early 20s. You'll start to witness your body morph from its spry, sexy picture of youth and agility...

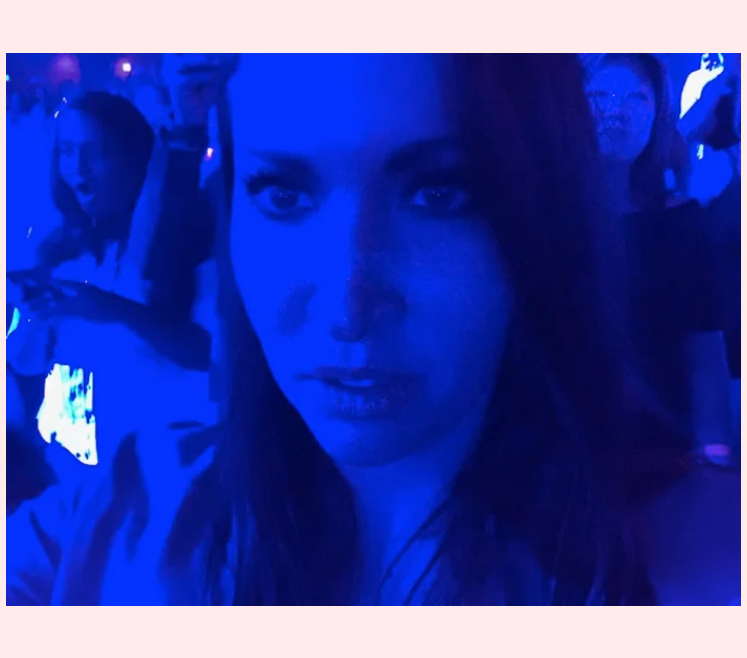
backstreet boys

To an older, crinklier, pudgier version of your former self.

So here's a list of some **not-so-cool** things you can expect to experience as you prepare to bid farewell to the decade that was your 20s—demonstrated by our elderly friends, *The Backstreet Boys.* :(

Body Fail #1: Wrinkles & Smile Lines (I DON'T Want It That Way!)

That's right—you are now being **punished for happiness.** So it's time to *stop smiling* and focus on keeping a nice, neutral, emotionless face for all eternity, or else you risk cracking that once baby-smooth skin of yours.



As demonstrated by all members of BSB, wrinkles and smile lines become a daily battle as you get older. Once you hit your mid-20s, you'll reach your limit of facial expressions and randomly start to notice the appearance of small lines on your face and body—**seemingly overnight.** At first, you may think, *"But this can't be! I'm still so young! I must just be tired."*

So, you slap on some moisturizer, do a couple of face masks, get some extra sleep, and tell yourself, *"This will all be gone by morning."*

Welp...I hate to be the one to break it to you, my friend... but you're in your mid-20s now, and those wrinkles that just magically appeared out of nowhere? **They're real, and they're here to stay!**

Suddenly, you're left with two options:

1. **Grit your teeth and bear it**—allowing yourself to age gracefully and naturally, the way God intended. ***OR...***
2. **(My personal preference)** Fight it with every fiber of your being, like Joan Rivers, by resorting to every aging woman's new best friend: **Botox.**
   (And Juvéderm. And sometimes Dysport.)

(Me after discovering Botox)

At the age of 27, the heavenly Dr. Ella came to my forehead's rescue, and now I look forward to being jabbed with a needle every four months for the rest of my life. If you choose Option #2 like I did, you'll grow to find comfort in not being able to feel anything above your eyebrows—and you'll start marking your tox-appointments on your calendar with a little smiley face, cause **aging gracefully is for suckers!** 😄

Body Fail #2: Larger Than Life (The Struggle Is Real!)

As I quickly observed during the BSB concert, each formerly agile member of this world-famous boy band is struggling with their own unique telltale signs of aging. Take our pal Nick Carter, for example:

Once you hit 30, **not being considered medically obese suddenly takes a ton of work.** In fact, it becomes a full-time job.

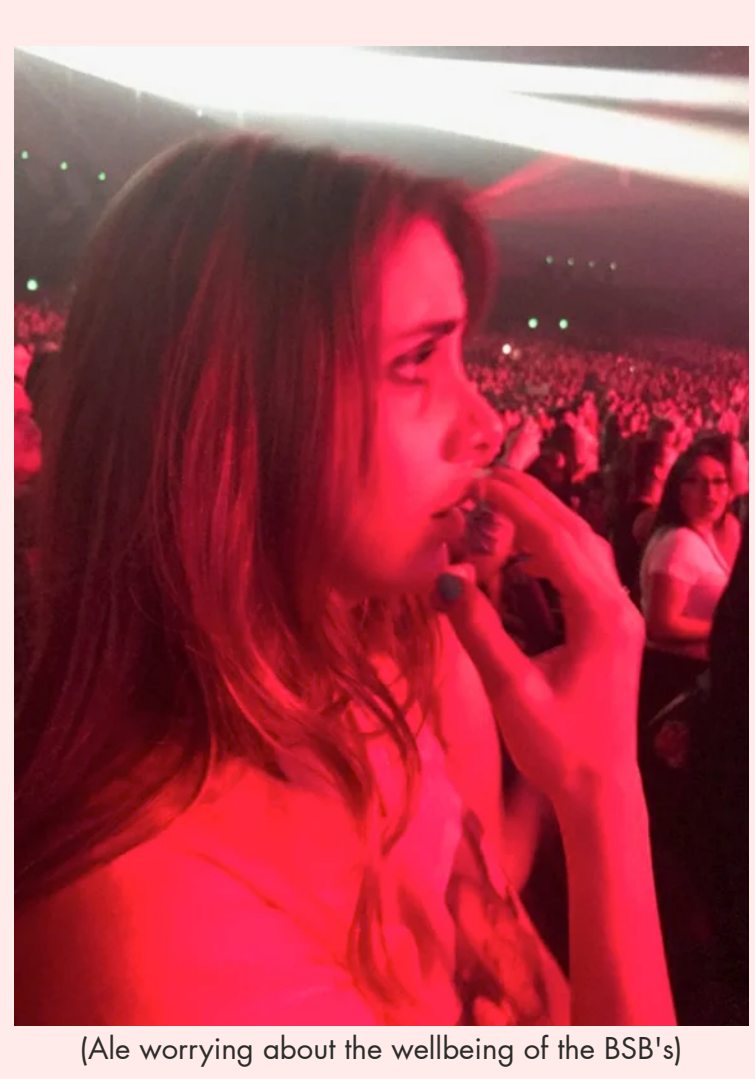
Just like our portly, middle-aged friend seen in this unforgiving white suit—proudly displaying the bulge he's been fighting for years. When you reach your late 20s, you must start to exercise vigorously and **possess a monk-like level** of self-restraint in the kitchen in order to stay only slightly chubbier than you were during your former youth. Otherwise, you run the risk of ending up like the **sweatiest**, most out-of-breath Backstreet Boy, displayed in the video below.

But don't worry too much about how hard the constant dieting is gonna be—cause you probably **can't** eat the same delicious foods you used to enjoy when you were a youngster anyway. Not unless you want your ancient body to be riddled with **heartburn and stomach pain** for days on end after indulging.

Growing up, I always wondered why my dad talked about pooping as though it was some kind of olympic event. Now I know the answer—**ya old!** And now that I, too, am aging, I frequently find myself discussing bathroom activities with friends... because that's just what us elderly folks do.

In my early 20s, I ate like crap and never graced the door of the gym. But now? I go to a two-hour pole class on Mondays and Wednesdays, run my ass off on the treadmill 3–4 times a week, and exist on the saddest, most depressing diet of **boring salads and cauliflower** the world has ever seen, just to be **ten pounds fatter** than I was five years ago.

THE STRUGGLE IS REAL, FOLKS! The. Struggle. Is. Real.



(Ale worrying about the wellbeing of the BSB's)

A couple of months ago, I decided to try on a pair of shorts I wore regularly in my early 20s. After the world's longest battle to physically get them up onto my body, I finally got 'em buttoned and decided to wear them around the apartment for the afternoon—*you know,* to see if they'd stretch back out to normal. Because obviously the problem wasn't **me**, right?

No, it must be the summer heat (in my apartment) shrinking the shorts while they hung, *forgotten* in my closet! ***Day after hot day...***

So I buttoned those bad boys and went on about my business, despite a *moderate* amount of discomfort. About 20 minutes later, my legs started tingling, and I thought, *"Well that's weird..."*

Then, a few more minutes passed—**and my legs suddenly gave out.** I actually fell to the ground because the tightness of my early 20s shorts had completely cut off the circulation to my entire lower body.

Moral of the story?
If you don't want to look like **ten pounds of sugar in a five pound bag**, like our former slim-and-trim Nick did at the concert, then you've gotta:

WORK, WORK, WORK, WORK—and STARVE, STARVE, STARVE, STARVE... every damn day.

Body Fail #3: The Pain (Now I Can See That We're Falling Apart From the Way that It Used to Be!)

Yeah, so, as previously mentioned, you have to eat less (way less) and exercise more (WAY more) these days. WAY, WAY MORE!

The only problem is that your old body has now become riddled with mysterious new **aches and pains**—making it even harder to find the motivation to *actually* get up and move.

(Because you're just **SO tired** all the damn time... and sore from yesterday's workout.)

Kevin knows this old people problem better than anyone. It's discussed in great detail in the Backstreet Boys documentary, *Show 'Em What You're Made Of*—a.k.a. my all-time favorite guilty pleasure. In this doc, Kevin's knees are shot—to the point that he can barely hike up a hill. But, by God— he will dance!

I feel ya, Kev!

THIS IS REALLY SHITTY
FOR MY KNEES. (groans)

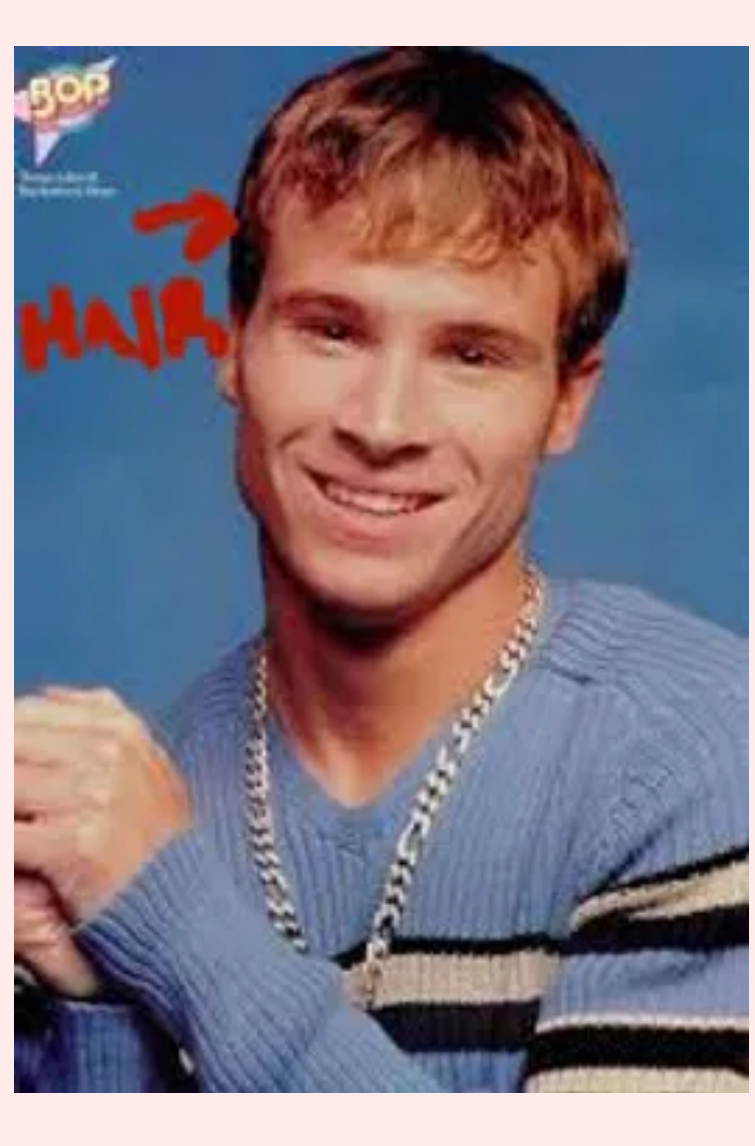
Actually, he won't...
Thanks to decades of busting a move onstage, now that this boy band is in their 40s, their joints are toast. In fact, these poor guys are so old and so tired...they had to hire a team of much younger 20-somethings to do their dances for them—**whilst they rocked some low-impact killer arm movements**, as shown in the video below.

That's right... **move those arms, boys!** And careful with those shoulders—you're vintage now!

Body Fail #4: Hair (I Try To Hide It So That No One Knows... But I Guess It Shows...)

WARNING: As you get older, your hair *will* betray you.

Thinning hair is a frequent—and cruel—side effect of aging. And it's most noticeably experienced by our former heartthrob, Brian. Or should I say... Brian's **hairline**.



TELL ME WHY?!

BYE
HAIR
gettyimages
James Devaney

I have **no tolerance** for baldness. Receding hairlines are such a tragedy, and I truly hate that we haven't found a better cure for balding in this day and age. *It's such a shame.* Because let's face it:
I just can't *do* bald. (Literally.)

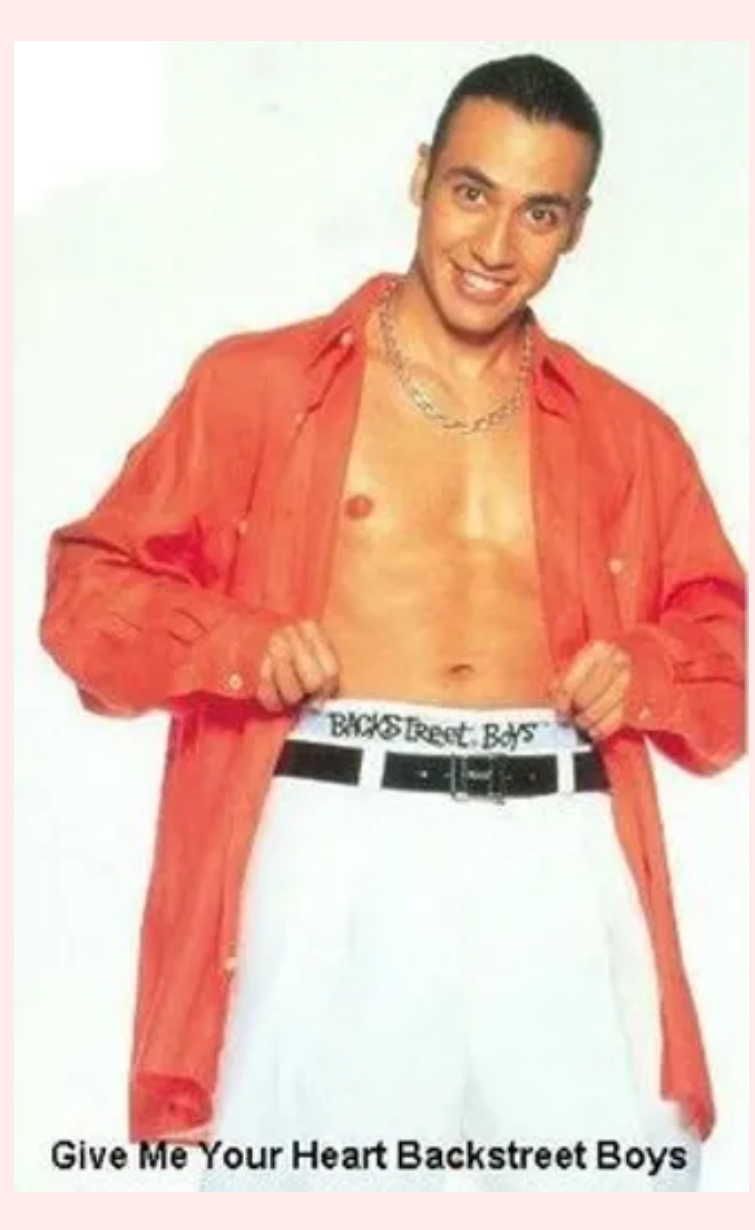
Now that I've upgraded myself to the next age bracket of men, when it comes to dating, examining hairlines—or the possible lack thereof—has become way too time-consuming and frustrating to manage. For that reason, I find Brian's aging issue the saddest of them all.

Thanks to time, and the lack of medical advancement in the field of **follicular salvation**, Brian has officially lost his spot as my all-time favorite Backstreet Boy—**despite** his beautiful jawline.
I'm sorry, but I want it **all—plus hair.**
I just do. Hair is *that* important!
(Sue me!)

Getting older is just a real bitch on your follicles, any way you shake it.

I'm sorry, Brian. I do sympathize.

Body Fail #5: Howie (Am I The Only One?...Yeah.)


BACKSTREET BOYS
Give Me Your Heart Backstreet Boys

I actually have nothing to say about Howie.

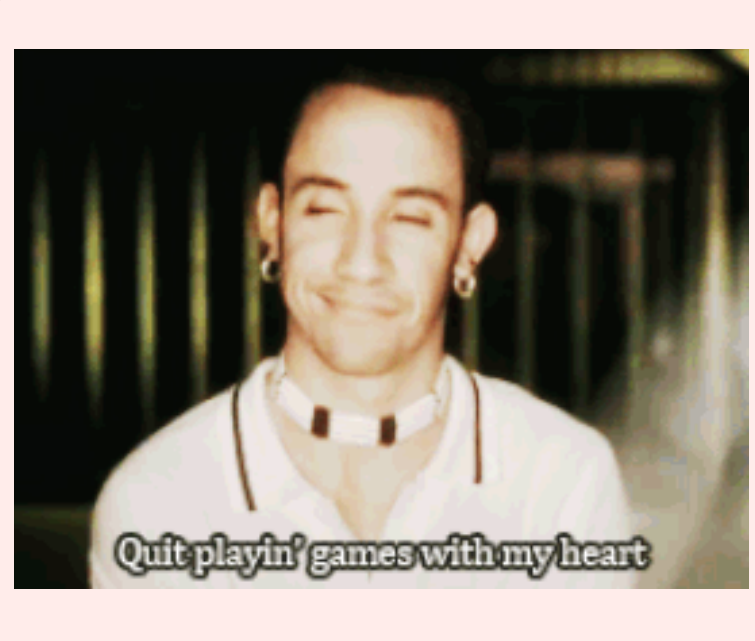
He is currently the most youthful and energetic member of the group. But let's be honest—Howie was always the **outcast** of BSB. So, in keeping with tradition...

Let's move right along to **Body Fail #6**, shall we?

Body Fail #6: Hangovers (Deep Within My Soul, I Feel Nothing's Like It Used to Be!)

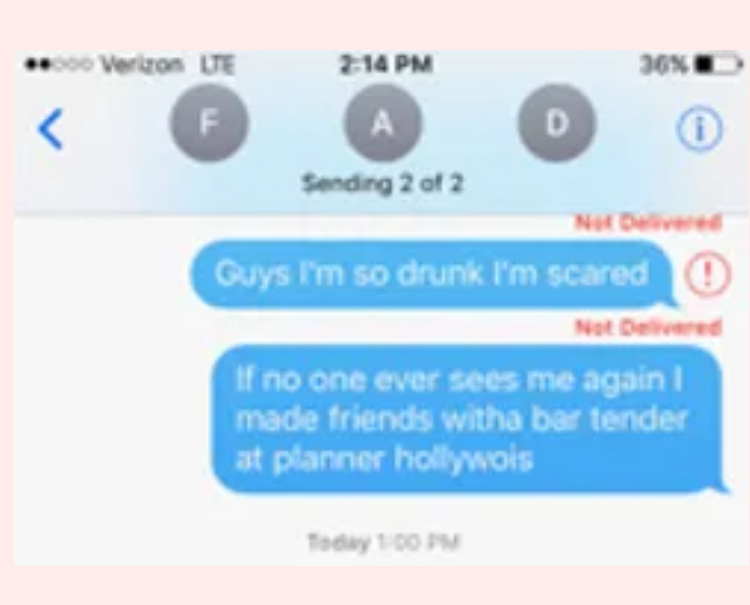
After the BSB concert ended, Ale and I were left with a massive void to fill. The moment we had been waiting for—**for months**—was now over. So naturally, like bad boy AJ, we turned to mass amounts of booze to cope.

We made our way to the karaoke bar inside Planet Hollywood, where I found a mid-40s bartender—who vaguely reminded me of our aging boy band members—and *slightly* began to heal the giant, gaping hole in my heart by pumping it full of free drinks.


Quit playin' games with my heart

While I continued to chug tequila and flirt with our charmingly washed-up, old man bartender, Ale wandered off to ride a mechanical bull somewhere else in the casino. At some point, my totally wasted self realized that I had *no idea* what hotel room we were staying in, and I attempted (yet failed) to send this super helpful text to our friends Adrian, Danny, and Fernanda:

"Planner Hollywois."



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F A D

Sending 2 of 2

Not Delivered

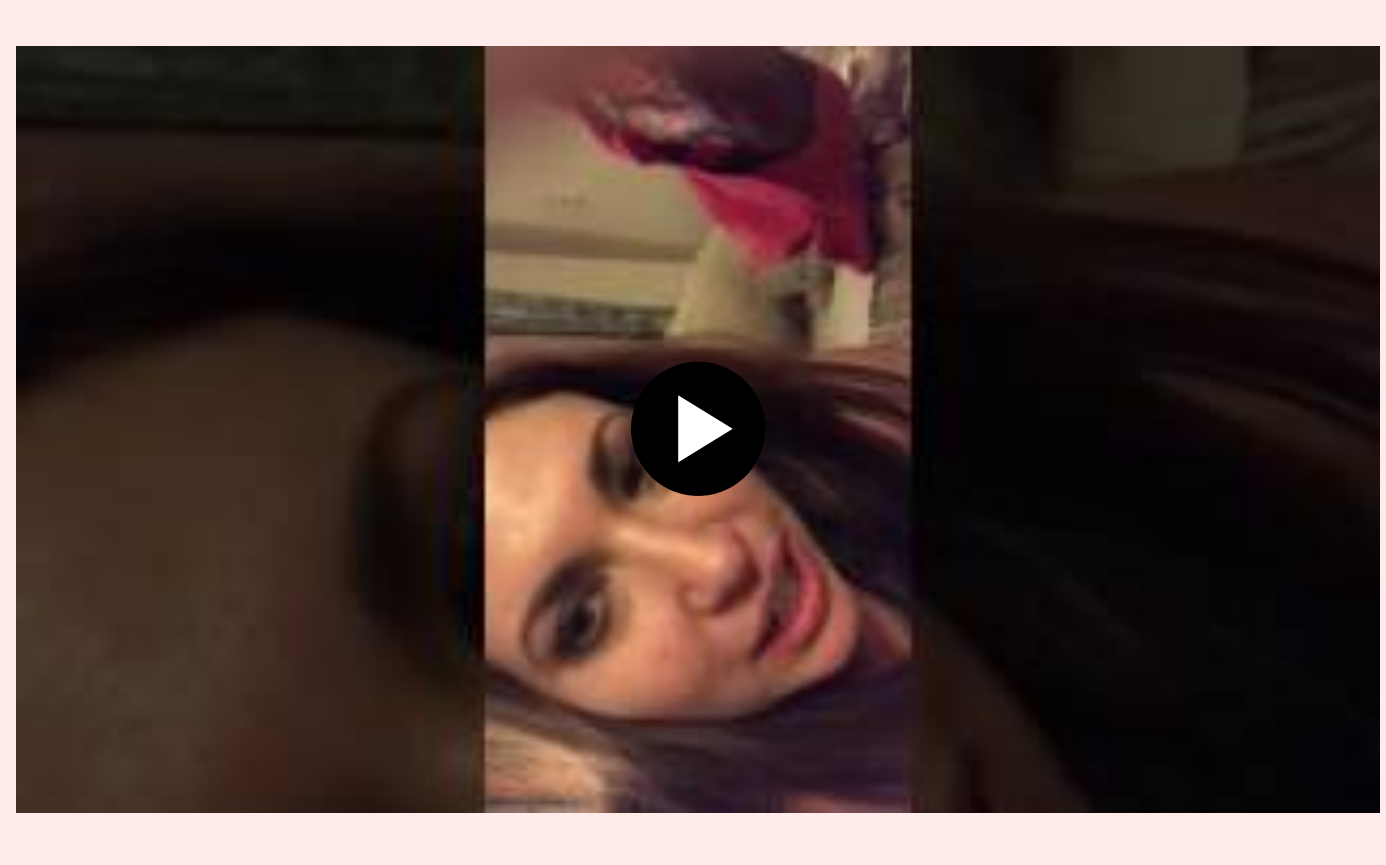
Guys I'm so drunk I'm scared

Not Delivered

If no one ever sees me again I made friends witha bar tender at planner hollywois

Today 1:00 PM

Luckily, several minutes later, I finally reunited with Ale. Once we made it back to the hotel room, I drunkenly filmed this video to finish documenting our **BSB experience**. *Because, priorities.*



The next morning, the fun, carefree, laughing and having a "good ol' time" version of Macee from the night before **was gone**—replaced with a shell of a woman basically begging for someone to kill me and put me out of my misery.

After age 26, hangovers become brutal, man! And they last for **days**. DAYS!!

While resting my head on the table at breakfast, trying not to puke, I reminisced about the glory days of college—when I could drink all night and still make it to my 8:00 a.m. class feeling spry. But now, as I approach my 30s, one must prepare a solid **week-long recovery** plan for a single night of drinking shenanigans.

After nights like these, it's a given that I *will* spend the better part of two days crying about how I don't want to throw up...

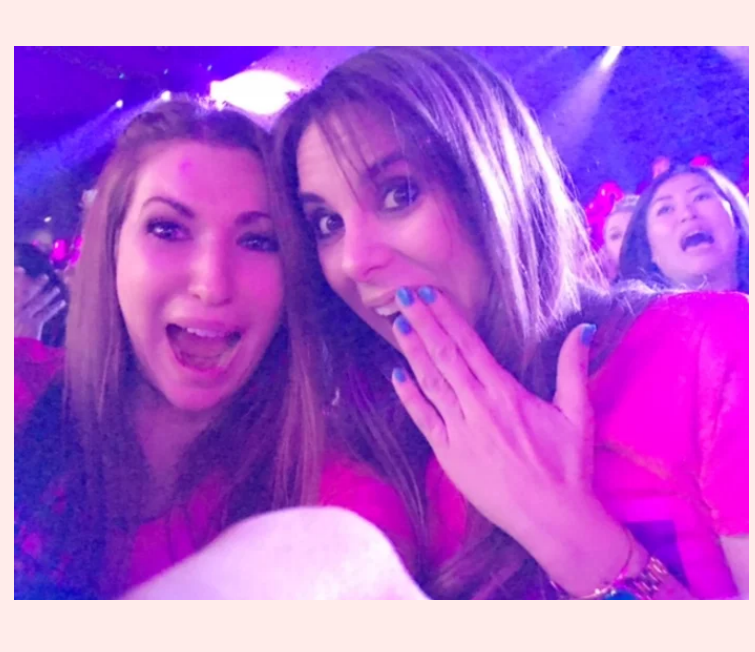
And then call my mom to tell her that I just puked—*once I finally do.*
Like the five-year-old I still am at heart.

As the former BSB rebel AJ joked in a recent article about their Vegas residency:
"Getting ready for something like this... there's lots of ibuprofen involved. I'm not a spring chicken anymore."

I feel ya, AJ. I really do. Drinking is better suited for the youngsters—cause **hangovers are a real bitch!**

Although aging can be depressing—and many surprising new developments are in store as **your body undergoes its second coming of puberty**—we can all take a lesson from the Backstreet Boys:

It ain't over until the elderly men dressed in glitter suits sing!



So here's to growing older with humor, with Botox, and with at least one functioning knee.

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exerciseagingfriendsVegasmillenialsback street boysweightloss
concerts

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2 ♡

0 comments

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LET'S CHAT!