

ONE WOMAN'S WEEK AT THE GYM

DEAR DIARY: For my birthday this year, my husband signed me up for a fitness class at the local gym. Although I'm still in great shape since playing netball 43 years ago, I decided it would be a good idea. So I called the gym and booked in with a personal trainer named Carlos – a 26-year-old aerobics instructor and (I was told) a model for athletic clothing and swimwear.

Friends seemed impressed with my enthusiasm! And my first week went like this ...

Monday: My alarm went off at 6:00am. Didn't like getting out of bed. But it was worth it when I arrived at the gym and met Carlos. He's something of a Greek god – blonde hair, dancing eyes, and a dazzling white smile. Woo-hoo!

Carlos explained the programme, showed me the equipment, and gave me a quick work-out. My tummy was already aching from holding it in the whole time he was around, but he was soooo encouraging as I did all my sit-ups.

This is gonna be FANTASTIC!

Tuesday: I had to drink a whole pot of coffee before I could leave home. Carlos made me lie on my back and push a heavy iron bar into the air. Then he put weights on it! My legs



were a little wobbly on the treadmill, but I managed an entire kilometre.

His rewarding smile made me feel GREAT!

Wednesday: The only way I can brush my teeth is by lying the toothbrush on the vanity and moving my mouth back and forth over it. I believe I have a hernia in both pectorals. Driving was okay as long as I didn't try to steer or stop.

Carlos got impatient, and said my screams were bothering other club members. His voice is a little too perky for that early in the morning – and he gets this nasally whine that's VERY annoying.

My chest hurt when I got on the treadmill, so Carlos put me on the stair-monster. He said it would help me get in shape and enjoy life, but all it did was turn my thighs to jelly. I'm sure he was lying.

Thursday: Carlos was waiting for me with his vampire-like teeth exposed and his thin, cruel lips pulled back in a snarl. I couldn't help being 45 minutes late – it took me that long to put on my bra! He sent me to work out with dumbbells, but when he wasn't looking, I ran and hid in the changing-room. He sent some skinny tart to find me. Then, as punishment, he put me on the rowing machine. It sank.

Friday: I hate Carlos more than any human being has ever hated any other human being in the history of the world. Stupid, stuck-up, anaemic, anorexic, little aerobics instructor! If there was a part of my body I could move without unbearable pain, I would BEAT him with it!

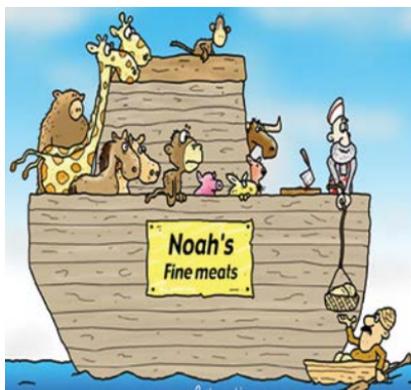
Carlos told me to work on my triceps – but I don't HAVE triceps! And if he didn't want dents in the floor, he shouldn't have handed me the barbells – or anything that weighs more than a sandwich.

The treadmill flung me off and I landed on a health & nutrition teacher. Why couldn't it have been someone softer, like a drama coach or a choir director?

Saturday: Satan left a voice-message, wondering why I didn't show up today. Just hearing his grating, shrilly voice made me want to SMASH the phone – but I lacked the strength to even use the TV remote, and ended up watching the greyhound-racing channel for 11 straight hours.

Sunday: I've asked the church to pick me up in their mini-van for the service this morning – so I can go and thank God that this week is OVER! I'm also going to pray that, next year, my husband will choose a gift that's FUN – like a root canal or a hysterectomy. ❀

CARTOONZ



I DIDN'T LIKE MY BEARD AT FIRST. THEN IT GREW ON ME.