

## Health, Wellness and Prevention: *One Man's Story...*

### **Dear Diary:**

For my fiftieth birthday my wife (*what a dear*) purchased a week of personal training at the local health club for me. Although I am still in great shape since my high school marching band days, I decided it would be a good idea to give it a try.

I called the club and made my reservation with a personal trainer named Heather, who identified herself as a 26-year old aerobics instructor and model for athletic clothing and swimwear. The club encouraged me to keep a diary to chart my progress. My wife seemed pleased with my enthusiasm to get started!

### **MONDAY**

Started my day at 6:00am. Tough to get out of bed, but it was well worth it when I arrived at the health club to find Heather waiting for me. She was something of a Greek goddess - blonde hair, dancing eyes and a dazzling white smile. Woo Hoo!

She took my pulse after 5 minutes on the treadmill. She was alarmed that my pulse was so fast but I attributed it to standing next to her in her Lycra aerobics outfit. Heather was encouraging as I did my sit-ups, although my gut was already aching from holding it in the whole time she was around. I enjoyed watching the skilful way she conducted her aerobics class after my workout today. Very inspiring, This is going to be a FANTASTIC week.

### **TUESDAY**

Up early again. I drank a whole pot of coffee, but I finally made it out the door. Heather made me lie on my back and push a heavy iron bar into the air, and then she put weights on it! My legs were a little wobbly on the treadmill, but I made the full mile. Heather's rewarding smile made it all worthwhile. I feel GR EAT! It's going to be a whole new life for me.

### **WEDNESDAY**

The only way I can brush my teeth is by laying the toothbrush on the counter and moving my mouth back and forth over it. I believe I have a hernia in both pectorals. Driving was OK as long as I didn't try to steer or stop. I parked on top of a Honda Civic in the health club parking lot.

Heather was impatient with me, insisting that my screams bothered the other club members. Her voice is a little too perky for early in the morning and when she scolds, she gets this nasally whine that is VERY annoying. My chest hurt when I got on the treadmill, so Heather put me on the stair-monster. Why the hell would anyone invent a machine to simulate an activity rendered obsolete by elevators? Heather told me it would help me get in shape and enjoy life. She said some other crap too.

## **THURSDAY**

Heather's thin, cruel lips were pulled back in a full snarl. I couldn't help being a half-hour late; it took me that long to tie my shoes. Heather made me workout with dumbbells. When she wasn't looking I ran and hid in the men's room. She sent Lars to find me, then, as punishment, put me on the rowing machine – which I sank.

## **FRIDAY**

I hate Heather more than any human being has ever hated any other human being in the history of the world. Stupid, skinny, anemic little cheer-leading bitch. If there were a part of my body I could move without unbearable pain, I would beat her with it. Heather wanted me to work on my triceps. I don't have any triceps! And if you don't want dents in the floor, don't hand me the \*&%#^&!\* dumbbells or anything that weighs more than a sandwich. The treadmill flung me off and I landed on a health and nutrition teacher. Why couldn't it have been someone softer, like a drama coach or the choir director?

## **SATURDAY**

Heather left a message on my answering machine in her grating, shrilly voice wondering why I did not show up today. Just hearing her made me want to smash the machine with my shoe. However, I lacked the strength to even use the TV remote and ended up watching eleven straight hours of the Weather Channel.

## **SUNDAY**

I'm having the Church van pick me up for services today so I can go and thank GOD that this week is over. I will also pray that next year my wife (*what a dear*) will choose a gift for me that is fun – like a root canal or a colonoscopy.

Have a good day.