



## My New Year Resolution - Diet Diary



The following is a diary extract from a friend who gained weight during December's festivities and now needs to work it off so as to get into her clothes.

Also all those of you out there joining fitness classes and clubs as a New Year resolution should, perhaps, read this first:

Dear Diet Diary

As a Christmas present this year, my daughter, Cresley [what a thoughtful darling] bought for me a week of personal training at the local health club. Although I am still in reasonable shape at 53 years, I decided it would be a good idea to go ahead and give it a try.

I called the club and made my reservations with a personal trainer named Juan Antonio [ooh what a name] who identified himself as a 26-year-old aerobics instructor and model for athletic clothing and swim wear. My daughter seemed pleased with my enthusiasm to get started. The club encouraged me to keep a diary to chart my progress.

Monday

Started my day at 6:00 a.m. Tough to get out of bed, but found it was well worth it when I arrived at the health club to find Juan Antonio waiting for me. He is something of a Greek god: he has curly hair, dancing eyes and a dazzling white smile. Yippee!

Juan Antonio gave me a tour and showed me the machines. I enjoyed watching the skilful way in which he conducted his aerobics class after my workout today. Very inspiring! Juan Antonio [call me Tony by now] was encouraging as I did my sit-ups, although my stomach was already aching from holding it in the whole time he was around. This is going to be a FABULOUS week! My New Year resolutions will be easy.

Tuesday



I drank a whole pot of coffee, but I finally made it out of the door. Tony made me lie on my back and push a heavy iron bar into the air. Later he put weights on it. My legs were a little wobbly on the treadmill, but I made the full mile. Tony's rewarding smile made it all worthwhile. I feel GREAT! It's 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. Tony was impatient with me, insisting that my screams bothered other club members. His voice is a little too perky for early in the morning; and when he scolds, he gets this nasally whine that is VERY annoying. My chest hurt when I got on the treadmill, so Tony put me on the stair 'monster'. Why the hell would anyone invent a machine to simulate an activity rendered obsolete by elevators? Tony told me it would help me get in shape and enjoy life. He said some other garbage too.

### Thursday

Tony was waiting for me with his vampire-like teeth exposed as his thin, cruel lips were back in a full snarl. I couldn't help being a half an hour late; it took me that long to tie my shoes. That man then took me to work out with dumbbells. When he was not looking, I ran and hid in the restroom. He sent a skinny woman to find me. Then, as punishment, he put me on the rowing machine - which I sank.

### Friday

I hate that man, Toady or whatever his name is, more than any human being has ever hated any other human being in the history of the world. He is a stupid, skinny, anaemic, anorexic little bighead. If there was a part of my body I could move without unbearable pain, I would beat him with it. Toady 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 flippin' barbells or anything that weighs more than a sandwich. The treadmill flung me off and I landed on the health and nutrition teacher. Why couldn't it have been someone softer, like the drama coach or the choir director?

### Saturday

That person, that Toady, left a message on my answering machine in his grating, shrilly voice wondering why I did not show up today. Just hearing him made me want to smash the machine with my planner. However, I lacked the strength to even use the TV remote and ended up catching eleven straight hours of the Weather Channel.

### Sunday

I'm having the Church bus collect me up so I can go to services today and thank God that this week is over. I will also pray that next year my daughter Cresley will choose a gift for me that is fun: like root canal treatment or a hysterectomy. I still say if God had wanted me to bend over, he would have sprinkled the floor with diamonds!