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### Exercise in Futility

Having reached mid-life, I decided it was time for a crisis. I could not afford one of those fancy sports cars because my finances were in a stage of adolescence. If I were to have a mid-life crisis, it would have to be on the cheap. An exercise program seemed to be a frugal choice.

I bought a pair of running shoes and started jogging at the local park. Except for the slow pace and chest pain, the first day was a success. The chest pain concerned me, but later I discovered it emanated from a bruise caused by the constant flopping of my second chin against my sternum.

For several weeks, I continued jogging, shedding pounds along with shrinking my bruising second chin. One day, a furry, fleet-footed phantom scurried between my legs causing me to stumble down an embankment and into a small creek that flowed past the running trail. After regaining my senses, I crawled back to the trail to see the cause of my sogginess. That's when I met Sammy.

Sammy the squirrel stood by the trail wearing a headband and holding his nuts. He apologized profusely and attempted to help me. We became fast friends and, by the end of the day, I decided not to run over him. In subsequent meetings, I discovered he worked at a local gym as a personal trainer to pets. He offered me exercise advice and a free gym pass.

The day I used the pass, my workout progressed swimmngly until the dumbbell incident. I had mesmerized a couple of female power lifters with my weightlifting technique as they pointed and giggled at me like dainty, muscly schoolgirls. Then the dumbbell I had secured in the front of my shorts dislodged, ripped an embarrassing hole in the crotch, and crushed my left foot fracturing it in several places.

So now, I'm incapacitated with a broken foot and banned from the gym. I'm gaining weight, getting older, and my best friend is a squirrel. Maybe I'll look at those new convertibles rolling out this spring.