



Trainers (And Big Horny Dogs)

by Marissa Kristal

FLYMF April 2006, The Spring Fever Issue, Volume 3 Issue 4

I have something to say, and I'm only going to say it once, so listen up and listen good:

Girls do not join gyms for the purpose of getting hit on by the trainers.

Contrary to what you [my doting trainers] may believe, we do not find your excessive flirtation flattering. Quite the opposite, in fact—we find it annoying, obtrusive, frustrating and rude.

Thanks to you, Trainers A and B, I no longer want to go to the gym. And while it's true my sore and achy muscles are oozing with gratitude, the rest of me wants to hunt you down in your happy place and make you watch episodes of *Gilmore Girls* on endless repeat while scratching my nails up and down a chalkboard.

And even then, your agitation and suffering would be nowhere near the torment you cause me.

You see, gym-time is my time. Some people take yoga, others meditate. I work out. And for just one hour out of the day, I get to escape. It's the one hour when I don't have to make small talk, I don't have to think about the millions of tasks on my to-do list (yes, there are millions. I'm a neurotic freak), and it's just me and fabulous iRock (my iPod, of course).

So when you interrupt me during my hour of tranquility to tell me that I'm so cute you want to put me in your pocket and carry me around the gym, or that I'm a nice person, and you're a nice person, and it's a crime for two nice people not to get to know one another better, I guarantee you I'm not going to like it.

And when you find my number through the gym's membership database and begin calling me every day you don't see me at the gym just to make sure I'm okay, I'm going to start referring to you as a stalker.

And when you secretly slip presents in my gym bag for me to find later, odds are I won't open them with excitement and surprise. I will instead hand them over to the police as evidence.

And when you introduce me to your other trainer friend and he tells me to leave next weekend open so we can get to know each other on a deeper, more intimate level, I'm going to lie and say "Next weekend just so happens to be when I'm moving to Africa. Permanently."

The good news is that I have a plethora of other gyms to choose from, some even more conveniently located than the

abovementioned. The bad news is that these delinquent trainers are still out there, preying on sweet, innocent, adorable, fun-to-be-with, intelligent, charming, amiable young girls (shameless self-plug, I know...sorry).

So what do we do? I suggest we take Natalie Portman's advice from *Garden State* and kick 'em in the balls.

Yeah, I know, she was referring to big, horny dogs. Whatever. Same thing.