



Mr. Crazy

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I woke up yesterday feeling more motivation than usual for a Sunday morning. Perhaps it was the lack of the characteristic Sunday Morning Hangover, but I actually woke up with energy and drive. Did I want to go shopping? No. Should I go for a run? Uh-uh. I know! I'll take a dance class from the one and only Mr. Crazy!

His name isn't really Mr. Crazy. It's actually Greg. With a name like Greg, you expect someone bland and ordinary. What you *do not* expect is a middle-aged, overweight man who sports hot pink tights and moans every time he shows you dance steps that involve hip rolls. Excuse me; I'm getting ahead of myself.

As I walked into Mr. Crazy's jazz class, I was all ready to expend my Sunday morning energy and learn some hot, new moves. I looked around the class and breathed a sigh of relief when I saw it was completely packed. I was definitely one of 30 other people, and as a new student, that made me feel better. The more students, the less I'd stand out, and the less likely the teacher would notice me. Perfect!

And then it happened. In sauntered Mr. Crazy. He looked around the overly crowded room and within seconds boldly pointed his finger at me and bellowed, "You! You're new!" Beads of sweat began dripping down my forehead as I stood there trembling with fear.

I looked for the quickest escape out of the classroom.

"Okay New Girl," said Mr. Crazy, "can't wait to see what you've got. Listen up, I talk a lot, and I'm really touchy-feely. I just want to make sure you're doing the correct things with your body. It may get intense. If you start to feel pain, just stop for a minute and shake it off."

I gazed longingly at the floor, fully knowing it wouldn't open up and swallow me, but praying with every ounce of faith I had that, just this once, God would let this teeny, tiny miracle occur. I needed salvation.

All too soon class began and I realized that Mr. Crazy's emphasis was not on dancing, but rather on contorting the body into highly uncomfortable and bizarre poses, and then making us hold them for excruciatingly long periods of time.

Being the token new girl awarded me the extremely distinguished job of Mr. Crazy's student model. For every position he asked us to hold, Mr. Crazy used me as an example of how it should not look. Upon wedging his hand between my thighs he said, "Now this should feel rock hard. Hurt my hand with your thighs. Why is it not hurting me? Come on, hurt me! HURT ME!"

Hurt him?! All I could think about were the odds of winning a sexual harassment case over Mr. Crazy's offensively placed hand!

Later on, Mr. Crazy told us all to hold onto the barre and stand flat back, stomach parallel to the ground. As his oh-so-lucky model, Mr. Crazy stood upright directly behind me, his hands firmly placed on the curvature of my lower back.

For just a moment, close your eyes and visualize this image. I'd go into further detail, but doing so would ante this story from PG to NC-17.

After an hour and a half of standing in awkward positions, getting felt up by my certifiably insane dance teacher and wishing I had ignored the unusual Sunday morning vigor, Mr. Crazy brought the class to a close with one incredible grand finale:

"Marissa, you did fabulous for your first time, but I want you to know, if you don't squeeze those inner thighs together every second of every single day, then you, my dear, are going to end up with an awful case of cellulite. But otherwise, fantastic job and come back next Sunday!"

And with that, God heard my pleas (albeit an hour and a half too late) and the ground beneath me opened up, and swallowed me whole.

Okay, maybe that didn't happen, but don't you think if there was ever a situation appropriate for such a phenomenon this would have been it?

Needless to say, I don't think I'll attend Mr. Crazy's class next week. And next time I feel that atypical Sunday morning energy, I'll do myself a favor and just stay in bed.