

"Home Exercise"

Each year, I mount a frantic exercise campaign, usually after I emerge from the shower and mistakenly believe that someone has replaced my regular bathroom mirror with a funhouse mirror.

By recognizing I am more contoured and gelatinous than necessary, I am again ready to invest heroic sums of money on yet another piece of fitness gear, convinced I will use this one for sure. I will religiously spend 40 minutes a day on it for exactly 31 days, then abruptly stop, one day after the 30 day money back guarantee expires.

I generally buy the most expensive device, telling myself I would be a real moron to spend this much money again on something I won't use. But soon the novelty will wear off and --- like my Nordic Track ----the item will transform into one more clothing rack, best used for hanging garments, which incidentally I can no longer fit into, since I am not using equipment like the Nordic Track.

So these thousands of dollars later, what have I learned? Well, even if I spend \$450 on equipment I don't use, it will be \$450 less to spend on Cheese Whoppers.

I have learned that still buried deep inside me is that sleek and muscular Chuck Goldstone. It is just that he is surrounded by a thicker protective covering. While I no longer believe I will ever attain a rippling washboard abdomen firm enough to bounce quarters against, realistically, I just don't want coins thrown at me to get embedded.

I will probably continue to buy one more equipment each year, because I am assured to get at least a little exercise.... when I carry it to the basement.

With all this fitness experience behind me---and forgive me for alluding to my behind--- I am now in a position to produce a more realistic exercise video for middle age men, which I am planning to call "Abs Like Throw Pillows. Buns Like Soft Brie."