

Gym Rat Rantings

by Bob Ring



The Lobby Gauntlet

Webster defines “gauntlet” as a passage that presents some sort of ordeal to someone trying to pass through. Let me tell you about my last trip through the Fit Center lobby.

I came in the front door with a great thirst for what I knew awaited me at the end of the hall. I was immediately surrounded by people with small cards, swiping in all directions at something on the front counter. I couldn't tell for sure, but I thought I heard Tyler laughing and laughing. There were so many people that I stopped off for a cup of coffee and read a magazine article about catching typhus in crowds.

Right after getting through “entry control” I passed the first major intersection. To the right, the hall to the sacred Staff offices. To the left, the cardio-weight room. This intersection of course is where the expert Staff personal trainers solicit clients. Reminds me of other solicitations, on other street corners ...

Successfully through the jam-up, I pass the entrance to the men's locker room and soon hit the bulletin board. Shelley has artfully designed the display here to pass along critical information, like the latest services for ear wax removal. She also allows gym members to hawk their wares on the board. That day there was a particularly blatant appeal to buy a ghost town book by someone named Ruby, I think.

Onward! Now I moved into the “event of the week” part of the lobby. This is where the Fit Center sponsors special attractions. That day it was a craft fair, where certain gym members (sorry Pat) signed up to sell their crafts to the unsuspecting rest of us. In my year and a half as a Fit Center member I have seen such weekly “events” as auctions, flower sales, bake sales, book signings, and Christmas gift collections. I understand that Shelley will soon be scheduling special performances by the Rockettes and Riverdance!

So I got through the craft fair, only having to buy 10 scarves and 5 Christmas ornaments from Pat. Then on my left I passed another entrance to the weight room; on my right, the entrance to the swimming area; and back on my left, the entrance to Studio 1. About 200 people in silver sneakers were milling around the door, but I pushed on through.

I passed a second entrance to Studio 1, the entrance to Studio 2, and then the hallway to the Women's Locker Room. I finally had my goal in sight, after so long and arduous a trek. There was a sign at the door, but what was this? Was it misspelled? It said: “Salon.” No, no, no! It should say “Saloon.” I knew I should have had my eyesight checked!