

Making Enemies, With a Cherry on Top

April 23, 2007

Oh, the gym....land of opportunity, land of pain.

Now that I'm a bona fide gym-goer, I've been assigned a regular personal trainer (sadly, I bid adieu to Rico/Fox, as he has other potential ~~suckers~~ flabby people to lure into this den of sweat and beefcakes).

The name of my new personal trainer, you ask?

Parfait.

It is pronounced like you think it is pronounced.

I approached the training desk for my first session with ~~Sundae~~ Parfait, and asked for her as such. The swarthy dude at the desk laughed and said, "Hey, Pudding, your 5:30 is here."

Parfait/Pudding turned out to be a big, bald, burly, brusque, beefy black man.

My internal monologue raced, as it tends to do in these types of situations:

Ha hahaha FUCKIN HA that man's name is Parfait!

Do I have to call him that?

No, no, no. His name CAN'T be Parfait. That guy is obviously joking. This man looks like an American Gladiator with a steady stream of adrenaline flooding his bloodstream and an appetite for big slabs of protein. His name isn't really Parfait. They are fucking with me.

Pudding/Parfait: [*In indecipherable Germanic/French accent*] You are Shawn?

Shawn: Té - Shawnté

P/P: Okay [*mumbles something similar to my name*] have a seat. We talk about how you eat. Do you eat good? Tell me what you eat.

Té: [*Dying to say, "Parfaits," but my angel side told my asshole side to shut up*] You know, I eat pretty good. Healthy-like. Um, you know, vegetables and fruit and granola and stuff. Crackers. Pasta.

P/P: [*Face blanching when I mention Crackers, Pasta.*] No, no [*again with the mumble*], that is why you are tired and want to lose weight-

Té: [*Imagine me, but indignant*] - Hang on, I don't want to lose weight. I just want to be....[*thinking of what Rico/Fox said the last time*]...deeeelicious. For the beach.

This is about when Parfait (Ha! Hahahahaha! HA!) and I walk towards the free weights and I suddenly can't control my inner monologue anymore; dear god, it just vomits out:

"Your name isn't really *Parfait*, is it?"

He stops. Looks at me. I suddenly wished I was beached on my couch instead of cowering in the shadow of Parfait's steroidally ripped physique.

He says, "YES, IT IS," and then proceeds to work me out so hard I grunt "FUCK" no less than 20 times in a 30 minute span.

It is 4 days later and even my armpits still hurt.