Gym Dance

Tom Frisk

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Abstract
In lieu of an abstract, below is the essay's first paragraph.

"Two . Three . Four."

Cover Page Footnote
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Frisk Gym Dance

Gym Dance
by Tom Frisk

Two. Three. Four. The fifth rep is too hard. Damn. I should know better than to bench without a spot. The bar's comin' back down. Got to slow it down so I don't crush my chest. Good. Now to roll it down to my legs so I can sit up. Damn! Can't budge it! Where's the clock? Half an hour before Mike comes by and opens the gym up. Half an hour with this damn thing on my chest. This will teach me not to work out when the gym's closed.

Mike caught me last time and asked for my key. He just asked for the key back. He's been pissing at me since I started seeing his sister. We used to chew the fat, drink some beer and bowl every Tuesday after he got off work. But now he just wants my key back. My key. Doesn't he know what that means to me? Hey, I can't help it if I can't sub for him every weekend. I spend twelve hours a day changing the oil in old Chevys and barely have enough time for myself. I'm lucky to work out at all. It's a good thing I talked him into letting me keep the key or I would never have the chance.

I got up too early. And now I've got to wait half an hour for Mike to come and help me. I'll probably be late. God, it's getting hard to breathe with this thing on top of me.

There's someone at the door. Wait a minute. That's not Mike. Her hair's too red. Too long. Too luscious. And Mike never had a figure like that. She must know him, though. She's got a key... she's unlocking the door.

Hey! Lady!

She didn't hear me. What's she doing behind the counter? The Beatles? Why's she messin' with the tape deck when I need her over there? Lady, help! That damn music's too loud for her to hear me.

She's dancing. I've got three hundred pounds on my chest and she's dancing. Lady, PLEASE! Her young hands grab my clipped, sweaty palms and pull me up. She wraps her arms around my moist neck and sways her hips back and forth, grinding them into mine. Two, three, four. Two, three, four. I embrace her tight waist with my thick arms and ask her name.

Lucy. The wind blows her delicious red licorice hair into my face. What a rush. Lucy, we can't do this. Mike will be here soon. She stares at me and I'm here.

The tall grass tickles the hairs on my legs. But I just mowed this yesterday. It sure grew fast. Rings form where our feet bent the blades. If we dance around in this field too long, Lucy, we'll stain your dress and my tux. Help me, Lucy! PLEASE! Two, three, four. Two, three, four. Lucy kisses my neck. God, I love this. Her warm rain falls on me and covers the bar. She pulls herself close and floods her white dress with the moistness. We part slightly and I'm in awe of her. Her dress clings to every inch of her supple dark skin. I need you, Lucy. Take me. She pulls me close, pressing our wet bodies together, and kisses me long and hard. Lucy, your lips are heaven.

God, I can't be doing this. I've got a life back home. Two, three, four. Two, three, four. Oh, God. This feels great, Lucy.

She steps away and she grabs my eyes with hers, pulling me into her. I reach up, slowly taking the top of her dress down from her shoulders. It sticks to her skin. Her beautiful white dress is soaking red. She's bleeding. OH, MY GOD. SHE'S BLEEDING! I'm tearing her skin off! God, Almighty, help this girl!

I cover my eyes with my fists. What have I done? What have I done? My hands are wet. I pull them away from my face and see Lucy's blood dripping down me. I've got to clean up before I'm stained forever. I run toward the bathroom and pound on the door. It's locked. I collapse, smearing the blood across the oak as I fall to the floor. This is heavy.

How could I have done this? It never happened with my other girl. Now I'll have to lie to Mike and say that it was an accident. Lucy, why didn't you tell me? I was weak, God, I just needed somebody. I streak my face as I wipe my tears with my bloody palms.

A soft hand grabs me and pulls me to my feet. Lucy. God, please help me. She moves my hands around her waist and wraps her arms around her neck. Two, three, four. Two, three, four. Her blood is smearing between our bodies. She kisses me and we fall onto the blanket.

You sure picked a great afternoon for a picnic, Lucy. There's hardly a cloud. Could you pass me the chicken, please? She moves the basket away and kisses me. I hug her and she rolls on top of me. Two, three, four. Two, three, four. Oh, lord, yes. Her beautiful grinning.

She sits up and starts pulling at me. I can't move, Lucy. She bends over and pulls me harder. Yes, Lucy! That's it! Keep pulling! Help me! The load is too much for her. She's getting off. Please don't leave me Lucy. Yes, that's it. Remove it plate by plate. Thank God you got rid of that thing. She grabs my nose and kisses me nervously. I try to tug her but my arms just hang to my sides below me. She blows into my mouth with each kiss. Don't cry, Lucy. She runs behind the counter and grabs the phone. Tell them to hurry, Lucy.

It's getting tough to see. Those damn kids. Don't they have homework to do? Why do they always come and stare into the gym? God, it's getting tough to see them from here.

Yeah, that's it. Close the shades, Lucy. I don't want to see them anymore. Why don't you come over here and dance with me. You know. Two, three, four. Two, three, four.
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The fifth rep is too hard. Damn. I should know better than to bend without a spot. The bar’s comin’ back down. Got to slow it down so I don’t crush my chest. God. Now to roll it down to my legs so I can sit up. Damn! Can’t budge it! Where’s the clock? Half an hour before Mike comes by and opens the gym up. Half an hour with this damn thing on my chest. This will teach me not to work out when the gym’s closed.

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