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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by Tom Frisk

Two. Three. Four.
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. 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 pissed at me since I started
seeing his sliver. We used to chew the fat, drink some beers 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
and he'd give me a key ... she's unlocking the door.

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? Her blood is smearing between our bodies.
She's dancing. I've got three hundred pounds on my chest
and she's dancing. Lady, PLEASE! Her young hands grab my
clenched, 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 any
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 her hands around her waist and wraps
her arms around my neck. Two, three, four. Two, three, four.
Her blood is seeping 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 grinding.

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. I'm bleeding!

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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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 when he got the new girl.

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.

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