

Ladies and gentlemen,

Have you ever noticed how going to the gym is a lot like grocery shopping? Bear with me. Both places require a list, involve lifting heavy objects, and end with you questioning the life choices that led you there.

Picture this: You arrive at the gym, armed with determination and a fitness app that promises to make you look like a superhero in 30 days. Immediately, you're greeted by the treadmill--looking suspiciously like my forgotten Christmas gift in the attic. But unlike my treadmill, these machines have screens that flash your speed, calories, and occasionally, your deepest insecurities.

I start running, and within a minute, I'm panting like my dog when he spots the neighbor's cat. The treadmill should have these motivational messages like, "You've got this!" or at least, "Just ten more minutes to pizza."

Then there's the weight section. I attempt to lift dumbbells that were clearly designed for future Olympic contenders, not someone whose biggest lift this week was my grocery bag.

Speaking of groceries, there's a mutual understanding with the self-checkout machine. We both know I have no idea what I'm doing, yet together, we pretend I'm scanning these vegetables correctly, as I secretly smuggle chocolate under the kale.

And let's not forget the locker room--where you meet more characters than a Netflix series. There's the Chatty Carl, offering unsolicited advice about the best protein shakes, and the Zen Zoe, doing yoga in the corner, truly at peace with herself, unlike me, wrestling with my locker combination.

But despite the struggles, there is camaraderie in these shared experiences, much like a supermarket, when someone finally shows up to stop the persistent "unexpected item in bagging area" warning.

In closing, whether at the gym or the grocery store, remember to enjoy the journey, laugh at the little things, and never be too hard on yourself--unless you're lifting weights, then just keep a spotter handy.

Thank you!