

If you saw the way I looked then, you'd start lifting all the time, too. I was 22 years old and I hadn't had a girlfriend since high school. Things were getting so bad that I thought about going bisexual just to improve my chances. Dan eventually convinced me that the only way I was going to get a girl was to go to the gym every day and start working out. "You're too weak and pale," he told me back then. He also said that I sat around a lot, watched too much TV, and ate too many cookies. I resisted him for a long time, but after a while, I came to realize that he was right. He had a girlfriend of his own, meaning that he knew his stuff.

So lift I did. Unfortunately, I graduated a few months after I started going to the gym at school, which led me to getting a membership at the gym in my hometown, where I've been lifting for about the last four and a half years now. I have used every single machine in the building at least once, but I tend to stay down in the pit where they have the bench presses and free weights. Every time I go and I see some sixteen-year old kid using the ten pound weights while I'm using the eighty-fives, I try not to laugh, because that's how I was at first, but sometimes I can't help myself when I see these dorks. Alright, I admit it: I do laugh. A lot.

About a year after I started working out, up to four days a week, I was amazed at the improvements I saw. I was more toned than I had ever been before, and looking at myself naked in the mirror was really enjoyable. Alright, too enjoyable after a while, but I guess I probably didn't need to tell you that part. I already told you that I'd do me, and, well, I did. You know what they say: 90% of guys do that and the other 10% are lying. Anyway, it didn't have to be the case for long, because eventually, my going to the gym started to pay off: I was getting dates.

I'm not talking about just stupid pity dates like my pasty younger brother gets: these are real, legitimate, damn-she's-hot dates.