

The Room Gym

As for all of us around the world, we all experienced unique circumstances within our homes. For me, it was keeping up with my workout routine these past six months. The gym has become my second home over the past two years. It was where I can relieve my daily stressors and shut off my mind for an hour. The healthy lifestyle changes that I have made were greatly influenced by working out, so having the gym closed during the pandemic was a drastic change in my environment, along with the closing of schools. Right before everything was officially shut down, my mom and I drove to the nearest target to grab a set of dumbbells. By the time we got there, everyone was in a frantic state and the shelves were practically empty. Luckily, I was able to get my hands on a set of 10s and one 40 lb. They were the last of the weights, I cannot imagine what would've happened if we came five minutes later. These three dumbbells became the sole accessories of my workouts for the coming months. I knew it was time to get creative. In addition to some resistance bands I own, I obtained a shopping basket from my local market. To mimic the deep back squats, I would pile all my weights in the basket and grab two dining table chairs. Then I would stand on top while straddling the basket with my hands. Originally, I used my younger brother but he became too occupied with video games as quarantine went on. This repetitive movement would allow anyone to quit after the first month, but I kept on going. The idea of maintaining my strength no matter the lengths I had to go through was my key motivator. By using grocery bags filled with detergent bottles tied to a broomstick, laundry bags filled with clothes, I performed my exercises in the strict confinements in my bedroom. My parents were too busy focusing

on not scraping any new furniture or floors that came with finished renovations. I was not allowed to workout outside my room, so this was another mentally challenging restriction. It is different weight lifting right next to an unmade bed, and I was so close to giving up almost every week. I would try to find loopholes, but nothing was going to change my parents minds. I had to keep pushing myself, no matter what. I knew if I gave into the temptations of my soft bed, I would never get back to exercising until the gyms re opened. What helped was going on daily isolated walks, so I could at least get out of my room for a little. As I am sitting here typing this memo, I am ever so grateful for the gyms reopening. With the limited equipment and lack of space, I am truly amazed that I did not give into the laziness. Though in other aspects of my life activity levels depleted, working out in my room was the one habit I kept consistent throughout.