

I get hungry before the gym, but my hunger is satisfied with crunches. My name is Bradley Jasons, III, but most people just call me Brad, or Biceps Brad, or even BJs. During my last year in high school, I was the buffest kid in school. Girls loved to compliment me on my huge tan biceps, triceps, pectorals and legs. It was a burden at times because then no one would notice the new blonde highlights in my hair. Oh, but they liked my blue eyes. They would say it's like looking into the ocean and that they're as blue as the Yellow Sea.

So anyway, I was a senior in high school and I had this big body building competition coming up. The only downside was that I needed almost two hundred dollars to get in, since it was a private competition and I had no inside connections. That's when I came up with this radically awesome plan. I was going to work for it!

I figured that instead of asking my parents for money, I'd just get a job, and what better job is there than a fitness trainer. I asked my gym manager and he was totally down for it. I would start the next day. I wouldn't make as much as I liked, though, because I was young and only allowed to train dudes or dudettes who were my own age. Still, I really looked forward to helping the ladies stretch, if you know what I mean!

My first client on my schedule was Wendell Eugene. I didn't know what a Wendy looked like but she sounded hot! She was to be my first and *only* client so far and it seemed to me I'd have to work extra hard on my traps if I wanted to impress her.

A few minutes later I saw that this pretty little thing was going to be late. I'd been standing in that gym forever. Dang it, and then came Chris, what a jerk off. Chris he was the second buffest kid at school and he believed in cuts. Which I think is pretty stupid – the buffer the better. My dad always told me, "Cuts were for kids." Girls only thought he was hot because he was a kid version of Shamar Moore, the actor from that cop show.

"Hey, what's up, Flabby!" Chris asked.

“It’s Bradly, I mean, Brad. But yeah, what’s up, Black Skinhead? Shouldn’t you be working on that keg of yours?” I laughed, because when I said he believes in cuts, I never said he had any! He looked pretty heated.

“You just need to worry about the competition, loser, because this year I’m taking you down!” he yelled, and left. That dude was a total bag but whatever. As soon as I got the money, I’d put him back in his place.

“Hi there, I’m here for the training. You’re Brad right?” said some loser standing in front of me. I had to tell him to get out of my face because I was waiting for a Wendy. “No, my name is not Wendy, it’s Wendell. I sit in front of you in class all the time.”

“Huh?” I didn’t know what the hell this kid was talking about. “Hey, look dude, I’m looking for a babe by the name of Wendy. That’s what it says on this schedule here.” I looked down to show him but saw that the name really was Wendell and not Wendy. “Wendell, what the hell are you doing here?”

“I’m here because kids make fun of me for being fat, smart, and successful,” he said.

“Geez, Wendell, you talk so much. All you had to say was “nerd!” This sucked. I wanted to stretch with a babe, but instead I had to work with a freaking *Star Trek* geek. It wasn’t right, a cool kid like me helping a nerd out, but I did it, but only because I needed the money. I walked with Wendell over to the leg press machines. After I showed him how to do it, the geek still couldn’t get the form right. This dude was hopeless, especially afterwards when we went to the arm curls. He was better at lifting a pencil. He didn’t even look like he was trying but every time he lifted something he grunted harder than a pig. “Wendell, everything I show you, you do it wrong, dude.” All he did was look up and squint at me, then a few seconds afterwards he passed out and fell to the floor.

The next day, after second period, my teacher pulled me aside. He told me that my grades were absolutely horrendous, in those exact words. He then assigned an afterschool tutor from my grade. I would start tomorrow, he said. This news obviously really sucked. How was I going to get in the extra hours from my job if I had to stay for this crap? When I went home my parents left me a note on the fridge saying they were out for a movie and dinner. So I decided to throw a

party. Half the school was there but a few minutes later it ended when my parents came home because my mom got a headache. My dad said he wouldn't punish me because I was already punished with stupidity. My dad was so chill!

I was sitting in tutoring the next afternoon when this totally fine babe walked over to me and told me that she was my tutor. I kept trying to hit on her but she would just ignore my attempts and continue to talk about the same thing over and over again. Algebra I is so not awesome. But even though she kept talking about math stuff, something about her caught my attention. I'd never noticed her in school before and she was ridiculously hot. She had nice brown hair, green eyes that looked like something that grew in my neighbor's garden, and her red lips made her smile so perfect. I didn't want tutoring to end but I had to leave for work, so leave I did.

I met up with Wendell at the bench press, which he almost killed himself with. "Hey Brad, um, I know we don't really know each other, but my parents said they won't be able to pick me up from the gym and I live forty blocks away. Can you give me a ride home?"

"The hell, dude! I think forty blocks will do more good for you than a car ride!" I yelled. But the dude was so weak, I was actually afraid he might get mugged by the neighborhood kids. I gave him a ride home once our training was done. He invited me to come in for a protein shake. I couldn't pass that up since I was almost out of protein of my own. We sat down drinking our muscle milk when we heard a loud voice from upstairs.

"Wendell! Are you stupid? Come and feed your stupid lizard! He is looking for food in my room again." Wendell's sister ran downstairs to yell at Wendell even more. It was then I realized who it was: my drop-dead babe of a tutor. I was in total awe when I saw her and she didn't even notice me. Well, I'm kind of glad for that because I felt a lot drool coming out of my mouth. How can some Godzilla-loving loser like Wendell Eugene have a Megan Fox-ish sister like her? I stood up as if I was hypnotized by her and told her I would feed Wendell's lizard. She looked down and saw that it was me. "Why the hell are you in my house?" she asked. Wendell told her that I was his trainer. I had to get out of there immediately, but on my attempt to leave I knocked over their table and hit my foot on the door.

“I’ll see you guys tomorrow!” I got out of there much lamer than I had hoped because the next day at school Wendell was laughing at me in class. I stayed for tutoring that day, and got to see Wendell’s sister, Samantha Eugene. A few months went by and I found out a lot about Sam and Wendell. Wendell really wanted to go to the gym to boost his confidence and Samantha, well, Samantha just wanted the senior experience. She and I really connected, but I still feel as if she thinks of me as a blockhead. Every senior was getting ready for prom which would be in ten days, except for me; my competition was also in ten days. I wanted to ask her to prom but I didn’t think she would want to go with me. I also had to win this competition.

When I was at the gym with Wendell, I talked with him about his sister and said that I might just skip the competition for her. Wendell was telling me that I should go for it since she had no one to go with. I was happy to hear that but out of nowhere Chris stepped in front of me.

“How’s it goin’, Flabby? Ready to lose at the competition? Because I think your arms are looking pretty small right now.” I don’t know what it was but as soon as Chris said that I lost it.

“It’s Bradly, I mean, Brad! And I’m going to kick your saggy ass at that competition!” I looked at Wendell and took the weights out of his hands to do a super set of curls.

It was two days until prom and Sam was tutoring me, but suddenly it was different. She was even friendlier than she usually was. Actually I think she was flirting with me. I think she wanted me to ask her out to prom. I awkwardly avoided all of her attempts at persuading me. She kept bringing prom up until she realized that I wasn’t interested. Of course, on the inside, I was dying to ask her. I thought I was going to cry that day.

After tutoring, I submitted my two hundred dollars. It was finally the night of the competition, and prom. While I was missing prom and heading over to the competition, I felt upset and confused. I started crying, until I got a phone call from Wendell. He told me that I really upset his sister by not asking her to prom. Apparently she really liked me, more than I liked me. She went to prom all by herself with some girl friends. I told him that I couldn’t just leave the competition. The show would be ruined if I didn’t show up. Wendell told me he had a plan for that and told me to get my chiseled ass to prom. I had to trust him, for Sam, so I did just what he said.

I surprisingly got in to prom without paying but that's another story. I was standing on the darkly lit dance floor in only my tank top and sweat pants. I saw Sam dancing with another dude. I walked over to him and punched him in the face. She asked why I did that and instead of answering that I kissed her. She was happy I came for her and so was I. We danced that whole night. Even after the music ended, we held each other.

At the end of the evening, I got a picture text from Wendell winning sixth place at the competition. That night was special for not only me but all of us. Wendell was brutally beaten by Chris but learned that he had finally found his confidence, Chris was still an asshole, and Sam and I, well, as long she didn't scratch the paint on this bod we'd live happily ever after.