



FIT FOR LIFE

Get personal

Carol Westmorland loves being told what to do - but only by her personal trainer

Every year, as November nears its end, I am reminded of two things. One: it is another anniversary of the sad day I lost my front tooth and two; beware of hedge cuttings.

The two things are linked. It is a time when I become more vigilant and shake things up in the fitness department.

I hardly hibernate but I do take the opportunity to fine-tune following the demands of the cycling season past.

And so things have become very personal. Very personal indeed. It's never my wont to lean on others, but this is different. It is allowed. I have ensured the other person is willing and we have a mutual understanding.

Of course, this is nothing new. I have been the 'other person' in this sort of relationship before. In fact, I currently have four on the go. They all know where they stand and with the occasional give and take they share me until the time comes when their needs are met.

This can take weeks, months or even years. It is never dictated at the start but becomes apparent once the relationship is formed. The relationship has to be two-way.

Finding myself hanging by my arms with heels perpendicular felt wonderful. I could stay like that all day if Ian would let me - but he won't. Ian, you see, is my PT (personal trainer). Instead, he moves me on, finding just the right number of repetitions to make the last one tricky. Quelle surprise. Me having a PT? Well, yes. My aim is to continually strengthen my



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right arm with new dynamics and I like being told what to do.

His concern is my re-arranged arm and that it may find itself upset. With warnings that I may not think kindly of him the following day. He is wrong. I do because I always feel thrilled that this pulley system challenges in a way that I profess my arm has been shielded against.

A seasonal shake up may be just what you need and what better time to drop hints. A sprinkle of something new. You may then find your very own Ian squeezed into that Christmas stocking and, after the initial surprise has worn off, you could find it is exactly what you need.

You are, as I have said many times before, worth it.

Carol Westmorland lives in the Eden Valley. She is a Cycling Time Trials national champion, clocking up 445 miles in 24 hours. She also teaches pilates. www.pilates-cumbria.co.uk