

The Personal Trainer Who Was Allergic to Exercise is a book of inspiration to those that suffer from eating disorders, or are in abusive relationships. It is full of personal training advice, workout programs, and health and wellness tips.

## **The Personal Trainer Who Was Allergic To Exercise**

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**MEMOIRS OF  
THE PERSONAL TRAINER  
WHO WAS  
ALLERGIC TO EXERCISE**

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## Introduction

“I should tape a wide load sign to your butt!” Dan was bent over in hysterics.

I smoothed a hand over the back of my new pink cotton shorts, twisting to see my butt in the mirror. “I think they look pretty good.” I retaliated, trying to sound as though his comment didn’t faze me, even though I felt as though I had been punched in the stomach.

“Yah, the shorts look good, just not on *you*!” He blurted out between fits of laughter.

I felt my eyes narrow and my lips purse. I didn’t know whether to smack him or cry. So I just stomped out of the room and slammed the door, leaving him in the bathroom. I should have known better than to date someone who spent more time on his hair than I did.

I stopped in front of the mirror on my dresser and checked myself out one more time. I looked ok, but I sure didn’t look like the people I saw in Los Angeles. Even though I worked out three nights a week, I had a soft butt. Sure it was hard underneath, but there was a pillow top as deep as my fingernail over the muscle. I needed to fix that.

*September, 1988*

*Dear Diary,*

*Today, I am moving to California. I visited my Grandfather in San Diego many times before he died and would love to live there but I am currently Los Angeles bound. My boyfriend, Matt, lived in California before. He's twenty eight and really cute. He has friends in Santa Monica and his Aunt lives in Westminster. She said we can stay with her until we find jobs and a place to live. I can't believe it! I'm eighteen and starting a life in paradise. I want a professional job that requires me to wear a business suit and carry a briefcase. My mom bought me a nice black leather one for graduation before I left for Phoenix to attend travel school. I am sure that Matt's friends and family have connections and all is going to be perfect. My 5'8", 118 pound frame is going to look awesome in a bikini soaking up rays on the beach! It is going to be so cool!*

## Chapter 1

"I can't believe we are finally here!" I looked up at the palm trees in awe. Of course it wasn't the first time I visited Southern California, but knowing that it was now my new home made my heart dance. I wanted to jump out of the car and start dancing in the beautifully landscaped flowerbeds that lined the freeway.

"Yep. Now we just have to get to my aunt's house and we can relax." Matt was nonchalant about the whole ordeal. Maybe it was because he lived here before. Or maybe it was because he was ten years older than me and just more mature. Either way, nothing was going to curb my excitement.

I looked across the car at the man next to me. Even though Matt was older, he didn't look it. His dark brown hair was shoulder length and framed his soft features. You could describe him as cute. But, his body was all man. He never worked out, yet he was rippled with muscle and no body fat. He was clenching his teeth as he maneuvered through traffic, the muscle in his jaw twitching from the strain. He noticed me looking at him and one side of his mouth turned up in a smile.

"You're pretty excited to be here, aren't you?" He guided the car down a freeway exit.

"Are you kidding me? This is a dream come true!" I sounded like a kid at Disneyland.

"There's a woman that left her husband," Matt joked as we passed a homeless woman on the street.

We finally pulled into the driveway of his aunt's house in Westminster. I felt like I could explode. I jumped out of the car and wiggled a little bit to get my circulation going. The humid air smelled of saltwater. I sucked in a deep breath, as though it would fill the longing I felt to be on the beach. This was the first day of the rest of my life and I couldn't wait to get started. The breeze blowing through the palm trees seemed to blow away all my troubles and fears.

It had been a long drive from Billings, Montana. We only rested for a couple of hours at a rest area, anxious to reach our destination. The short drive through the raging fire in Yellowstone Park had been the hardest part of trip. I felt as though part of my childhood had disappeared as we drove past all the charred lodge pole trees that lined the road, the smoke burning my lungs. We could feel the battle between Mother Nature and man raging. The air was

thick and dark as we slowly maneuvered our way around fire trucks and reporters.

The sound of the house door opening brought me back to reality, which still felt like a dream. "Matt, Rani, you made it!" A gray haired heavy set woman dressed in jeans and an oversized t-shirt rushed out and bear hugged the both of us together at once. She smelled of stale smoke and fabric softener. "Come on in," she said loudly with a rather gruff voice.

All the shades were drawn, making the house very dark. It took time for my eyes to adjust from the bright Southern California sun. There were boxes everywhere, leaving very little maneuvering room. Auntie D picked up a lounging cat from the sofa and patted the cushion as a sign for us to sit down, sending hair and dust flying everywhere.

"Would you guys like anything to drink?" A younger woman leaned against the frame of the doorway to the kitchen. She was also wearing jeans, but wore her t-shirt tighter. Her hair was dark brown and she had an innocent look to her.

"Uh, no, we're fine," Matt answered as he placed his hand on my knee and gave it a reassuring squeeze.

Matt had told me his aunt had a girlfriend and that they had been together for over ten years. I felt that was an incredible feat for any couple these days.

As the day turned into evening, we learned the reason for all the boxes in the house. As Auntie D lit one cigarette after another, she scrupulously described her hobby. She bought old furniture, toys, etc., restored them, and then sold them at monthly swap meets. This meant having every kind of do-it-yourself magazine you could imagine, on top of all the items she was in the process of doing herself.

After a couple of hours of learning about the whole swap meet process, Auntie D's significant other, Jenni, suggested we take our things to our room and unpack. She must have noticed the glazed look in our eyes. She was definitely an angel.

"Hmmm," I purred as the tall dark haired man dressed in a police uniform kissed my neck, his deep voice penetrating every cell of my body as he whispered his need for me.

"Rani, be quiet! What are you dreaming about?" Matt demanded.

"Uh, you, of course, silly. Sorry about that, go back to sleep." I lied before rolling over onto my side. Dreaming of other men was not a good sign that I was with the one I was meant to be with for the rest of my life.

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The months we stayed with Auntie D and her roommate were pleasant ones. Matt and I only had one car, so I found a job at an auto parts store two blocks away. It didn't require a business suit, but it was a paycheck. It would work for a while, but I had just graduated from a travel school in Phoenix two weeks before the big move, so I continued to look for something more along the lines of my education.

Within a couple of months, I got hired as a front desk clerk at a local Best Western. Not quite the management job I pictured myself in, but it was a step in the right direction. It took me about a half hour to walk there, so I usually got a ride to work, and then walked home to Auntie D's. Matt finally found a job delivering appliances to the rich and famous. When he carpooled with his coworker, I drove his car.

We found an apartment just up the road from Auntie D's in Westminster, close to the mall and only twenty minutes from the beach. Matt bought me a little sports car and all was going well. I should have stuck to the walking.

I was hired to work the 7:00 am to 3:00 pm shift at the motel. Perfect! I didn't have to get up all that early in the morning, and I had all afternoon off. I became close friends with one of the maids and we spent many of our afternoons walking along the beach and talking. There was nothing like the rush of getting smacked in the butt with a surfboard by some hot surfer with a large grin. Yah, I totally belonged here.

My days were simple. I would clock in, complete the turnover with the night girl, and settle in on my tall stool to prepare for the guests checking out. The smell of fresh coffee and pastries was ever constant throughout the morning. Many guests would bring their not-so-healthy breakfast over to the counter to check out. There, I could get the visual to go with the sweet smell of freshly glazed donuts. By 10:30 a.m., most of the departing guests had checked out and I was instructed to bring the leftover pastries into the office that connected to the front desk area. Unfortunately, the door was usually left open and the smell of donuts would waft out, making my stomach growl.

Since the leftover donuts were just that, leftovers, we were allowed to snack on them. I would almost always go for the glazed ones, since they were my favorite. One donut would satisfy my craving for only about half an hour. Then the smell would get to me and I would stand in front of the donut tray, trying to decide which one I should sample next. I soon discovered that I had many favorites, depending on the day.

After all was said and done, I was averaging 13 donuts per day. Oh, and I didn't stop there! I craved them so badly on the weekends that I would walk to the donut shop and buy a dozen donut holes. I still remember the sweet



*RANI YOVETICH*

smell and taste of the freshly baked glazed morsels. I felt like a kid, excitedly pulling one after another from the little white paper bag. I was addicted to donuts!

Needless to say, that even my high metabolism could not keep up with all the sugar and fat I was putting into my body. I ballooned from 118 pounds up to 135 pounds in less than a year. Luckily, Matt and I had gotten married before I gained all the weight. It was a small ceremony at my church with just family and friends.

After I gained the weight, Matt seemed to lose his desire for me. I had to beg him to bed me. To make things worse, whenever we watched a television show or movie with a lean girl in it, he would tell me, "You used to look like that."

I felt sick. I had never been this big! I joined a Jazzercise class and tried to dance my weight away with a group of ladies that were all at least seven to ten years older than me. A couple of pounds came off, but I was not coordinated enough to get the most out of the class. I spent all of my time attempting the complicated dance moves and trying to keep up, rather than feeling the music and putting my all into it. I became seriously frustrated.

So, I bought a stair stepper and began to step my donuts away. I worked out for 45 minutes every night. But my weight maintained. I purchased a body sculpting tape and added an hour of body sculpting to my stair stepping. However, I kept eating the donuts. I tried to stop, truly I did. But they smelled so good. There were days when I only ate ten of them, and I felt as though it were a huge accomplishment, which encouraged me to work out harder. I got down to 130 pounds.

Then I got sick. Not just a twenty four hour virus, but one that lasted a week. I didn't feel like getting off my couch. I just wanted to sleep. I felt weak. I also felt guilty because someone had to work a double shift to cover me at the motel that week.

After a week on the couch, watching soap operas and movies about being back in high school, I had no desire to get back on the stair stepper. I tried, but I couldn't force myself to give it my all. I went down to three times per week, which usually turned into twice a week. The rest of the time, if I wasn't at the beach, I was watching movies on television and daydreaming about what my life would be like now if I had married the football god from high school. I seriously needed to stop watching movies about class reunions and wishes that caused the main character to go back in time and see what their life would have been like had they married different people. Matt's job had him traveling all over Southern California. He left early and came home late. Then he

stopped coming to bed, even when he was home. I thought he was just one of those people who could go without much sleep. I didn't realize he was on drugs. I was nineteen and very naïve.

Then one Friday night, he cut up a line of crystal meth and told me to try it. He told me it wasn't bad and that it would help me lose weight by curbing my appetite. I had tried it once before in Phoenix at a concert, so it wasn't my first time. I still remember the burning sensation in my nose and the horrible bitter taste of the powder as it slid down my throat. I immediately felt a surge of energy that didn't wear off for hours! I wasn't even hungry and the house was spotless. It was like some kind of miracle drug.

Then it started to wear off. I felt sick to my stomach, my head ached, and every muscle in my body felt as though it had been ripped apart. So Matt gave me another line. Immediately, I felt better. For the first time in my life, I was able to stay up all night and be wide awake. I helped Matt rebuild a carburetor for his car. I never felt so focused in my whole life. When the drug began to wear off again, my chest ached, along with the rest of my body and I felt as though I would faint at any moment. Matt gave me another line. It went on like this until Sunday morning. There was one time I seriously thought I was going to have a heart attack and was praying to God to bless my family because I knew it was the end.

At least I was smart enough to take a day to recover. I shook, had chills, my head ached, I was sick to my stomach, and my whole body felt as though it had been run over by a train. It was much worse than any virus I had ever suffered through.

I drank water, sports drinks, and ate hard boiled eggs between bouts of sleep. This could not possibly be good for a body. *Next time I do this, I am going to force myself to eat*, I told myself. However, I couldn't help but notice the difference that fasting along with constant activity did to my body. Maybe this wasn't a bad idea. *If I could just do it on the weekends, it wouldn't be that bad, would it?*

The following weekend, I tried it again. This time I forced myself to drink water and eat hard boiled eggs throughout the day. Coming down was still bad, but not as bad as before. I still felt like I had been dumped out of a vehicle moving at a high rate of speed, but I chalked that up to lack of sleep.

During the week, I was still eating donuts. Only, my body did not feel like doing anything but lying on the couch when I came home from work. It seemed to take me all week to recover from my 36 hour drug induced escapades. Matt suggested I try another substance, cocaine, for during work. He told me it would curb my appetite without wiring me like the crystal meth.

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I knew of cocaine, but hey, I was young, dumb, and too trusting. Plus, I was desperate! I could not take this weight and I didn't have the will power to stop eating the donuts.

The cocaine worked like a charm. It curbed my appetite to the point where I only ate around three donuts per day, which were basically my meals. So, with that kind of nutrition regime, as you can imagine, I caught one illness after another. Heck, I never felt healthy. Plus, since I was coming off the drug by the time I got home, I had pretty much stopped exercising all together. After a couple of months, I had enough of drugs. Coming down was not worth the high and I was pretty sure that they were not at all good for my body.

"Come on, you can at least do it with me on the weekends," Matt whined.

"I really don't feel like it and I don't like the way they change my personality when I'm coming off of them. I am so bitchy and I feel horrible. How do you keep from getting those feelings?" I suspected at the time that he may be doing drugs all time to combat the coming down, but I was afraid to point it out to him because he flew off the handle so easily.

"You just get used to it. It isn't that bad. I'm going to go work on the car!" Matt stomped off and violently slammed the door.

I jumped at the vibration it caused. I walked over and slumped on the couch. A wave of nausea flowed through me. Matt was an addict. I had known it for a while, but did not want to admit it to myself. He would go out for a pack of cigarettes and not come home for days. He never slept, and rarely ate. He wasn't just using the drugs recreationally on the weekend. He used them all the time. We were always broke and had to use my credit card to pay the bills. I realized I had to escape. But what could I do? My credit card was maxed out and I didn't have any money in savings to move out. I felt trapped. I devised a plan. I would find a second job and save enough money to move out on my own.

Within a month I was working for a large hotel chain from 6:00 – 2:30 and at B.W. from 3:00 – 11:00. It didn't leave me with much time for working out but I would be ok. The large hotel had healthy foods in the employee cafeteria and I was busy on my feet all the time. Plus, by the time I went to the motel in the afternoon, the donuts were gone. I got down to 127 pounds. I really wanted to hit the magical 125, but I was too busy to care at that point in time.

At first, Matt would come by and see me at work in the evenings, but spent most of his time working on the cars. When I came home, I would fall into bed, expecting Matt to follow. But, he never did. One night, I woke up at

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2:00 in the morning to find him watching pornography on the television. The adrenalin coursed through me and I had a tough time going to back to sleep.

Finally, I got up, stomped out to the living room and yelled, “Do you plan on ever coming to bed?”

“Nah, not yet.” He didn’t even take the time to look at me. I huffed back into the bedroom and tried to force myself to forget about it and go to sleep. It was over. I could not take the emotional roller coaster he had put me on. I had begged him to quit drugs, which he assured me he had. I knew better. Thoughts of insecurity crept into my head. Why do I have to beg him for sex, yet he could sit for hours and watch that stuff on television? What was wrong with me? Was I that big of a turn off? Men flirted with me all day at work. It had to be his problem, not mine, I tried to convince myself. It had to be the drugs. But the seed of inadequacy had been planted in my head and my subconscious.

## FAVORITE EXERCISES

### Cardiovascular Exercises

- ❖ **Jumping Rope** – of course! (Jumping on a trampoline works, too!) Did you know that 10 minutes of jumping rope is equal to 30 minutes of running, and can be easier on your joints when performed properly?
- ❖ **Spinning Classes** – I suggest the classes because they tend to motivate you more than riding a stationary bike on your own. It only takes a couple of classes for the soreness to leave your butt.
- ❖ **Swimming** – excellent on joints and versatile to keep it fun. Plus it burns a ton of calories!
- ❖ Swim laps, tread water, do jumping jacks in chest high water – It's all fun in a heated pool!
- ❖ **Treadmill** – walking at a moderate pace and raising the incline every minute until you reach the top, then lower it every minute for a super workout! (on non-strength training days)

### Strength Training Exercises to do at Home

- ❖ Push ups – Keep your back straight, shoulder blades squeezed together and look about a foot in front of you
- ❖ Pull-ups – Practice at the park while your kids are playing! I love my Total Gym for pull ups!
- ❖ Dips – Chairs side by side, a chair behind you, or stairs work well, too.
- ❖ Plank Pose – good for your abs and other stabilizing muscles. This pose can be done in full push-up position, or resting on your forearms. Keep your pelvis tucked and abs tight. Do not let your booty raise to the sky or sink towards the ground. Be prepared to shake!
- ❖ Overhead Squats with a wooden dowel overhead, chest and butt out, knees are not to go over toes. Set back. When starting out, you can always place a chair behind you to touch before you come back up. Go as low as you feel comfortable while keeping a straight back. Do not let your knees cave in! Keep them out. Your goal – almost touch your butt to your ankles without coming up on your toes. Keep your

weight in your heels!

- ❖ Step Ups – Lunges hurt my knees, so I grab dumbbells and step up two stairs, or onto a stool.
- ❖ Ball Leg Curls – Lie on your back with your heels on a therapy ball. Now, lift your butt off the floor and roll the ball towards you, then away.
  - Now straighten your legs and just raise your body up and down.
  - Then finish with your feet flat on the ball and raise your booty up and down.
  - That is 1 set. Now do 2 more, allowing 45 seconds rest in between sets.

### **Miscellaneous Exercises**

- ❖ Hula-Hooping – I love my weighted Sports Hoop! If you bounce enough when you do it, you could turn it into a cardio exercise.
- ❖ Yoga – this can be turned into a cardio program as well. 10 Sun Salutations and a couple of well-held Warriors and you will know you have been worked! Actually, yoga can be the perfect blend of cardio, strength, and flexibility training.
- ❖ Hiking – anywhere outside – good for mind and body
- ❖ Horseback riding – I prefer bareback – when done in proper form, it can work every muscle in the human body.

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