

Whose Idea Was This?

Brittany K. Moore

Their hands squish into the soft foam of each of their bright colored mats. A heavy scent of lavender floating on the air as Allison sighs.

“Feel the tension in your legs suddenly wash away as you stretch down to your toes,” Allison says as she stretches her body out fully. She reaches up towards the tan ceiling before folding her body forward and touches her toes.

Brad groans at the tension he feels in his hamstrings. “Why are we doing this again?”

“You promised you would try yoga with me,” his girlfriend, Abby says.

Allison’s musical laughter reverberates through the room at her two friends. “We’re working on your flexibility, Brad. You’re always complaining about being in pain. Yoga can help with that if you try.”

“No one asked to hear your sass Allison,” Brad says while groaning again. “My body doesn’t bend like this.”

“Oh, quit being a baby.” Both Allison and Abby say simultaneously while grinning at each other.

“No pain, no gain!” Abby shouts while winking.

Brad rolls his eyes. “Wait... I thought pain is what got me into this in the first place? What am I even doing here if I’m just causing my body more pain.”

Allison and Abby giggle. A joke falling on dead ears between them.

“Oh I get it,” Brad says as he plops down. “You’ve been conspiring together again, haven’t you?”

Both girls giggle as they continue stretching. Abby shrugs her shoulders. “I would never. I just want what’s best for you,” she says before blowing him a kiss. She thrusts her legs out and stretches into the splits before winking at him.

Brad rolls his eyes and bends over his now stretched out legs towards his toes. His back is tilted at a weird angle. “This is all you girls get you bunch of heathens,” he says.