

In my last article, I wrote about lots of food and no exercises during my holiday, except shopping, shopping, and more shopping.

I must have lost my mind. How could I forget about the “exercises” I did as immediate as touching down at 1am that rainy night?

Hey! No! Not what you dirty-minded people are thinking! I was referring to household chores!

Since flying days, I’ve been quite a clean freak at my rented home. I have this idea that all dust would settle during my 10-day absence. Therefore, the moment I touch base, I would embark on 6-8 hours of non-stop cleaning and packing. Can you all imagine how it is like now that I have my own home?

As I think back, I realise that when we live with our parents, we would never have a sense of ownership. At the back of our minds, we know that even if we don’t lift a finger, our loving mothers will pick up the scraps for us. Moving out means we are relieved of constant nagging while gaining freedom, but by being independent and living on your own, you are really on your own- with the dirty toilets and laundry etc.

My housekeeping schedule includes changing to crisp sheets, scrubbing toilets, doing the laundry in 3 batches (black, white, and coloured), mopping the floor (never with a mop, always with a piece of cloth, mom says it’s cleaner and reaches all corners that way), washing the huge heavy rugs by hand (one part-time cleaning auntie wanted to put it in the washing machine. That was the last time I saw her), ironing all the clean clothes and making sure they all hang according to the classification and colour group in the wardrobe, and making sure the huge mirror in my living room is so clean, that someone could walk into it.

Somehow, there is never-ending packing. I would bring out all my clothes, fold and refold until it looks like a boutique’s walk-in wardrobe. My storeroom is my greatest enemy. I constantly have to arrange the 20+ pair of heels (taking pictures of new family members, and pasting it on the box for easy identification), putting aside the unused Christmas gifts from last year, unwanted garments, and much more rubbish I couldn’t recall. Throwing them away seems like a uprooting a raintree.



\*My Shoes!!! My Love... Which of you working woman don’t like shoes?\*

Last but not least, car wash. Not too bad on this part. It’s just a tiny baby. For the 1<sup>st</sup> few years, no one is even allowed to caress her! But as time passes by, I allowed her to say occasional “Hi” to strangers. No machine allowed though, only tender touches.



Shouldn't all these take 6-8 hours already? Can anyone calculate the calories I've burnt on a single occasion? (I need more motivation!) This "very fun activity" actually happens twice a month. J

Hey working ladies out there! Have you ever felt a lack of accomplishment and job satisfaction at some point of time in your life? Do you live on your own? Try this exercise! I guarantee you would feel as if you've conquered Mount Everest. Best of all, it is a great way to work out! I'm killing two birds with a stone. Don't you think?

A check with my ex-housemates, who now have their own homes, indicates unanimous satisfaction when chores are completed. Anyone else feel the same way? Or are we the strange species of birds flocking together?

After I started showing off my ability to eat and yet not gain fat, it's time I punish and slap myself. I did not heed Mom's teachings: "Never say never". Sigh...

A visit to mom last week prompted her to comment on my little bulge. The problem with Moms, they never complain when we put on weight. They are all too delighted to see a kg or two on our tiny figures. In fact in their eyes, chubby is good. I nearly fainted and gave all sorts of explanations like: I just ate a lot, indigestion, her wild imagination etc. I was just kidding myself. I did pile on a little. L

The suggestion of gym membership pops up in my mind again. Should I? Findings indicate that most working executives sign up at the gym because they need to keep fit, de-stress, lose weight, and work towards better health. Most important of all, they need the personal trainer to push & keep them disciplined, so as to ensure they achieve their goals.

I decided to tag along when my girlfriend (the gym addict mentioned in my previous article) went for her routine session. She took me through 2 cardio machine, 4 sets of sit ups and leg lifts, and 2 weight machines for working the thighs and butt. By the time she proceeded to dumbbells and another 10 sets of exercises, I was already surrendering and sitting on the floor watching the various in-house television programs. I'm convinced that I am totally unfit.

But with so much household chores and fun activities going on, do I really need to waste more money on signing up for the gym membership (about \$600 a year)? Would I have the time? It may just be a white elephant sitting in my purse.

Final answer, NO. I can always start with jogging, sit-ups and leg lifts at home. I don't think I want to sacrifice my precious TV serials and my machine therapy at the comfort of my home.

Besides, I can always fall back on this [baby](#). 😊