

The Push-Up Ranch

by John Olson

There is a push-up on the ceiling. I don't know how to get it down. I've tried hitting it with a broom. That just made it blow steam. I asked my wife, did you do push-ups on the ceiling? She did. Why? It's easier up there. The cat doesn't bother me. Well, you left one up there. We called in a specialist from Dallas, Texas. He brought a special kind of vacuum. He lifted the hose attachment and nozzle and asked me to flip the switch. As soon as I flipped the switch, the machine began to hum, the cat hid under the bed, and I heard something that sounded like a herd of rogue capillaries get sucked into the belly of the push-up vacuum. We paid the specialist his usual fee of \$500 dollars and he left. Guess I'll have to go back to doing my push-ups on the floor, my wife said sadly. I wonder what that guy does with all the push-ups he collects in his vacuum. I forgot to ask. I don't know, said my wife, I'll look it up on Google. Turns out there is a ranch in Texas for herds of push-ups. Cartwheels, somersaults, and jumping jacks as well. It's called Voltereta Rancho. People go there to exercise and improve their health. They pay a Little extra because the excercises have already been done for them. They just sit around drinking margaritas and fix their eyes on the surrounding vista for various cartwheels and push-ups to come and graze on the barren hills of mesquite and sage. Sometimes a colorful excercise boy in chaps and blazing bandana will ride out on a horse and rope a push-up to bring in if someone actually feels like doing one.

