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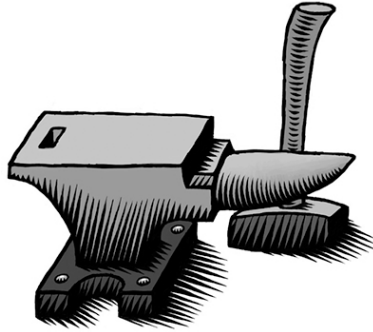
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INTRODUCTION



Greetings dirtbag. My name is **Dr. John Paul Parrot** and I will be guiding you through a journey of self-discovery that has been a long time in coming. A journey that will take you from the loathsome piece of sub-human trash you currently are to an *actual* man. Oh, you're a woman? No matter. A man you shall be nonetheless. Trust me, the bar for entry into the club has gotten pretty low the last decade.

The first question you no doubt have is what exactly I'm a doctor of. Way I look at it, Doctor Octopus isn't a real cephalopod so I'm just going to leave it at that. Still, as a writer for the Internet's number one fitness site (*decide for yourself whether that is true*), I naturally get asked lots of questions about health and fitness. Seriously, really disgusting details that some of you should get a specialist for instead of asking a random stranger. In being asked, I

often do what any ethical individual would do; I make stuff up and send people on their way. Practically speaking, I suppose that puts my Ph.D. on the same level as Dr. Dre.

Since you picked up a book that promises to turn you from a neutered tomcat into a being worthy of sharing my oxygen, I congratulate you on your first step towards self-improvement. *Lean, Mean, Killing Machine* will equip you with the knowledge you need to build a solid foundation as opposed to waltzing blindly into uncharted territory. Fitness endeavors fail because people are usually pumped with energy to change, but lack the discipline to direct that energy in a manner that produces results. Rash decisions to buy gym memberships or equipment of dubious value pepper the landscape like landmines of failure. If I have one goal in this book, it is to ridicule the entire fitness industry. Oh, and of course to guide you, dear reader, towards a suitable fitness plan. But to be honest, I rather enjoy doing the former.

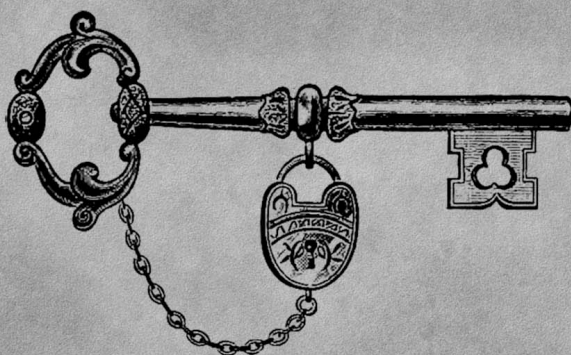
That means for the deluge of chapters to follow, you will be my personal ant-farm as I transform you from a worthless Petri-dish of swamp puss into an inhuman steamroller. You will obtain the knowledge to become fit not only of body but of mind and maybe even have some fun along the way. Just know that failure to heed my advice is tantamount to treason.

Shall we begin?

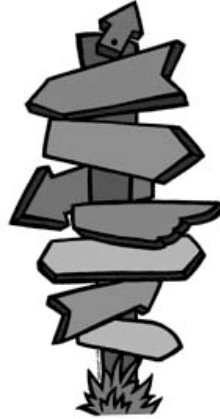


Lean, Mean, Killing Machine





CHOICES



Take a moment and look in the mirror. Yeah, tell me about it. If you need a moment to cry or even throw up, I'll totally understand. It's normal to purge oneself after years of neglect so grab a bucket and get it out of the system. But I promise that from this day forward things are going to change. That is, unless you're a spineless jellyfish and intend to bail before we even get started. If that's the case then be sure to stock up on double fried potato chips and a PlayStation.

An assumption about this book which I'm guessing you are already starting to doubt is that it is a positive and motivating self-help digest. Judging by my complete lack of friends and an ever-growing number of family members who unfollow me on *Facebook*, you perhaps might do well to

get your daily pat on the head from a more empathic source. Given my half-Scottish ancestry, I'll be more apt to dust off the kilt, throw a caber¹ at your face and yell curse words not heard since William Wallace stepped on a nail.

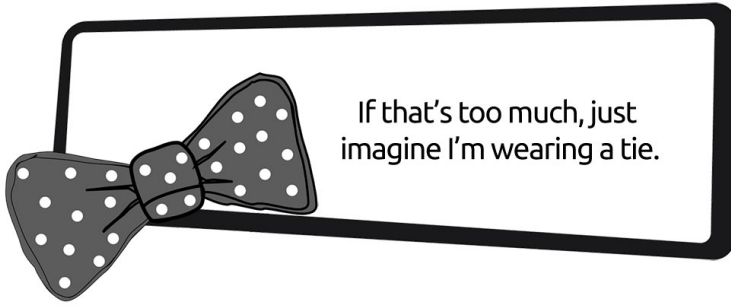


That means it's time. Hashtag *real talk*, baby. Now look again in that mirror and focus past the grease-stain that is your life. Before you stands the raw, untapped resources to build a temple fit to house the 3 pounds of neurological meat encased in your skull. Stand up tall kid. Dr. Parrot is gonna make you a star without all that pervy Harvey Weinstein stuff. Unless you insist on it of course. I am after all a professional.

Now reach out and take my hand. Mystically we are staring at each other in the privacy of our minds. We are linked across towns, regions and continents. At this moment, I am your lifeline to a better world of fitness, health and general awesomeness. Our hands touch and we share a common bond. Yes, a mutual energy infused with determination and resolve. From this moment forward I

¹ Eye, never there be a sport more manly.

will guide you into taking the broken pile of bricks and rebuilding the fortress. Just pay no attention to my total nudity.



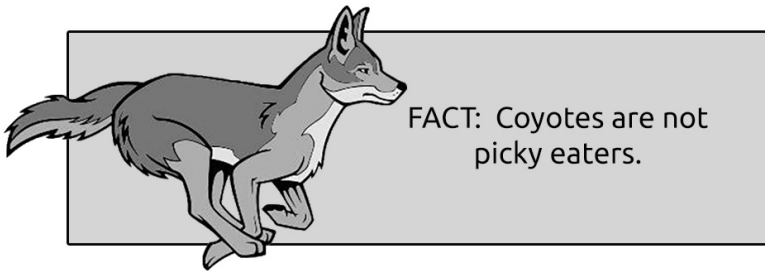
If you can, take this moment and yell like the triumphant warrior you have deep within the bowels of your pitiful form. Louder you stupid ape. I want the neighbors to think someone dropped a chainsaw on grandma. Did you do it? *Really?* Impressive. Since you are evidently so open to suggestion, I demand you buy ten more copies of this book. Make it snappy too, my Tesla payment is due.

The number one problem everyone has in making a dramatic change is resolve. Not surprising given the cultural shift to normalizing character equivalent to a neutered hamster. But to solidify the decision to change, a plan is required. With any luck, together we can devise a plan or at least learn a few tips along the way.

But first we must navigate the stormy seas and be mindful of the jagged rocks that infest the shorelines of success.

Wrong Turn at Albuquerque

We start by taking a look to see where the train went off the rails. For some, all is not that bad. Maybe there's a bit of debris on the track and all that is needed is a little clean up. For others a derailment has occurred, but thankfully no lives lost. And finally, there is a growing number of individuals whose train has broken off the tracks at maximum velocity and are plummeting into a rocky valley. Passengers are screaming as their final seconds are spent knowing there will not be an open casket funeral once the coyotes are done with their corpses.



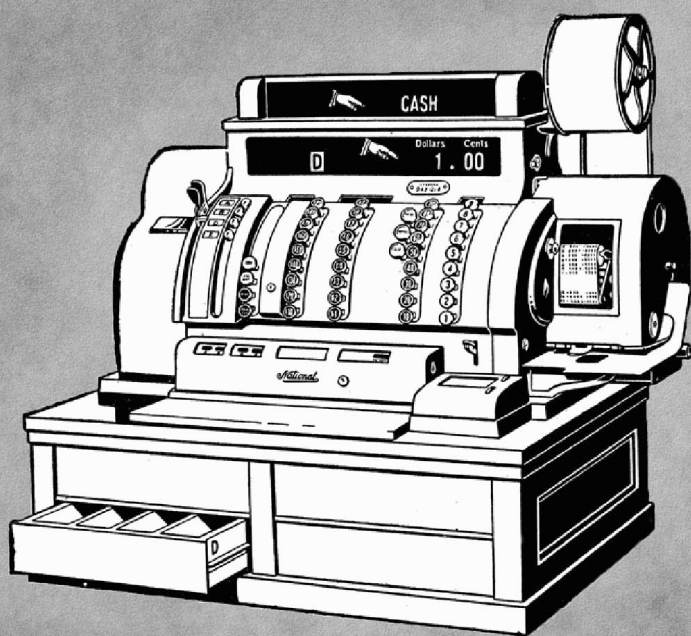
There's usually a pivotal moment where a flash of clarity strikes. This will happen at many instances in your life. Simple things like learning to tie your shoes. Finally realizing that all politicians are crooks. Or asking that girl over for candlelight pizza only to realize she's a vegan who doesn't like triple-meat deep dish and cheap dry wine. Look Jill, If I'd known you were a PETA member I would have at least ordered steak to go with your sanctimonious high maintenance. Sigh, some first (*and last*) dates can't end fast enough.

Most people hit this major moment of fitness clarity in the worst of all possible locations; the beach. Yes, that public space where everyone is dressed in the equivalent of

underwear. Firm thighs, ripped chests, youthful skin...and then there's *you*. Someone who went from having a spare tire to looking like they ate one. You look over at your long-time pal Ed, who is having another beer and talking about his boat. Again. Ed sure gained a lot of weight since he gave up the nine to five in favor of devoting his free time to fishing and alcoholism. But the both of you now resemble pregnant baboons. Fat. Hairy. Pregnant. Baboons. If you have had this moment then good news, you acknowledge a problem, and that is a huge step on the road to recovery. Recovery, or accepting the bitter truth of lifelong crushing obesity and drowning your depression in discount high-proof booze. But let's keep it positive. First things first though, put a shirt on. You're scaring the children.

The first reaction is usually a resolve to change your evil ways. You pass the half empty beer to your 7-year-old nephew and vow to become a better person. You're going to run, lift weights or whatever it is people do to become fit. My advice for this moment is simple...*stop*. There's an entire industry built around tapping into feelings of inadequacy to separate people from their cash. Therefore, we need to be one step ahead and devise a plan.





THE MONEY OR YOUR LIFE



While I wouldn't say gym memberships are a scam at the level of your uncle's MLM "*business*" venture, they are usually the first mistake when trying to get the U.S.S. Muffintop into drydock for repairs. And I must give admiration where it's due, fitness clubs are masters of manipulation. If you're unfamiliar with the process, let me guide you through the method of turning the average consumer into a pitiful dope.

First, the poor schlub manning the info booth will greet you and page a tour guide. You'll sit there for about five minutes until one of two things will happen; If you're a woman, then a Hugh Jackman clone will emerge to give a gym tour. He'll be sporting rock-hard abs to signal he's

suitable breeding stock. If you're a man, Megan Fox in spandex will walk you through the facilities. Try not to embarrass yourself.

Expect smiles and compliments that I'm sorry to say, are as authentic as a 1-900 phone call. Nothing about you is attractive to them and if you were the last two on earth, humanity would simply die out in a lonely whimper. But in the meantime, the flattering smiles and well-timed eye contact do their job to turn the prospective customers brain into overcooked mashed potatoes. They walk you back to the counter and whip out the contract. Again, they smile as if to imply "*Hey, wouldn't you want to work out with ME every day?*" You in turn are thinking "*Hugpf garble dufdam yup*" while subconsciously slapping the *Target Mastercard* on the table to prove you're a high roller.

Within seconds it is done. Your name and credit information has been signed away. As of that second you are officially *dead* to them. The stunning guide then transforms into a horned demi-god before your very eyes as you gasp in shock. The demon looks over the contract and nods in approval. While maniacally laughing, it finally disappears into a billow of fire and brimstone.



You are now in possession of a 1-year membership with *absolutely no option* to terminate. No really, go ahead and try. Frank Morris had an easier time escaping from Alcatraz than you will trying to void this contract. So instead of fighting it, just accept that you're screwed for the upcoming year. Might as well give it a try.

99% of people who sign up for memberships use them about as frequently as your average French Catholic goes to Sunday Mass. If by some freak chance you actually attend the gym (*or Catholic Mass for that matter*) more than ten days a year then you, my friend, are at the top ten percent. You'll still be a fat, out of shape pile of human filth²...but the top 10% nonetheless.



By now it's been about a week since Satan got your signature and now the guilt is settling in. Time to justify the monthly loss of income and make a trip to the gym. Hopefully you can overcome the nervousness and not make too many lame excuses like deciding to rebuild the lawnmowers carburetor in the dead of winter. Sadly, it is here that disappointment once again lurks around the corner.

² Also, God's not buying it. You're still going to Hell.