

# Underground Gym

*Part 4 - A bitter recovery...*

*A reflection by Gemma Rox*

The ride to the hospital was sheer agony, my tears mixing with my make up leaving black streaks down my pearly white cheeks, the paramedics said it was a simple procedure to re-align the bone but it's best to do it at the hospital in case of complications... to be honest I wasn't really paying attention my mind replaying the scene over and over and over again...

We got to Heath Hospital Emergency Room quickly enough and I was taken to radiology to find out exactly what kind of Dislocation had occurred. My Doctor had all the manners of a 7th century jailer, seeing me as more of an inconvenience than a patient. Constantly looking at his watch no doubt waiting for the morning shift to arrive so he can get the hell out of here.

"Doctor..." I quietly say "I know this must be an awful experience for you, truly, but if you look at your watch one more time, you may need it surgically removed..." I state calmly, noting the shock in his face and the sudden embarrassment at the realisation he was caught out failing to be entirely professional.

"No...of course you are right, my apologies Miss Rox" he started going back to the X-rays "basically a dislocated shoulder occurs when the Humerus separates from the Scapula at the glenohumeral joint" he begins

"Well, I thought that was common knowledge" I jest bitterly, silently suggesting he get to the point

"But the strange thing here is that we seem to have an Inferior dislocation" he continues

"Great... does that mean I'm going to get picked on by all the other dislocations?"

"What's strange about this" he carries on, ignoring my verbal jab "is it's a very rare form of dislocation that comes from downward pressure... I've never seen one before and if my memory is correct only about 1% of all dislocations are Inferior Dislocations... how did this happen?" he asks

"Wow... 1% huh? Guess that makes me special Doc" I retort, hoping my hostile wit disarms him and steers the conversation away from the how did this happen road... I had enough of that with the police at the scene, I managed to convince them I was mugged and didn't see my attackers but they seemed unconvinced.

"The problem we have Gemma, is that an Inferior Dislocation usually comes with a number of complications such as vascular, neurological, tendon and ligament injuries" he states matter of factly.

“so give me the bad news then, how long am I out for?” I ask tentatively

“I’d normally say 6-12 weeks but with this case, I’d estimate 3-4 months... IF you keep up with the rehabilitation exercises we set you” he answers. I think he’s surprised at my calmness... so am I... without my arm I’ll have to hold back on University (who needs an artist who can’t paint!), I won’t be able to work (suddenly I’m grateful I didn’t blow that £8,000 pay check...) and most of all I’m going to have to wait a LONG time before I can get my revenge on Katie...

Katie... she knew exactly what she was doing. She was cold, calculated and methodical. That terrified me. That somebody can willingly dislocate another girls shoulder knowing she’d be out of action for 4 months... that takes a ice cold heart. No doubt she’ll have plenty of time to re-establish herself in the gym as the alpha female and get back to her dedicated, self motivated life she adores so much... I can’t just beat her, that’s not going to cut it, I need to wreck her! Hurt her! Not just physically, I have to make sure she suffers just as much as I have. I’m going to turn her world upside down!

“FUUUUUUUUUUUUCCCKKKK!!!!!!!” I scream, my profanities raining down harder than the storm out side, my Doctor stunned at the language coming from such a small, seemingly fragile woman! But with a crack my shoulder sits back in it’s socket and the sharp agony dulls down to a constant throbbing pain... oh lucky me...

The next day I’m up and about, much to my housemates shock “please Gemma! Rest up a little!” they plead... but the look on their faces when I told them I was headed to the gym... I almost pissed myself!!! Of course they don’t know about my secret life but I explained to them that I needed to cancel a few classes and they were satisfied I wasn’t planning on doing anything stupid

Jason’s face lit up as I walked in, then he looked over at my bruised cut face and my arm in a sling and his face dropped!

“What the fuck happened?” he asks and to be honest... all through the 15 minute walk there I’ve been thinking about how to answer his first obvious question... do I tell him the truth? Will he let me fight her after that? Do I lie? Hoping he doesn’t hear of it? But to be honest I doubt Katie will keep it a secret... I decide to tell him everything as we have a cup of tea in the staff room, his face switches from confusion to anger to shock as I recant the tail of my ambush and the brutality behind my injuries.

“That’s it!” he shout’s “That cunt isn’t setting foot anywhere NEAR my gym again!” he growls

“NO!” I scream back, Jason stunned at my outburst! “You can’t do that! I need her to be apart of this gym... look, I understand you’re angry, you’ve got every right to be but this gym is her life... sad as her life is she needs this place! Without this place she has nothing. You can’t take it away from her...”


Jason is lost for words as he sit’s back down

“You can’t take it away from her... because I want to...”

I went on to explain that I wanted a match with her after I heal and I want the stakes to be high. Whoever lost would be banished from the gym. Jason and I argued all afternoon...

What if I lost?... then I never come back

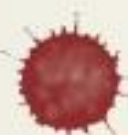
What if I get hurt again?... Every girl who enters that ring takes that risk, this is no different.



What...If...But... every question I threw back at him and eventually he caved, clearly unhappy but willing to go along with it.


Of course, he wouldn't tell her until I was ready for her to know but he did give her a bollocking the next time she came in, I chuckled as he described her shoulders humped, face pouting, almost tears in her eyes as Jason scolded her like a naughty schoolgirl in front of the entire gym!

The next 3 months were a blur, my family and friends would tell you I've changed... I'm not the fun loving girl I used to be and they'd say that night changed me... I don't blame them for thinking that, I've been a closed book, no socialising other than exchanging pleasantries with passers by. No nights out. No parties. No junk food. No alcohol. No vices. Just rehabilitation. Training followed by training followed by training, I've taken to using the gym at The Hilton, knowing Katie wouldn't get word of my recovery that way. My entire life revolves around one thing now.



Reading this, you might think I've changed too, but I haven't. I'm the same girl I always was but right now I'm hunting. I'm learning my prey, understanding her motivations, living her life, she prides herself on perfection of execution, no margin for error, no room for distraction. I want to know her completely so I can destroy her utterly...

Maybe that sounds dark... maybe that only serves to cement your opinion that I have changed... but it's what I have to do to get my life back... to get the memory of that night out of my head... covered in blood, broken and face down in the rain soaked gutter... I'll do anything to get that night out of my head... anything...



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