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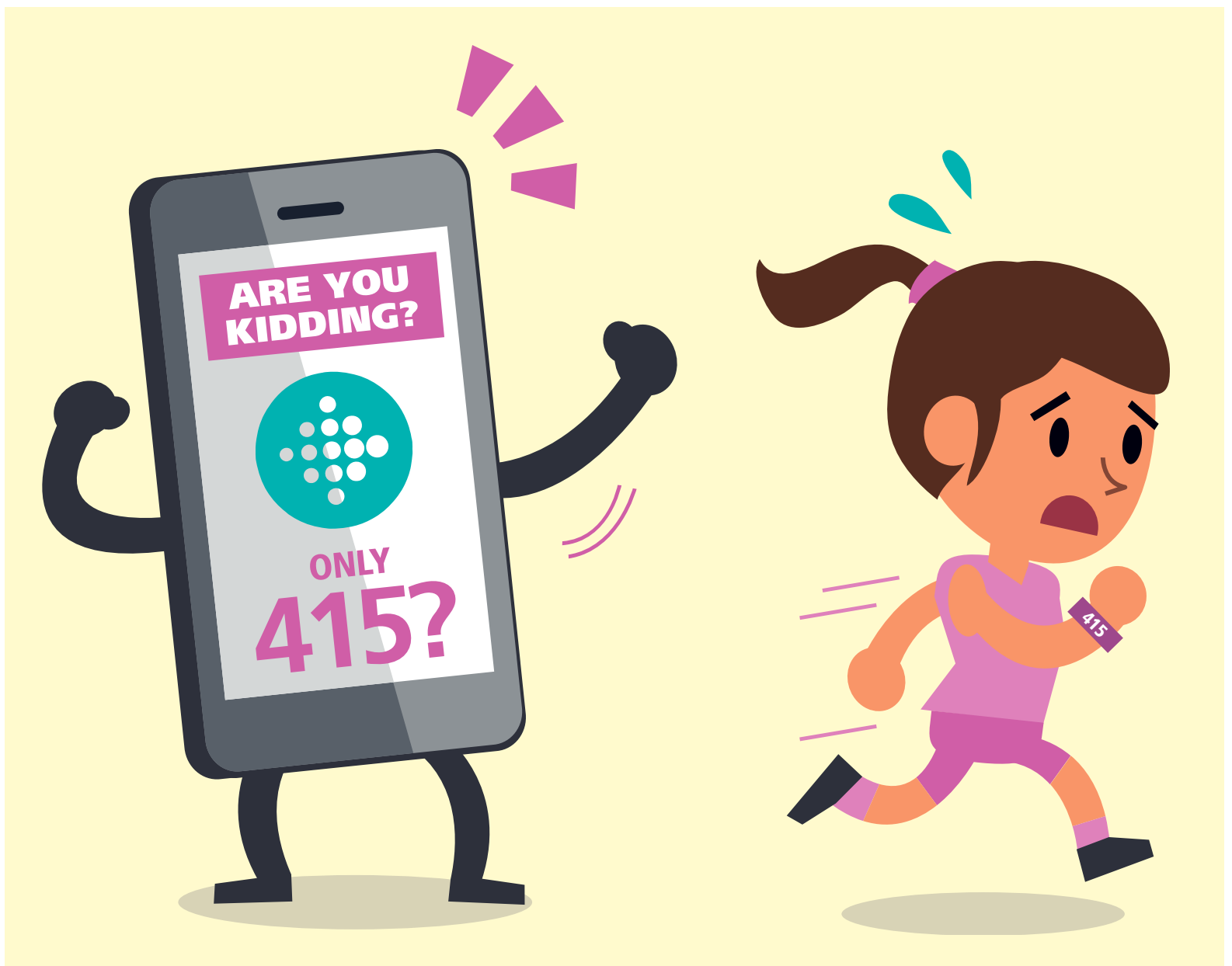
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Fitbit to be tied

A device that tracks all my fitness activity? No thanks!

BY LISA A. BEACH

Tapping into the latest trend, my well-intentioned husband recently bought me a Fitbit, one of those omnipotent fitness-tracker wristbands that works with your smartphone. The Fitbit monitors your every move (literally) with a built-in navigation system and loads of features, mak-

ing it a top-seller that (supposedly) fits every lifestyle.

That is, every lifestyle but mine.

I practically hung my head in ungrateful shame as I returned his gift, because isn't it all about the thought that counts? What does this say about me if I returned a gift, not because it didn't fit or it is the wrong color, but because I just didn't like it?

What kind of monster am I?

And yet, I was ready to be branded with a scarlet letter as I returned my Fitbit to Sports Authority (that my husband scored at a 20 percent discount, no less!). I'm probably the only person in the world who's jumping off the Fitbit bandwagon.

Why?

For starters, I'm just not into

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exercise. I mean, I occasionally walk and do yoga, but only because I know I should. And I've given up trying to master the "Dance Off the Inches Hip Hop Party" DVD I bought a few years ago, foolishly thinking I could do complex choreography "so simple anyone can do it." Well, thanks for making me feel like an idiot, girl-on-the-cover-with-rock-hard-abs. When Fit Blonde Girl instructs her hip-hop wannabes to "pop it," the only thing that pops (and cracks) is my arthritic hip.

And I do try to incorporate movement into my daily life. I kick butt in word games, throw a fit when my teen mouths off to me, run daily errands, jump to conclusions, and dance around uncomfortable conversations. These activities don't really burn many calories, but, at least I'm not totally sedentary.

But the fitness tracker is a little too Big Brother for me, with my every movement being monitored 24-seven. To get the most out of my Fitbit, I need to wear it all the time, even when I'm sleeping, shackling me like an I'm-on-house-arrest ankle bracelet. It just dangles on my wrist all day, recording every arm swing as I walk or reach for another glass of wine. Who needs that judgment all day long?

I feel like I should be wowed by this "wonder product" chock-full of features that track not only your exercise, but also your sleep patterns, your water consumption, your calories, and your heart rate.

High-tech features for a low-tech girl:

- I don't need a Fitbit to monitor my water intake. When I can feel the cotton in my mouth, I know it's time to take a drink.

- I don't need a Fitbit to tell me I was restless 35 times last night. I looked at the clock 14 times during the night, feel exhausted in the morning, and can see the dark circles under my eyes, so I'm well aware I had a crappy night's sleep.

- I don't need a device that's waterproof up to 10 meters, given my penchant for never going scuba diving.

- I don't need a Fitbit to vibrate every hour to tell me I've been inactive for too long. When I feel my derrière going numb from sitting at the computer too long, I know it's time to get moving.

And then there's the whole guilt factor. On days when I think I've been fairly active, I check my Fitbit only to discover that I racked up an unimpressive 415 steps today, and it's already 3 pm. This sets off a mini-rage, as I yell at my wrist monitor, "Why are you silently judging me? Who are you to tell me I'm below my goal today?"

On top of all this, I'm always just a few steps behind what's trending.

Case in point — "Breaking Bad" was three seasons old before I even heard about it. And I just read a fashion article that pantyhose are coming back in, which made me wonder, when were they out? So it feels a bit premature for me to jump on the Fitbit bandwagon just yet.

I'm also not what marketing experts would call an "early adopter." I don't upgrade my cell-phone every year. I have zero desire for an Apple Watch. I don't want a drone.

And, after great resistance, I finally forced myself to get on Twitter now that it's almost 10 years old. I'm always late to the trend party by choice.

Now, if my husband can find me a Witbit to monitor my sarcasm, I'd be all over that. But a Fitbit? Thanks, but I'm good.

Lisa Beach is a freelance writer, blogger, humorist, and recovering homeschool mom who lived to write about it. Check out her writer's website at www.LisaBeachWrites.com and visit www.TweeniorMoments.com, Beach's humor blog about mid-life, family, friends, and all the baggage that goes with it.

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