



Walking for me is more than something I feel like I should do or something that I am told is good for me. I used to think a numb backside and stiff, rigid joints came with the territory when your work mostly involves staring at a computer screen. It can be difficult to find the time but when I work 8 hours a day, five days a week at a desk, a quick walk is always a welcomed relief. So, if you will, let me share with you all the things walking is for me as one of Australia's many office workers and how I find the time to fit it in my day (and still get some work done).

For me, walking is a way to get to work. It helps me slow down the morning rush. How many times do we exclaim in a mad rush out the door that there's never enough time in the mornings! I relish seeing my neighbourhood and admiring the beautiful gardens. I'm also bound to pass somebody walking their k9 friend. I can't help but smile when I see an overly eager, excited dog on their morning walk. Most of all though, I smile to see other office workers grit their teeth in the traffic as I walk on by. Note to self: must learn not to take pleasure in other people's misfortune!

When I get to work, walking is my stress breaker, my planning time, my ideas vehicle! If I am ever stuck on a problem I simply get up and go for a five minute walk. Even if I'm just cutting laps of the corridor I find my solution far more often than not.

Walking is my mini-break. When my eyes feel tired I print something to the printer furthest away and take a stroll past all the other desk bound prisoners to refocus both my eyes and my motivation. I also get up regularly to walk to the water cooler, to hit my target of eight glasses a day of course. It has nothing to do

with the fact that the water cooler is the over-flowing hot-spot for office goss.
Note to self: see previous note to self!



If I'm not feeling sociable and need some time out I take the stairs, down to the next floor's toilets. Why not use the toilets on my floor? Well, walking is my competition feeder. On my return trip I love to stroll past the people waiting for the lift, happily meander up the stairs and still come out victorious at the top to see them exit their confinement. Rocky-Balboa stair dance is optional.

Last but by no means least, walking is my way to get home from work, to wind down, de-stress and regroup my happy thoughts before greeting my family. So when I finally do walk in the door I can sincerely say with a smile, 'Tell me about your day' and have the energy to listen.

- Jenna Long