



ROGUE SPORTS

By Meghan McGuire

Trimspa makes me hungry

I don't know if anyone's noticed, but I've gained a few pounds. I started growing horizontally when I was in Australia last year. I blame this on there being no Coors Light there. The "light" beer in Oz is light in alcohol, not in calories. Yeah right, like I'm going to drink that.

It continued to grow following my Australian adventure, while I awaited knee surgery. Without being able to skateboard, and hardly walk for that matter, my body continued to soften. After surgery, it was another couple months before I could continue with my active lifestyle.

This summer, my fatness reached an apex. I got my first taste of a desk job in Southern California. I surfed the Internet down there much more than the ocean. Working a desk job for

the first time made me question my direction. I had no idea that people were being literal when they said that journalism carries a lot of weight.

So when I returned to southern Oregon, I finally had to stop sucking it in. It was time to not only hit the gym, but karate-chop it to hell.

I have never been a very skinny person, or had the drive or commitment to diet, but I've always exercised and played a lot of sports. If you had told me to count calories in my younger days, I would have told you to count how many fingers I was holding up (with emphasis on the middle digit.)

I tried Trimspa. Instead of turning me into skinny "Do you like my bo-dy?," Anna Nicole, I resembled fat, crazy, babbling

Anna Nicole. If I wanted to do meth, I'd just go to Medford and wait until court got out.

I don't want to be skinny. I just want to fit into my clothes again. And since my financial aid is not going to cover a round of liposuction or a new wardrobe, I'm going to have to do it the hard way.

The YMCA in Ashland is fantastic. You would never guess it, but I have been a member there for years. In following along with the health-fads of the rich and famous like a good media-suckling American, I thought I'd try the Pilates class. I was just hoping they didn't force me to remove my red Kabbalah bracelet.

I love Pilates. It doesn't make you sweat, it makes your guts hurt, but in a good way. The Y offers it at 9:15 and 12:15 Mondays

and Wednesdays, and at 4:30 on Tuesdays and Thursdays. Utilizing a small rubber ball, a large rubber band, and free weights, you get an amazing full-body "core" workout. According to Daisy Fuentes, it "lengthens and strengthens". Although I look like a hobbit in comparison to Daisy, Pilates gives me hope.

After a couple weeks, it was time to conquer another class. So last Friday at 4:30, I found myself in hip-hop dance.

Now this was really a sight to see. At no time in my life have I more resembled a wooky. I was a few minutes late to the class so I met Barb and Jenny Yager after warm-ups, and dove right into the serious moves. It was one of the many times in my life when it seemed like they put a mirror in front of me strictly for humiliation purposes. The music and the instructor were great. It was purely my inadequacies and lack of soul that disappointed me. And to make matters worse, I had been bragging about what a good hip-hop dancer I was to my friends for weeks beforehand. Too bad

my nose didn't grow out like Pinocchio's, I could have used it as a cane in that class.

On the upside, I laughed more than a mature amount in hip-hop dance which I hear is good for the abs. Jenny Yager and Barb both were better than me, but they sucked too. Hip Hop dance class in Ashland is probably about the equivalent to line dancing in Compton. We were probably better then it seemed, we reasoned, per capita.

"My best moves are all self-taught," I assured my friends after the class. I dragged myself home, stopping by Omars for some fried food and a beer to cheer me up.

On Tuesday Jenny Yager called me up and asked if I wanted to go to kickboxing. Now this was an experience that I'll never forget. I'm not sure what every kickboxing class is like, but this one was especially good. Probably because the instructor was so awesome. A pillar of kickboxing perfection, she reminded me of Jane Fonda, but more evil. She taught the class like a professional coach, yelling "Jab, Jab," to the class of heavily-sweating ladies of all shapes and sizes. It felt like you were in a combination between boot camp and a Bruce Lee movie. The music playing was techno-ish, but the class was definitely heavy metal.

At one point some teenage boys arrived and joined in the class in a rather non-subtle, mocking type manner. They didn't stay for long, I'm sure they realized that our teacher could kill them with her pinky finger. My calves were clenched like vice grips backward, but I can't wait to go back next Tuesday.

So, although it isn't even Thanksgiving yet and I've already eaten three pumpkin pies, the next time you see me you could potentially mistake me for some one else. I'm organizing my courses around my new-found passion for fitness classes at the Y. If you do a double-take because you think that you see Lindsay Lohan or an Olsen Twin around campus it's probably just me and my new sleek physique.

Best...

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especially for senior year. I've had a stinger in my neck, and my knee has been pretty sore—it's just been a rough day, the wins came hard, definitely—I mean, I had to work for everything I had today, nothing came easy," said Grochowsky.

Fourth-ranked David O'Brien fell by a 4-3 count to two-time Pac-10 placer Chet McBee of Oregon in the 174-pound finals, and eighth-ranked senior Rick Story lost to NCAA Div. I second-ranked Shane Webster of Oregon in the 184-pound finale. Junior Abe Ewing (197) and senior Matt Holt (141) each placed fourth.

This year's event intensifies the anticipation for SOU to win in the NAIA national championships that will be held in Sioux City, Iowa.

Next, SOU wrestlers will be to compete against Portland State University in Coos Bay on December 10.

For complete results of the Best of the West College Division, log on to <www.sou.edu/athletics/bow2005.htm>

Students bundle up at Ski Swap



Norman Acupan/The Siskiyou

Sophomore Dan Snell checks out beanies at McNeil Saturday

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