



ROGUE SPORTS

by Meghan McGuire

LISTEN TO MILLI VANILLI

To my surprise and dismay, earlier this winter I was accused of being "high strung." I have

never thought of myself in that way before, quite the contrary in fact. How could someone who didn't tie their shoelaces until the age of 15 be high strung? Someone whose life slogan is "Whatever!" Seems improbable.

Since the accusation, I have been monitoring my behavior closely and have found that there may be some truth to it. Last week I waited for what seemed like ages for a light to

change, when some kids lazily jaywalked in front of my car. In reproach, I blared my horn until they stepped on to the sidewalk, then gassed it through the intersection in a blatant display of anger and impatience. "Well, I think I made my point clear," I thought to myself, just before realizing that I may possibly have come off a little "high strung."

I've become a monster, and

I'll tell you why. I am so sick of this weather I could light myself on fire and run down the Boulevard screaming, but that would never work because the rain would put out the fire before I got to Starbucks. When I think of the warm weather my friends are basking in down south, I feel like pre-leg Ariel.

"Up where they walk, up where they run, up where they play all day in the sun...wan-

dering free, wish I could be, part of that worrrrrld." I often sing this famous verse to myself while waddling through puddles on my way to school. Unlike my friends in Cali, the only "laying out" that I do these days is on newsprint.

I have heard that this has been the wettest spring in years, and I believe it. It has been especially excruciating lately, with windows of sunlight arriving only for enough time to remind us of how wonderful life is, and disappearing before anyone can retain that information. It's like that cruel trick that you play on your friends where you pull your car forward a couple feet every time they try to get in, making them to look like fools in front of you and your already-seated passengers. On second thought, maybe this weather is god's way of paying me back for all the bad karma that I have acquired playing said trick. In any case, spring in Southern Oregon is one of the most pleasant environments in the galaxy. Winter is one of the suckiest in the universe.

During the summer in Oregon, I feel carefree and light as a feather. During the winter, I feel that I should check the weight capacity in elevators before getting in.

Obviously, something strange is going on. I was almost convinced that global warming was part of a "liberal conspiracy." If it is true, the upside is that now is the time to buy property on the Oregon Coast, because chances are that our state could become the new Southern California in coming years.

Instead of watching our skin become more pasty as we sit in the bar all winter, we Oregonians will be flexing our toned, tanned bodies as we nod to fellow roller bladers on the boardwalk, or tumble to the sand after a spike. "This is OUR time, bros," we will say to our friends after catching a tasty wave. All over the state, flannel will be replaced with spandex and for once we will actually have to bring water when holding wet T-shirt contests.

I feverently believe that the artists Milli and Vanilli of the band "Milli Vanilli" were sending an important message directly to the Northwest when they said, "Blame it on the rain, blame it on the stars that shine at niight, but whatever you doo-oo-oo, don't place the blame on youuuuu."

These men are true artists who were the victims of a vast conspiracy, probably kick-started by the same kook who started the thing about global warming. Whether they actually were "singing" is irrelevant. What matters is the meaning of their words. Blame *everything* on the rain. I do. I blame my bad attitude on the rain. I blame the fact that I never made it big in the rap game on it. I blame the behavior of the teenage jaywalkers on it. I blame the Bush administration on it. I even blame it for global warming, ironically.

But have no fear, the clouds will soon part, the sun will shine down, and soon we will have a whole new set of problems on our hands. Like how to attend class when there is so much to do. Like camping, surfing, skating, playing softball, hiking, frisbee, swimming, and drinking beer in the sun, the list goes on and on (and on.)

And the only thing high strung will be the pinata at my graduation fiesta as I beat the shit out of it and try to forget everything I learned in college.

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