

Fats where it's at

by Immanuel Labour

Jogging is sweeping the city like a storm. Quickly out-distancing fishing and hockey, but still trailing drinking and sex as the most popular form of Maritime exercise.

I'm confident this craze will peter out like so many hoola-hoops and pogosticks, and we'll return to a healthy state of sloth. I should explain my position in layman's terms. I'm fat. And I'm not about to sacrifice my summer's cultivation of Moosehead muscle for a pair of Sweaty sneakers and adidas shorts. If man had been created to jog he would have been born with rubber soles and three zig zag lines stitched up his foot.

It doesn't bother me at all that I tend to waddle when I walk, a fat person is merely expressing his individuality by refusing to adhere to social pressure. Jogging is sooo trendy. You can't buy a simple pair of running shoes any longer. They are all color co-ordinated to match your Pierre Cardin jogging suit and cost a small fortune.

Recently the business and professional communities have gotten into the act, creating exclusive jogging clubs for the selective jogger.

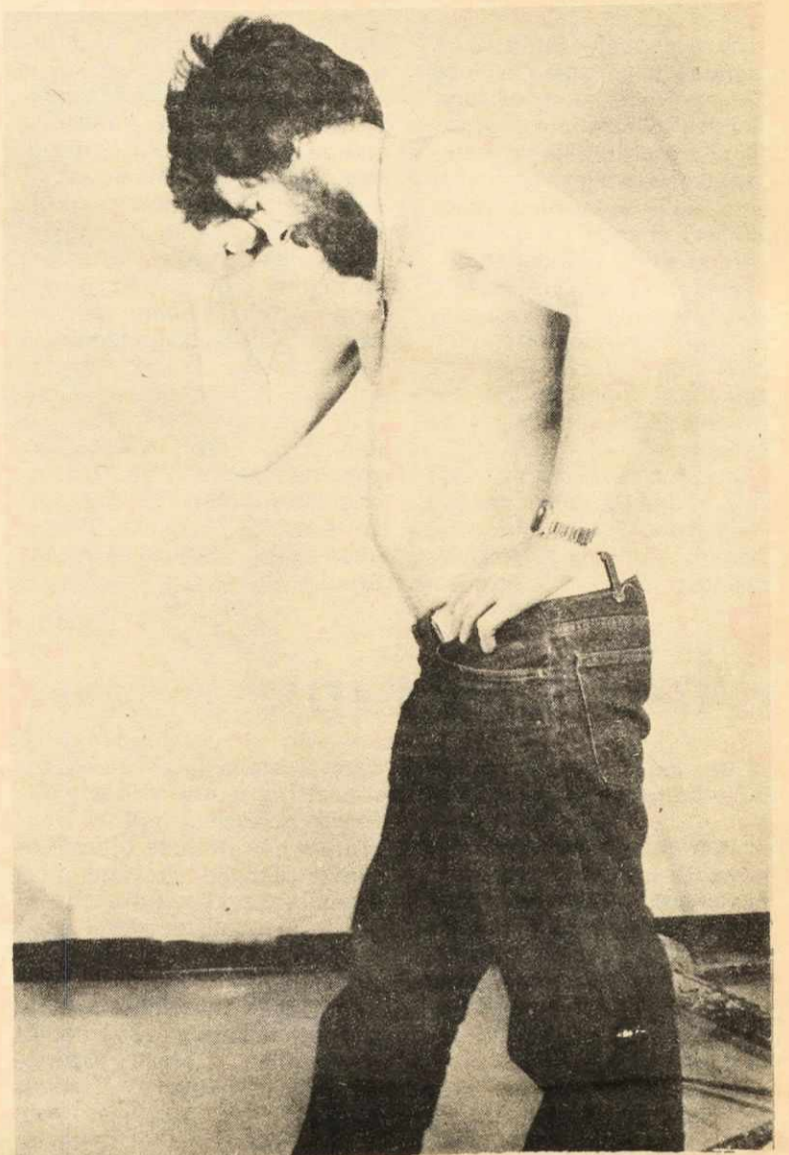
I wear my fatness with pride. The roles of flesh cascading about like tiers of cookie dough represent years of dedication to the culinary arts. I'm not about to squander a solitary pound of it for the opportunity to sweat communally.



On aesthetic grounds alone, fat people should be discouraged from jogging. Fat people, such as I, understand only too well that when a rotund fellow in jogging shorts runs down a boulevard his behind looks as though it's chewing chicklets.

I have a friend who has fallen among the running enthusiasts and is at the stage where he's entertaining the notion of running a marathon. To hear him describe the event, it's as close to physical torture as I care to get. Apparently, after a prolonged jog he experiences intense chest pains followed by his arms becoming limp appendages while severe cramps engulf his calf and ligaments. He then passes into his second wind (not flatulence), a feeling he describes as 'serene and peaceful; akin to orgasm', which sounds to me like rigormortus.

For now, I guess I'll be banished by social ostracism to the bowels of the SUB cafeteria. However, when the dust clears and the carnage of sprained ankles and torn ligaments litter the jogging paths of Halifax, I'll probably have the last laugh. Public trends have a curious fickleness built into them to safeguard against the lunacy getting out of hand. So when the public begins to adhere to the edict, 'Fat's where it's at', I'll be away ahead of the game.

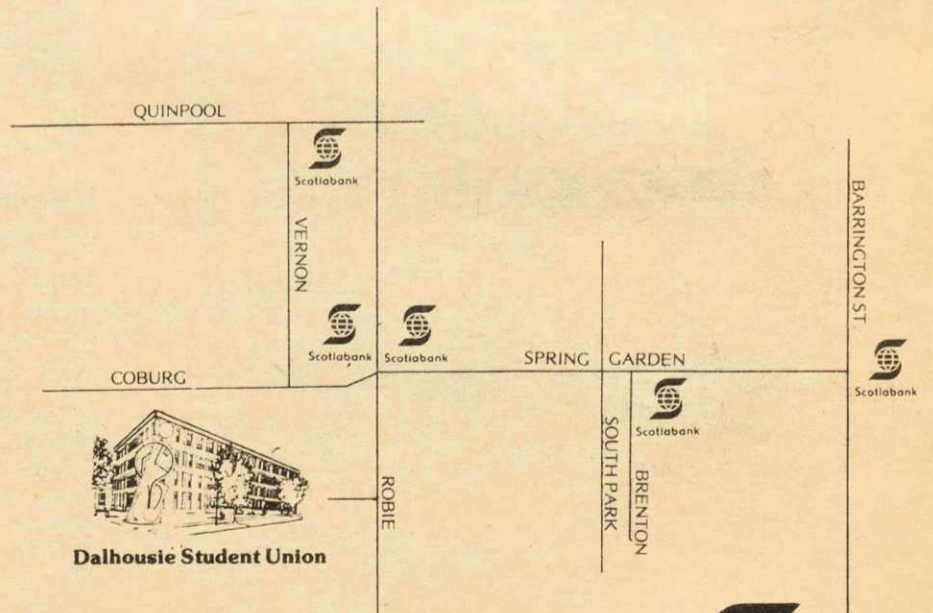



The "Animal"

Del Photo / Dayal

Grow with US.

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