

# OC Roller Girls

I am working on my first feature for the Orange County Register. As you may (or may not) have noticed, I have kissed my column good-bye in order to spend more time with my blog and concentrate on writing my treatment for a sitcom...which is based on my column...which is all now super confusing, even to me.

When I left I told my weeping editor I would send in some ideas for features. As he wiped away his tears he whispered hopefully, "promise?" What can I say, I hate to see grown men cry, so I submitted a story on The OC Roller Girls.



These are the girls you wish you could have been in high school. Not the cheerleaders, ~~not the yearbook editor...scratch this part, that's not right,~~ but the ones who were righteously cool and downright rebellious at the thought of conformity. Chrissie Hynde 1981 kind of cool.

I love these girls. But, with names like Dirty Deborah Harry, Hurt in a Skirt, and Cupcake Von Rotten I'm a little scared they might sense my lifetime fear of tough, coordinated, self-confident girls and tease me out of habit and obligation.

In case anyone asks, I am trying to think of a roller derby name for myself, here is what I've come up with so far: Weak Ankles Suzie, Dorothy Parker's Wrath on Wheels (wearing my glasses, of course), Suzie Cries A-lot, or Bad Daft Kitty. I'm still mulling it around.

Please feel free to offer your suggestions. Just remember, I don't want to encourage painful interaction toward me in the ring.

I'm headed out tomorrow night to their scrimmage with my tape

recorder, a sensible pair of shoes, and a pocketful of admiration.

If you're up to it, break out your tube socks and fishnets and come out to their bout against the LA Derby Dolls on Sat. Sept. 27th, [Click here for tickets](#).

Stay tuned.