

February
2011

PRACTICE CROSSFIT



Volume
34

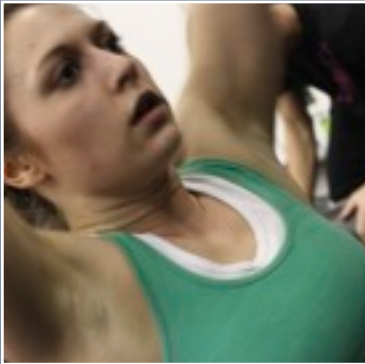
"THE
PRACTITIONERS
GUIDE"

"RESET"

The Conclusion

Josh Bunch

"Apparently, sometimes the road to salvation, is extermination".



The world of today is still covered. Covered in the ash we created. Not form some Mayan-hypno-scare-protocol-bullshit-moive-preview. No, something much scarier than that.... humans.

We saturated the world until it kinda cleansed itself, or used us against ourselves to do so for it. No matter now. Now I will use ash of the past, for my success in the now. I will use our mistakes, to help me win now. Isn't it odd how we always call our mistakes experience?

I have since, after the full frontal attack of the foes I actually had been hunting to promote the longevity of my tribe, crouched beneath some debris left behind form the long long ago. With a simple slight upturn of my brow I can see their somewhat sacrificial lamb sprint about with that idiot grin. He thinks he has me...sucks for him.

This one is a "Blank Cell". I call him that because he is too young and stupid to have really chosen the evil survival that has been thrust upon him. He merely exists that way due to born into weakness, paired with idiot surrounding. Kinda sounds like the long long ago. Thus why I'm hunting so much. To promote survival of the fittest. And the fittest are caring, sharing, and relish what they take from the earth. Not these assholes.

The "Blank Cell" to my right flank moves pretty well, but not for long. With a fling of a disc shaped like weapon that is the equivalent to five heavy weight punches all at once head. The weapon leaves my hand no slower than a bullet from a gun. Before it hits him I'm making my move on the rest of his militia. As it launches him seven feet laterally I pray it doesn't kill him. I pray that was the wake up call that blank cell needed to wake him the hell up. If I kill him in five years I will chalk it up to wishful thinking and wasted prayers.

As the bc hits the ash their leader watches from an eagles eye view atop a heap of debris created by people of the long long ago. He can see me, but the rest of his team cannot. I smile at him. This man I have been hunting. This Judge. This Judge with his blank cells and mute army.

They call themselves Judges because once atop the idiot brigade of rapist's, robbers, and murders they Judge whatever they deem to be acceptable behavior in their tribes. Many times making slaves, and creating havoc in their wakes. They do this of course until one of their own deems themselves strong enough to fight the current Judge. Whoever wins get the Current Judge's tattooed face, cut like a surgeon. They start a new belt of the faces of

the Judge's they have slain, and they get the belt of the Judge they defeated.

You see when boredom sets in, these Judges and Mutes mark all over their faces to symbolize whatever jacked up life view they are trying to hold onto. Whenever one goes down in battle his face is removed and added to a vast belt to continue the vicious cycle. Each Judge wears a personal face kill belt of just the faces they have slain, plus the belt that keeps transferring from judges to judge like some kind of retina scan asshole archive.

The Judge in front of me has been killing for sometime....both belts are faces full of shit.

He knows me and bolts leaving his two "mutes" to finish the job he knows they will fail at. And our Judge is not running in fear, he stacking the deck by slipping ahead to set up a trap to deal with my inevitable arrival...so its suits me to deal with the trash he left being rather speedily.

They are "mutes" because they won't talk. Not because they can't. Because they are so ass-wrapped and force fed with whatever the Judge is giving them they blindly follow orders until they die, or grow a pair and turn into a Judge themselves. These two good ole boys are not only as far from the tress of intelligence as you can get, but they are not soldiers either.

Before the sound reaches the ear one Mute is slashed across his calf with a sharpened piece of metal you would never think was a sword, but I swing it like one...well two actually because just as I spring completely out of the ash I crawled through to get their like some sort of sadistic gopher, both hands with both blades plunged into my attackers.

You can't imagine the look on someones face when they know they are leaving this world, no matter how shitty it is. When they clearly see their mortality, and it has a face, they cower. In hell there tormentors will look much worse than me.

The mute to my right was ended immediately as he was crouched already atop an old discarded BMW. A clean death. The other is not so lucky. He falls off the top of what looks to be a car of some sort..but blackened by numerous fires of the new age. As he hits the dirt my back is already turned addressing the fleeing Judge.

The Mute wails his heart out begging, threatening, bargaining. All the things we do before we die. But I won't finish him off. No, I will double back after our Judge falls to my blade in hopes the wolves have gathered for a mute feast.

Wolves make great pets if they trust you. And some companionship sounds nice right now...as long as it can't talk back.

The Judges trail looks like he left a glow stick trail saying, "come find me asshole, there's a trap."

I disregard all good judgement and move with such ease and delight you would be scarce to say I looked more animal than man. Or is it, this is how we always moved...we just forgot.

I caught our Deranged Judge's scent around the bottom of the biggest skyscraper left in this area. Thats right, I can smell where people are. Kinda easy when there ain't that many people, or, and there is no more sinus clogging food around.

"The building will be inevitably booby trapped", I say out loud just as I'm hit with rudimentary spring-loaded trap aimed at the groin. Dirty-dirty low blow. But hey winning is winning and when your all outta ideas, take their balls.

Thankfully it delayed for some reason and I got out virtually unscathed only to find a more dramatic falling staircase trick that not only toppled me on my ass with a handful of small metal pieces in my back, but it prevented my from reaching the next floors.

"Oh well, I will take the elevator...elevator shaft that is".

I used to hate rope climbs back in the long long ago, but man if I don't long for that right about now. A fifteen foot climb sound like bliss compared to eight stories to the first doors I could open by hand.

I finally track our Judge down atop the roof. Of course where better to spring a trap than 50 stories up.

"Join me, and we rule. Join me and no-one ever takes from us. Join me, or die".

Even now in the times we live in, in what we have witnessed the human condition tries to negotiate its way into keeping up the same sick habits. The detrimental behavior. The same bad attitude. Apparently, sometimes the road to salvation, is extermination.

"Lets shake on it" I mutter as I take two fast steps onto a raised piece of rock protruding from the roof full of debris. Im way faster than this judge, and I won't give him the chance to spring anything on me...how wrong I was.

Immediately upon athletically, and stupidly, launching myself gracefully into the air, gravity projected my right where he intended me to be. Impaled. Impaled atop a rod he simply stepped on which flung up into position as I was descending towards him. He knew my ambition would get the best of me. Doesn't it always.

"So here we stand." The Judge says as he patrols around me as I dangle three feet off the ground shanked by a two-inch metal rod that missed every internal organ, and now points out my should blade. Thankfully, he thinks he got me. So as he talks I take a hug bite into my tongue so that I can spit blood and act like he pierced a lung as ling as my cough is believable enough.

"Doesn't matter anyway, if you would have agreed to being my partner I would have waited until you were asleep and pulled you heart out" Our Judge gawks as he walks back around a few feet in front of me...just the place I wanted him to be...where I can see his face.

The performance I am giving as I cough up blood by the bucket full is nothing short of Oscar worthy, until I break the victim character at just the right time

"Hey Judge, thats my belt". I say with a smile as he is just realizing whats happening.

With one hand on the front of the rod near my stomach, the other on the back, I lurch up and down with such force the rod snaps at its hinge point throwing our Judge off balance for a split second. Just long enough for me to land, and try this whole leaping thing again.

This time I don't just connect, this time I impale him with the same rod that sticking out of me. I then raise him up bear hugged and take two more steps to the open section of the roof I had been eyeballing ever since I summited this modern mountain. With Judge in hand, impaled with me I leap into this abyss with the end of both of us in mind...but at least he goes to.

Falling is one thing. Falling when your looking into the eyes of the man you have been hunting for sometime knowing the hunt is over is a whole different idea. Then we hit...rod staked into the ground, the Judge at the bottom, me bracing myself at the top. Two stories down from where I jumped. As his last breath left him,he smiles and says..."you will always have to fight".

As I stroll down the street I can't help but look back and admire my work. The Judge makes a cold shadow for passers-by as his body hangs thirty stories up. Right arm, and right leg all attached making a true version of a human flag.

A new flag indeed. A flag that says we will not tolerate the way of the old, that lead to the demise of the many. And that all that may come here in the future may never put others in harms way, they must simply salute the new flag, and the new world....lets hope the Judge was wrong. That this time extermination through salvation worked. And that this time, the only place for murders, thieve and cheats is strung up on a pole reminding us what we will never be again....victims.



Ryan S



"PRACTITIONER OF THE MONTH"

A mixed bag of tricks this Ryan Schumacher of ours truly is. The guy is like a piston at full throttle, dipped in a triple shot of espresso, presented all in Oly Shoes ready to PR on demand...and thats why he wins Practitioner of The Month this February.

No Ryan didn't walk in the door shaking everyones hand or go out of his way to get to know them. Nor did Ryan come to us as a virgin CrossFitter in need of guidance down this very holy trail of ours. In fact Ryan came to us at his marketable 5% body-fat already able to toss in a few quality moves, with a few benchmark WODs already under his belt. And no this has actually nothing to do with his award...in fact, those particular facts actually make it harder to get the award all together.

As you will note from a good majority of POM winners, lots were new to fitness all together, and simply needed to see the way. Not sold the way, thats impossible. Simply given the reigns they rode the horse to greatness...we just celebrate them for it.

Ryan on the other hand came in with his version of CF at hand. Habits he already had. Truths he already thought apt. No it wasn't that Ryan showed up as a CrossFitter, its the

fact that despite already being a CrossFitter, Ryan has still improved.

Truth be told Ryan was all about getting coaching when he arrived...getting it I said, not actually doing it. But over the course of Ryan hanging out, and being a part of the family he has seemed to realize what we want out of him, and what we pray for all. For you to be the best you can be.

Since whatever that day was Ryan added listening to his already monumental committed he demonstrates by staying late to work his weakness, coming early to Practice, and even riding his bike in the snow for fear of crashing his ride. Ryan has made many a stride.

Now that Ryan has grown in his ability to be a student, he has the ability to be a teacher, and has since upped his game. Hell he even strolls up to those first timers and tells them that same repeated story about his undying love for CrossFit, which we all have, it just doesn't come as freely as it should from us all.

So this month catch an ear full of Ryan which he's sure to give, because thats Ryan, and we dig that. Catch him and congratulate him, cause this month is all his.

Gestational diabetes is a form of diabetes that occurs during a woman's pregnancy. GD typically develops during the final trimester and the symptoms are not noticeable to the mother in most cases. A blood screening or glucose test is needed to diagnose it. Studies suggest that four percent of pregnant women develop this condition, although experts believe the number is probably closer to 10% due to many women not being tested for it. Regardless of the actual number, instances of gestational diabetes is on the rise, and for a number of reasons. This is serious cause for concern since GD can cause high blood pressure, pre-eclampsia, premature delivery, and the baby weighing over nine pounds. If not treated, having the condition long term will make it more likely for the child to become obese and develop diabetes themselves.

One contributor for the increase of this condition may be the fact that GD is more common in older women, and today women are waiting longer to have children. The other, much more obvious reason is that many more women who are already obese are getting pregnant. Those who are obese or have a family history of Type 2 diabetes may already have a pre-diabetes condition known as insulin resistance without even realizing they have it. Pregnancy is often the one thing that is enough to tip that person into full blown diabetes.

Experts aren't exactly sure why pregnancy triggers diabetes, other than knowing that certain hormones are produced during pregnancy that interfere with the production of insulin. As the baby grows, the placenta makes more and more of the insulin-interfering hormones. In most cases, a woman's pancreas compensates by producing more insulin. But when this doesn't happen, blood sugar rises, resulting in gestational diabetes.

Gestational diabetes can be treated two ways; diet and

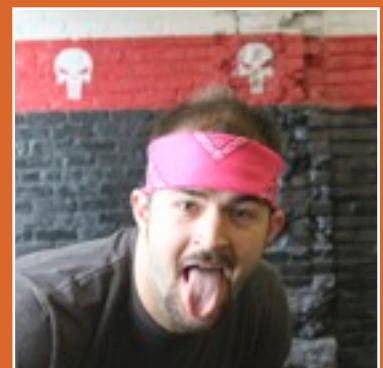
medication. The problem with this is that the medical professionals prescribing a new diet don't know what they're talking about. As the daughter of a PCFer found out first hand, the prescribed diet was throwing her sugar levels off horribly, and her condition was not getting any better. Having a starchy carb at EVERY meal was part of the plan. Luckily, her parents are veteran crossfitters and paleo believers. They basically said "screw what the nurses say", put her on a strict paleo diet, and just like magic... her sugar levels were back in check immediately. As if that weren't enough, this woman has actually lost about 20 lbs while being pregnant. At her last checkup the doctor was dumbfounded when she told him how she had been eating, and was almost infuriated that he didn't know this information before.

It's concerning that our medical professionals-the people we look to for the truth- are giving out not only incorrect information, but are giving out orders that if followed could actually do more harm than good. I felt personally convicted to make sure I do all I can to educate those around me, so that despite what the medical community says, people know the truth. As someone who wants to have children someday, I have personally questioned whether or not the paleo diet would provide proper nutrition for a pregnant woman. Well, now I know. Paleo is good for everyone; *especially* pregnant women. Along with the correct vitamins and supplements having a paleo pregnancy certainly seems like the healthiest and safest way to go for both mom and baby.

"PALEO PREGNANCY"

MINDY SHARDO

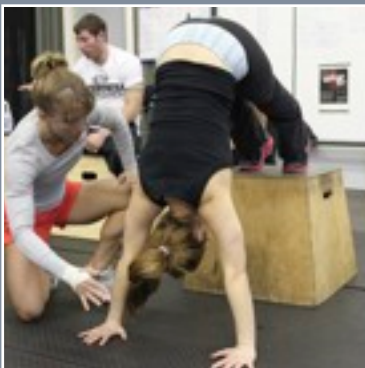
"The problem with this is that the medical professionals prescribing a new diet don't know what they're talking about. As the daughter of a PCFer found out first hand, the prescribed diet was throwing her sugar levels off horribly, and her condition was not getting any better."



"ALTERNATIVE TO MEDICINE: DR. MOBILITY"

Justin Coby Pharm D

"Statistically, a patient over the age of 70 that receives a hip replacement is not likely to survive more than 5 years post-surgery due to improper recovery and continued activity. Getting Paapaw straight to a physical therapist after surgery will dramatically increase his odds of survival."



My name is Justin Coby, I'm a pharmacist, and I'm addicted to getting America off drugs. No this is not the beginning of my two-weeks-notice letter. This is the continuation of my anti-medicine series, and it is focused on a rapidly growing field in this country....the art of the Physical Therapy (PT). Like chiropractic, this hands' on healing has been a part of our country for hundreds of years, though its popularity grew exponentially in the 1950's. Physical therapy was born on the creed that functional movement is central to what it means to be healthy, a statement that all Crossfitters can nod their head at. Most importantly, Physical therapy is concerned with identifying and maximizing quality of life and movement potential within the spheres of promotion, prevention, treatment/ intervention, habilitation and rehabilitation through the use of specific exercises and equipment.

Physical therapy practice in the United States evolved around two major historical events: the polio epidemic and war. Poliomyelitis raged throughout the country in the 1920s and 1930s, literally paralyzing the country. The primary modes of treatment were isolation, immobilization, splinting, bed rest, and later surgery. During World War II, drastic improvements in medical management and surgical techniques led to increasing numbers of survivors with disabling war wounds. In 1921 physical therapists formed the first professional association called the American Women's Physical Therapeutic Association. This gave birth to what is known today as the APTA (American Physical Therapy Association), and currently represents approximately 76,000 members throughout the United States.

The passage of the Hospital Survey and Construction Act of 1946, the "Hill Burton Act," led to an increase in hospital-based practice for physical therapists. The Korean War again challenged physical therapists with the treatment of those with disabilities related to war wounds. The Salk vaccine virtually eradicated poliomyelitis in the

United States by 1961. The role of the physical therapist progressed increasingly in the 1950s from that of a technician to a professional practitioner. Amendments to the Social Security Act (SSA) in 1967 added a definition of "outpatient physical therapy senescens." Increasing numbers of states enacted such practice acts during the 1950s and 1960s. The practice of physical therapy for patients with neuromuscular disorders dramatically changed. In the 1960s and 1970s, cardiopulmonary physical therapist practice expanded with increasing chest physical therapy programs for pre- and postoperative patients. With the expansion of joint replacements, new avenues for orthopedic physical therapist practice emerged. The 1970s and 1980s saw the increased opportunities for practice with the implementation of Occupational Safety and Health Administration (OSHA) rules and regulations, the passage of the Education for All Handicapped Children Act, and the AIDS epidemic. Physical therapists began providing services in the areas of women's health, oncology, and hand rehabilitation.

The practice of physical therapy currently spans all age demographics, from children coping with genetic disabilities to geriatric patients recovering from surgery. Statistically, a patient over the age of 70 that receives a hip replacement is not likely to survive more than 5 years post-surgery due to improper recovery and continued activity. Getting Paapaw straight to a physical therapist after surgery will dramatically increase his odds of survival. Bridging the gap to athletes, physical therapy is an extreme asset in injury and post-surgery rehabilitation. The "just-rest" mentality is not an option to many Crossfitters, and in PT may lye a perfect happy medium. In an age of medicinal band-aids, physical therapy has become a cure.



Sectionals And You..

March 15th throws us a much awaited curveball that as of yet has little knowledge behind it.

The CrossFit games Season begins here and everywhere, and anyone and everyone is welcomed to attend, and recommended to do so as well.

When we have more specifics about how it runs we will pass the news along, but play, support, and hang with your family because one way or another you are part of the team.

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