

# The sky's the limit with new implants



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"Personally, I think that silicon implants are so 1992. Surely scientists have considered some different materials with which to create implants while retaining the desired consistency of gummy bears at the same time. What about using *actual* gummy bears for manufacturing breast implants?"

Right now, I'm surfing the Internet, and I'm thinking about breasts.

You see, recently the CBC website has been keeping me abreast of recent changes in Canada's health policy: namely, Health Canada is once again allowing silicone breast implants to be used—but there are certain restrictions and conditions placed on them. Now, don't get me wrong—I think breast implants are great to help women who have had a breast removed due to cancer. But are implants really necessary for cosmetic purposes?

In one article, a University of Toronto plastic surgery professor, one Walter Peters, compares the consistency of the gel inside the re-introduced implants to that of gummy bears. Now *that* is something I would happily support—breasts that feel like gummy bears. In fact, just today, as I was getting dressed, I was thinking to myself, "Geez, I sure wish that my breasts felt a bit more like gummy bears."

Suddenly, it occurred to me that breast implants can be yet another vehicle through which women can express their individuality and style. After all, today's consumer market is all about choice. Everything these days can be custom-designed with all sorts of fancy-shmancy features. Look at today's cellphones, cars and computers. You can even get ice cream made with fruits, nuts and candy mixed in with

your ice cream!

In order to stay competitive in today's consumer market and to attract the desired young female demographic, makers of breast implants really should consider creating implants that women can custom design for themselves. Customized breasts can, and should, be the next new fashion accessory. Today's consumers want choice, so I say this: ladies, please join me in demanding more options when it comes to breast implants.

I mean, what are the choices for us now? Right now, we can get either silicon or saline breast implants. That's it. Is it fair to have our choice limited to two types? When you buy a car, nobody limits your choice to two types of cars, and certainly nobody dictates how many options or extra features you can get. Shouldn't that kind of choice also exist for breast implants?

Personally, I think that silicon implants are so 1992. Surely scientists have considered some different materials with which to create implants while retaining the desired consistency of gummy bears at the same time. What about using *actual* gummy bears for manufacturing breast implants? Stay with me here—you know how women are always saying that they can't eat junk food because it'll go straight to their hips? Forget the hips; redirect it to the breasts!

Now, to accessorize. If you think about cellphones and other modern gadgets, they can all be customized to the user—and they would be much less impressive if they didn't beep, ring or play music. Breast implants deserve a voice as well. And since many guys like to talk to a woman's breasts, wouldn't it be cool if the breasts could reply?

In order to remain competitive, breast implant manufacturers should pay attention to the trends. Nothing's more profitable these days than combining technologies. If cellphones can come equipped with cameras and computer games, would it really be a stretch to add similar features to breast implants? I think it would be quite convenient to have a camera embedded right in a breast implant, as a matter of fact. Then, when women go to bars or parties, they wouldn't have to worry about leaving their camera somewhere and having it stolen. And since the threat of theft exists for purses as well, implants could also include a side compartment where a woman could store personal effects like her wallet, keys and lipstick.

This kind of feature would be a nice perk for women seeking a non-traditional, yet practical, implant. It would be breast implants' answer to cargo pants. Most importantly, it would lift their spirits and separate them from the rest of the crowd.

# Hold your fire, bitches!

Women are too hostile—and it's pissing me off



DARYN  
BADDOUR

someone and relate it to a present bitch-out fight is completely pointless (and actually quite hilarious too).

Some women don't live up to their reputations of being good listeners. They tend to overanalyze one another way to much, which leads to some nasty confrontations in the public arena; and if one gets lucky one of them might even get a slapped across the face and get called a slut, whore or tramp.

I know I always look forward to that part, and if you are a spectator at one of these exciting events then you know that they happen to be more entertaining than the last episode of *Sex and the City*. The point is that this comedic cat-fighting is still prevalent among well respected and accomplished 20-something women—I am witness to it every day at this University—and I must gracefully admit that a while back I succumbed to a bitch-out-fest myself. I still laugh at the thought of it because it was the most entertainment that I have had in a very long time.

The list can go on about the stupid shit women do to hurt each other, whether intentionally or not, and no matter at what age we are all guilty of it. However, the sad truth is some women cease to grow out of their catty behavior. Perhaps, then, it's in our nature? Also, as much as it is my hope for us "sisters" to hold hands in a circle and sing together, I know that this lifelong dream would be impossible. So perhaps we can give ourselves and each other a break, quit the dirty looks, the lies, the gossip, the backstabbing and jealousy, and just chill out—maybe then our PMS cramps would not hurt so freakin' bad.

With all due respect to the feminists and my fellow female friends, our sex are a bunch of catty, PMS-ing drama queens (and don't even try to deny that we aren't). Never mind the battle between the sexes. Have we seriously become so absorbed in *Cosmo* magazine and the Oprah show that we have forgotten about the fight within our own sex?

Our culture is constantly telling women how to dress, how to be perfect, how to lose weight, how to find the perfect husband and how to keep him interested too. That's a lot of pressure and BS to handle; hence, us women are forced to behave in such a degrading way.

I may not be a PhD candidate or Paris Hilton, but I can't help but seriously ponder whether society has turned us women into bunch of cat-fighting bitches—or is it just embedded into us by dear Mother Nature to ensure that our species survives?

As much as we women may try to deny it, we hold grudges dating back to junior high, when you caught a "girlfriend" making out with a boy you liked—hell, even back to kindergarten when "Suzie" refused to share her toy because of your runny nose. I can understand that these actions may be hurtful to some, but to hold it against

First it was King Ralph.

Then these goons.

Which evil dictator will we lampoon next?

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