

# *Dearly Beloved, Ladies and Broads...*

We're gathered here tonight to honor the union of these skaters in the grand tradition of derby marriage. As you look to your future wife or wives next to you, know that you are entering a very unique and special union.

It is one based not only on friendship, honor and loyalty, but also on tricking each other into ill-advised late night situations, reminding each other to always reall with relish your best takedown if ever you doubt your skill before a bout, and advising you to always select the "daily digest" option on all 29 of your yahoo groups.

The skater or skaters beside you may not be your best friends, but they have that special quality that no other in roller derby possesses for you. They are the ones who "complete you." They are also the ones who will not hesitate to punch you in the mouth if you ever said that out loud. So, without further ado, please join hands and repeat after me:

I (insert name here) take you, (insert name here) to be my derby wife.

I promise to ride with you in the ambulance if you ever break your arm in a bout even if the EMTs are all ugly.

I will always tell you when your pads start to smell like a goat's ass in summer.

I vow to always take pictures up your skirt at afterparties, and to hold your hair back if you get sick on the sidewalk.

I will always be your first phone call from jail, even if I was the one who got you there in the first place.

I will always remind you about the amazing last bout if non-skating matters start to annoy you.

I promise to be your biggest fan... unless we face off in a bout.

Then I promise to hit you harder than anyone else on your team, because I'd never insult you by going easy.

So, with the power vested in me by Ivanna S. Pankin and the Fremont Street Experience,

**I now pronounce you Derby Wives.**

You may kiss the brides.

