City girl takes on rodeo

By BLAISE HART-SCHWIDT

I'm a city girl. It's as simple as that. Rodeo is not something that was on my radar, except for the occasional movie poster in the theater or the occasional feature story in the news. My parents have never taken me to a rodeo, and I can barely even name one of the most famous avatars of the sport. But this all changed this past weekend.

On Sunday evening, I realized most of these homey, cowboy quotes were ingrained with the icons of classic westerns: the cowboy hats over their eyes, the horses running around the arena, the announcer's voice booming through the stands. But, unlike in movies, my family wasn't required to keep their horses and ride from the arena. A clean-cut young man, stony-eyed, ran furiously through the stands. In a sweeping move, he mounted his horse, and with fire in his eyes, he went out to win.

I have another experience to add to my bedroom. And after this weekend, I've tried hills in pickup trucks bigger than my bedroom. I've ridden fast through rolling countryside, and embraced rural culture while at the same time enjoying the cultural diversity ofTarget and eating ethnic food.

The first thing a city girl notices when entering rodeo territory is the plywood fences with the pro- riented signs: "Keep Off of the Ground," "Notice the Snakes," and more. Every time an animal comes near the fence, it's as if the whole world stops. And when an animal does come near, it's as if the whole world stops. And when an animal does come near, it's as if the whole world stops. And when an animal does come near, it's as if the whole world stops.

As the night continued, I began to wonder exactly what in the world I was doing. I couldn’t help but wonder exactly what in the world I was doing. I couldn’t help but wonder exactly what in the world I was doing. I couldn’t help but wonder exactly what in the world I was doing. I couldn’t help but wonder exactly what in the world I was doing. I couldn’t help but wonder exactly what in the world I was doing.

Passion for rodeo

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Passion is apparent in the look and the voice of the riders. Their eyes light up when they talk about their passion and their love for their horses. It's a family tradition, and they are willing to do anything to keep that passion alive.

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