



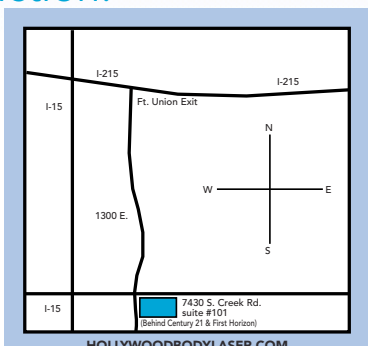
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In Search of Ex-Cellence

A string of former boyfriends has its advantages, you know.

I've lived in Salt Lake City for the past 10 years, and I've dated for all of those 10 years. This means I have a city full of ex-boyfriends. While this has proven to be awkward over the years, I'm finally seeing a silver lining in the situation.

Lately I've had a string of great men in my life, and while the relationships haven't always worked out, the resulting friendships, in general, have. In just the past two weeks I've had three positive experiences with men I've dated.

One: I attended the same holiday party as The Yuppie. He not only provided excellent company and conversation throughout the party, but also became my designated driver in case sobriety wasn't part of my evening. This particular night it was, however. This won't always be the case, so here's to hoping we'll attend the same parties from here on out.

Two: I started a new job recently, and with this change of employment came a change of office building. On the second day I ran into the Man-Child I once dated. It turns out that he works for the company next to ours. After a week of racking my brain for the silver lining, a fire drill forced me outside with inappropriate shoes, which quickly sparked an idea: Man-Child is a strapping lad, and if the need arose he could totally carry me out of a burning building. He's *that* guy.

Three: I'm certainly not the obsessive-compulsive type able to constantly maintain a pristine car, but when I can't see out of the windows it's definitely time to find a car wash. So I did. However, I made the mistake of entering a carwash on what felt like the coldest night of the year. With crappy tires and a patch of ice, I somehow ended up stuck in the car wash. Seriously. I have no idea how this sort of thing happens to me, but somehow it always does. Try as I might, I wasn't able to get my car out on my own, and only managed to make the situation worse. I realized I needed help.

There was another patron at the carwash.



The Dating Years

BY SARAH NIELSON
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When I asked the man for help, he willingly walked over and looked at the situation and said, "Look lady, this is pretty bad and I don't want the liability." He then got into his truck and left.

At this point I didn't know what to do, so I got back into my car and cried. After a couple minutes I realized frozen tears weren't going to help the situation and I needed a plan. I called my brother and a friend, both of whom didn't pick up the phone. Right before entering full panic mode I remembered that an ex-boyfriend lived a mere moment away. I called, and luckily he was more than happy to lend a hand.

There was no long-term damage, fortunately, discounting the screwed-up alignment and minor ding to my dignity. As much as I detest being the damsel in distress, I'm pleased to have finally found something positive in having an ex-boyfriend in every neighborhood of this city.

➤ To follow Sarah's adventures daily visit www.sarahnielson.com.

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