



Me and my Wii

by Yvonne deSousa

I am afraid of my TV.

Well, not my TV exactly but the little computerized community of wise guys who live in the Wii in my TV. They are the Mii's and I am convinced they are out to get me.

See, it doesn't help that the Wii and I had a dysfunctional relationship from the beginning. I had bought it used, in a suspicious back-alley deal, from an employee of a big name electronics store that shall remain nameless. In desperation, I'd begged for one even though they had been sold out for months.

He took pity on my plight and offered to secretly sell me his used one as he'd utilized his employee discount to purchase an X-box, which had become cooler with his fellow teen males. He felt so bad for me that he threw in his Wii games. I had no interest in Legend of Zelda, Dragon Ball Z, Resident Evil, or any football games. I was only interested in the Wii Fit.

Several weeks before, I had gone to a friend's house where her young daughters showed me all the cool things you could do with Wii Fit. That was, of course, after they put me through the trauma of making myself a pathetic little Mii and then having a computer I'd only just met decide how unhealthy I was. It told me that my BMI was completely out of control and that my Wii age was somewhere around 95, long past having moved to a nursing home.

Once I dealt with my trauma from that shock, and the humiliating assessment by someone else's Wii that I needed to lose 40 pounds (okay, 60 according to the stupid system, but is counting really necessary?), I decided that even though I didn't agree with it, the games were kind of fun.

I enjoyed playing with the kids as I tend to be competitive. Even though they had much more practice, I was getting the hang of it and would be able to beat them in no time flat! Plus, I was actually exercising.

I started the quest to get my own Wii. Once the electronics store employee took pity on me, I only had to find the Wii Fit program. I searched, I begged, I even called Nintendo directly when I could not find any other employees to have sympathy for me and sell me theirs.

It took weeks to track one down, but I finally did. My nephew came over to help me set it up and he made me a Mii. He made his own little Mii too, who remained adorable on the screen. But once my Mii went through the body test, she became a little shorter and a little chubbier than the Mii Drew had designed.

I felt for her. She was such a determined and cute little thing and could be so hard on herself when she didn't do well. I just wanted to hug her and tell her it was okay. I wanted to take her by the hand and buy her an ice cream.

But she kept at it, even when Drew's Mii whipped hula hoops at her so fast they knocked her out and consistently threw his cleats and shoes at her during the soccer game. Why was the physically fit Mii so hard on my Mii?

Even when she did the aerobics step game, Drew and the other Mii's were cruel.

Every once in a while, my little uncoordinated Mii would get enough steps in sync to get the word "Perfect" flashed at her. "Perfect," what a lovely word. The other little Mii's would smile at her as if they were truly proud, but their smiling would catch her off guard, causing her to lose step and go back to getting the dreaded "Miss" word instead. This would cause the other Mii's to shake their heads in contempt. It was very upsetting for her but I have to say, she was a little trooper.

She would do it again and again, and when she would do well, her little smile and whoop of joy would inspire me. And then the emotion of it all would overwhelm me.

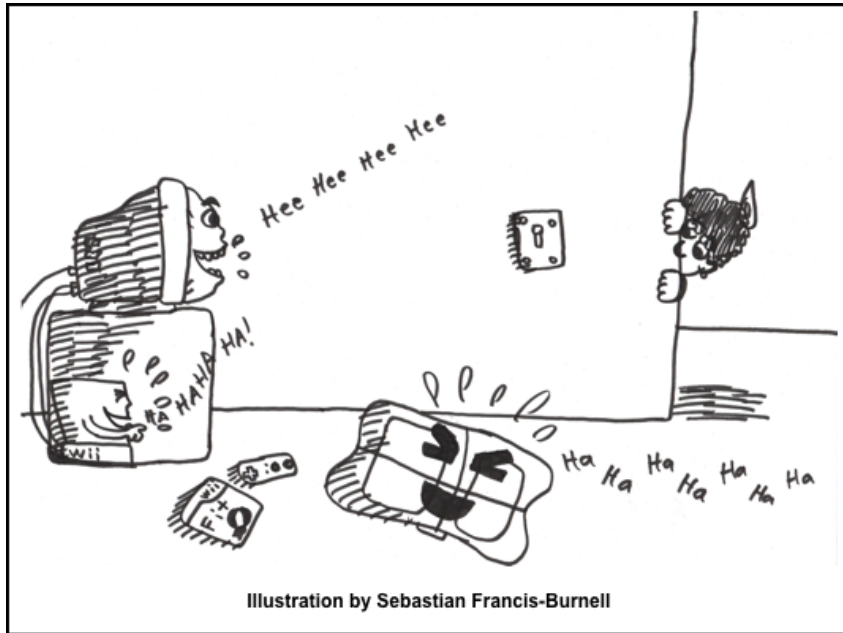
It didn't help that the main brain of the Wii was obnoxious. If I hadn't turned it on in a while it would sarcastically remind me of that fact. "It is that Yvonne? Oh, how nice to see you. It has been three zillion days since your last workout!" And, "Do you want to re-take the body test now?" I could just hear the wicked evil little snicker in its voice.

It blamed me for Drew not working out. "Perhaps you are not paying enough attention to him," it had the nerve to tell me. I stood on the balance board yelling at the Wii brain that Drew moved to Arizona with his girlfriend and is probably playing X-box as we speak. So there!

The yoga girl in the Wii was very supportive, very Zen like. She would offer encouragement and concern if I seemed too wobbly. She would tell me it was okay to breathe and rest. She would remind me to try my best but not to push myself too hard. She was very relaxed and relaxing.

But one day I turned on my Wii and she was gone. The guy instructor took over and said he would be working with me instead! What did he do to her? Where did he put my nice girl instructor? And why? Did he hurt her? Did he give her a vacation? How come he's the boss?

As if this all wasn't stressful enough, even the Wii Fit Board was out to get me. Whenever I stepped onto it, it would exclaim, "Ohhhh!" which I took too mean, "You're too heavy, get off!"



It was all too much to take. So I didn't. I forgot about my little Mii, alone in a dangerous and scary Wii world. I took walks instead. When it wasn't raining of course. Or too hot, or windy, cloudy, cold, buggy, or whatever.

But that wasn't working either. The holidays had come. And with them came the carbs, sweets, alcohol and all kinds of delicious and terrifying things.

Plus, I had to rescue my little Mii. I had to see if my girl yoga instructor was still around. Did the evil guy instructor destroy her? I had been too scared to check. And too scared to see what sarcastic things the Wii Brain had to say when I turned her on.

I knew it was time to find out. I needed to be brave and face the Wii. I can do it. I have my adorable plucky little Mii to help me.

I turned it on. The Wii Brain told me it had been 55 days since my last work out. That couldn't be right, could it? But then it told me it was nice to see me again. And there was my girl instructor – she was safe! She was back. And my little Mii was there too, and looking so excited, I just had to smile and get her to start moving. I stepped on the board. This time it simply said, "Great!"

It was time for my Wii and I to become friends again. My Wii missed me and was glad to have ME back.

Yvonne deSousa has lived on Cape Cod for most of her life, being raised in Provincetown.

Her nonfiction has appeared in the Portuguese Festival Booklet of the Provincetown Banner four years in a row. Her play, *The Best Birthday Ever*, was performed by children at CAM International Mission Las Aldeas in Guatemala on Christmas Eve.

The play is available on the website www.dramatix.org.

Yvonne was recently diagnosed with Multiple Sclerosis and is currently working on a book that uses humor to promote healing. She is looking for submissions to supplement her own preposterous stories.

If you have a story you would like her to include in her book please contact her at ymdcc6@yahoo.com



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