

The room is a sweltering 105 degrees Fahrenheit. An array of blue, purple, and light green mats line up vertically, and muscular men and women are stretching or laying down in meditative concentration. The sound of soft acoustic guitar music sets the mood as the instructor walks in. "Namaste," she offers, as she drinks a strangely colored drink from a large Mason jar. In their stretchy black pants and neon sports attire, the people around me are as ready as I am for the next excruciating ninety-minutes. Together, we will sweat profusely and engage in the slightly masochistic, immensely satisfying practice of Bikram yoga, a set series of twenty-six yoga poses, and more popularly known as "hot yoga." Everyone is ready to begin, but the instructor in her earthy green Lycra top suddenly sets her Mason jar down with a clang and says, "We can't get started until someone fesses up. You know who you are."