

*“The Nation’s Most Unusual and Entertaining
Running Publication . . . Ever.”*



THE RAMBLINGS

THE UNDERGROUND GRAND PRIX NEWSLETTER

JUNE 2006

OUR VERY FIRST CONTEST!

WHO WILL LAY CLAIM TO THE FIRST WINNER OF OUR FIRST EVER CONTEST?.

Hold onto your skivvies people. This is the most exciting news since this morning. We are going to hold our very first contest with our very first prize to give away and no, it's not a free one year subscription. It's much better than that.

Let me begin to explain something first. The man-Child and co-founder, Tommy Neeson, has a trophy collection and it is not the usual trophy collection. This is one where someone will ask him to pick up their trophy at a race because they had to leave early. Well he is more than willing to do so, but just don't expect it back. As Mary Mouth All sees it, "They never ask me to 'pick it up and give it to them', just to pick it up."

Among his collections are prizes from **THE RAMBLINGS'** subscribers Mary Manny, Jim Bates and Jamie Good. One of the more impressive collections is 2005 Tidewater Strider Female Grand Prix winner, Megan Burns. Oh and it is very nice, has Megan's name spelled correctly on it and everything.

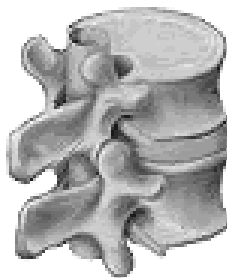
So, the contest is, who ever refers the most people to sign up for **THE RAMBLINGS** for the month of July will win Megan Burns' 2005 Tidewater Strider Grand Prix trophy (by the way she's not a subscriber). Almost forgot, the trophy will be autographed . . . not by Megan mind you, but by Tommy's neighbor Bob. Yup, Bob. Good luck all and get folks to sign up at the web site – www.undergroundgrandprix.com. Don't forget to tell them it free!



We are International, Baby: Welcome Nagano, Japan

That's right folks; half of our objectives have been achieved. Our first international subscriber has joined us. Brian Clifton residing in Nagano, Japan is now a satisfied Ramblings subscriber. Brian, an American by birth, is employed by Jenny Craig and works as a nutritionist with Sumo wrestlers. Welcome Brian and let me be the first to say, "Me so horny. Me love you long time."

Joke Time: What do you call a black pilot? Give up? Well, do ya? A pilot ya damn racist.

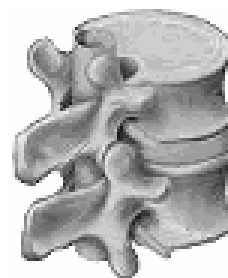


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Out of the Cave..

By Dean Clifton

Well I hope everyone had a great month of running. One of the problems I have from time to time is I get tired of running the same old course over and over. Here is a tip to liven up your running and help overcome the same old course syndrome. Once a month, drive an hour or two away from your house and run someplace you have never run before. Don't worry about mileage, just bring your watch, relax, and take in the scenery. You never know what you might see . . . This gets me thinking of a top ten list of interesting things I have seen while out on a run.



Here are my top 10 list of things to do when you are injured:

10. An old dude coming out of the woods (Narrows trail at First Landing) in a Speedo with this really big woman with large hooters in a bikini. She wasn't bad looking at all, Tommy would have done her. The gal was carrying a massage table and the old guy was meekly following behind. He sort of looked like Smithers on The Simpson's. This was literally at the crack of dawn. I still think about this, though I'm not sure why.

9. I saw a guy projectile vomit on another guys' back at the end of the Crescent City Classic one year. If you haven't seen projectile vomit you are missing out. Oddly enough I laughed out loud which really didn't make the guy feel any better, I suck.

8. I was running on the trails behind my house when I lived in Virginia and an owl swooped over me and landed in a tree to where he was directly facing me. I stopped and stared at him for a good 5 minutes. We just looked back and forth at each other. I felt like this owl knew something that I didn't. How could this be, I'm sooo smart. Fucking owl.
7. Once I was running on a trail and I came upon a guy pinching off a deuce. For Christ sake, go behind a tree or somewhere where I don't have to see your hairy ass!
6. I saw a smoking hot chick and a guy engaged in some oral happiness. I ran by and they didn't miss a beat. This was on the section of the Narrows where they have the wooden planks crossing the swampy section where you look at birds and stuff.
5. TuTu Man. This guy was all over the New Orleans running scene in the 80's. He was a great guy and actually a hell of a good runner and yet he ran in a TuTu and nothing else. You saw him the first time and freaked and then after that it was just like . . . what's up TuTu . . . just one of the boys.
4. I saw a bobcat while on a trail run in Topanga Canyon. I heard something coming up on the other side of the canyon and then . . . bam . . . there he was, right in front of me. He just looked at me and then ran down the other side of the canyon. Awesome!
3. I saw Chucky Cheese drinking beer at a 5k race in Slidell, LA.
2. While running in the deep woods of Covington, Louisiana and came upon a shed. I went inside and saw the sign of the devil and blood and stuff that made me want to run the hell away from there as fast as I could. This was as close as I have ever come to dropping a load in my pants.
1. I saw a mountain lion running on a trail in Laguna Niguel. What a glorious sight, I'm not brave or anything like that but I just wasn't afraid, I was in awe, what a beautiful creature. Like the bobcat, he too looked at me and just went his own way down the other side of the canyon. Later that night, feeling extra manly, I gathered my lover and retired to the hot tub where we gorged on spiced lamb shanks and conversed with our neighbor Barbara Hernandez.

Forum Post of the Month

Pulled from www.undergroundgrandprix.com/UGPForum

Date: May 12, 2006

Author: Mary Mouth All

Subject: MySpace Ruined my life

Post: Now I'm a registered sex offender.

Happy Hour

... with the Cannibal



“If you always do what you have always done . . .

you will always run no faster than your fastest run.”

An Analysis of the Psychosomatic Impact of: The Best of the Doors (Disc One) During an Extensive Speed Workout

The Doors. What can I say that has not already been said? They were a musical giant in their time. Recently listening to The Best of the Doors (Disc One), I could clearly conceptualize the application of this music to an incredible run. Hang on, here we go...

Track 1: Break on Through (2:25)

You know the day destroys the night,
Night divides the day,
Try to run, try to hide,
Break on through to the other side

We chased our pleasures here,
Dug our treasures there,
Can you still recall the time we cried,
Break on through to the other side...

These are the first two verses. The first verse could make reference to beginning a run at sunrise or sunset. And immediately in the second verse, we are taken to a state of reminiscing about things that have happened in our lives (many of us may be working out things while we run). Personally, I can relate to “break on through to the other side.” I am going from a resting heart rate while waiting to start my run, to a comfortable pace (with an increased heart rate) that could be sustained for a long time. The amount of time it takes to go from standing still to this place is what I call my Maximum Acceleration Potential. And for me, it is truly as if I am attempting to break on through to the other side, where the running is a state of ease.

Track 2: Light My Fire (7:05)

You know that it would be untrue,
You know that I would be a liar,
If I was to say to you,

Girl we couldn't get much higher,
Come on baby light my fire, (2x)
Try to set the night on fire.
The time to hesitate is through....

You have established a comfortable pace (after "Break on Through"). Then, you are brought the first verse of "Light my Fire." In this verse, your body is driven to accel. From "Girl we couldn't get much higher" to "The time to hesitate is through" your body will find it very difficult to hold back. However, just in time to prevent early burnout, you are brought to a lengthy musical interlude. You can easily glide through this phase, running tempo pace.

"The time to hesitate is through..." takes you out of the interlude, thus giving your body another jolt. Then the lyrics with music graduate to a crescendo that fuels a great finish (in this part of the run).

Track 3: The Crystal Ship (2:31)

"Before you slip into unconsciousness..." begins a soft melodic transition that can accompany a recovery phase.

Track 4: People Are Strange (2:09)

You are a good distance from your starting point and this song has a semi-up beat tempo that helps to pick up the pace and giving you reason to visually check in with everyone and anything around you.

Track 5: Strange Days (3:06)

The beat is multiplied and the music builds to a hammer type melody that can provide an unexpected burst of energy that finds you asking...where did that come from?

Track 6: Love me Two Times (3:13)

Transitional piece. You will find yourself easing through this part of the run effortlessly (the music carries you and you won't even notice the lyrics).

Track 7: Alabama Song (3:16)

Show me the way to the next whiskey bar,
oh don't ask why, oh don't ask why,
(repeat above)
For if we don't find the next whiskey bar,
I tell you we must die...

Break time. Stop for water, snack, Gatorade, gel , whatever. You need fuel.

Track 8: Five to One (4:25)

Five to one baby, one and five,
no one here gets out alive,
you get yours baby, i'll get mine,
gonna make it baby, if we try.

You're satiated and fired up, ready to go. The drums kick off this track. And I recommend immediately moving to the closest oval/defined area, where you can do intervals. Five to One. Five laps running, one lap rest.

Track 9: Waiting for the Sun (3:57)

Cool down. The music and lyrics say back off, recover and be patient.

Track 10: Spanish Caravan (2:57)

Carry me caravan, take me away,
take me to Portugal, take me to Spain,
under the sea with fields full of grain,
I have to see you again and again,
take me Spanish caravan, yes I know you can...

The music and lyrics require you find a long straightaway (preferably near a road with passing cars, hence a caravan of automobiles), move into tempo, hold it for the duration and focus on accelerating your leg turnover.

Track 11: When the Music's Over (10:55)

When the music's over,
when the music's over, yeah,
when the music's over,
turn out the lights...

Although the music resembles a roller coaster (in an up/down tempo fashion), the lyrics quickly bring you to the sole purpose of this final track, to go into cool down. Personally, I know I am there when I get to this, which I consider the best line on this disc.

Before I sink into the big sleep,
I want to hear... I want to hear...
The scream of the butterfly.

From Our Readers . . .

THE RAMBLINGS,

Hey you guys, I just want to let you know I am a big fan of your newsletter. I am more of a soul runner and don't frequent the racing scene very much. Me and my boyfriend, Josu, are into the trail running scene and have exchanged e-mails with Dean. Anyway, keep up the good work and if you want a "real" woman's perspective sometime in your publication I am ready, will and able.

Meow,
Kat Corley aka "Freethinker" (my trail name)
San Diego, CA

Dear Kat,

Glad to have you aboard. Freethinker and San Diego, huh? Sounds like a left over hippie from the 60's. Do you drive around in a '72 VW van with flowers painted on it? Of course we always welcome a woman's perspective on things. Sure we have Tommy, but like you said a "real" woman's perspective would be nice.

THE RAMBLINGS

Take it In Stride...

By Tommy Neeson

I'd like to start this edition of "Take it in Stride" by telling you a brief story about my colleague, Dean. For as well and as long as I've known Dean, I have never really grasped the concept of what he does for a living. I mean we all know it's not running. He's told me four or five times and I'm still am at a loss. He's said, "I work with third party insurance" to which I quickly replied, "Hey, I'm from NY, I know all about third party insurance." Well, I find out that he's not a hit man for the mob and he's actually the Vice President of his company. I decided to do some research because let's face it, the man's a moron. I pull up the company web site and start scanning the "who we are" section. CEO, President, Senior Vice President and yup, there he is. Dean Clifton, Vice President. I click on the link attached to his name and his bio reads, "Yeah, Dean's been here a really, really long time." Now I'm back to square one: he's a hit man for the mob.

Elaina Newport is a writer for a group called, the Capitol Steps. The Capitol Steps is made up of ex-congressional staffers. The group is quite fond of taking pot shots at various leaders and re-did the Simon and Garfunkel's "Mrs. Robinson." Their version targeted the Rev. Pat Robinson with a line that is sure to make historical implications with, "What's that you say Rev. Robinson? Jesus loves you if you're not a ho . . . ho homo."

Amanda Demmerle beat her mother (again) in a 5k race this month. When questioned about it, the elder Demmerle stated, "I taught her everything I know." Now, I'm not trying to be critical here Donna, after all you are a valued subscriber, but the kid is 10. If you taught her everything YOU know what in the hell does she have to look forward to? I mean there is no way you taught her that stuff you learned the weekend Vegas that would be nuts and completely inappropriate.

I went to a "safety training class" for work. You know, same old crap about back injury prevention, bend at the knees, feet shoulder width, bla bla bla. Anywho, they were saying that you should keep items closer to you, because the farther away you hold something the heavier it gets. Excuse me? Hello? You know, I may seem like I'm the center of the universe by the usage of my mouth, but if I can change the physical properties of a box of nails by holding it farther away, then damn it I just might be the center of the friggin' universe and I don't need a show of hands to know that ain't kosher.



UGP Member Profile: British Bulldog

At the very inception of the Underground Grand Prix, we had 19 folks sign up. These 19 were dubbed “The Originals.” They are a special band of runners from all sorts of backgrounds and abilities. At **THE RAMBLINGS** are doing our part to honor those Originals who have also joined us as subscribers to “The Nation’s Most Unusual and Entertaining Running Publication . . . Ever” by featuring them first.

Our third featured profile is our first “Original” behind the UGP founders, Steve Speirs, aka British Bulldog. Normally, we like to examine an individual’s history and provide you with some insight as to what makes them tick. However, we aren’t 100% sure that Steve is free and clear with immigration so with the threat of being deported back to Wales, we’ll just jump right to the interview.

UGP: You gonna give one word answers like Villani did?

BB: Yes.

UGP: You spent a lot of cash to come to this country and hook up with a broad, does that make you a prostitute?

BB: No (shall we quit the Villani-style one words now?)

UGP: Yes.

UGP: Do you have to work on the Fourth of July?

BB: Work the grill and work the bottle opener, yes.

UGP: You know you get that day off because we won, right?

BB: Can’t argue with that one! If my US history serves me right, that is the day you guys signed the Declaration of Independence isn’t it? Such a huge day, only 2 of the 56 Declaration signers showed up. Enough said?

UGP: Who did you vote for on American Idol?

BB: Oh, it that the US replica of the UK show Pop Idol? You guys make a habit of ripping off out TV shows.

UGP: It’s the American way my man, the American way.

UGP: If you could run anywhere that you haven’t been, where would you run and why damn it?

BB: Probably the Olympics and why not, eh?

UGP: Are you freaked out by that creepy Burger King guy? He kind of scares me

BB: Nah, he’s cool. But don’t mention Ronald McDonald to Ally though.

UGP: Of the three monster cereals, which on do you like the best: Count Chocula, Frankenberry or Boo Berry?

BB: Count Chocula would be the one.

UGP: Peanut M&M’s or just plain?

BB: Just plain.

UGP: Your license plate reads “CYMRU”, what part of Santana’s “Oye Como Va” is that from?

BB: Oye como va mi ritmo

Bueno pa’ gozar, mulata

Oye como va mi ritmo

Bueno pa’ gozar, mulata (repeat for ever more)

And it’s “CYMRO” actually.

UGP: Tell us something about yourself that chances are no one else but you really care about?

BB: I once beat Tommy Neeson in a 5K in Portsmouth, after drinking 8 ounces of Pomegranate juice.

Think you have what it takes to make it on the digital pages of **THE RAMBLINGS**? We think you do and we think you should send in your submission to us. Perhaps you have a hysterical story that you love to tell. Perhaps you have an embarrassing story you want no one to know about. Or better yet, perhaps you want a one year subscription to **THE RAMBLINGS**. In any event, we want you to send us what you've got. Have pictures? Even better. Think of it this way, can you do much worse than what we are doing? I didn't think so. So please people, send your stuff to tommy@undergroundgrandprix.com.



Training and Race Report: 10 Mile Run

We are putting on our first event and welcome all to participate (yes, even you Brian). On Sunday August 6th, we will have our Underground Grand Prix Ten Mile Tune-Up to a Half Marathon You Might Be Running on Labor Day in Virginia Beach. The Underground Grand Prix Ten Mile Tune-Up to a Half Marathon You Might Be Running on Labor Day in Virginia Beach will start and finish in the parking lot of Food Lion on the corner of Damn Neck and Shore Drive. We will head into First Landing State Park for an out and back Ten Mile Tune-Up to a Half Marathon You Might Be Running on Labor Day in Virginia Beach. May of the details are sketchy right now (go figure) but you can sign up at our web site www.undergroundgrandprix.com, just look for the obvious link – that is when it is up.

Peace out,

THE RAMBLINGS