

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



# THE RAMBLINGS

THE UNDERGROUND GRAND PRIX NEWSLETTER

NOVEMBER 2006

## NYC MARATHON: HOLY CRAP THAT’S A LOT OF PEOPLE

*INSIDED THE SIMPLE MIND OF TOMMY NEESON A NYC MARATHON PACER*

I get an e-mail a while back in regards to being a NYC Marathon pacer. I’ve paced three marathons before and I jumped at the chance. NYC? For-get-about-it. My dad had run NYC about 14 times and has that listed as his favorite race. Well, there is nothing I do gracefully or with much tact and this was no exception.

I ask my neighbor, Bob, to take me to the airport. Of course I show up 15 minutes late and then inform him I still have to pack. He thinks I’m an idiot anyway, but this doesn’t help. We arrival at 12:05 at Norfolk International for a direct flight to LaGuardia leaving at 12:40. No problem, right? Wrong. I check in to discover the flight has been cancelled; now I’m going to have to fly into DC then LAG. I’m now asking myself if it is too early to start drinking.

Arrive at DC with no problems. Flight to LAG leaves at 3:00. No problem, right? Wrong. Now, the pilot did an absolutely text book take off. I mean I couldn’t tell if he did one thing wrong. At least I couldn’t tell from the terminal where I was watching from. As I watching this big metal bird head off into the sky I realized that my luggage was going to beat me to NY. Ugh! Now I start drinking, after all I have an hour to kill before the next flight takes off.

I make sure I’m on the next flight leaving at 4PM. I really wouldn’t feel right having my bag left all alone in the big city. It’s only one hour extra no problem, right? Wrong. LaGuardia grounds us for 75 minutes. I now do a quick calculation and realize that I’m going to be getting into NYC four hours later than what I was originally supposed to and my luggage has now been there for over two hours. I’m fully expecting to find my suitcase on a street corner with an 8-ball and a hooker. To make matters worse the only beer on the plane is Bud Light. Someone shoot me.

I finally arrive in the Big Apple and wait for the shuttle bus to carry my sorry ass over to the hotel. I’m waiting for sometime when I decide to call one of the organizers of the pace group. He informs me that the hotel is in walking distance and is right in front of me. I peek around the cement column in front of me that is holding up the awning to see in big red lights “Marriot.” Great, I’m an idiot. I hope the bar is not closed.



Now my luck starts to change. My roommate turns out to be a decent guy and I almost feel sorry for him being the “normal” one in the room. From this point on everything goes smoothly and race time approaches before I know it.

Now, NY is huge they have over 38,000 runners at the start. Three starting spots and, as it would seem, my luck continues to grow. I’m starting with the women. Even with a three separate starts, it is possible to take 20 minutes to cross the starting line depending on what pace group you lead. I’m lucky, I’m in the front with the fast chicks and it takes around 6 seconds to cross. Lance passes around mile one on the other side of the street. He started with the fast guys are. I called him a Mary.

Now, starting with the women could have potentially opened the door for me if not for two very import things. One I’m ugly and two I’m married. No worries, the ladies were a great crowd and were very into staying together. We came up to a spectator holding a sign that read “Go Naomi.” Being quick and alert I yelled out that we had a Naomi with us. This drew a nice reception from the small crowd awaiting their Naomi. When I did this, the woman next to me said, “My name isn’t Naomi.” I let her know it didn’t matter and just roll with it. Turns out she was so many different names by the end that we could have called her Sybil.

In the end NY was fantastic. Being a pacer allows you to enjoy so much more of a marathon than if you’re racing. You actually can enjoy the last 6 miles of the classic distance and not just view the pavement in front of you thinking, “I’m gonna friggin’ die!” Unfortunately, our group fell apart at 19 miles and I only had one lone soldier to bring through. Good news is she ran a two minute personal best and Tommy Boy got a hug at the end (\*winks\* How you doin’?)

NY is a tough course but a must do if you are a marathoner. Unlike Boston, I’ll be back. I have to run it as a master and break what my father considers the “real” Neeson household record. See, Wee Harry ran 2:42 at NY when he was 43 and even though I’ve clipped that mark, as he says it doesn’t count till I’m 40. Damn it!

	<p><b>Evan S. Fiedler, B.S., D.C.</b></p> <p>Choose Chiropractic Care for Running by a Marathoner. <a href="http://www.atlas.xapier.com">www.atlas.xapier.com</a> Virginia Beach . . . Phone 463-9355</p>	
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# Out of the Cave..

By Dean Clifton

We all see things while running that push the boundaries of decency and proper etiquette. I wouldn’t suggest that I am a beacon for etiquette or decency and I in no way consider myself a role model or even someone who has a small amount of self respect. I only know that some things aren’t right and I think we



are all big enough to discuss these things and figure our rationale solutions for these complex problems. So here are my top 10 things I think we need to think through to make running a better sport:

10. I once saw a lady who crapped her pants at the end of a marathon. Part of me wanted to applaud her for having the perseverance to push through and part of me wanted to see a ban of some sorts on this type of activity.

9. What do you do when you pass someone on a trail? Do yell out “trail” or “passing on the left?” Good for you! Don’t be Mr. Bungle and stealthily pass by someone without a proper alert. Certainly don’t use one of those shrill blow-horns as you pass by, there just isn’t any need for this.

8. How long is too long to bring back “new” running shoes? I once had a customer bring back a pair of shoes over a year after he bought them. My co-worker wound up getting into an argument and then fighting the guy over this. No shit, right there in the store. I say if you go in more than one run in ‘em, then don’t bring em’ back . . . lessin’ u want a fight on your hands.

7. Everyone knows the guy that shows up for the local 5k and immediately lines up in the front row, with absolutely no chance of winning or even finishing for that matter. The proper thing to do is to ask him to kindly step aside so that he doesn’t create a logjam at the start. If he refuses, pull his shorts down right when the gun goes off.

6. What about the guy that finishes the marathon and then drinks his bodyweight in beer and passes out on the beach? My bad . . . that would be me.

5. Ever line up at a marathon and see the pissers come out...you know, take a piss right there in the starting area. I’m not too sure what to make of this but I think these people are one step away from crapping in their pants and should probably be banned from the sport.

4. I’m not much of a fashion maverick but there is no place in humanity for guys in running shorts from the 70’s pulled up high and tight so they proudly display their boyz. Not sure about that, but it can’t be right on any level

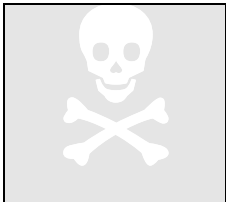
3. My good etiquette side wants to smile and be an encouragement to the Team in Training, but part of me thinks that unleashing a few wild boars in their midst would be an even better idea.

2. Ever out sprint someone at the finish only to be passed in the finishing chute? Proper etiquette requires a diplomatic approach in hopes of a peaceful solution. If this doesn’t work, try the Mike Tyson approach and bite a good hunk of their ear off.



1. SnotRockets - A highly controversial topic. I contend that the only place SnotRockets are not socially acceptable are in church. Outside of that you are good to go. In your car, on a run . . . with a beer, on a bun . . .

**Coaches Corner** – Don't be a Mary, pull up your skirt and run.



### **The Rev. Chauncy Bentsworth III Arrested in Mexico**

Mexico City, Mexico – Spokesperson for **THE RAMBLINGS**, The Rev. Chauncy Bentsworth III, was arrested last week on charges of lewd conduct, drunk and disorderly and sexual battery on a lamp post. The Rev., no stranger to controversy, battled local police for nearly six seconds before being subdued. When asked for comment Dean Clifton, **THE RAMBLINGS** co-founder, said, “That’s our boy!”

# Happy Hour

## **... with the Cannibal**



This is not a pretty picture. It is a mental torture I wouldn't wish on my worst enemy...well maybe. Anyway, imagine your daily work activity is creating a tremendous amount of mental confusion. You are desperately searching for sensible perceptions in a world that is being thwarted by nonsense. The nonsense in and of itself may be non-consequential, if it can be left at work. Unfortunately... this isn't always the case. Recently, this has been my dilemma.

It is 4:15 a.m. and the treadmill is warming up. I am looking for a solid 45 minute run before rushing off to school (←hint towards occupation). Once the body finds its rhythm, I am still struggling to enjoy the process. I don't understand! My legs are turning over better than a hamster in heat. My fluid arm swing gives me a 42" reach like the great Mohammed Ali. My favorite music is blaring from a sweat resistant MP3 Player. What's wrong, what is going on?

It is my mind. My thoughts are not my own. They are verses of prose that was spat at me while at work. Here is a sample of the rhetoric..."Do not go over the tests with your students after they have taken it." "I am not concerned with what students do, but with teachers doing what they are supposed to

do.” “You can only teach what we tell you to teach, in the way that we tell you to teach it, on the day that we tell you.” These and other quotes are playing, rewinding and repeating in my head. They have matured my consciousness and stifled an appreciation for this time...this time...this precious me...running...when the world appeared to be a place in perfect harmony...a world where my creativity knew no boundaries. A world when I was able to tap into a stream of reality that was surrealistic and free thought was plentiful.

Imagine your daily work activity is creating a tremendous amount of mental confusion. I don't have to...I am living it

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

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

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## Take It In Stride... By Tommy Neeson

Mike Tyson is going to be featured on Heidi Fleiss' 60 acre “stud” farm in Nevada. For the right price you can have sex with the former heavy weight champion of the world. This ladies is the ultimate in revenge. He nailed your sister or best friend? Wham-O, trump card baby you threw down with Iron Mike. I'll bet for an extra \$50 they'll play that announcer guy, “Let's get ready to rumble!”

For the first time I watched the running movie “Endurance” about Haile Gebrselassie. What a cinematic piece of shit that is. If you haven't seen it, don't waste your time. It would be one thing if they showed you tribal women's boobies like in National Geographic, but they don't.

The last thing I want to do is mention anything about politics in this rag. It's bad enough we call this a ‘running’ newsletter, adding politics in this would be a tragic mistake. However, I heard on the radio a suggestion to ‘fix’ the border patrol concerns and the war in Iraq in one shot. Bring the troops back to guard the border and when an illegal alien tries to cross into the US, give them a canteen and a rifle and send them over there. After six months, here's your visa and welcome to America.

In other news, Michael Jackson is selling his Neverland Ranch. The ranch turned 14 and apparently the King of Pop is no longer attracted to it.

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## *The Kat House*



I want to talk about something a little different this month; disappointment and how to handle the low points that inevitably come our way. I think we all run because at some level it makes us feel good and adds enrichment to our life. Seeing the sun setting over the ocean while your hear beats in rhythm with the surf. Chasing and frolicking with your dogs on a lonely trail or summiting a 12,000-foot peak while your lungs scream in delicious agony.

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These are the reasons we stay upright and put one foot in front of the other at a rapid pace. However, more often than not, we don't experience these highs and have to suffer through mediocrity or even worse injury and setback.

It is how we handle these situations that determine what kind of runner and even deeper, what kind of person we are. I met a lovely person who I thought I really knew. That person presented himself as a lovely, nature loving, free spirit. It turns out he is a soul stealing, whore loving, playboy. I should have figured out that when Josu's road-gang had to stay in Vegas an extra-week that this really meant he was screwing the 24-year-old blackjack dealer at Mandalay Bay.

My initial reaction was to calmly place a machete in my van and start driving down I-15 toward Las Vegas.

I wanted balls, Josu's balls to be exact.

Then something funny happened. A calm wave of serene thoughts came over me and I turned around and went home. I laced up my running shoes, put on my favorite running togs and ran on the beach with my dogs underneath the bright moon. I felt proud of myself for not using the machete and felt more in control of my emotions. It just goes to show you that if you are having a bad day or a bad run, it's not the end of the world, put down the machete and find a peaceful place in your heart! Its there waiting for you

Meow, psssstttt, raaarow.

Kat.



## UGP Member Profile: Kat

We normally don't like to do a profile on our writers, but Dean and I thought about it and figured Kat was a good call. Besides we got tired of doing profiles on all the Originals (those who were the first to join the Underground Grand Prix).

Now, most 'interviews' we do are one-shot e-mails. Not Kat's. We found it impossible to go with just one reply or one note, but please feel free to think that is exactly what went on.

Kat pretty much came out of nowhere to write her column and in fact one might say is out there – way out there. She's a self proclaimed trail freak (not necessarily a runner) and a nature lover. She pretty much thinks everyone has their good side, just that some folks need to let it out. Yeah, good luck with that one sweetie. She works at a veterinarian's office near San Diego, California and this is her story.

UGP: So, where would you like to start?

KAT: Can we talk about the recent mid-term elections?

UGP: Ah, no. This is a political free newsletter. Besides politics are pretty boring.

UGP: Coke or Pepsi?

KAT: I don't drink soda; do you know what is in that stuff, Hon?

UGP: Okay, let's get one thing straight, I'm the one asking the questions and don't call me Hon.

UGP: Would it be a waste of time then to ask you what you're favorite toppings for pizza?

KAT: [question left blank]

UGP: Normally we don't like to ask 'normal' running interview questions, but some how I think

we won't get a normal answer. Tell us, how did you get started running?

KAT: It's actually a boring story. I've always like to be around nature and hike. It just turned out to be a natural progression.

UGP: What's the most interesting job you've ever had?

KAT: During one summer of college, I worked as an activities assistant at a nudist camp.

UGP: Let me guess, you got paid in tips?

KAT: Pig.

UGP: Did you ever follow the Greatful Dead?

KAT: Of course.

UGP: Why?

KAT: The Dead were so full of life. They weren't just a music group, they were an experience. A passage way into another realm of your subconscious.

UGP: Plain or Peanut M&M's?

KAT: Peanut.

UGP: You now live in southern California, where did you grow up?

KAT: I'm a military brat; I lived in lots of different places.

UGP: You were a military brat? Is this your way of rebelling and getting even?

KAT: No, not at all. My parents are wonderful, supportive role models.

UGP: Yeah, and Charles Manson was just misunderstood.

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

KAT: When I was a kid, my mom use to enter me in beauty pageants.

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 that what we are doing? I didn't think so. So please people, send your stuff to [tommy@undergroundgrandprix.com](mailto:tommy@undergroundgrandprix.com).



We encourage all of our subscribers to submit articles, thoughts, comments, race results, and whatever to us. Just send them via e-mail to [tommy@undergroundgrandprix.com](mailto:tommy@undergroundgrandprix.com). And please encourage folks you know to sign up to be a subscriber. Hell, it doesn't cost ya nuttin'.

Peace out my Brother,

**REV. CHAUNCY BENTSWORTH III**