

*"The World's Most Unusual and Entertaining
Running Publication . . . Ever."*



THE RAMBLINGS

THE UNDERGROUND GRAND PRIX NEWSLETTER

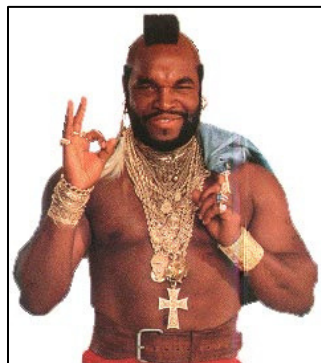
AUGUST 2007

EAST COAST VERSUS WEST COAST?

A RAMBLINGS CHALLENGE TO SCOFF AT AND DISMISS WITH GREAT EASE

Most of the time we have something funny or entertaining to grace the front cover of *"The World's Most Unusual and Entertaining Running Publication . . . Ever."* Stories and reading material that leaves most normal people wondering why they ever bothered to open up the attachment in the first place. You folks are different, ala not so normal. In the end, decisions are made with the hopes of making people laugh and say something to the effect of, "Holy crap that was funny". However that won't happen this month. Nope. Not a chance.

This month we are reporting on an in-house marathon challenge from two of **THE RAMBLINGS** staff writers. Virginia's Cannibal has challenged Southern California's Dean Clifton to a heads up duel in the classic distance pitting east coast versus west coast. Who's gonna win? Why Cannibal's going to get mauled. I mean Clifton is going to straight up murder his ass, but the trash talk should be outstanding. Let it be known that trash talking is something the Cannibal thrives on. Well that and donuts.



Cannibal, a former 3:05 marathoner, has selected the downhill St. George Marathon in 2008 for the showdown. The big clotty Herman Munster look-a-like has accepted the challenge and is arguably in the best marathon shape of his life. What does this mean? Well, it means they are both a couple of morons, but this should be fun to watch.

Dean has made his thoughts be clear on this event, "A one-legged man in an ass kickin' contest has more chance at victory than Cannibal. He better have a whole I-pod full of Avril Lavigne and a pack of celestial wives to break wind for him. To paraphrase from Mister T, ala Clubber Lang in Rocky III, my prediction . . . pain." He went on to say, "After I defeat Cannibal I'm gonna catch a plane to go punch his momma in the face."

Not wanting to be bitch slapped without putting up a fight, Cannibal retorted, "You tell Clifton that if he trains to finish, at least you will realize one of his goals."

Knowing this contest will surely send waves through out the running community, we will be there to cover all the details leading up to and through the event. The event itself is debatable if we cover it. Really the only ones who care how they do are those two. The rest of us just want to be entertained.



When Will One Hundred Hit?

We are always proud of the landmarks we achieve, no matter how seemingly insignificant they may seem. This is why we felt it necessary to celebrate our 100th subscriber in true Underground Grand Prix fashion. As everyone knows, we don't follow the trodden path. We avoid what is trendy and popular. In fact, we're so f***ed up that we are surprised anyone reads this crap. But you do and we thank you.

As our 100th subscriber looms, we look forward to showing their recruiter with gifts and praises. Our standard one year free subscription complete with verbal praise won't cut it this time. So, on top of a most valued prize we are going to add automatic acceptance to our, currently stagnant, Underground Grand Prix race team and the crème de la crème lost toe nail from Tommy's successful world record 50K treadmill run.

Remember to tell them that this is "*The World's Most Unusual and Entertaining Running Publication . . . Ever.*" Of course it's free, what a bargain!

[www/undergroundgrandprix.com](http://www.undergroundgrandprix.com)

Happy Hour

... with the Cannibal



I Am a Runner

I strap on my Garmin GPS to mow the lawn. It is after watching a Steve Prefontaine movie, "Without Limits," that I have gained respect for tracking total mileage while in training. The scene from the film was referring to Oregon Coach Bill Bowerman (the founder of Nike), who apparently kicked one of his runners off the team for seven days because he swept out a church. "Going to church would have been fine, but the sweeping part was considered too much work."

Even in reference to the amorous nature of students in the spring, Bowerman is caught on tape saying, "It is okay if you chase the girls, as long as you don't catch them" (because of the effort that would be exhausted in the attempt).

While clearing the lawn with a boisterous machine that is rudely drowning out my music, I am engaging the contour of the land as an opportunity to put my stride to the test. Each turn, upslope, and downhill is a complete course in and of itself. Frankly, I have never chosen more careful and meaningful steps. I suppose it is ironic that I find this so enjoyable, considering multibillion dollar productions have flourished when producing images of men as fat, lazy bastards who drink beer and watch football on

Sunday. But I digress. Upon nearing a River Birch tree, I am bothered by branches that interfere with my chosen path. Without hesitation, I leave the mower, tear across the yard, and enter the garage. Within minutes, I am embracing a handheld bear claw saw and annihilating these low hanging, leaf bearing obnoxious obstacles. When finished, my eyes light up as if the heavens have parted right before my very eyes, for I may now continue along my desired byway unimpeded by the natural world. The front half is a warm-up, as I am able to break into a kick behind the house. Circling the perimeter, I imagine a vortex in the center that draws me in. Each successive lap becomes faster than the previous one (you need a high powered mower to do this), and I eventually find the journey's end. And, can you believe it? All along the way there have been multiple breaks to cross train with weightlifting (removing the grass from the mulch bag).

When setting the easily maneuverable Briggs and Stratton (now there's a cheap pitch in search of a sponsor) in its designated space, I pause with a quizzical stare at the surroundings. Golf clubs, roller blades, and fishing rods appear out of place. Shouldn't I be looking at three different treadmills, a custom shoe rack with 31 pairs of shoes (1 for each day of the month), cable TV with surround-sound, giant floor fans (for wind resistance) and framed posters of Khannouchi, Tergat and Rodgers?



It is in the infinite stillness of this transmundane experience, I find my true self: a runner.

*“If you always do what you have always done . . .
you will always run no faster than your fastest run.”*

Going to Learn about Training in Kenya

Article submission by Brian Johnson

I recently traveled to Kenya to go on a safari. Every time I mentioned to someone that I was going there the first thing they asked if I was going there to learn training methods or something related to running. Actually I was going to collect my daughter, who had been working in southern Sudan for 4 months on a contract with the UN to teach business practices to people with no formal education and also evaluate for the UN business prospects in that area.

She learned two valuable things. First, the UN offered a village in southern Sudan to come in, plant mango trees and then give them to the village so they would have fruit and could possibly sell them in the future. The chief turned them down, saying that he saw no point in planting trees when he was old and probably would never get to eat any fruit.

Second, she mentioned that at the end of her tour there they typically held a “lessons learned” meeting. She said that invariably the principal lesson learned is to not let the dictator steal all the money. Obviously they never learn.

In any event, my wife, my mother-in-law, and I traveled to Kenya to collect our daughter. After doing this we went out on a week safari. During the entire time there I didn't run once. This was

because every place I stayed in was surrounded by country that included uncontained lions. What would they have thought if they saw me running?

I learned that the runners of Kenya primarily come from 4 tribes that live in the Rift Valley. This happens to be the same Rift Valley where Mary Leakey found “Lucy” a couple of decades ago. I believe that this is the oldest ancestor to man yet discovered. However, it answered an important question for me. Why are the Kenyans so good? It’s because they’re all descended from skeletons.

While there I was able to read a Nairobi newspaper about every other day. In one, was an article interviewing a Kenyan who was favored to win the Bogota, Colombia half marathon. I couldn’t tell you





his name because it was all vowels. In any event, he was concerned because he had never run a half marathon above 8,000 feet elevation before. However, what interested me even more is that the article said there were 65,000 registered runners. In Bogota? I’ve been there 3 or 4 times, albeit not for a while. However, VB fills up maybe 60 hotels on Labor Day for less than 20,000 runners in the R’N’R Half Marathon. Where do 65,000 people stay in Bogota when there are maybe 6 hotels?

And where do they run? The widest boulevard is maybe 4 lanes.

Finally there was an article that two of Kenya’s most promising under-18 runners had defected. Huh? Defected where? Authorities were going to their homes to investigate.

Where are they defecting? The Boston Marathon is their qualifying race for the Olympic team. They can come here and train and they don’t have to defect. It’s a mystery to me.

	<p style="text-align: center;">Evan S. Fiedler, B.S., D.C.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">Choose Chiropractic Care for Running by a Marathoner. www.atlas.xaper.com Virginia Beach . . . Phone (757)463-9355</p>	
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Out of the Cave...

By Dean Clifton

It has been said that competition brings out the best and the worst in us. I for one would like to see more rivalries develop in our sport.



Not just among the elite athletes but with us regular Joe's and Jane's too. Let's face it, when your most heated rival shows up for a race, the stakes just go a little higher. At our web site, we will be developing a forum where head to head competition can begin. It is sort of like a dual, except no one gets shot in the leg. All you need to do is log on to our forum at www.undergroundgrandprix.com and go to the **Throw Down** section.

It's simple enough. Throw out your victim's name and they will be forced to accept or reject your challenge. We will publish the results from your head to head competition in our newsletter in a new column entitled: "Steel Cage Match." Now, there are many psychological games that go on before and during a race that can help or hurt your chances of vanquishing your opponent. I have thrown together a list of tactics which, if employed successfully, will ensure that victory is yours:

10. Shave your initials into your opponent's dog.
9. Hire a skywriter to write "Give up now loser" over your foe's house.
8. Perform a country line dance routine as your warm-up.
7. When the race official fires the starting gun, tackle him and then say, "Your next."
6. Throw up just before the race and then squirt a full pack of goo down your throat while locking eyes with your opponent the entire time.
5. For you cross country kids, while on the starting line before the big race, hack up your arch rival's mascot with a machete to within an inch of its life, jump back on the starting line and have the race of your life.
4. Get a new tattoo (think Al Pacino in Cape Fear) on your back of your opponent's spouse/boyfriend/girlfriend (naked tattoo preferred but name or face is ok too).
3. Draft off of your opponent for the entire race, give them a flat tire about a half mile from the finish line and laugh as you go by.
2. About a minute before the start invoke the following prayer (while toeing the starting line) to Zeus: Zeus, I ask your assistance in defeating my worthy adversary. Please enlist the help of Hermes and Nike. Surely the gods view this race as folly of mere mortal men but hopefully the burnt offering I now hold up will please you. Zeus, I ask that you allow me to run like an antelope while my foe is defeated and shunned by those in his village. Zeus...I ask not just for victory but for the total and complete humiliation of (insert name here)! Zeus, Zeus, Zeus, thy will be done!
1. When all else fails, walk up to your opponent, look him or her in the eye and say, "your ass is grass."



Coaches Corner – Running is easy, training is hard.

LETTERS FROM OUR READERS:

Dear **RAMBLINGS**,

What's with Kat? Is she for real?

Cindy W.

Cindy,

As far as we can tell she is real, although we don't have the biological or genetic tests to confirm or deny anything. But thanks for reading.

RAMBLINGS

Take it In Stride...

By Tommy Neeson

The big toothed freak, Alan Webb, broke Steve Scott's twenty-five year-old American mile record by running 3:46:91. Sure that's pretty damn fast, but when you boil it down, only American's really care about the mile (just a quick note – the event was held in Belgium). That is why I'm more impressed with Will Howard's record mile of 4:42.36. You see he did it while juggling.



Alberto Contador has won the Tour de France this year. Cycling is no stranger to controversy and that monster reared its ugly head again with two entire teams were sacked by race officials and six day leader poised to win the tour, Michael Rasmussen, was thrown out by his own team. In speaking with Dean, he like many others is tired of cheaters and has turned a preverbal shoulder to the sport. It's hard not to take that approach, but as I thought about it, I started to think differently.

It's hard to find sports that haven't been consumed with drug and cheating controversy, especially endurance sports. If you ask Dean about four time gold medalist and suspected blood doper, Lasse Viren, you are libel to be met with a tirade of profanity laced insults and Finnish hate rhetoric. I mean is there anyone who needs a positive test before they think Barry Bonds took steroids?

Which brings me to my point, perhaps it isn't so much that cycling and the Tour de France is littered with cheats and drug users, but maybe its they get caught more because of better and more frequent testing. A professional cyclist is arguably the most tested athlete in sports and it is a known fact that no one has been tested more than Lance Armstrong. Imagine if baseball or football tested its players with the regularity and high standards as cycling does. More to the point, what if someone like Barry Bonds was found to be a cheat and he was banned for two years and his entire team was booted from the league for the rest of the year?

On a totally different topic, let me tell you about my buddy Mike Colaiacovo. Not only is Mike a fine runner, but he's also a **RAMBLINGS** subscriber. But that isn't where the positive traits of Mr. C. come to an end. Oh no, not in the least. You see Mike is probably the healthiest person I know. Granted that isn't a mantra too many strive for, but he is the healthiest just the same. He's also a huge Notre Dame fan in spite of being Italian. I called him and left him a message saying that this year's Notre Dame Football team would be, at best, mediocre. I based this claim on that fact that they were actually playing more than one real team this year and would get their preverbal heads handed to them. I went on for a good 15 to 20 seconds of this. I haven't heard from him in weeks.



The Kat House

My heartfelt thanks to AJ for filling in while I was out. Wow, what a month it has been. I was attacked by my own falcon even as I achieved my dream of seeing Little Ricky fly over my shoulder as I ran down one of my favorite trails. What an awful thing, it hurts now to even think about it. Little Ricky seemed to think that the yin-yang tattoo on my shoulder was some sort of prey.

In any event, he went in talons first and literally ripped a huge chunk out of my shoulder, just over the shoulder blade. Before Helmut could get there, I had to pull Little Ricky off of my own shoulder.

For those of you that aren't familiar with falconry, once a falcon has his claws into something, he won't let go until he either loses the prey or starts feeding. I knew it would be difficult but as soon as he started going in with his sharp beak and pulling out hunks of meat. I had only one option.

I was able to grab him by his neck and rip my precious bird off of me. The last thing I remember is holding my lifeless falcon in my hands and Helmut staying with me until an ambulance arrived.

I am basically ok but still recovering emotionally. Helmut was very upset with what happened to Little Ricky and will not speak with me.

As usual, it seems the pattern of my column holds form with the ups and downs of life. Just like running on trails, there are many peaks and valleys but we still must put one foot in front of the other. Just when you think you are on top of the world you wind up with a dead falcon and losing your buff Nordic boyfriend. One thing is certain, how we handle our low points in life says more about us than how we handle the good times. Sure the good times are fun but I look at this as one more thing to get by.

Think I will go for a run.

Think like a cat...m-e-o-w!

Kat

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.



Missing one of **THE RAMBLINGS** editions? Fear not, we now have them on-line. Find out how we named our spokesperson Rev. Chauncy Bentsworth III. Read Dean's 10 ten signs your running store is in financial difficulty and best of all it's free! Check it out at:

www.undergroundgrandprix.com/Archived.html

Peace out my Brother,

REV. CHAUNCY BENTSWORTH III