

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



THE RAMBLINGS

THE UNDERGROUND GRAND PRIX NEWSLETTER

DECEMBER 2007

RUNNING HOME

THE CANNIBAL EARNS TOP BILLING

After six years of training and 23 marathons, I joined a softball team (to help my neighbor fill his roster, and brought in 4 other paying players including one who tried out for the Padres). It was about mid-season, that I found myself being sat on the bench so a non-paying friend of the coach could play in my position. Prior to this occurrence, I had put a batting cage in my backyard, attended every practice (where only half the team showed) and had the second highest number of runs on the team. Being sat on the bench was a serious blow, as I had committed to this process 100% without remorse. And that is what has motivated me to write this article.



The earth is expansive as no one stands in the way of the path that lay before you: For it is you that puts one foot in front of the other as you choose. It is not a matter of being chosen to play, you choose to play. Every step is of your own doing, with your own will and with full knowledge that there may be challenges up ahead. But these limits are not imposed by others, they are simply a consequence of wanting, a wanting of more, more from oneself. It is being enraptured in this whirlwind of desire, to reach our potential that we can cherish and be thankful.

Maybe the betrayal stated in the first paragraph was karma subsequent to turning my back on the gift that fell in my lap during August 2001. Is this the universe pushing me towards greater things? If I critically contrast the two events, I find that running has rewarded me with a healthier body, a quick and creative mind with a respect for long term goals. Softball has led to a torn hamstring, drinking more beer and being lied to and betrayed by my next door neighbor.

As I review this composition the choice is crystal clear. I will only find peace running . . . running with time as my only adversary.

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

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

Coaches Corner – Utilize an on-line running log book to track your efforts and results. You can track the miles on your shoes, your race results, and even map out your favorite running routes all for free. Check out the very cool www.running2win.com. There are many other features like calculators, teams and running news. If you use the lame CoolRunning log, you can import your miles with a simple e-mail.

Say Goodbye to the Underground Grand Prix!!!

Be on the look out, we are changing things up. Next month we will unroll our new web site. We will be getting rid of our Underground Grand Prix site for a new and spiffy Underground Runners Society. The



new site will have race ideas, endorsed events, the nearly interactive Leisa's Trophy and of course archives of the World's most unusual and entertaining running publication . . . ever, **THE RAMBLINGS**. Be on the lookout for the new one. We promise it will kick ass . . . well, it might be "okay" but it will be new and because we are too cheap to re-do our logo professionally this is what it will look like.



Leftovers

According to the Cynical Bystander



On the fear factor scale, Halloween costumes are meager in comparison to spending a few extra minutes in the corner of a small public restroom. I can't say how many times I have been in a place as unrefined as a fast food restroom or as posh as the Ritz-Carlton and been within earshot of one or more bathroom goers . . . coming, going, going, gone: leaving without the safe sound of sink water somewhere in between those steps. Frankly, I can't believe that there are people who believe "if you can't see it, it's not there!" My guess is they are the same individuals (limited in scope because I don't frequent the women's area) that believe "real men don't eat quiche." Hey, get real here just because it doesn't matter what you're eating, it is eventually going to come out the other end and just because you are enjoying those baby back ribs, doesn't mean that I want the leftovers.

If you want to run, run a mile.

If you want to experience a different life, run a marathon.

- Emil Zatopek

OUT OF THE CAVE...



By Dean Clifton



As most of you know, our website originally started out as the Underground Grand Prix and this format has served us well over the last several years. So now, like everything else, it is time to change and we will soon call ourselves The Underground Runners Society. If you are a subscriber to this newsletter rejoice because you are already a member. If you read this and like our style, then maybe you can forward this to a few friends and have them join as well. Our stated goal is to put Runner's World out of business and then purchase a small island in the Caribbean where we can create a runner's utopia, complete with barrels of rum and automatic weapons (think Randy Weaver at Ruby Ridge). It is with this noble purpose that our underground movement must press on. "Comrade, you ask, what is in this for me?"

What's in it for you, well there are many and numerous benefits, and below are the top 10 benefits to being a member of The Underground Runners Society:

10. Federal income taxes waived.
9. Transferable membership to the Kiss Army.
8. Ability to eat bag after bag of pork rinds with no apparent ill health consequences.
7. Coaching services from our Workout Monkey.
6. Justice of the Peace privileges.
5. Free waxing for the ladies (sorry, no dudes).
4. Complimentary hit man services.
3. Can now say with confidence that you are a worthless sinner.
2. Access to our tribal land and lifetime job at our casino.
1. Someone to wipe away your tears and laugh at your silly jokes.

	<p>Evan S. Fiedler, B.S., D.C.</p> <p>Choose Chiropractic Care for Running by a Marathoner. www.atlas.xaper.com Virginia Beach . . . Phone (757)463-9355</p>	
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Take It In Stride...

By Tommy Neeson

The innocence of baseball, in my opinion, was lost a long time ago but it seems as if the Mitchell Report/steroid scandal has made it official. I'm not sure I would classify myself as a baseball fan, but I'm defiantly a sports fan. I grew up with the Yankees and pretty much feel the world should have been sucked into a black hole when the Red Sox won the series. But I digress. Performance enhancing drugs are making me look like a genius. I made a prediction that after Marion Jones went down that Barry Bonds was next. It like I was on the grand jury or something. I also said after the grind of cheaters came to light after the last Tour de France that if the same thing happened in baseball it would pretty much knock the sport to its knees. Don't look now, but Roger Clemens is assuming the position like little Suzy Prom Queen after she's had half a bottle of Boone's

Farm. Fact is the only real sport without cheaters is golf. Hell, they even turn themselves in when they violate the rules. What a novel concept.

There are times when I think I'm a pretty tough runner. Granted putting the adjective "tough" in front of a runner is a bit of an oxymoron like 'Christian Scientists', but I say it none the less. But allow me to make my "tough" case. I finished the last twenty miles of Grandfather Mountain Marathon after breaking my left foot at mile six and actually passed someone at mile 23. I ran an 8K cross country race in college with a 100+ degree temperature and blacked out at the end all so I could say I was the top runner for my school my during my tenure. Those feats, which I pretty held privately, were things I was damn proud of. However, they pale in comparison to what I saw on television the other night about mountain climbers scaling Mt. Everest. One fellow slipped and broke his right hand on the way up. He not only finished the climb, but made the entire decent with one hand (80% of deaths from mountain climbing occur on the decent). He wound up having two plates and 10 screws surgically placed in his broken appendage. Another gentleman, already with both legs amputated from the knee down, climbed the mountain. If being a double amputee isn't impressive enough, he had to have more of his legs removed due to frostbite from the adventure. He modestly stated it was just "a little bit of shaving." And what was it I did again? Oh yea, that is right, I ran . . . with fancy shorts and little white socks. I'm such a bad ass.



16 year-old Jamie Lynn Spears, sister to mega pop star Britney Spears, announced she is pregnant. The backlash to her admission seems to have unleashed more exposure and attention then she's ever had before, which I don't get. Let's be honest here people, she's not nearly as hot at 16 as her older sister was.

I have to tell you all that I love getting feedback from you all. My partner in crime, Dean, called me last month. We talked about this and that and then he asked me if it was true that Jamie Good, a subscriber and an Original, actually named his daughter "Chauncy." Thanks for playing Dean, dumbass.

The Kat House



In Greek mythology, Arcadia is a remote and bucolic forest where nymphs and centaurs frolic. It's most recent incarnation is a grove of ancient redwoods on the Oregon, California border. I am here living with a wonderful group of people who care about the environment and want to do something about it. I am sharing my group of trees with a lovely black gentleman named Rolando. We have been up here for 10 days so far and we will be up here another 21 days before the next group takes over.

I have been running in place on our upper platform and I can't begin to express the joy I feel while doing this. I am literally 200 feet up in the air and have undisturbed vistas out into the horizon.

After my "run" I take a sponge bath and begin writing the letters of the day to our congressmen and other lawmakers. The organizer of our group has trained carrier pigeons that bring our work back to his apartment, not far from where we are. This very article was written on recycled paper and delivered by carrier pigeon. The object of our scorn and the enemy we must defeat are the monstrous, evil people that run a local timber company and want to come in and harvest a swath of land that contains these

trees. I have some bottled up feelings about this and have written some haiku which I must admit is more like mental vomit from the great injustice that may very well occur unless more people get involved. Well here are my thoughts from last night:

Stately and erect
Tear them down and elect
officials with big SUV's

I love being HIGH
On big red
You want some buckshot in your ass log boy?

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

Kat



December Health Index

Vitamin E loss is so slow it takes many years before deficiency symptoms become apparent. Heart disease is the common end result.

Seminar: "Managing Chronic Degeneration with Whole Food Nutrition"
Presented by Lynne August M.D. (11-10-2007)

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, discover what the hell Kat is and read Dean's 10 ten signs your running store is in financial difficulty. Best of all it's free! Check it out at:

[The Ramblings Archives](#)

Peace out my Brother,

REV. CHAUNCY BENTSWORTH III