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Running Publication . . . Ever.”*



THE RAMBLINGS

THE UNDERGROUND GRAND PRIX NEWSLETTER

JANUARY 2007

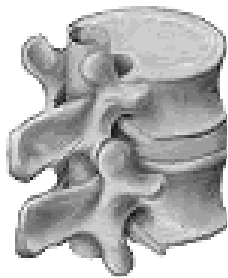
WE'RE ON SUCKERS!

ANNOUNCING THE 2007 UNDERGROUND GRAND PRIX. SIGNUP TODAY.

After some careful deliberations (and much needed harassment) we are announcing the start of the 2007 Underground Grand Prix (UGP). For those unfamiliar with what a UGP is, listen up. Entry fee is \$10 (US) and will consist of a 5K and a marathon. What you do is make a guess at what your best time for a marathon and 5K will be for the calendar year 2007. For every second you are off on your predictions (to the positive or negative) you get one point. The person with the least amount of points wins. There is a catch however; you also have to predict what everyone else involved (meaning those who paid \$10) is going to run for the same distances.

Updates will be provided in every upcoming edition of The Ramblings as well as posted on our web site. For more information and to sign up visit: www.undergroundgrandprix.com.

This year's UGP will be called 2007 Rev Chauncy Bentsworth III Challenge. After all he is our spokesperson and face of this rag. We are more than willing to whore ourselves out and have a sponsor. We have no shame and basically will sell out to anyone who wants to put up a trophy to the winner. In fact, we'll even name the trophy whatever the sponsor wants, except Lord Stanley's Cup. That one is already taken. Any takers can send inquiries to tommy@undergroundgrandprix.com.

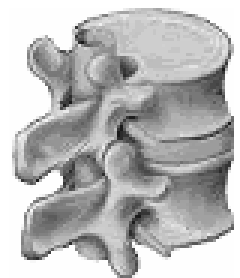


Evan S. Fiedler, B.S., D.C.

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"I loved it, man. Right now, I feel . . . whatever it feels like to run a marathon. I probably feel close to it."

- Kansas City Royals manager Buddy Bell, on his first game since taking over the team. The team finished with a record of 56 – 106, the worst record in major league baseball that year.



One Of Our Own Does A Double For The Ages!

Every now and then someone does something that makes most of us go, "Holy crap!" and that is just what our very own Stephen Durr did. Steve, who will now be known as Double D, ran the Richmond Marathon on Saturday, November 11, then followed it up by running the inaugural Outerbank Marathon then next frigging day. You are the man! A sick, deranged and more than likely very, very lonely man! Also, good luck turning 40 you old fart.

Coaches Corner – Have issues with toenail fungus? Try spreading Vicks Vapor Rub on them. It takes a good 6 to 8 months to work, but it does work.

Out of the Cave...

By Dean Clifton

I know it sucks getting injured and I hope to offer some alternatives to running during your time down. I have employed many of these tips and I can endorse most of them. Some of them are just ideas so I take no responsibility for those. I think doing something other than running every once in awhile is good and is probably overall a healthy thing.



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

- 10. Listen to the song "Push-It" by Salt-n-Peppa more often.
- 9. Shop for hair accessories with your daughters.



- 8. Give out bags of food to homeless people (This is my favorite).
- 7. Go to Starbucks, get hopped up on coffee and talk to old people.
- 6. Gamble.
- 5. Visit your local shooting range.
- 4. Black Tar Heroin, it's not just for breakfast anymore.
- 3. I was going to say ride your bike but I maintain that bikers are a bunch of pansies, so I just wasted my #3 pick.
- 2. Sex.
- 1. Fantasy Hockey. Yep it is even better than sex; I'm in 7th place in my league, thanks for asking.



Houston – US runner, Ryan Hall, ran a mile in 4:36. Not too shabby. He’s also run a mile in 4:30 . . . in the same race . . . 11 more times. At the Aramco Houston Half Marathon, Ryan shattered the US record turning in a performance of 59:43. His 4:33 per mile average was 72 seconds faster than the previous best. Sadly, neither Ryan nor former record holder, Mark Churp, are Ramblings subscribers.

Happy Hour

... with the Cannibal



I hate being under the magnifying glass, when every move I make is being checked for accuracy. However, when you find a modality to become your own critic...

All you need is a treadmill and a body length mirror.

As you run, take a look at your form from several angles. Change the position of the reflection every 10 minutes. Take mental notes of the posture that allows ease and flow in your stride (just slightly faster than your comfort level). Observe the distance between your toes and the belt with each kick. Are your shoulders even? Is your arm swing natural? A keen eye will pick up on this process and facilitate efficient running.

I hate being under the magnifying glass...with the exception of being my own critic.

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

Take it In Stride...

By Tommy Neeson

A British research study on more than 200,000 women who exercise by doing the housework can reduce their risk of breast cancer. Now, I know full well this tidbit of information will do nothing but get me into huge amounts of trouble. Not one bit of good can come of this. Conventional wisdom says to shut my pie hole. However, the problem is I just can’t. There is no force on this green earth that can stop me from uttering this information to my wife no matter how bogus it may or may not be. The only question is what prop I buy her; a vacuum, an apron like Alice wore on the Brady Bunch or one of those slutty French maid outfits. These folks are just some of the dilemmas I’m faced with everyday. It ain’t easy being me. Don’t get me wrong, it ain’t all that hard, but it ain’t easy.

I'm sad to report that I have let myself go to the point where I'm punishing myself. Things are rock bottom I tell you. It's a dire situation. As of New Year's Eve, I've sworn off beer until I get into what I consider good shape and drop some holiday weight. Hopefully good shape will formulate this weekend, but I'm not holding my breath.

Upon hearing Joe Jacoby of the Washington Redskins say "I'd run over my own mother to win the Super Bowl," Matt Millen of the Oakland Raiders said, "To win, I'd run over Joe's mom too."

It comes as no surprise that I've been described as a wise ass. No, no really. Well, next month marks my 10 wedding anniversary as well as being 15 years with Elaine (please, no sympathy cards, just shoot me a quick note, thanks). I'd like to share the some moments where the tables were turned:

- While attending a birthday party for someone who will go nameless, (he's not a subscriber so to hell with him) I was talking some folks I knew and a woman I didn't know. After a few short moments the woman (who will also go nameless for the same above mentioned reason), asks me, "Are you fast?" Before my bottom lip has a chance to separate itself from my top lip, my wonderful bride blurts out, "At what?"
- I've already told you about my recent dilemmas regarding my conditioning and weight. Being the wise guy that I am I verbally noted to Elaine, "Man, I was hoping to grow up to have better metabolism." This comment was quickly followed by my lovely wife's retort of, "Yeah, I was hoping you'd grow up to be a man."
- This last story I like to start with a quote, it also ends this anecdote and it goes – Thanks again, you asshole. We were heading out for the night. Quality time if you will. She started to say how, while in a conversation with my mother, that there is this show featuring a real life couple. The husband will leave the house for a few hours while the wife gets ready. He'll return with flowers like they are two adolescents going to the spring dance. She then said that sounded like a neat idea, minus the whole me leaving and coming back with flowers, but just simply a date night. After a slight pause, I spoke. When I spoke, I said, "Yeah. Good luck with that." It was at this point were she uttered what is now a Neeson house catchphrase, "Thanks again, you asshole."

The Kat House



Well, now that I have that man out of my system I can get down to writing for this lousy newsletter. I should say boy, a man would never run off with a bimbo and leave his soul-mate behind to face the trails of this life alone.

But alone it is and solitude is the theme of this article. I know its fun running with a group and I know that, especially for women, it can be more comforting and safe than running alone. However, I propose taking your long, long runs on a trail and by yourself. I just did an 18 mile trail run all by myself and really just let my mind wander.

It is amazing how many things float in and out of your consciousness when you allow your mind time to be completely free to go wherever it wants. I felt joy, fear, hate, love, but more than anything an overwhelming desire to kick Josu in the cubes.

But, I digress. Solitude is good for runners and especially women runners. I find that most of my girlfriends allow their men to do most of their thinking for them without even realizing it. I think I was falling into this same category and I am going to guard against this in the future. There is nothing wrong with going into a relationship but women should hold true to their own identity, thoughts and feelings.

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

Kat

UGP Member Profile: Michael Mann

No, we are not going to profile the Michael Mann who produced such cinematic hits like; Miami Vice, the Aviator or Collateral. Hell, it's not even the same Michael Mann who produced such cinematic pieces of shit like, How to get a Man's Foot Outta of Your Ass, Band of the Hand and The Jericho Mile (Yes, I said it, the Jericho Mile. That load of carp is even worse than Endurance).

Nope, this folks is the Michael Mann who was inducted into the Peninsula Track Club's Hall of Fame. Actually it is more like being abducted. Now, I'm not going to bash the fine folks at the Peninsula Track Club, all six of them are subscribers. However, I have been told that being inducted into the PTC Hall of Fame is like going to your 20-year high school reunion and having everyone there say, "I'm sorry, I don't remember you." None the less, we are always proud of our subscribers' accomplishments so to go along with what I'm sure is a very nice dot-matrix printed certificated is a one year subscription to our free newsletter.

UGP: Which one of the Brady Bunch do you most resemble: The father Mike or Alice the housekeeper?

MM: Don't remember the Brady Bunch, didn't watch it often enough.

UGP: You don't drink, so just what the hell do you do with your free time?

MM: Run and cut trees in my backyard.

UGP: Crunchy or creamy peanut butter?

MM: Crunchy.

UGP: What band/singer do you like that if people knew about would lead to an embarrassing situation?

MM: Prince.

UGP: What the best part about being in the Army?

MM: I'm in the Air Force! I've been told chick's dig a guy in uniform, but have not been able to prove it yet.

UGP: What would you rather have, an Olympic Gold Medal or a world record and why?

MM: Olympic Gold it will last forever and chances are a World Record will not.

UGP: What is your favorite injury to get?

MM: I'm not particularly fond of any.

UGP: Okay, toss out to our readers, the dumbest running advice that you actually follow.

MM: No pain, no gain.

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

MM: I was voted most academic in high school.

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.



A RAMBLINGS Announcement: Help Is Needed.

Our first year is coming to a close and we need some help. When we started this most unusual publication we had two goals. The first hurdle was to go international. We nailed that hitting Europe and Asia. Second was to bag 100 subscribers. This good people, is the one we are in danger of not making. Help us feel like we are not a bunch of idiots and spread the word. Whoever is the 100th person to sign up will get a special announcement. We will even make it something nice. This pretty much means Dean will have to write it because we all pretty much know Tommy's a jackass.

Peace out my Brother,

REV. CHAUNCY BENTSWORTH III