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Running Publication . . . Ever.”



THE RAMBLINGS

THE UNDERGROUND GRAND PRIX NEWSLETTER

OCTOBER 2007

CHEATER, CHEATER PUMPKIN EATER

HIGHLY DECORATED OLYMPIC ATHLETE, MARION JONES, PLEADS GUILTY

So Marion Jones plead guilty to lying to federal investigators about using steroid. The big question is: who’s surprised? Her coach, Trevor Graham, has coached some of the finest cheats the sport has ever known. Her ex-husband, CJ Hunter, was banned for admitted use of steroids. The father of her child, Tim Montgomery, is a confirmed cheat and convicted drug pusher, Victor Conte, cited she’s

Happy Hour

... with the Cannibal



Don’t Fork Yourself

A true mystery occurs when you encounter a square set in a circular margin. Questions race through your mind asking why or how? Is it really a consequence of fate that this awkwardness has revealed itself to the public? Frequently this reflection is that of a person that came upon a fork in the road and is still standing at the split, indecisive and confused.

It is the stillness, when stopped at this crossway that preys upon the weak. The emptiness without motion creates a vast black hole allowing thoughts to befuddle even those once having the best of intentions. With these thoughts come suggestions of doubt...doubt of oneself and their once seemingly rational perspective. The doubt is an illusion as it is the void suffocating their common sense, like ivy choking a tree. And it is at this time, that the once perfectly fitting sphere finds itself pulled like taffy, suddenly lost and out of place.

Compromise is the seed of destruction.

You know when you have seen it: In a mirror, in the glassy eyes of someone you once thought you knew, or in the facial recesses of a homeless drunk. Frequently this reflection is a consequence of a person that came upon a fork in the road and is still standing at the split, indecisive and confused...confused as they have compromised their mind, spirit, and/or physique at a crosswalk in life...with no signs for the right direction.

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





UGP Member Profile: Charlie Forman

We've gone a few months without profiling one of our wonderful subscribers. Not because we didn't try, more to the point, we couldn't find someone willing to be humiliated. That is until Charlie Forman elected to have a go at it. Although not an Original, he is one of our very first **RAMBLINGS** subscribers and contributes in his two cents every now and then.

The Washington DC area runner has denied being the personal trainer for US President, George Bush, but does admit to being drinking partners with then Commander-in-Chief's twin daughters. Atta boy Charlie! There is, however, something very important and exciting about Charlie that everyone should know before we get started. You ready?

Want us to tell you again?

So, without further ado, we humbly lay out our little insight into the world of our very own Sir Charles. Please enjoy and as always, thanks for reading.

UGP - What is your favorite piece of funning gear you own and why?

CF - The \$.50 I carry with me on long runs so I can call my wife to come get me when I don't feel like running the rest of the way.

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

CF - I once had to clean the racquetball courts at the YMCA for community service; does that count as a job?

UGP - What part of Neapolitan ice cream do you eat first?

CF - The cookie dough part

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

CF - Always Boo Berry. Why? Because it seems to be the hardest to find and I loved giving my mom a challenge.

UGP - Have you always run, are did you actually do manly sports when you were younger?

CF - I was a lacrosse player until I got hurt and my wife said I couldn't play anymore. Started running when I realized that I can't afford to buy new clothes, so I had to do something to keep fitting into my current stuff. I am the proud owner of 2 years of running come November.

UGP - Which one of the Golden Girls would you like to punch in the face?

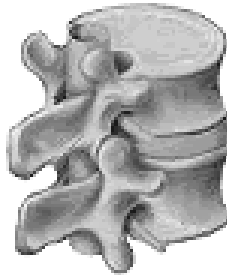
CF - Maude.

UGP - If there were to be cologne for you, what would it smell like?

CF - Pizza, Buffalo wings and blue cheese. The pre-race meal of champions.

UGP - Tell us something about yourself that chances are no one cares about.

CF - Aside from the answers to questions 1-7? I had a college professor that canceled class if there was a Flyers game the same night as class.

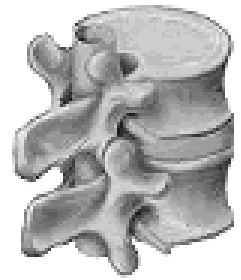


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Out of the Cave...

By ~~Dean Clifton~~ Tommy Neeson

Last month I talked Dean into switching columns for this month. I figured his lump of crap can't be any harder to write than mine so he agreed. Hopefully you will enjoy the switch and if not, you can always put in for a refund.



I tend to skim over stories and articles that are written about races and performances people have done. I mean only one person really cares about some jackass running 15 minutes in some backwoods PTA 5K victory – and that would be the jackass author of such a document. When I write about an event, I try to bring out details and stories that don't involve the act of tooting my own horn. This month however, it is all about me. I figured if this is truly Dean's article then in some twisted way it's really not me writing it. So, this is going to be the top ten things about me you might not have known. People remember that if you are playing along at home, only you can prevent narcissism.

10. I am totally addicted to hot tea with milk. In fact, I'd give up beer before that caffeinated potion of sanity. You should see my teeth, they look fantastic.

9. I can juggle; I learned it when I was home sick from school during the 7th grade.

8. My sister's name is June, she was born in July. She's a royal pain in my ass.

7. The first album I ever owned was an 8-track of the musical "Oliver" which I got for Christmas in kindergarten, the next year I was given "Fiddler on the Roof." To this day that fact still pisses me off.

6. I once drove 8 ½ hours, with my family in tow, to West-by-God Virginia, to run a race that took me just over 16 minutes and I lost.

5. I own about 18 Buddha's of all different styles, colors and sizes. Not because I practice the religion, I just like the fat bastards. My wife once said she didn't understand why they were throughout the house because we aren't Buddhist and I replied, "Well, we aren't flowers either and they are all over the Goddamn place."

4. I have six tattoos, which is one more than my sister and six more than my mother.

3. The most interesting thing I've ever found on a run was a 14 month old boy. Wearing nothing by a diaper and clutching three dandelions, the young Houdini bolted out of his house and was wandering the streets. Yes, I found his mother and gave him back.



2. I earned a bachelors degree in psychology and graduated with national honors in education.

And the number one thing about me you probably didn't know (and let's face it really don't care)

1. During the spring of 1996, I got to run with the Olympic Torch on its way to Atlanta.

Coaches Corner – Tired of running? Well then don't. Wait, did we just say that? Yes, we did. Do what is fun. Do what you will do for a lifetime. If that is running, fantastic! Running a personal best is great, but if someone only runs on the weekends and doesn't put in 100 miles a week, who cares? Have fun. People are going to do what they like. Why force massive mileage and strenuous running workouts if they hate it. Those who feel "forced" to do mileage and killer workouts are more likely to quit the sport. Keep 'em running even if that is only on the weekends at a local 5K with free beer.

Take It In Stride...

By ~~Tommy Neeson~~ Dean Clifton

Tommy and I have switched articles this month. I can already see the disappointment on everyone's faces and if we do anything, we aim to please. So, just to keep you regular: Red Sox suck, I'm an idiot and my wife thinks so too, you are an asshat and need to pull up your skirt and run, Mary.

Just to be up front with everyone, I took "The Clear", just like Marion Jones. However, I truly had no idea what I was taking; the salesman at BALCO told me it was a jock itch cream that would also take five minutes off my 5k PR. In a related matter, the unfortunate Senator from Idaho is not in "The Clear" but it does look like he will hang around the Senate a while longer. Hopefully he will move toward taking some of the stigma out of airport bathroom sex with total strangers.

Turns out Warren Jeffs married off Mormon kids to horny old guys. Also, Cannibal has challenged me in the 2008 St. George, Utah marathon. Not sure if there is a connection there but this is all undeniably creepy.

I ran in the Big Sur Trail Marathon last weekend. 5700 ft. up and 5700 ft. down. I knew I was in trouble when the race director asked for the hands of those that ran it last year and I didn't see any go up. He also mentioned that he invented the course and that we were free to take his name in vain at any point (mile 2 for me).

Our family has playful nicknames for each other and my youngest daughter, Amanda, happened to notice that I didn't have one, "We will call you baby Cheeto face." I am starting to feel pretty good about it, better than assclown.

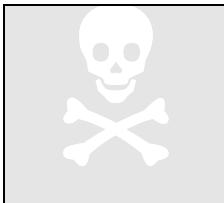
Somebody give me some feedback on the new Newton running shoes. I read some good reviews on them and their colors are downright cheery.



The book GOAT (short for Greatest of All Time) chronicles the life of Muhammad Ali and is officially the most expensive book on Amazon. The 800 page, 75 lb. collector's edition will set you back \$10,000. Tommy's autobiographical story MULE (My Underground Life Exposed) chronicles the debauchery of years of running, beer drinking and poker playing. Rumor has it that the Lifetime Network is picking this up as a mini-series. The Olson twin with the Coke problem is reportedly going to play Tommy.

I read an article last week that said all of this piling on Britney Spears should come to an end because it isn't healthy for anybody involved. Come to an end? Unhealthy? My will to live is slowly leaving me.

See ya on the roads or trails and keep on running, freaks.



In next month's edition we will proudly detail a **RAMBLINGS** event; The First Annual Krispy Kreme Invitational. Contestants braced themselves on a grueling flat course which stretched out nearly two whole miles, woofed down some doughnuts and milk, then ran back. First place won a one year free subscription to **THE RAMBLINGS**. Second place got a two year subscription. Yes we will have Jpegs.

The Kat House



I am in love with Three Sisters! North, South and Middle Sisters that is, they are the most beautiful mountains I have ever seen and trails run around them in every direction. I have taken to Bend like a fish to water. I am still looking for a permanent place to live but have been getting by and the coffee shop I work at has wi-fi so I can check my e-mails and stuff on my breaks. I really like it here and feel like I have a new lease on life. Everyone is so laid back and cool, no one is uptight, no bad vibes, right on. I have something I read recently which really made sense to me:

My soul is in charge of my glowing deeds.
My heart is in charge of my soaring feelings.
My mind is in charge of my transforming thoughts.
My vital is in charge of my flowing energy.
My body is in charge of my striving life.

I am letting go of everything that binds, is guilt and hurts. I have been released and freely run down trails, through hill and dale. I am in love with life; living, laughing and learning and do so with the intensity of a wide eyed child. Here is my latest haiku:

Sisters with Mist-er's
So damp and cool;
Your secrets are safe with me.

I'm really not as wacky as you probably think I am. I am an earthy person, with a heart tattoo on my ass, a fit, firm body and a cat-like mind. I am wiry, formidable and ready to be let out of my cage.

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, 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:

www.undergroundgrandprix.com/Archived.html

Peace out my Brother,

REV. CHAUNCY BENTSWORTH III
