## "Wimps need not apply"



## -FOUNTRY

## -EDINITRY



You know how many miles are in a marathon.
You know how many miles you get per pair of shoes.
You can convert Kilometers to Miles in your head.
You measure your running route in your car to get exact mileage.
You can drink; blow your nose and pee on the run.
The "Picasso" above your fireplace is last year's TCM poster.
You have pre and post race rituals.
When you look at the weather conditions, you calculate how many layers to wear.
You have more t-shirts than you could possibly ever wear.
The journal you keep is in miles and pace not feelings.
You know that "Fartlek" is not vulgar terminology.
Your vacation destination is determined by your race schedule.
You think of "running hills" as an opportunity to be challenged.
"Chariots of Fire" is actually entertaining to you.
A 12 mile run is an easy day.
A fat man with a gun says, "Alright gentleman, take 'em off."
All your socks are either stained or torn.
Codeine and Demerol don't help the pain.
Gatorade is your drug of choice.
More than half the people you know don't know what X-C is.
People always ask you what events you are running.
People ask you, "You run three milesat once?"
People think it's a winter sport.
Pizza, pasta, pizza, & pasta are your four food groups.
Runner's World turns you on more than Playboy.
Some little kid wants to know why you're running in your underwear.
Steve Prefontaine's Birthday is more important than yours.
The dogs have to work hard to keep up.
The first day of practice you run 5 miles but your coach says you only ran 2.
The lunch ladies look good in the morning.
The mile in PE becomes your warm-up.

	The most enjoyable time you've had all month is a day off from practice.
	The paint from the bathroom walls peels when you leave.
	The seniors assist the freshman into the lake.
	The song "Bad Moon on the rise" sounds like "Bathroom on the right."
	There are no flies by your gym locker.
	There is nothing like intervals to start the week off fresh.
	Track is the other "sport."
	Watching the New York marathon on TV made you get up and go for a run.
	When your mom asks you to run to the store to pick up something for her, you literally run
	You always stretch while waiting in the lunch line.
	You are always hungry.
	You are as skinny as a twig and have a stupid knit cap for the head.
	You are running and don't know why.
	You are the only person not laughing when the coach says "Fartlek Run"
	You asked to be an extra for Schindler's List II.
	You aspire to pain.
	You call bus seat number 17 your second home.
	You can eat your weight in pasta.
	You can hallucinate and get high at the same time without taking anything.
	You can maintain a 5:30 pace while throwing up.
	You can pronounce those funny Kenyan names.
	You can run farther in a week than your bus travels for meets.
	You can say "I like to run" in over five different languages.
	You can see ribs through your shirt.
	You can sharpen an axe blade on your calves.
	You can spit while running.
	You can strip and change in a bus seat in less than 2 minutes.
	You can't get the "All you can eat" at spaghetti restaurants.
	You can't pass a sobriety test from weariness and sore muscles.
	You combine phrases like "10 mile run" and "easy run" in the same breath.
	You consider school a break between runs.

You crave Power Bars.
You debate the advantages of anti-perspirant vs. deodorant.
You did a 30 minute warm-up for the PE mile run.
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You don't know what off-season means.
You don't puke your first day of basketball practice.
You drink more water than Free Willy.
You eat spaghetti three times a day.
You feel lost without your water bottle.
You find yourself in the middle of a football player's joke.
You find yourself running between classes.
You find yourself saying, "That's not a hill."
You finish a race looking like you wrestled a bear and you don't care.
You foam at the mouth.
You get arrested for running over 70 in a 60 MPH zone.
You get excited about crossing bridges or ditches.
You get turned on when you see a hill coming.
You give up Homecoming to go to the State Meet.
You go to a golf course to run.
You have a special bond with a honey bucket.
You have chafing in strange places.
You have less than 3% body fat.
You have more race t-shirts than socks.
You have no life besides running.
You have running withdrawal if you don't run every day.
You have stress fractures.
You have to run around in the shower to get wet.
You have trouble benching the bar.
You haven't had a pop in 6 months.
You hit targets with your snot rocket.
You know as many kinds of pain as Eskimos have words for snow.

You know more names of runs than names of your friends.
You know that Kenyans hold 9 out of 10 world records.
You laugh at sprinters while they run.
You like going to Northfield for the weekend.
You measure distance in 400m increments.
You need a magnifying glass to see your name in the paper.
You never look behind you.
You often hear people yelling, "Run, Forest, Run."
You own more than one color of spandex.
You punish yourself for not running a sub 5:20 mile.
You rabbit for the rabbit.
You ran sub 5:00 on the PE mile.
You refer to puke as a bodily function.
You routinely race dogs down the street and win.
You run in your dreams.
You run the day after State.
You schedule your dates around meets.
You see a hill on a putting green.
You spend more money on training clothes than school clothes.
You spend more time thinking bout the scoring system than you do about scoring with the
opposite sex.
You start the race in shorts and finish in a G-string.
You take more pride in making signs for the car to go to state than in your homework.
You talk to your coach more than your parents.
You think spandex is a winter's fashion statement.
You think that a "short-course" is 4999m.
You think that everything in life revolves around 5000m run.
You think track is for wussies.
You top the speed limit with your fartleks.
You try to impress girls by saying you are a fast finisher.
You wake up every morning in pain and you love it.

You wake up with cotton mouth.
You wear skimpier clothes than Madonna.
You wear the same training clothes to school regularly.
You wore spikes on the PE mile run.
You would rather take the stairs than the elevator.
You'd rather run than watch TV.
You'd rather run to school than drive.
You're proud that another team has quadrupled your score.
You've been to a golf course in every city but not to play golf.
Your boy/girlfriend can bench more than you.
Your calves are bigger than your biceps.
Your chest is as flat as your back.
Your Christmas list includes more than one pair of running shoes.
Your coach knows more about your personal life than your parents.
Your coach won't give you a ride.
Your cookie jar is filled with bagels.
Your dress shoes have spikes.
Your entire family goes to X-C meets because they have been or will be on the team.
Your favorite food group is carbohydrates.
Your friends take the elevator and you beat them on the stairs.
Your meals involve more than 3 servings.
Your mom tells you to run to the store because it takes too long to drive.
Your off-season starts the day after State and ends the next day.
Your room smells like Icy-Hot and New-Skin.
Your Saturdays for the next 4 years are ruined.
Your shoes have more miles on them than your car does.
Your spit strings from your chin and you don't even care.
Your temper is shorter than the distance that you ran.
Your underwear covers more than your uniform does.
Your watch is more expensive than your car.
Your women's team has leg hair longer than the grass they run on.