

Blast from the Past:

The following article was cut and pasted from the February 1998 Empire Runners Club newsletter.

Twelve Years And Counting

by Alec Isabeau

Going on 12 years with the Empire Runners, this happy old Thirsty Dog is waggin' his tail, musing about his riches:

- * Thursday evenings on Channel Drive -- starting to smell the barn, and the pace quickens inexorably. Hammering up the final grade past Violetti: brutal, foolish, wonderful.

- * Wandering the streets on a cold Monday night, trading jokes and lies, spreading rumors, and somehow returning to Yolo Court in exactly 49 minutes.

- * The Saturday morning Pain Clinic: endless fartleks in a driving rainstorm, followed by a trencherman's breakfast.

- * Long, nomadic Sunday morning runs, up around Ledson Marsh, entertained by the bantering Bubbas through the final miles, when my fuel tank is empty.

- * Turkeys on patrol, frozen puddles, Orangestone Falls, evening frog choruses, newts ("Newt Alert!", the cry goes out), the Cataracts in full flood, Thirsty Girls covered with mud (chattering and laughing, of course), late night solo runs through the neighborhood, quiet, tired, thankful.

If you hear me whine about ANYTHING, just slap me.