

Cape Cod Marathon 2011

Doug Masi

I was sitting in Mexico this August, reading *Marathon and Beyond*. I finished an article and turned the page and found myself looking at an invitation to run the Cape Cod Marathon on October 30th. Wow, I said to myself, that should be a great place to run and the early date should assure great running weather. I mentioned that I was thinking about running the race and in less time than it takes to tie your shoes I was registered. My wife never misses an opportunity to take a trip and she signed me up before I could change my mind, knowing full well that being the cheapest bastard on the planet, I would not lose my registration fee. So training started in September and progressed according to plan. My last long run was a club run on October 16-About 22 miles. All that was left was to run the race. Monday before the race the weather forecast was still great. On Friday, my wife Stephanie, informed me that the weather forecast had changed substantially and did I know wear I had placed my snow boots. This was not good! How could this be happening after all the hard work. What to do? What would any cheap bastard do? Load up the car and head north so as not to waste your registration fee. We left Saturday morning at 8:00. I don't have to tell you how bad the drive was. We were ahead of the snow, but it was raining buckets. We pulled into the expo at about 2:00 and picked up my number. I asked the volunteer if she had the weather report for the morning and she smiled and said that the rain was supposed to stop in the early morning, and under her breath uttered something about wind gusts of 60 mph. I cursed myself for being so cheap and I cursed the weather gods. I wanted to cry and then I thought "hey, you're a hill runner" We live for pain! Bring it on! I hope it gusts 100 mph! I'm a Hill Runner dammit. Besides I have a built in excuse for a terrible race.

Sunday morning I was awakened by the sound of the wind blowing like crazy. No rain, but temps in the 30s and wind was indeed blowing at 60mph. The race started at 8:30 so I stayed in my car until 8:15. By the time the race started I could not feel my toes or fingers, but off I went. It was not as bad as I was anticipating, but it was still not pleasant. At the 3 mile mark I struck up a conversation with someone that was running around my pace. I asked him if he had ever run the course and he said he had. I asked for any advice and he told me not to run too hard and to save myself for the hills in the second half. Wait! This is Cape Cod. It should be flat as a pancake. I did not sign up for a hilly marathon run in 60mph winds. Why me! I swore that if I survived that I would never be such a cheap bastard again. From 13 miles to the end there were just hills. One after another with wind blowing in your face the entire way. Not great conditions for a marathon, but in spite of myself I was having a great time....thank God for endorphins! I finished in 3:04 and was very happy with my effort and the day. The sun even came out during the last mile.

Anybody thinking of running this race will be rewarded with a beautiful course and wonderful volunteers. I may do this one again, but not too soon.

Doug