

Reflections Of An Adventure Runner

continued from front page

Leg 3: What a spectacular run! The scenery was absolutely phenomenal. I never look around while I'm racing. One couldn't help but look at the gorgeous scenery, the mountains, the rivers, the waterfalls, and the panoramic vista that unfolded in front of me. I took the handoff from one of my teammates and took off like "I stole something." After a half-mile, the route started to climb and then became very steep for approximately a mile. The view from the top made me speechless. Or perhaps it was the elevation or the effort. The downhill was so steep that I found myself braking and my quads protested big-time. Once the downhill became moderate, I was in full throttle and absolutely hammered the last 2 miles. At that point I remembered a quote from Steve Prefontaine - "The only good race pace is suicide pace, and today looks like a good day to die." I'm guessing I probably ran about a 9:15 mile going up and down the steepest part, but had to have been running well under sub 7:00's for the final 2 miles. I guess so, if I averaged 7:19 for 3.7. I misjudged the finish line and barely made it to the transition zone where the next runner was waiting. I passed the puke test. Hey, Mario Andretti put it best - "If things seem under control, you're just not going fast enough."

Leg 15: I never run at night and/or in the dark. I had purchased a new headlamp, a reflective vest, a small flashlight, and various blinking lights. I had one 3-mile trial run before RTB. I was apprehensive, and afraid that I wouldn't be able to follow the course. No moon to speak of, and there are no streetlights in moose and bear country. The leg runs right beside Squam Lake where they filmed On Golden Pond. I couldn't see more than 20 feet in front of me, and never saw the lake to my right. "The race continued as I hammered up the road, passing rocks and trees as if they were standing still." The one thing that kept me focused on this leg was trying to follow and overtake other runners. Roadkill became my mantra, and it helped me a lot. For the first 2 miles, I was following a very attractive (at least I think she was) runner who was going just about my pace. I was afraid to go ahead, because I worried that I would lead the two of us into the ditch. But then I realized that we both had to share the work, and went by her saying "my turn." Unfortunately, she dropped back and I never "saw" her again. For the next 6 miles, I tried to make up ground on anyone in front of me, more because I needed the light and the company. I would only realize that I was going uphill when my legs started to protest. At any rate, finished the leg in one piece and was elated with Roadkill count. (Roadkill is a term affectionately used by long distance relay runners to describe those people and teams that you catch up to and pass.)

Leg 27: I had volunteered for this long hard leg right in the beginning because I figured that if my forte is recovery, then maybe I had as good a chance as anyone on the team to survive this difficult section. The leg profile on the website was scary, and I refused to study it in advance. It was now morning of the second day (Saturday I guess) - with no sleep at all since Thursday, and no proper sleep since Wednesday. It was hot and

it was very humid. I couldn't even wear my shades for most of the leg despite the blazing sun due to them fogging up. I carried my trusty water bottle, and the team was there every 2 miles with much-appreciated Gatorade. At about 4 miles, someone asked if I needed any more, and trying to be tough, I said "no; I'm OK." I immediately regretted it and said to myself "you liar; why did you say that?" By now, my teammates had gotten to know me well enough, and sure enough a minute later, they asked again. Told them one more drink at 6 miles. What a team. This was tough. My legs felt like they had run a marathon and the up and down hills never stopped. Although it seemed like mostly uphill! I did remember a real nasty mountain of a hill somewhere close to the end, and it was tough. But once I got to the top, I let it all out. There was no reason to save myself for anything, as my running duties for RTB 2006 were just about finished. I think I passed 4-5 more teams in the final half-mile. There had been one young guy who had passed me half-way through the leg and commented something like "looking good, SIR" as he blew by me. Now that was his first and last mistake. It was at that point that I let it all hang out and went after the young whippersnapper. I got him. No; I destroyed him.

How do you put closure on an event like this? You run the whole gamut of emotions from exhilaration to sheer exhaustion. You are uncomfortable; you're not eating right; you're not sleeping; your whole routine is shot. And you can't wait to do it again. Pain is temporary; memories last forever.

If you are interested in joining the Hill Runners of Hunterdon contact Bruce via phone (908-806-8724) or by e-mail: bgsmarshall@earthlink.net.

What They Went For

Recent property sales reported in Readington:

53 Dreahook Rd.	\$465K
6 Ebersohl Cir.	\$487.5K
2 Fieldstone Way	\$530K
3 Forestdale Dr.	\$1,085K
3 Hay Barrick Rd.	\$640K
14 N. Honeyman Rd.	\$557K
8 John Reading Rd.	\$659.9K
147 Koscuisko Rd.	\$327.5K
172 Milkweed Ct.	\$245K
189 Milkweed Ct.	\$255K
12 Miller Ln.	\$742.5K
279 Morning Glory Ct.	\$316K
123 Readington Rd.	\$610K
755 Route 202	\$325K
307 Sparrow Ct.	\$260kK
80 Violet Ct.	\$379.9K

This Month In Readington History

One year Ago, Nov. 2005: The lawsuit filed by the Toll Brothers, in response to a change in Township zoning of residential lots from 3 acres to 6 for property in Three Bridges, was dismissed.

Five years Ago, Nov. 2001: An application was filed with the Board of Adjustment by National Realty & Development Corp., landlord to the Franklin Township Wal-Mart, to renovate the old Laneco building on Route 22 West in Whitehouse.

Ten Years Ago, Nov. 1996: Commander of the American Legion Post 284 Mellant Palo in Whitehouse sent a letter to the Township Committee, which was read at its monthly meeting, that asked the committee to consider restarting the Memorial Day Parade tradition. One committee member suggested opening it up to the town to see if anyone was interested in commandeering the project; another suggested perhaps a Community Day was the way to go.

Twenty-Five Years Ago, Nov. 1981: Readington Township was one step closer to beginning its sewer project as the contract was awarded to Robert Bogart Associates. Because Bogart was the township engineer and had been for 17 years several township members felt there was a conflict of interest. All were assured that Department of Environmental Protection would audit and inspect each phase of the sewer project because they were picking up 75-83% of the tab.

Fifty Years Ago, Nov. 1956: Chester Herder, G.O.P. candidate for Readington Township mayor, spoke at the Readington Republican Club's supper meeting held at Freedom Hall in Whitehouse Station. He urged there be a return to old-fashioned principles of common sense and confidence in Readington's governing body. The crowd of 148 was one of the largest rallies in the G.O.P. cause.

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It's Just a Joke!!!

What do you get after eating way too much turkey and dressing? Desert, of course!

World's Greatest Thanksgiving Knock Knock Joke: Knock, knock! Who's there? Arthur. Arthur who? Arthur any leftovers?

How can you tell a male turkey from a female turkey? The male is the one holding the remote control.

What's brown and white and flies all over? Thanksgiving turkey, when you carve it with a chain saw!

CLASSIFIED ADS

HELP WANTED: P.T. Teachers Assistants 3-6 & 1:30-6:30 PM M-F contact us through apples-books.com or call 429-4275

TO PLACE A CLASSIFIED AD: Type your ad exactly as you want it to appear. Ads are limited to 30 words (phone numbers count as one word). Mail your ad along with a check for \$12 made payable to "The Readington News" to The Readington News, PO Box 153, Readington, NJ 08870

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