

Running With Your Lawyer

by John Farrow

Every now and then you might want to get a different perspective on running by heading out with a lawyer - someone like the morally flexible Perry Pettifogger.

Yo, Fog. How 'bout a run?

Sure thing. Let me get my meter and I'll be right with you.

You're going to charge me for running with you?

Hey, otherwise you're just going to hit on me for free legal advice, like the time you wanted to get out of your lease at that flophouse down by the university.

C'mon, man, get a life! I just want to work out the kinks from that 10k last week. One of my worst races in a while.

Sounds like you were the victim of discrimination. It seems clear that the race organizers may have violated your civil and human rights by not treating the differentlyabled runners equally.

What are you talking about?

Look, how are we ever going to achieve social justice in this world if we continue to tolerate discrimination based on ability? Imagine the blow to your self-esteem when you tried just as hard as everyone else, but the corrupt awards system failed to recognize your accomplishment. You deserve to be compensated, even if the difference between the abled and the differently-abled runner was about five minutes per mile!

Well, sure!? But maybe I ought to just fall down and hurt myself or something. People can relate better to that.

True. Got one now where a guy was running up in the Heights and got crunched by an uninsured drunk who ran a stop sign.

You ought to at least be able to pull that one out.

Yeah, but uninsured drunks aren't noted for their ability to pay for the damage

they do, so we have to get creative. We're going after the government for using red stop signs since red is an aggressive color and has a tendency to put drunks in denial, which greatly increases the likelihood that they will involuntarily ignore the red object.

What a bunch of touchy-feely psycho-babble! But hey, suppose I did fall right now, tripped on a rock and couldn't work for the rest of my life. What would I do?

Well, let's see. We might be able to claim that the shoes you're wearing were defective, because had they provided you with the proper support, that little ol' rock wouldn't have caused you to fall. Or, since we're running in the mountains right now and maybe you were distracted by the view, we could sue the owner of the land for not putting up warning signs like "Careful: Rocks & Scenic Vistas May Exist." At the very least we'd get you a free chopper ride off the mountain.

That's the most ridiculous stuff I've ever heard!

Hey, you got your foibles, we got your apologia. Anyway, it's not my call, it's up to the jury. I'm just trying to help somebody who's hurt, and courts are finding more and more rights every day that you never knew you had.

I still say this is all nonsense.

Maybe, maybe not. Of course, without lawyers, the typical entry form for your average race would simply say something like "I'm doing this because I want to and if I hurt myself, it's my own damn fault."

My fault? No way, José!

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