

Running Rednecks and the Mother Puckers

by John Farrow

It's MegaMiles SportsTalk and we're *live* coming to you loud and clear with 50,000 watts on the Border Radio! What's on your mind, sports fans? Lemme hear from you! We're here to talk about the important issues facing runners today. What's your opinion? Gimme a call and I'll give it to you! Tex from Tascosa, you're on the air!

Tex: Hey, 'Miles. Lookin' great tonight.

MM: Look, Tex, I hate to bring this up, but before we go any further, I have to ask you to disclose all your past sexual indiscretions so that we can fully understand your position and otherwise share your pain. It's a new FCC rule passed in response to the big mess the President's got himself into up in Washington.

Tex: Well, ol' Slick Willie does seem to have got his well-worn Executive Privilege caught in a wringer of not insubstantial proportions up there. Ah guess ah'll have to tell ya'll 'bout that time with li'l ol' MaryLou Darnell after our eighth grade picnic. We wuz kissin', ya know, an' my hand, well, it jus' sorta slipped, an' ah'm jus' awful sorry it happened. But ah also think th' Statue a' Liberty has run on that one.

MM: Statute of Limitations. Excellent point, Tex. Too bad the President can't say that.

Tex: Lissen. Ah wuz jus' watchin' this skiin' race and they had a bunch a' Kenyans out there with skis on. Most amazin' thang ah ever saw! Shoulda jus' let them ol' boys run, ah tell ya what. In fact, when they weren't tryin' to ski, they were doin' their hill repeats up th' bobsled run and then beatin' th' bobsled back down th' hill!

MM: Where is this going on, Tex?

Tex: Up here in Aspen, where ah come an' kick back ever now an' again. An' do ya know what else they got up here? *Wimmen* ice hockey teams! Lemme tell ya, them ol' gals'll whup up on ya sumpin' fierce if'n ya ain't careful. One bunch even calls themselves th' Mother Puckers Uh, 'Miles, ya still there?

MM: Yeah, I was just checking to see if we were still on the air.

Tex: Now, back home ah do a buncha runnin' 'cause it gets mighty wearisome punchin'

them doggies all day long

MM: Tex, tell me. Why do you have to punch the doggies, anyway?

Tex: Figger a' speech, son. Don't take it so personal. Ain't nothin' gettin' hurt. Now, out on th' range where ah spend a lotta time, ya learn th' rules that cowboys live by real quick, an' many of'em are perfect for runners.

MM: Let's have'm. We can use all the help we can get.

Tex: Well, first-off, ya gotta learn not to squat with yer spurs on. That's real important.

MM: Um, Tex, help me out here.

Tex: Now, ah ain't been one to wear spurs regular in a while, but way back when, ah remember playin' Cowboys an' Injuns with Jimmy Dee Powers an' we wuz all dressed up in our cowboy outfits an' shootin' this an' ropin' that when all of a sudden we both had to go. An' ah mean bad! We wuz way out in th' field an' a long ways from th' house havin' way too much fun to worry 'bout bathrooms until, a' course, it wuz too late. But lemme tell ya what, even them li'l plastic spurs we had on then needed to be reckoned with. Fortunately, ours had them itty bitty balls on th' points so they couldn't hurt nothin', but they got th' message across.

Now think about comin' in from a good trail run with yer socks all full a' stickers. It's th' same thang 'zactly. Makes ya realize ya always need to take account a' yer situation an' make th' right choices.

MM: Well, Tex, that is something I had not thought of in quite that way before.

Tex: An' another thang. Never kick a fresh turd on a warm day. Now, ah have never been one fer kickin' turds, fresh or otherwise, but this one is so appropriate considerin' all th' dogs an' horses usin' th' same trails we do. In fact, ah would go so far as to say that ya shouldn't kick fresh turds on cold days, neither. Justa waste a' time.

MM: Sound advice, for sure. What else you got for us, Tex?

Tex: Well, when ya get to where yer going to, first thang ya do is take care a' th' horse ya rode in on. Jus' imagine yerself bein' out in th' middle a' miles an' miles a' Texas. Ah kin guaran-damn-tee ya that four horse feets beats two a' yourn any ol' day a' th' week. So's if'n ya'll wanta way to get th' hell outa Dodge, ya gotta take mighty good care a'

yer

wheels, 'cause a cowboy without a horse is a mighty sorry sight.

MM: And a runner with his feet and legs in bad shape is in pretty much the same situation. So when you're done running, take a few minutes to cool down, stretch and use ice, if necessary.

Tex: There ya go! An' get some food in ya to replace th' energy ya jus' burned, too. Like taters 'n beans. They got all sorts a' good stuff in'em fer runners. An' speakin' a' taters 'n beans, another sayin' we got out on th' range is that after weeks a' taters 'n beans, even a change to beans 'n taters is good.

MM: You're losing me again, Tex.

Tex: Look, even yer fav'rite things kin get a mite stale after a while without a li'l change a' scen'ry, so to speak. Take yer reg'lar runnin' route, f'rinstance. Jus' runnin' it from th' other direction once in a while kin be enough of a change a' pace to getcha outta a funk.

MM: Tex, you are indeed a lucky man.

Tex: Well, ya'll know what they say 'bout luck. Lotta folks say that good luck ain't deserved. But ah always say, neither is a lot a' bad luck. We got folks gettin' all bent outta shape 'cause they wasn't born at altitude or they had unhappy childhoods or some such. Jus' need ta git faster an' th' rest'll take care a' hitself.

MM: I guess it's best just to lose your troubles and get on with things.

Tex: Yessiree, Bob! Keep yer troubles to yerself. Half th' people ya tell'em to won't give a damn, and th' other half will be glad to hear th' news. Save yer breath an' go run. Think a' all th' trouble ol' Slick Willie woulda avoided if'n he had jus' gone out fer a run.

MM: Well said, my friend.

Tex: An' remember, no matter where ya ride to, that's where ya are. Cain't never escape it, neither.

MM: Amen, brother! Thanks, Tex. We're outta time, but here's hoping that all your miles are MegaMiles!

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