**From:** Dobney, Brad
**Sent:** Wednesday, August 15, 2012 10:10 PM
**To:** 'brad.dobney@[redacted]
**Attachments:** Five Things No One Tells You About Running.docx

Four Things No One Tells You About Running

Still possessed with plenty of free time and a relatively active mind (for now) I've decided to compile a list of things that no one tells about getting ready to run a race. This is half Cracked, half serious, and most of what I have to show for a day of work. All of my races save one have been half marathons, so most of this is taken from those four massive training efforts I have made. Since I started training for the first race I was in (a relay in Akron) I've logged about 1,400 miles in the pursuit of something. This is what I've learned.

**It Hurts:** Lots of things hurt: getting kicked in junk, breaking bones, stubbing your toe, or just sitting in one place for too long. None of those comes with the added bonus of being completely self-inflicted. Running hurts, and no one does it to you but you. As an added bonus, running hurts in ways that you didn't think were possible. A good ten miles can reduce you from a strapping athlete with the boyish good looks of Jude Law, to feeling like David Spade when Chris Farley's bed collapses on him. As you near the end of those ten miles, your quads will hurt, your hamstrings will hurt, your feet will hurt, and even your shoulders will hurt. Rather than take this as a sign that you should quit this insanity, you'll contemplate whether you can push another mile out. As you lay on the couch that night, barely able to feed yourself, your wife will almost question all the decisions she made that led her to be anywhere near this quivering, groaning, uncontrollably flatulating husk of a man.

**It destroys your body:** Pain at the time isn't the only thing you have to look forward to though, you young imitator of Mercury. From the moment you start running as a hobby or training for a race until (I assume) the moment you die, you will never bounce out of bed again. You won't really bounce anywhere again. See, all that pounding and all those miles will being the inevitable process of turning your joints into something that feel like a lovely combination of mulch and gravel. Your knees stiffen up when you sit down, your back seizes up at the very mention of the word "hill", and muscles that sat dormant in your legs for the previous twenty years first swell, then just ache. It's not all lower body either. Keeping your arms pumping away as if you are the pole for over ten miles causes neck and shoulder soreness that doesn't just go away. And you might as well take a cheese grater to your nipples, because the sweat soaking your shirt turns it into some sort of fabric monster bent on areola destruction. On top of all that, your feet will literally disintegrate to the point that you consider Adam Walker the paragon of podiatry health. Of course, all that assumes that you don't suffer some sort of serious injury while running that prevents you from running.

**It takes a lot of stuff:** If you thought that all you need to run was your feet and some open space, you are wrong (and also probably a hipster, get that checked). For starters, you need shoes. Not just any shoes either, you need running shoes. They need to weigh a small enough amount that discussing them sounds like a drug transaction, but still provide some cushion to slow the ruination of your joints. Then you need a watch. Again, not just any watch, but a watch that knows where you are, where you've been, and the time elapsed between those two points. You also may need: some shorts that don't weigh as much as basketball shorts, an mp3 player, more earphones for your mp3 player, because sweat destroys those things, tape for various injuries, and a copious amount of Vaseline.

**It's addicting:** After all that I have mentioned before it might seem like running is not something you would ever consider. Unfortunately, once you start, you can't stop. Running comes with some side effects that are not negative. For one, you'll lose weight at an amazing clip. This leads to being able to eat almost whatever you may care to, content in the knowledge you will run it off the next day. You'll also start to feel (more) superior to people who are not running at that very moment. Average sized people simply out walking you can now regard with a sneer, because you are a runner. Bikers are also lesser life forms, because they take the easy way out. They are Bear Grylls in a powered glider to your Sir Edmund Hilary and Tenzig Norgay. Why can you be two people in that analogy? Because you run, and you just can. Heaven forbid you come across someone who doesn't exercise at all. What does that lump of flesh have to offer you? Nothing, that's what. They've never set out to conquer new lands (or just a Giant Eagle parking lot) with nothing but their own two feet and the resolve that made America great. No, they know nothing about success in cold so pervasive it freezes your knob or heat so bad it throws your body chemistry off. You are a great American, they just work at Taco Bell or something like that.

That all pales in the face of the greatest addiction of all though, watching the mile count rise. Doing something is nice. Doing something you can quantify with a hard number, a chart, and a bar graph is way, way better. It really is difficult to explain how fulfilling it can be to watch that next round number come into view and then slowly fall behind you. Just typing it "400 miles down" feels like a vindication of every step it took to get there. It's that little pull that forces you out on a Monday to make May a 60 mile month instead of a 57 mile one. Perhaps even better than that is moment in a race when you pull even with someone you have chased for a mile or so. You both know where you have been and where you are going, it's just a test to see who gets there first. The fact that you are both in your late 20s and well past any sort of competition that matters is of no concern. It's just you and him, and passing him and putting him away is a feeling that is difficult to forget.

**From:** Dobney, Brad
**Sent:** Wednesday, August 29, 2012 10:28 PM
**To:** brad.dobney@[redacted]
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A game at the Cintas Center used to be one of the highlights of the year for Joel (the other moderator of Banners) and I. As we both chose to pursue our dreams of playing college sports at a level more befitting our talent, we didn't have the opportunity to attend Xavier University. When we got the chance to attend a game then, it was an event. Something about walking in to the Cintas and seeing people doing the same thing that we did, but on a grander scale, produced goosebumps every time. Even now, from media row, it's difficult not to get sucked in to the spectacle that is a Xavier basketball game.

This originally started as an article about our favorite parts of the gameday experience. Unfortunately, the debacle of the last week has drained a bit of the impetus from that idea. Seeing this draft sitting here got me to thinking though. What will a game at Xavier be like now? Dez Wells is gone, The Fight is still fresh in the minds of everyone making decisions, and there is an unease surrounding the program right now.

Still, a game will surely still be a good time, won't it? The key elements are still there. Xavier basketball will always be my first love, and no amount of off court turmoil will change that. The atmosphere from the student section will still be unmatched anywhere this side of Utah State, there is a reason that the Cintas Center is one of the most difficult road venues in the nation. Production will still be top notch. Brian Hicks, Tom Eiser, and dozens of other people that no one ever sees work tirelessly to make sure that no one attends a Xavier game and walks away feeling like something was missing. Really, nothing ever is.

So why am I having such a hard time getting excited right now? Maybe I'm afraid that Dec 10 did change something. That the fans will be just that little bit more on edge, not wanting to be the people hammered for sparking off another incident. Maybe I'm just bummed that I won't get to see Dezmine Wells develop in person. I've not been that excited for a Xavier sophomore in a very long time. More than his talent, maybe I'm just going to miss the spirit with which he played the game, my game. Maybe I'm afraid that Xavier just won't be that good this year. Maybe I'm worried that some tiny part of me isn't excited because I know there isn't anything to be excited about.

Last year, when I walked in the tunnel hours early, Kenny Frease was the only player on the court. I stood there for a long time and just watched him shoot free throws. Each miss prompted a grimace, consecutive misses prompted a bit more. Occasionally the ball bounced away and I would tap it back to the big man. Neither of us said anything, we just stood there, one shooting, one watching. On that day, there was nowhere I would rather have been. Maybe I'm not excited because I'm not sure I can say that anymore. Maybe I'm not excited because a little piece of me, a little piece of that kid who loved nothing more than watching his favorite team live on gameday, finally had to grow up. Maybe I'm not excited because part of what made Xavier so unique, so amazing on those special days, just died. Maybe we're all afraid that this is the end.