



Our intrepid reporter training (see arrow) with the men's cross country team...and then decides he's got enough material to write about.

# The agony of de feet... What's it like to run with these guys?

by Russ Evans  
Clarion Reporter

This may be the last story penned by me, because writing it nearly did me in.

Instead of trying my hand at sports, I tried my feet and trained with the BC Men's Cross Country Team. I wasn't given the option to run with the women's team, but that's okay, I don't think I should get too overheated the first time out.

Coach Rinker asked me if I ran any, and when he found out that I don't, he suggested the easy five-mile run on Friday. I quickly agreed to the five-mile run instead of the 15-mile run. I hope we are running close to the hospital. I'll just have to wait and see.

We started the afternoon run with a two-mile warm up, but we all didn't finish. I overheard someone in the front of the

group tell everyone not to leave behind the reporter. That made me feel real good. That's okay, I didn't let him know how bad I was hurting. I also didn't yell for them to slow down, but then again, I was out of breath. "This is great," I thought. "Here they are singing and having a good time, as if they are standing still, and I can't even hold enough breath to talk.

We were running along having a great time until we got almost finished with the first lap of the cornfield. Then, as if on cue, they left me behind, or my legs went on strike.

Anyway, they disappeared around the corner below Ross Hall. They probably could have gone up to Ross and taken a nap before I caught up with them.

Anyway I was alone, and I couldn't

make a joke. There are some things that I just can't make fun of, and that situation was one of them.

Running along, at a much slower pace, I remembered Coach Rinker asking if anyone knew CPR, and thought, "A whole lot of good that would do me— they left the reporter behind."

It was sort of like my life flashing before my eyes. Then I saw him. I wasn't sure if it was Saint Peter, or the devil himself. Thank goodness it was neither one. I smiled for the camera, and Jock said I could stop running if I thought I had enough inside information. "I have quite enough," I thought. Needless to say, he didn't have to twist my arm to get me to stop.

Having been humbled by eating the dust of the cross country team, I went back to the dorm and kicked off my old New

Balance running shoes—maybe if I had some Nike "Airs," I would have done much better, even though they probably wouldn't have worked if I didn't hold my tongue out the way Michael Jordan does.

Anyway, I must say that it was an experience—running with the big boys of Brevard College— I guess it felt pretty good to keep up with them for at least 50 yards. Mother Earth also felt pretty good as I lay there recuperating, while Jock was laughing and snapping away with his camera.

Many thanks to the Cross Country Team for letting me run with them—even if they did lose the reporter.



Loyal BC fans were there for the marathon BC-LM women's soccer war at Banner Elk last week. Story and pictures on Page 16.

## A tribute...

The following tribute was written by Ben Hudson after he and Joely White and Nate Ferrington had an unforgettable weekend supporting the Lady Tornados' championship efforts at Lees-McRae. They say they went through a lot to be there for the Lady Tornados, and that "it was all worth it," said Joely, "and I'm proud of you guys."

### WE WERE RIGHT THERE WITH YA

Through this, your first year together,  
You have always been a team,  
Depending on one another,  
No matter how bad the situation might seem.

We think that you girls are great,  
And still will be a family when others have come and gone,  
In our eyes you will always be champions,  
ROCK ON B.C. .... ROCK ON !!!

Ben H.  
We love you and are proud of you.  
Joely, Nate, and Ben