It is Written

April 10, 2004

It is written in the record book that one tall slender Adonis had a time of 22:16 for the 5k run around the lake and through the nice neighborhood of Nassau Bay in celebration of the Resurrection. Meanwhile a short pink-faced puffer could only muster a 22:21. So it is written in the record book for posterity. One may ask, “but how is the record written.” To which the honest reply would be that a meticulous rocket scientist wrote it on a computer with the assistance of a highly trained crew of impeccable integrity. But we are getting ahead of ourselves.

Early one humid morning a splendid athlete ran a couple of miles to warm up for this race for pride, having been humiliated recently by some trick photography and rude comments about drool. Prior to the big race, the combatants exchanged a curt handshake as the delicate one did not want honest sweat to spoil her prissy hairdo. Off went the gun and the handsome one leapt into the lead at a great rate of knots or super kilometers per hour in technical terms. He arrived at the lake in time for another even more meticulous rocket scientist to call out the magic word 6 followed shortly by a 59. Disaster almost struck half way around the lake in the form of a slippery slope that came close to putting the awesome one on his tail. The heat was causing many combatants to fall by the wayside as the speedy superstar sped onward through the neighborhood to mile two. Why not ease up and give these lesser mortals a chance mused the prince of road running.

These magnanimous musings were rudely interrupted by crude comments regarding the observed deceleration of the magnificent one. “Are you slowing down or I am speeding up?” said a skinny blonde. “I was just waiting for you to catch up, so you wouldn’t be downhearted” said the paragon of virtue. But the great effort by the Scandinavian stewardess had sapped her strength, she began to lag and resort to more jiggerypokery. “It appears that my shoe lace is undone and is slowing me down; please wait for me or I shall cry” she said with female guile. “Don’t be upset,” said the chivalrous one. “I will personally teach you to tie your shoe laces with a double knot after the race; but meanwhile I will slow down and let you keep up” Picture this: a lofty gentleman allowing this little limping lady to keep up so she wouldn’t be too disappointed. But the fatherly one was thinking to himself that it was a shame that such incompetent people should be allowed to have children when they couldn’t even tie their own shoelaces. Such people should be required to stay in kindergarten until they had learned this most important of all life skills so that they could pass them on to their children. Poor Axel, he hasn’t a chance in this cruel world with such a mother. It’s a good job that rocket scientists invented Velcro.

The end of the race was a bit of a blur; the stylish superstar strode sublimely to the finish followed a long five seconds later by the stupid shuffler, who couldn’t even tie her own shoe lace. Or so it is written in the record and who will ever believe a (not so) dumb blonde if she says it is not so?