

While this year's 500 Festival Mini Marathon was my 20th over the past 25 years, it was not my best. I didn't train as hard as prior years and I felt it. I went for a short run mid-week to see if I could still run after doing the Flying Pig Half Marathon last weekend. The answer was "no, I couldn't". I planned to do five miles but after one mile, I had such a bad calf cramp that I walked home. The morning of the Mini, we were up at 4:30 and parked at the zoo by 6:00. I went with Shirley and Julie to the start line for the usual photo.



We parted company so they could get to their corral and I went to the new hotel to check out the facilities. I did an easy jog across the sidewalk and felt every step. I thought about finding Julie and Shirley and walking with them. Then I decided that since I really hadn't trained to walk that far, I would run and tough it out. I did a lot of last minute stretching and tried to relax. After the 5K people left I went to my corral and sat down. It wouldn't be long before I knew whether I made a big mistake. We did the countdown and I was off at an easy pace. While I felt most steps, it was not painful, more of an awareness. I watched my Garmin and it confirmed that I was slowly picking up my pace. I found that I could run relaxed and so long as I didn't change pace or direction quickly I could tolerate whatever discomfort that I had.

As I ran down Main Street in Speedway, I saw my brother and called out to him. Part way round the track I saw some hot air balloons. I liked the under the sea cheering group the best. As I was crossing the yard of bricks I could see the winners approach the finish line on the jumbotron. As I left the track I saw my brother again and he snapped a picture of me.



I was on pace as I approached the track, but the track miles are always my slowest. As I left the track I knew that I was not going to make my primary goal, but would easily make my secondary goal if I didn't do anything stupid like trying to make my primary goal.

It was a pretty uneventful race for me and I had a much better day than a couple of people I saw. As I crossed the finish line, I saw some guy throw up, take a few steps, and throw up again. Then as I was waiting for my finish photo I smelled something bad. There was no port-o-let around but I quickly found the source as I glanced at the back of some girl's legs and saw light brown streaks.

I stopped by the Indy Runners tent and got some snacks and then over to the Athletic Annex tent to chat with old friends. I also stopped by the Bosma and Connection Pointe Church tents before heading back to my car. I was a little sore and waited in the car until Shirley and Julie were about done before going to find them.

