

My race report goes like this. There was a start, it was cold but I had a successful bathroom visit prior to the run. There was a few miles in the dark and then Dr. Horton pulls up to me in his truck. I complained about my knee and then he says something like this, "boy! You're woman's back there, she's going to beat you." That was all I needed to hear. From that point I forgot about my knee and everything else. All I thought about was, "my girlfriend will not beat me... this time anyway." There was a lot of miles in between that and the finish but they don't matter. I beat Jamie Darling! Although, not by much.

Thanks,
Brenton Swyers (Shadow)