



The Good, The Bad and The Ugly

RRR 10 mile Race, Ranco Farm 23-11-2012

Looking like a reject from a low budget spaghetti western Pancho Foustok recorded yet another impressive win in the second 10 mile race of the season coming home over six minutes clear of Alberto Reguero with Russ McArthur in third (also first veteran).

Although recording a very impressive 58.19 on possibly a slightly long course Pancho would surely have gone even faster without that dead hamster stuck to his top lip?

First master and senior were Nabil Daghar and yours truly respectively.

In the ladies (?) division first home was Denise (Gold Souk) Johnson followed by Margo (I better not say anything or she'll punch me) Benning and then Martina Douglas.

In all 46 runners completed the full distance including an excellent effort by Junior Ernest Arminjon in 86.48 plus a further 25 completed one lap.

Paul McParland had other ideas about the race distance however and 'chucked it' after 800 meters, preferring to drink coffee and shout abuse at the passing field.

Generally excellent feedback from the runners on the course and despite the hills there were even some PB's recorded.

Also thanks for the positive feedback on providing comparisons of times for the two five mile races held so far this season allowing people to see how they had progressed (or perhaps not).

Next event up is the half marathon on 7th December, a must do race for all you aspiring marathon runners.

And finally (to fill some space) and to recognize that the first two lady finishers are blonde:



A blonde goes out for a run. She comes to a river and cannot see a bridge anywhere nearby. She spots another blonde on the opposite bank. "Yoo-hoo doll!" she shouts, "How can I get to the other side?" The second blonde looks up the river then down the river then shouts back, "You're already on the other side!"

An obviously overweight young man decided to sign up for a weight loss program complete with a personal trainer. It included a run each morning at 6:00 a.m. So when the door bell rings the next morning, he's dressed and ready to go. When he opens the door he sees the most beautiful blonde he has ever seen. She's tall, very well endowed above a very slim waist with long graceful legs. She's dressed in a small pair of running shorts and a running halter that can barely contain her. She smiles and says, "If you can catch me, you can have me." and starts off at a very fast run. This continues each morning. After about three very frustrating weeks the young man begins to get in shape and can almost keep up with her. One morning he's barely able to touch her running shorts but can't hang on. But he thinks tomorrow will be the big day. I'll catch her and have her. He barely sleeps that night waiting in eager anticipation. The next morning, the bell rings precisely at 6:00 am. He runs to the door and throws it open. There stands a huge burly woman, at least six feet five inches in height and over 250 pounds. She's muscled up like a plough ox and has a large wart amid her facial hair. She smiles and says, "I'm your new trainer. If I can catch you, I can have you!"

Two gas company servicemen, a senior training supervisor and a young trainee, were out checking meters in a suburban neighborhood. They parked their truck at the end of the alley and worked their way to the other end. At the last house a blonde woman looking out her kitchen window watched the two men as they checked her gas meter. Finishing the meter check, the senior supervisor challenged his younger coworker to a foot race down the alley back to the truck to prove that an older guy could outrun a younger one. As they came running up to the truck, they realized the blonde lady from that last house was huffing and puffing right behind them. They stopped and asked her what was wrong. Gasping for breath, she replied "When I see two gas men running as hard as you two were, I figured I'd better run too!"



While out one morning in the park, a jogger found a brand new tennis ball, and seeing no one around it might belong to, he slipped it into the pocket of his shorts. Later, on his way home, he stopped at the pedestrian crossing, waiting for the lights to change. A blonde girl standing next to him eyed the large bulge in his shorts. "What's that?" she asked, her eyes gleaming with lust. "Tennis ball," came the breathless reply. "Oh," said the blonde sympathetically, "that must be painful... I had tennis elbow once."

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