

A unplanned race

We had beautiful weather here in Dayton, Ohio a couple days ago and I decided to go for a run. I ran about a mile down the street on the left hand side when I noticed someone running in the same direction running on the right hand side. At the time I noticed him he was, oh, probably 30-40 yards in front of me. I decided to catch him. I picked up my pace and within a block or two we were running together (albeit on opposite sides of the street) I decided to pick up the pace more and put some distance between us. About that time the road turns downhill and suddenly I noticed in my peripheral vision we were equal. I ran harder...still equal....harder still and we were neck and neck. About that time, my body told me, "Your out of shape" and I had to back off. He beat me down the hill but I received my revenge when he stopped at the bottom of the hill and I kept going....

I told my wife this story and I asked her, "Do you think he was competing against me or just picking up the pace down the hill?" She responded, like she normally does, "Your crazy, you were the only one who was racing anybody." But I disagree. There was a way my competitor was running that I recognize from races. The way he every so slightly turned his head to the left when he passed me that made me think...no we are racing.

What do you think?