Troy Barnes

Bro. Harrel

English 150

10/28/24

James, the Marathon Runner

If I was to choose one of the most influential people in my life, it would be my brother James.

I remember plenty of times seeing my brother coming from, or about to leave a run. He would always start off by drinking several different brightly colored concoctions of vitamins, caffeine, and other running supplements. He would then sit down on our living room floor and stretch for at least 15 minutes. He then promptly would have to go use the bathroom for at least 20 minutes because of all the different drinks and things he ate beforehand. He would then strap on his running vest, put on his fancy, bright yellow training shoes, and head out.

I remember seeing him returning from running as well, he would always be breathing hard, sweat pouring down his face, feet pounding on the pavement as he would come running up to our little, old, yellow house that the two of us had rented out with our other brother in Provo, Utah. He would walk inside, and I would always ask him how far he had run. He would casually answer with something ridiculous, like 15 miles, or 18 miles and it was always impressive. He would promptly then go to use the bathroom for another 20 minutes and then stretch and eat at least two thousand calories worth of food to replace the energy he just spent running all that distance.

Recently, he just completed his first marathon, and it was one of the most memorable experiences I’ve had watching James run. We were in St. George, Utah, and it was boiling hot outside. It was at least a hundred degrees, and the sun was just pounding down on us. My dad, our little brother and I had road tripped down to watch him cross the finish line. We had been waiting for an hour or so, but James had been up and prepping for the run since four in the morning. He had been actually running the race for about four hours at this point. As we sat in the shade of a tree on the side of the road, we watched as runner after runner finished their race. You could see the tiredness and exertion in their faces as they ran. Some of them had been running so hard that they would vomit as they ran across the finish line.