

COUGAR CROSS COUNTRY

Why Should YOU Run XC?



➡ Cross country redefines terms like "hard work" and "dedication." It brings to life words like "team" and "spirit."

This sport has opened my eyes to a whole new world. A world where struggle and experiencing pain is expected, and where goals are met and **satisfaction** is found. It is a world where everyone is **accepted** regardless of talent, a place of mutual **respect** among athletes.

The people I have met and the experiences we have shared are **unforgettable**. My teammates have been with me during hard times, like running rim in ninety-three degree heat, and they have also been there during the best times, like receiving NCS championship medals.

I will take all of these **memories** with me for the rest of my life, and I know that no matter where my running career takes me I will remember where it all began- the Campo field on a beautiful August summer day. From that first day my relationship with running has had ups and downs but, I could never leave it. It's now a part of who I am.

—Emily Brennan (10)



➡ Cross Country is not a sport for the weak. It takes someone who is fit **physically** and even stronger **mentally**.

Not everyone can say that they have pushed through their limits; seen how far their bodies can go before it can't function any longer. With cross country it is a **battle** with yourself.

I broke down my own comfort zones, establishing a higher tolerance for pain. My **teammates** and I were gladiators of the sport. We would show up at meets and people would speak our names in **hushed tones**.

Running is one of the few true ways to test yourself.

—Michael Brondello (09)



➡ Running is something I started because I was talked into it... but now I continue to run for the **positive** experiences that have come from it.

Two years ago at the North Coast Section meet I remember sitting on the grass

listening to music waiting till it was time to warm up. Our captain had given us envelopes with hand written letters, a tradition before big meets. Enclosed in these letters was something that wasn't there before. At the bottom of the envelope, there laid a little piece of **blue ribbon**; but it wasn't just any piece blue ribbon. This ribbon was cut from our captain's NCS medal from the previous year. She had cut up her medal and **shared** it with us, in hopes of earning another blue medal with a new team, a new **family**.



I picked up this blue ribbon, as did the others around me, and I couldn't help but feel **fortunate**. I realized I was apart of something that few people will ever experience. I placed that ribbon into my sock, and as we toed the line I understood that the people around me **deserved** my struggle against the temporary pain I would experience as I pushed harder and harder.

Three miles later, with a total 34 points, our **collective efforts** earned a section championship. I will never forget the feeling of **accomplishment** and **joy** as we received our medals, for I had contributed to a common goal that a group of girls, who over the years have become my family, all had.

I run because I **love** this family and cherish the moments we make with one another.

—Sara Mostatabi (11)



➡ Cow exists to squirt milk and provide **delicious** steaks. A flower exists to beautify the world. A rat exists to clean up the fallout of our industrial wasteland. But what does **man** do? What is **he** physiologically designed for?

Man is designed to ***RUN!***

Man was designed to stalk the Serengeti plains of sub-Saharan Africa. Now we live in an industrial complex where our bodies, **machines** which are designed to run for extended periods of time, are being crudely retrofitted into lesser, more awkward forms that, depending on how you see it, is either flipping the bird in the face of God or the face of Darwin.

Run because you are built to run.



Unless you have elephantiasis or got your spine crushed in the Tet offensive back in 'Nam, you have **command** over one of the most perfect aerobic machines ever conceived. And now you have the **opportunity** to refine that machine,



tweak it ever so slightly towards its ideal state: a machine with limitless **aerobic** potential. Otherwise you're just a weekend warrior who does useless "wind sprints" and goes to 24 to use the machines that don't work the muscle groups that matter anyway.

When you run, you are doing something your body was **designed** to do. Back in the day before there were cities or farming or Ritz crackers, before there was even **orange** Gatorade, there was cave man. And he chased wildbeast and mastadon, and he was chased by lions and cheetahs (and this large species of iguana that was massive before we hunted them to extinction).

This is **man** in his element.

And that is why you run. That is why you strip away all the balls and gloves and nets and goals. People say that cross country is not a sport. That is true, because a sport is a game that has a set of rules to remove authenticity from the contest.

Cross country is fulfillment of one's **potential**. To run is to be a self-actualizing man.

To run is to stare society in the face, gaze at all its absurd customs and debaucheries, and spit in its eye.

—Nate Cox (09)



➡ Since I joined this team there has always been an atmosphere of camaraderie. Even as a freshman, scared and confused, thinking I was not really doing the team much good, these people gave me their friendship. For a time that was the reason I kept going to practice after practice, to be with these older brothers and sisters. To be **accepted** by them has been incredible.

Now, going into my Junior year, I have new motivation to



be **faster**. The friendships are still there though, stronger than ever.

These **bonds** of friendship help me through the hard workouts. Winning races together with these teammates, achieving as a team, not just by myself, has been the best part.

After just one season I realized that I knew my **teammates** better than some of the people I previously considered to be my closest friends. It is like having a second family.

—Greg Garcia (11)