

EMOTIONAL STORYTELLING



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Run For Your Life.

So here I am ... on the run again as if my life depended on it. I know I should never have done it but the temptation got the better of me. Again! I really thought that this time I had everything under control. So now I'm paying the price. Maybe I can just manage to get away with it this time but only if I get on the move again. I know my days of running will have to come to an end soon. And then what ... a fate that I really don't want to contemplate? I need to go faster and there are hills ahead. I can't keep doing this. One day I'll just have to give up and face the consequences of my thoughtless actions. A tentative look over my shoulder and I'm still alone ... no-one to worry about yet. But they'll come. I know they will. Past experience has proven that, and I have to get to the last hill before they close in behind me, the confident looks on their faces, telling me, "We'll get you. We can keep going longer than you."

I keep running, heart hammering, and old, worn out knees screaming for blessed respite. People are passing across my line of vision. I get some peculiar looks from them but they're not the ones I care about. They're passing through and once out of their eyesight, I know I'll become just one of the many curiosities of their day ... an amusing story to tell their friends. What will they make of this lone woman panting and gasping for breath? Why is she running? What is she running from ... or to?

Perspiration drips into my eyes and I brush an equally sweaty arm across my face in a feeble attempt to clear my vision as I come up to the dreaded hills where anyone can catch me. As I psyche myself up to take on the first hill I get a burst of adrenaline that allows me to attack it with a vigour that belies the weariness which is threatening to take over. I can't give in or that will be the end.

I reach the top panting and gasping for breath, and like the ancient Greek king Sisyphus who was doomed by the gods to a lifetime of pushing a boulder to the top of a steep hill only to see it roll down again, I too roll down my hill, ready to face the next one, and the next till I escape this torturous journey and conquer my nemesis.

Another quick look behind and I panic as I see them lining up, still talking and laughing before focusing on their prize. Fresh and long limbed with loping stride and the confidence of knowing they have youth on their side, they don't even seem to care about their mission. But I know they will keep going with no thought of giving up. No mercy. So concentrated was I on my growing fatigue, I was unaware that they were so close behind. I still have time. They don't seem to have noticed me yet. I can get through this. I can get to the end before they get serious.

Then finally, through a red mist of exhaustion, I begin the last ascent. Knowing that the end is in reach, gives me the strength to power through to the safety of anonymity.

Finally ... the last summit is conquered and I can feel the relief course through my veins. Although bent over and gasping for breath, I'm jubilant knowing I managed to beat the odds

again. As my breathing slows and heart rate drops, I slowly straighten, turn, and start walking away.

Ok ... that's the treadmill completed. Now to the weights circuit. Great workout so far.

"Well done, old girl. Great to see you still at it," the beautiful young things call out affectionately from behind me.

I see these girls at the gym every day. I just love these girls. They give me the confidence to keep going despite the temptation of the blowout foodie weekends I seem to give into every time.