

Are You a Runner or a Jogger?

by Anne Lang

Okay, we've all heard it before, that well-meaning but dreaded question: "Hey, are you still *jogging* these days?"

For anyone who takes their running seriously enough that the mere mention of "jogging" sets their teeth on edge and their eyes rolling involuntarily upward, well, lighten up: the average sofa slug doesn't think there *is* a difference, and they don't care, because they don't run or jog.

Most of us who hit the streets or trail (at least on a fairly regular basis) with a rhythmic stride more elevated than any official form of walking (the key word here is "elevation," not necessarily speed) probably classify ourselves as *runners*.

However, if you partake of this exhilarating exercise but can't decide which category you fall into more consistently — runner or jogger — this handy guide may help you determine your appropriate niche:

A *runner* plans his entire work, home and social life around his running.

A *jogger* plans his jogging around his work, home and social life — i.e., if there's time left over, he might go for a jog.

For a *jogger*, a 5K race is a big energy output, deserving of at least a week's rest afterward.

A *runner* uses a 5K race as a brisk warm-up to her regular weekend 20-miler.

A *runner* faithfully puts in his daily mileage, even on major holidays.

A *jogger* sees holidays as an excuse to be a couch potato — including Groundhog's Day, Mother-In-Law's Day and Saint Swithin's Day.

The pre-race routine of a *runner* consists of pasta-loading and a 9:00 p.m. bedtime.

The *jogger* will be ordering cold pitchers with his buddies well past midnight — after all, beer's sort of a carbohydrate, right?

A *jogger* feels underdressed without his stereo headphones, cassette attach-

ment, mirror sunglasses, pace-setting device, fanny pack, and mutt on a leash.

A *runner* ties his car keys to his shoelace and he's ready to go.

The interior of a *runner's* car is likely to smell like a gym bag.

The interior of a *jogger's* car might smell like a gym bag, too — but the difference is, a *jogger* is concerned about it.

A *jogger* complains to anyone and everyone about the miles she didn't have time to put in that week.

A *runner* is reluctant to tell anyone how many miles she did run, because they'll think she's either a fanatic or a liar.

After a long slow-distance run, a *runner* might reward himself with Gatorade, a banana, and some yogurt, with an occasional pancake splurge.

A *jogger* celebrates the end of a two-miler with a Triple Wendy's, large fries and a chocolate shake.

A *jogger* won't set foot out the door without making sure her jogging outfit is color-coordinated from head to toe.

A *runner* will put on whatever's clean ... if she even bothers to make such a distinction.

A *runner* thinks nothing of running two marathons one month apart.

A *jogger* saw the Boston Marathon on TV once.

A *jogger* might suffer from periodic shin splints or toe blisters, self-remedied by a few days' rest or a bandage.

A *runner* is apt to be on a first-name basis with a local chiropractor, podiatrist, orthopedic surgeon, and masseuse.

Runners sweat.

Joggers perspire. ■

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