

I've never run a marathon, and I don't plan to anytime soon. It's not because I don't have the athletic ability, it's because every year, I cry through the entire thing. Also, I don't have the athletic ability. I've observed the New York City marathon for the past three years, and I agree with the general consensus that it's the best day of the year to be in the city. However, it is also one of the hardest if you're anything like me, a cryer.

This past year, I came prepared. I had tissues on hand along with headphones to drown out the cheers and sunglasses to hide the streaming mascara. As I rode the bus up to 67th street, possibly still intoxicated from Halloween, I reflected on why events like marathons make people so emotional, aside from the obvious. It's not the pride and joy on the runner's faces, the excitement and hopefulness of the cheering crowd, or the hundreds of runners who are defying all odds by completing this monumental feat that gets the tears flowing. It's not the tens of thousand volunteers or the spectators who stay until 10pm to cheer on the final finishers that fill us with a warm glow.

The reason we cry at the marathon is because we are **so glad** it's not mandatory. We cry because we're elated to have been born of sound mind. We cry because we know we will never experience that level of chafing, and of course, we cry because we are overjoyed by the fact that we, just like the runners, are only a few short hours away from day drinking.

There's nothing that makes you feel more alive than looking in the eyes of 50,000 people who have never been more miserable in their lives. There's nothing that makes you more grateful for your health than seeing a grown, incredibly fit man limping, and there's nothing that builds your self esteem more than **not having** strangers scream mildly-degrading chants in your face as you endure the worst three to ten hours of your life.

Okay, fine. I'm slightly envious of the people who ~~hate~~ believe in themselves enough to sign up for marathons. I've personally sat out the last four neighborhood Turkey Trots. It really is the best day of the year and huge congratulations to anyone who completed or attempted the race. Also, sharing a website you might want to check out below!

www.betterhelp.com