

Mike Logan



Rage, The. Gabe Jennings probably summed it up best as he surveyed the field of “Hackers” at the 2008 Hackers Mile and asked: “Who the hell are these guys, anyway?” It was no coincidence that a U.S. Olympic Trials 1,500 meter finalist was more than just a little curious. Even legendary coach Dick Brown decided the cool down could wait to see four laps put down the Hackers way.

That’s who I roll with. So, who is this Rage, you might ask? The Rage is the total running, racing and road tripping experience. You want him in your van. You want him carrying the stick on the hills. It is pure, blue collar running, baby. A six-hole muni with no winter rules. It runs mostly hot and pissed. It’s skinny, bald, old, fast and weighs under a buck forty. It gets no chicks and doesn’t give a shit. It’s the comb-over that never happened, and it makes you train harder for the sole reason of never wanting to see that kind of shit passing your sorry ass late in a race. It’s the cap that gets pulled off in front of you for one final FDJ (Full Dome Jam) as you’re bent over sucking air in the finishers shoot. Don’t let this happen to you. But you are going to have to work...you know what I’m talkin’ about?

Some numbers: 1:20:26 (Half Marathon), 35:59 (10K), 4:56 (Mile), 17:26 (5K)