



10 QUESTIONS (6/03/09)

1) NAME & NICKNAME(S):

Sarah Wear, AKA, swear, beetle, b, bean.

2) AGE (OR AGE GROUP):

18-29, you choose where I fall

3) FAMILY / PETS / LOVED ONES:

Proud Aunt (photo above with niece, Payton), and loving sister, daughter, and adopted daughter. I am the stereotypical “crazy cat lady” who lives alone and cuddles with her cats: Tippy, Tommy, and Teddy. I also have a beloved pet rat named Rosalee, who keeps the three cats in line.

4) SCHOOLING:

Carroll College

5) OCCUPATION(S):

Struggling Fiction Writer/Poet
Claims Examiner, Department of Labor
Horticulture Specialist, Home Depot

6) HAS BEEN RUNNING WITH THE VIG GROUP SINCE 2008, AND GOT INVOLVED BECAUSE:

My amazing coworkers (Tammy LaVigne and Todd Younkin) were encouraging me to go, and I love to run. I fell off the wagon for several years, and needed a healthy addiction in my life, and started running again in 2008.

7) NOTABLE ACCOMPLISHMENTS (RUNNING OR OTHERWISE):

I had a post high school PR at the Race for the Cure 5k, 2009, and a post high school PR in the mile. Most of my accomplishments in running occurred before the age of 18, so I am starting to create new goals for myself and PR's along the way.

8) GOALS (RUNNING OR OTHERWISE):

Run the Boston Marathon sometime in my life.

9) PHILOSOPHY OF LIFE / PERSONAL MOTTO:

“Each of us must be the change we want to see in the world” --Ghandi

10) OTHER INTERESTING TIDBITS:

Currently and slowly writing a novel, board game lover, geocacher, wine addict, abstract painter, gardener, and workaholic.

Some of my amateur running related poems below:

Unattached Runner

The bib reads unattached—
unspoken for numbers pinned across
light blue jerseys and race ready shorts.
No big box sponsors flashing logos
anticipating to sell more product,
and feeling physically fastened to swift legs.
Numbers moving across paved streets like gazelles
crossing the vastness of Africa in the heat
of summer, with only soft footprints
untraceable except for by native inhabitants.
No pit stops, partners, or panic when following
pink and orange chalk marks guiding the way.
Only sounds of silence, swiftness, and steadiness—
breathing alone, and glorying in the still nights of summer.

Crossroads

Intervals become my friend at nine tonight.
Waiting for the time we have alone to unwind
from the helplessness of society and neediness
of its constituents. Everyone wants something
from someone, but no one can find me this eve.
Machines laughing to the sounds of footsteps
on their backs. Clocks ticking, people glaring
secretively, wondering when ten will arrive.
Alone in the room, which gathers green balls,
purple steps, and pink carpets, I loosen muscles.
It is here that images and voices are avoided,
but colorful emotions and solitude fill my soul.