



THE RUNDOWN HEAD OVER HEELS

The adage holds that a marathon is 90 percent mental, 10 percent physical. In other words, a mind game. We guess what amateur runners are thinking on the trek from Hopkinton to Copley Square.

- Start** Feeling nervous. My palms are sweeter than Youk's forehead.
- Mile 1** It'll be a cold day in hell before I stoop to using nipple lube.
- Mile 2** Port-o-potties are magnificent. Or they would be if I could find one.
- Mile 4** Sick of talking to this woman. If only I could outrun her.
- Mile 5** That guy with dreadlocks ought to get a job as a lawn sprinkler.
- Mile 6** So many booty shorts. Is everyone taking fashion cues from Scott Brown?
- Mile 10** Regurgitated spaghetti. Yum.
- Mile 12** Screaming Wellesley girls everywhere. Why yes, that's vomit on my chest.
- Mile 13** Someone should tell that guy tutus aren't aerodynamic.
- Mile 14** WWAKD? (What Would a Kenyan Do?)
- Mile 15** I'm so runner's high.
- Mile 17** Goodbye, toenails.
- Mile 20** Aaaaand I just peed myself.
- Mile 21** Ironically, my heart is the one muscle I can't feel breaking right now.
- Mile 22** Oh, there it goes.
- Mile 23** Damn you, Publick House. You mock me with your Belgian beauties.
- Mile 24** Crap, it definitely wasn't water in that Solo cup.
- Mile 25** Really should've gone with the nipple lube.
- Mile 26** Ryan Hall is my bitch!
- Post-Race** Foil is, in fact, also magnificent.

TOM SAMPH



MIX IT UP
A break from the beer

Drink of the Moment

PRIOR ENGAGEMENT

Skipping out of work early to hit the pub takes balls. At 4 pm, the Biltmore's horseshoe-shaped bar is crowded with craftsmen craning their necks to catch sports on TVs, their roaring voices made gruffer with each drink's measure of dehydration. Maybe they're swigging a craft beer or a lager. Perhaps taking a draw from the two-gallon jar of house-made Old Fashioned mix. Drink efficiency is very manly.

Apparently, so is wildflower honey syrup. A year after its redesign, this rumored former speakeasy is now pulling Boston's burgeoning cocktail scene into Newton Upper Falls. Leading the charge is GM Mike Stankovich, an enthusiast who emptied the liquor store across the street of bitters when news of the Angostura shortage hit and scoured eBay for the perfect copper mugs for his Moscow Mules.

One of the Biltmore's new spring originals is the **MONASTERY** (\$9). Made with Hendrick's, St-Germain, yellow chartreuse, lemon juice, bitters and the aforementioned honey syrup, this sunny, clean-shaven cocktail has punch. More than a distraction from the taps, it's something to sip with other men on a mission.



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