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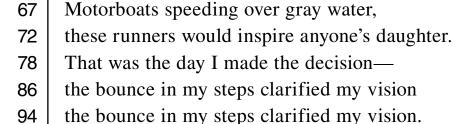
138

Read the poem. Check your understanding by asking yourself what message the author wants to share.

## Why I Run

The first marathon I ever saw was years ago with my grandma. We stood out on the Boston streets and marveled at the number of feet and marveled at the number of feet.

The runners were a rumbling herd, except for a few—like the swiftest birds who shot out alone to run their races with determination carved into their faces with determination carved into their faces.



I went home that day and laced up my shoes and although my feet started out as one big bruise I've run in every Boston Marathon since and now I'm so strong I don't even wince and now I'm so strong I don't ever wince.