



Left: My maternal grandfather, Leonard Petersen, walked 300 miles from Wisconsin to Chicago after an argument. I inherited his endurance and his sweet tooth—we share a taste for sweet rolls and lemon drops—but fortunately not his temper.

Below: Age 6, a nod to my short-lived ballet career. I was just too hyper for this slow, controlled art form.





Above: During my Negaunee High School years, cheerleading was a huge part of my life. *Top center:* Lori; *middle row, left to right:* Laurie, Kay, Tracy, and Karen (who is now married to my first cousin Marty); *bottom left:* Christine, Steve's sister, who would become my sister-in-law; *bottom right:* me.

Below: Jim and me in downtown Tucson after finishing the Tucson Marathon.





Above: In Surgères, France, with John Geesler, the American record holder in this 48-hour event. We were both dying!

Right: At the Mount Rushmore 100-miler. Jim and all five of our boys came with me to this race. Jim ran with me for the last 10 miles. I took first women's and second overall. The prize was a ring that I haven't taken off since.





Above: Jackson ran with me for the last 4 miles of the 300-mile run. He kept telling me I was going too slow—until I did the last mile in 8 minutes. That shut him up.

Below: My mom caught me at the end of the 300-miler. The hands on the right belong to my friend Tami, a nurse and triathlete who came out to crew. I always collapse like this at the end of a long race—really, it's not as bad as it looks!





Above: Badwater 2003, the 10:00 a.m. start of the more experienced runners. Many ditched the Lawrence of Arabia head gear; some even exposed their arms and shoulders, which I do *not* recommend. I'm left of the yellow line, wearing my Tucson Marathon T-shirt and my race number, 1, pinned to my shorts.

Right: Coming into Panamint Valley, around mile 60, I was in second place. Once the sun went down I was able to take off my shirt.





Left: At mile 110 of Badwater '03, I passed Chris Bergland to go into first place.

Below: The notorious baby jogger. We actually used this for only about 3 miles, from miles 20 to 23. I was amazed at what a big deal this blew up into in chat rooms and elsewhere!





Left: Approaching Lone Pine, around mile 118, about 17 miles from the finish of Badwater '03. As Suzy comes on to pace, Chuck switches off.

Below: Climbing Mount Whitney with my mentor, Benny Linkhart, with Dean Karnazes on my tail. My knee had been killing me most of the way until I tied a sock around it to brace it (a trick I'd learned from runner Paul Schmidt at one of my first 100-milers).





Breaking the tape at Badwater in 2003, I showed that my win the year before had not been a fluke.