

Looking good.

The Wayne State University basketball courts were open to the public, and there was always game. Codell stuck around until he was the only one there. Left behind he found a couple of shirts, shiny yellow shorts, and a pair of Asics running shoes. The Asics were dark purple like a badly bruised Barney the dinosaur. They fit Codell better than Cinderella's slippers fit Cinderella, so Codell took up jogging. The next Saturday, he went to the Wayne athletic complex.

Like other joggers there, Codell ran on the sidewalks that encircled the football stadium, tennis courts and recreation fields. He ran shirtless, the early summer bringing a purifying purge of sweat. The longer he ran, the more rhythmic his stride and breathing. Bill Bowerman would have been impressed. The runner's high, that endorphin-laced euphoria, fed Codell's pace, his confidence and his ego.

As he started his second mile, a few fans watching a softball game looked at him. He passed the flag football field, and someone there turned to look as well. People were watching him run! How good he must look, glistening in the sun in his new shoes. He quickened his pace, pumping his arms harder to keep up with his legs.

His third lap brought him back around to the softball field. There was no mistaking it. The spectators were watching him, not the softball game. The sidewalk took him right in front of them; they smiled broadly. Children stared. Several players glanced over.

As he slowed to turn the corner at Warren and Trumbull, he felt something, some substance, on the backs of his arms. He swiveled his head to see what it was.

A yellow-white, softball-sized mass of foam was stuck behind each of his armpits. Whatever soap and deodorant he used that morning had worked into a lather as he ran.

Codell scooped the balls of foam off his arms and shook them to the ground. "Looking good!" laughed one of his admirers.

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