

Stoned Runner Has Super-Duper, Mega-Ultra, Uber-Awesome Runner's High

BOULDER, CO - 24-year-old Boulder resident Jake Thompson has been running ever since he was in high school. He has a trophy case showcasing all the distance races he has won: 1 milers, 5Ks, 10Ks, half marathons, marathons, even ultra marathons and numerous Ironman races. It's mind-blowing. To put it plainly, he's a stud.

Yesterday morning though, Thompson realized that one of the things he loved about running, the runner's high, was no longer bringing him the same euphoria as it had in year's past. This bothered him. This bothered him tremendously. And it made him sad; runner's sadness. "Is there a way to fix this?" he asked himself. "There's gotta be a way."



There was a way. Thompson had a plan today. Man, did he have a plan. He got stoned. Oh boy, did he get stoned. Like STONED stoned. And you know what? He LOVED it. L-O-V-E-D it. Thompson not only ran and had a super-duper, mega-ultra, uber-awesome runner's high, but he also experienced subsequent and prolonged runner's ecstasy.

"OHHHHHHH YEAHHHHHH!!!!!!" Thompson moaned 15 miles into his run, feeling the pleasure course through every ounce of his body and soul as he became one with the road, his breathing, nature, [the sun](#), and the universe. He transformed into a glowing, blissful ball of energy, moving at just under six minutes per mile. "YESSSSSSSSSSSSSSSS!!!!"

Thompson is currently in medical school. He loves science. He loves running. He loves the science of running. He knows all about the precortical and limbic release of endorphins during running. Even more impressive, he knows about the lesser-known endocannabinoid release. That's right: the body's own naturally

synthesized THC. And with cannabis readily available in his home state of Colorado, he hoped for one thing more: synergy.

“I’m praying that one plus one equals three, four, or even five,” explained Thompson just before he went on today’s Rapture Run. He showed off his homemade [bong](#) fashioned out of an incentive spirometer, old running shoes, and a broken GPS watch. “This plus endorphins plus endocannabinoids? Man oh man, I can’t wait!”

Three miles into his run today, Thompson said he could feel the onset of euphoria: the runner’s high. “I could feel it percolating through my entire body,” Thompson described post-run. “But the runner’s high came on faster than usual and stronger. I turned up the Phish. I ran faster while life moved slower. Quickly I became higher than high. It was surreal. It was ecstasy.”

Thompson continued: “At mile 6, I began craving everything: water, Gatorade, [bacon-wrapped fried chicken](#), [donuts](#) smothered with hot dogs. Two miles later, I was wrapped in this giant atmospheric blanket of calm and love and I didn’t want to stop. By mile 10, the fluid loss was immense. I was getting dehydrated. But that was okay. I was in a happy place. Mental ejaculations. Climax City. This was the highest of runner’s highs and I couldn’t stop. So I kept going and going and going...”

Thompson’s run lasted 45 intensely gratifying miles. Thompson collapsed to the ground at the end of his run. Bystanders immediately called 911 concerned that Thompson was having a seizure. Emergency medical technicians (EMTs) responded and found that he wasn’t seizing but was merely in the final phase of runner’s ecstasy: status coitus. They estimate that Thompson lost 4 liters of fluid in [semen](#) alone, let alone perspiration.

“Would I do this again?” asked an exhausted Thompson, as he cuddled with a stranger and smoked a cigarette. “What do you think? Now can someone PLEASE pass me a [sandwich](#)?! I’m so freaking hungry. FEED ME!!!!”