

Special Edition

FRONT PAGES



Exposed

April
Fools

DON'T CRY FOR ME

Don't cry for me, DC Front Runners. Our beloved Coordinator 'Sethvita' suddenly snaps and declares club martial law. His mission: to makeover our entire membership.

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THE BAGEL LADY

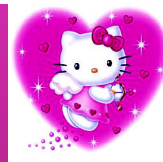
What do you want? Sesame bagel, bacon and egg? Admit it...you know that you're afraid of her. Meet the reigning icon of P Street in this FrontPages exclusive.

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AND TOTO TOO...

Repeat: There's no place like home. We have the low-down (or down-low) on DC Front Runners' own Dorothy, champion of the 2006 High Heel Race.

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DCFR Ruler Sethvita making club pronouncements at a Tuesday night run

"Sethvita" Declares Club Martial Law

Coordinator Goes Insane and Announces Mandatory Club Makeover

Subjected to multiple viewings of the 1996 movie-musical "Evita" by Alex Rodriguez, DC Front Runners coordinator Seth Kalish suddenly went insane and declared martial law over the club. Dressed in a glamorous beaded singlet and string of pearls, our esteemed ruler—now named "Sethvita"—announced his makeover plans at a Tuesday night run while standing from a Union Station balcony as his supporters (OR DESCAMISADOS—THE SHIRTLESS ONES) adoringly looked up.

"Don't cry for me, DC Front Runners," implored Sethvita. "You know that I love all of my runners and walkers regardless of your pace, age, attractiveness or bank account. My first priority is to make our membership look and feel as glamorous as Madonna's version of Evita. Therefore, I am now imposing martial law over the club in order to get this accomplished immediately."

As part of Sethvita's thirty-day DC Front Runners membership makeover plan, a number of strict club reform measures and regular beauty regimens are immediately being implemented:

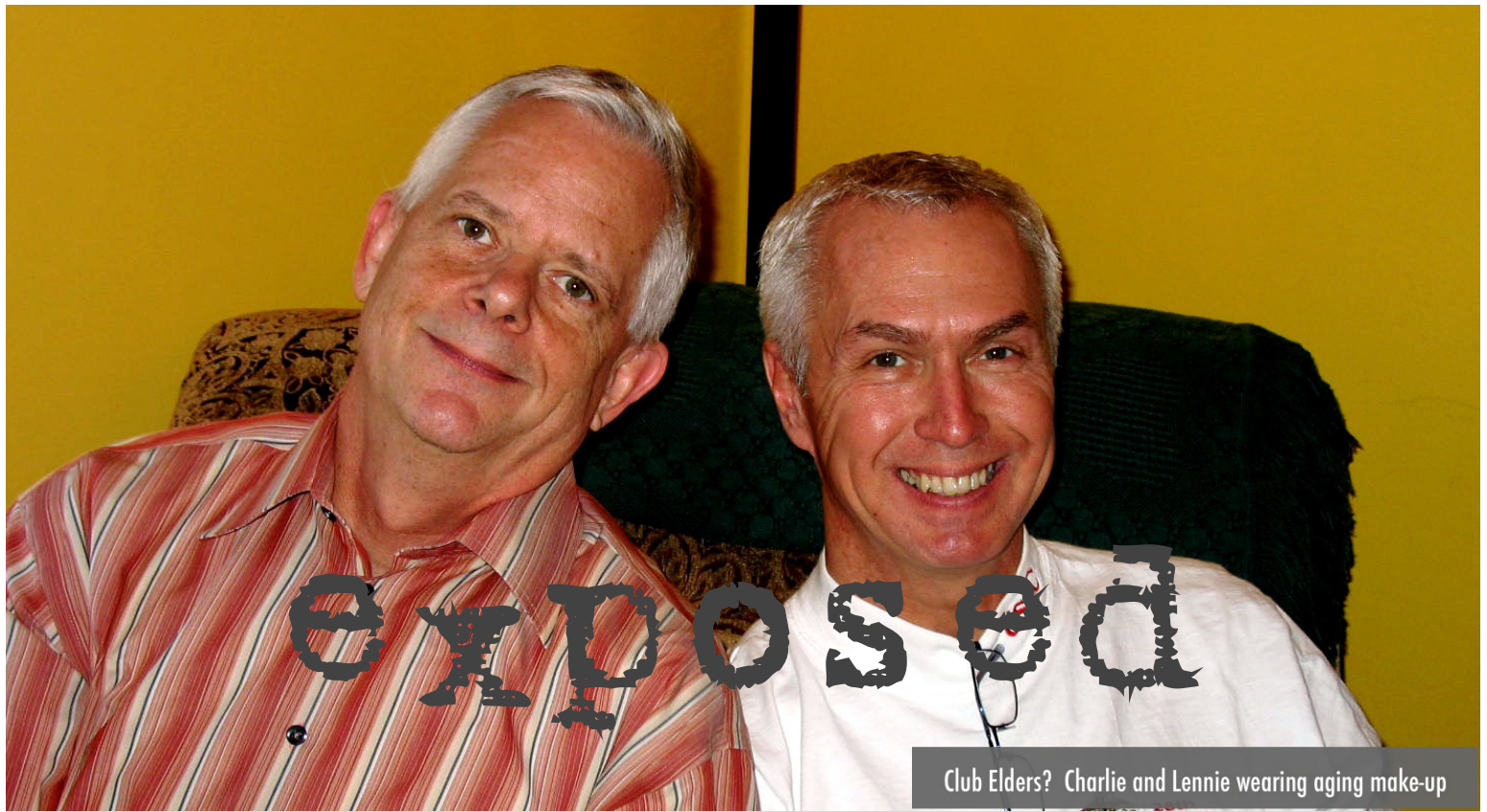
- Soft focus and low-level lighting will now be used in all member race photos to mask unsightly wrinkles, sweat and age spots;
- Post-race facials, manicures, massages and pedicures will be provided after all circuit races and walks by a certified Aveda cosmetologist;
- A DJ will play Madonna club music and Broadway musical selections during every Saturday club run and walk. Music on members' iPod must be pre-approved;
- Members shall order selected post-run macrobiotic food from Bagels Etc., including tofu spreads, whole grain breads, flax seeds and wasabi flavored Gatorade;
- Club members shall wear haute couture running gear from a pre-approved list of designers, including Armani, Versace, and Comme des Garsons;
- Expensive cologne and perfumes must be worn during all runs. Cheap CVS anti-perspirants must be destroyed at once;
- Early morning training runs and races are prohibited in order for members to get

enough beauty sleep and feel refreshed during their distance runs.

"While these reforms might appear draconian, I am simply doing these things for the betterment of my people," sighed Sethvita. "To enforce these rules, I have expanded the duties of the club's apparel diva, Orlando Adan, to include exfoliation as well as the club's apparel selection."

"I am truly honored and will accept the daunting challenge to make this club look fabulous," said Adan.

In related news, Sethvita also directed the race co-directors to modify the club's running routes in order to complement our new beauty initiatives. Race co-director Jeff Dutton reported that effective April 15, all club runs will now start at the Friendship Heights Neiman Marcus and end at Tiffany's so members can window shop while they run. During the winter months, members will walk and run around the interior of the Pentagon City mall. Members have the option to stop at the Elizabeth Arden Red Door spa for refreshing skin toning in lieu of a water break. ▼



Club Elders? Charlie and Lennie wearing aging make-up

Former Race Directors Lied About Age

Circuit Medals Voided; Young Couple Catches Up on Partying

In an exclusive joint hidden camera investigation between *FrontPages* and *Dateline NBC*, our intrepid reporters decided to once and for all prove the credibility and integrity of the club's age-graded race circuit scoring system.

The investigative team subpoenaed the records of the former race directors Charlie Divan and Lennie Carter, and to their disappointment, found no irregularities. However, based on a tip from an anonymous secret source, the joint investigative team dug further and struck gold.

After securing their birth certificates, it was revealed that the former race directors were not in their fifties, as they had stated on over 100 race applications (including the Boston Marathon), but were actually 22 and 25 years old.

Using a hidden camera,

FrontPages/Dateline NBC entrapped the defrocked couple—sans aging make-up—at their NW Washington DC home.

“Actually I am relieved that the story broke,” stated former race director Dr. Divan. “The amount of work to put on the gray wig, aging cream, and pad-

ding for each race and club run was really getting to me.”

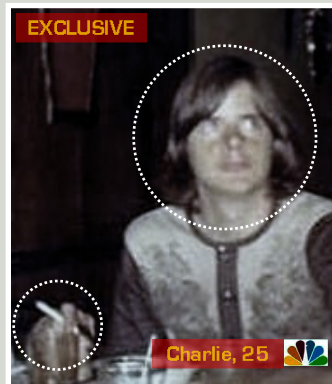
Mr. Carter agreed. “The expense of the weekly blue rinse was a pain. It was taking a toll on me. Now I can go back to my natural blond” beamed Mr. Carter.

“I am saddened by the loss of all of the bling,” Mr. Carter wailed through a steady stream of tears. “While the medals were very dear to me, I guess we have to do what is honorable.”

During a humiliating medal stripping ceremony at the club's anniversary party, current race co-director Taneen Carvell crowed, “I knew it, I knew it. They looked too good to be in their fifties!”

“Let's look on the bright side,” boasted Dr. Divan after the ceremony. “Now Lennie and I can go clubbing at Apex's college night before a big race!” ▼

Dateline NBC/FrontPages Hidden Camera Exclusive!
Youthful Charlie and Lennie caught lounging at home



Courtesy: NBC News



"I'm a winner, baby!" Dorothy admires her High Heel race trophy

Dorothy

"Someone thought that I looked like a cracked out Whitney Houston...in gingham!"



I'M A FRONTRUNNER

2006 High Heel Race Champion, Forever 16, Refugee from Kansas and Oz, Runs in Ruby Slippers, Member since 1939

I left Kansas about twenty years ago in search of my true rainbow. Kansas was so boring and my ruby red slippers aroused petty jealousy on the school playground. And Oz—well let's just say that Oz was just a bit too bizarre for my taste.

Although I'm a straight (but curious) girl, I've always hung out with my boys. Come on...just think about it! I'm pretty sure that the scarecrow was straight and that the tin man was a closet case. However, the cowardly lion was just a big old queen. Actually, he's my favorite...that lion was so sensitive! Hanging out with those guys made it really easy to deal with the bizarre characters that I met at the DC Front Runners. It's just like hanging out with my boys in Oz again!

I'm a small town girl and joining Front Runners felt like being back home in Kansas. When I moved to the big city, the group opened their arms and welcomed me to run with them. I have to say, however, that a few of those Front Runners were rather upset when I beat them running my ruby slippers. Alas, there's no place like home.

After coming back from Oz, I decided to take up track. I was just a little Kansas girl running my 440's around the track! It was great and I really loved to perform in front of the crowds. I've been running ever since.



Flying Monkey

Looking back, skipping down the yellow brick road helped me prepare for the race circuit. While the four of us (and Toto too!) usually skipped at a pretty leisurely pace, we often had to sprint away from those flying monkeys and the wicked witch. It was the perfect interval training for the high heel race.

My Front Runner friends encouraged me to enter the high heel race. I really had to focus to win this important race. At the starting line, I just closed my eyes and pretended that the other contestants were the wicked witch and I had to run away from them. I clicked my heels three times and I won!

The publicity after the race was really overwhelming, even worse than the adulation when I triumphantly returned from Oz. Auntie Em was concerned about my safety. Strutting in the Pride Parade was a lot of fun, although someone thought that I looked like a cracked out Whitney Houston in gingham! I was fuming. I did get the last laugh when Toto bit that bitter queen. Good dog!

DC versus Oz? Well, there's really no difference. They're both just a big fantasy. I did, however, really find out what lies beyond the rainbow right here in Washington DC. ▼

Thanks to High Heel Race champion Ron "Dorothy" Brown and Flying Monkey Daniel Head.

Interview by Marcel Acosta