



Ultrarunner Rory Bosio knows no limits

Picture more than 100 winding, climbing miles in the Alps. Rory Bosio has run them. Let that sink in for a moment: 22½ hours of racing up an enormous mountain. It was that feat that officially made Bosio, 31, one of the world's most elite ultrarunners. Rightly so. These days, the phenom clocks somewhere between 70 and 100 miles a week on the trails near her Lake Tahoe home; she can't be exact because she forgoes a running watch and a training plan. "I just sort of turned to trail running after college," says Bosio, who still holds a serious day job as an intensive-care unit nurse. What makes a girl go to such lengths? We had to find out.

Is it even possible to fuel up for crazy-long distances?

I'll eat a big bowl of steel-cut oatmeal with everything but the kitchen sink: blueberries, an egg for protein, some nuts, chia seeds, a little avocado for fat, and—if I feel like being really healthy—a handful of arugula or kale.

Could you outeat Michael Phelps?

After a 100-mile race, yes! I could also eat out with Michael Phelps if he's asking. And paying. Lobster, please!

Must-have gear?

Running skirts! I like the North Face's airy Eat My Dust Skirt.

Food or goo for races?

I go for sweet potatoes, nuts, fruit, chocolate espresso beans, a bar of some kind, avocado, coconut oil packets, Justin's Classic Peanut Butter packets, jerky, bread and cheese, and Coca-Cola to settle my stomach. My French stepfather calls me *petit cochon*—little pig.

How do you run a ton and do your job?

Creatively. I'll throw in

some sprints to make use of my time, and I do a lot of my running in the dark with a headlamp. I love that magic hour when the sun has just set.

What keeps you going midrun?

Usually just nature and the thoughts in my head. I force myself to daydream: What if I won the lottery tomorrow? Or I break it up into smaller pieces, whether that's the next aid station or another mile. After all, you're doing this voluntarily—for a medal at the end! ★