

## 2008 Pod Trod Race Report

By Mary Ann McIntire

First of all, I would like to say "Thanks" to all the volunteers for making this event an awesome time. Second, great idea, Gary! I hope you continue this event and hopefully it will grow. While the distance was short, I believe this event could be an awesome way to introduce people to the world of trail running and expose the nerds for who they are...GREAT PEOPLE!!! My niece and brother-in-law had no idea what kind of event I was dragging them to again but both commented on how great everyone was and how impressed they were with such an awesome crowd.

With that said, here's my experience in a nut shell, and I use the word nut because I am sure for anyone who may have witnessed this event with no knowledge of what was going on, probably thought we were nuts, or squirrels looking for nuts.

**MUD BABE'S REVENGE:** Ready, set, MP3 player on. Everyone stood there for a few seconds and then took off like a bat out of hell. Me, I was not quite in such a hurry so by the time I made it to Lands End, most people were gone, just a few, standing, looking, taking off running, stopping, coming back, taking a different trail. I did the same thing, took off down the wrong trail. You see, when I looked at the lake and turned around, I could only see three trails...Lake Henry to the right, one straight ahead and the one we came down. I was too far to the south to see the V in the one we just came down so I trodded off down the blue blaze trail, only to hear Sophia remark that I should be on a white blaze trail....ERRRR! Turn around and back to Lands End. Okay I'm the only idiot here, everyone else figured this part out and I'm only five minutes into the race. That's ok, I'm really here for the watermelon. I looked up to see the V, ah ha!!!

I decided I better run a little faster and suddenly started meeting people coming back. I tried looking at their bibs to see which races they were running and all three were well represented, so that left me no where for the better. OK, just listen to Sophia, she'll keep me on track. So I replayed it again to make sure I was going in the right direction. Yep, sounded good, keep going. I'm looking for the man made stairs with the red railing. Where can it be? Ahhhhh, I see it. I'm still the only idiot here doing my own thing. Everyone else must be doing well. OK. I'm stopped on the steps, waiting for Sophia to figure out if it is recording. Yes, Sophia, I can hear you, where to now? Down the steps and what do I see? People, yes, people. Crap, it's my brother in law taking pictures, Gary and another volunteer. This is not reassuring. But hey, there's a bucket with my first ticket. At least I am on the right path, just a little behind.

OK, so here is where my high school competitive spirit tells me I can't be last. GO! RUN LIKE HELL!!! Let me remind you, it's been awhile since high school and my GO doesn't GO like it did back then. But I sure felt like I was hauling butt, running like a banshee through the woods. I was really beginning to feel

like a nerd. OK, so now I'm headed back to Lands End. So, I'm still doing my own thing out there on the trail. Alright, Sophia, I'm going to turn you on (MP3 player, that is) before I get to back Lands End. Yea, I'm a rebel. So she tells me when I get to Lands End to turn around and go back down 18 steps. Do I dare turn and go down the red blaze without going all the way up? No, they might have the 2nd bucket up there and besides there is that woman with the camera, she'll know I didn't go. So I went up looked for the bucket, made a face for the camera and came back down.

Still by myself, I blazed down red. Ouch, no more blazing here. What is that up ahead? Girls, could it be? Yes, I caught them and then by golly I passed them. Up ahead was a woman I have seen at several races. I don't know her name but I like her dirty girl gators. Ah, there is a girl with a very cute baby and I can only assume the guy was the one who posted his baby's picture on the list last week. I remember her name is Madeline because my 3 year old is Madeline and we call her Maddie. So I just I keep running. Oops, I was supposed to stop there and listen to Sophia.. Back to the girl, the baby and the guy and get the next set of directions, which I cannot remember what they were but I went in the right direction, or did I? It was pretty funny to come up on a group to see them looking at each other, not talking, concentrating, looking around and then running.

So along the limestone and shale trail some more and up the hill and there is a group standing around another bucket. I went to get my ticket and WHAT IS THIS??? MBR #1, I have that one and so did another couple there. Back by the girl, the baby and the guy (sorry, I only remember Madeline's name, if that is who it is?). OK, where is the stinking fallen down tree? Did I pass it? Yep sure did. Back by the girl, the...., you get the picture. Yep, there it is and then Sophia has the gull to tell me to go back the way I came. Still only one ticket and as I pass the girl, the baby and the guy I feel like we have become friends, "Just me again." I tell them. Was everyone running by them as many times as I was? Will I see them again?

I ran all the way back to Lands End and up the trail we came down to begin the race and up into the clearing. I was really expecting to find another ticket by now. I caught up with a couple of girls and asked them if they were doing MBR and they said yes. They said they had two tickets and I asked them where they got their second ticket and when they told me, I said that was MBR #1 again. When they pulled out their tickets they realized they had 2 #1's. Oh, here comes the couple I met on the race a few times and they too, only had ticket #1. Alright, I'm oughta here. I'm just want the watermelon. So off I went, running to the finish with one final hurdle. Yes, I said hurdle. I did run hurdles in high school but I was not ready for a droopy foot to catch the bar and slam my face to the ground with the photographer standing there, so I gracefully stepped over the sucker. When I turned in my one ticket, I told Stacy I only had one she said no one else on MBR found theirs either. I then proceeded to the watermelon. That's my story and I'm sticking to it.