

## Uber fun! Dirty Love! Mud and Muck Race Report by Sophia Spencer

I can't believe I almost missed the time of my life. Despite major begging from Superhero Mudbabe Debbie Webster, I'd decided not to do the Mud and Muck run. ( I call her that for many reasons-- but initially because on the trails she viturally throws on a cape--grabs a wand and takes down all the spider webs for the other runners-- turning into Superhero "Webbie Debster!")

But Saturday night as I socialized with my friend Clare in Lawrence, I could hear the mudpit calling.

"You need me-- come and play in the dirt."

Clare understood. She's an artist and gets messy a lot. See her work here:

<http://www.fieldsgallery.com/Artists/Doveton.htm>

I love mud. Or I mud Love. In fact, I love it so much, the words have become fungible. It cools my feet on a hot summer day and warms my heart on a cold winter day.

I was ready for the pit.

Woot! Schlopp Schlorp Splat. 1/2 mile and the race is over. hmmm. It felt like that moment after school house rock. "Darn that's the end."

Debbie and I mucked up a firefighter with a muddy hug-- but it just wasn't enough. I looked at her-- she looked at me-- and with a sparkle that only a true mudbabe can have-- we decided to head back to the pit. After all that's where the uber fun was happening.

"Come to me Mud Babes.. come to me...."

James, Nick, and Laurie headed back down with us. A naggle of Nerds and booble of Babes.

We helped some newbies schlopp through thier first experience with the mud pit. Then there were the tears. Mel's son wasn't quite having the fun he should have. Suddenly the tears turned to laughter. Superhero Mudbabe had thrown him on her back and got the job done. Debbie you are truly one of the most incredible people I know! I was so proud to know you're my friend as you carried that little boy through. He will remember that as the time of his life because of you. So will I.

Not to be outdone, the family McGrew (sp?) bonded in a mud throwing contest in the pit. This is a family that muds each other a lot and seriously knows how to have a good time and enjoy life. You all are terrific and added such amazing energy and Mud to the event.

And let's not forget our good buddy and longtime nerd James. It was his birthday today and he got the mud spanking. We mud you buddy.

There soemthing tribal about mud. Specifically when you use it as war paint. Since Psycho Psummer, I've been initiating new babes with muddy hearts, or a smiley face for the guys (actually I like the smiley face on my arm too.) I couldn't miss out on all this available mud and flesh. I was like Michel Angelo looking at the Sistine Chapel. But it was actually the back of Dick Ross's bald head. He is now a Mud Dude.

We ran into Coleen and Caroline who writes for the Pitch. More muddy hugs-- and I initiated Caroline with some tribal face stripes. It was awesome. I hope we make it into a story she writes someday. She's an amazing writer by the way.

A little hose down and I found my number again, ha-- 146.

Wrapping up the longest ever 5k report I just want to say:  
I really MUCKING MUD you guys.

Thanks Raul, Nancy and Ben for a truly memorable race.

Muddy hugs, tribal painting and a ton of baby wipes,

Original MudBabe



Mud Dance  
Sophia (left) and Debbie (right)



James gets initiated thoroughly



Dick Ross' Mud Heart



2008 Mud n' Muck  
Kansas City's Dirtiest 5K

Nerdo and  
Debbie  
Helping the  
Kiddies



2008 Mud n' Muck  
Kansas City's Dirtiest 5K

Cleanin' Up

All photos by Dick Ross  
[www.SeekCRun.com](http://www.SeekCRun.com)