

[Psycho Wyco Run Toto Run 50 - Feb 9, 2008](#)

By Scott Giddings

I don't know how you write a race report, but I am going to give it a shot after my "races" this year.

Yesterday, I ran the Psycho Wyco Run Toto Run 50K in Wyandotte County Park, KS. This was the second time I had run the race and I came in with a mixture of excitement and nerves. Excitement, because it was a whole lot of fun last year, despite extremely icy trails AND the fact that it would be oh, 20 degrees warmer at the start, which meant, no screws and a nice "squishy" running surface. Nerves, because I wanted to better my time of 6:38:?? from last year's race. Ultimately, it's about having fun though, and fun I had.

As fun as running is for me, I get just as big a kick out of having my kids come out and partake in the festivities as well. One thing I liked about last year is there was something for everybody as far as distance was concerned. Ben did us one better this year by adding a 5K. My daughter Kolby is a noted event junkie and joined me at the park to run the Psychopathic 5K. Her comment on the course..." It WAS hard". I LOVE I, I LOVE IT.



The Psycho Wyco winter 50K course is three 10.35 mile loops of rocky, rooty, and hilly bridle trails & single-track trails. It is NOT flat by any stretch of the imagination, with 5000 feet of elevation change per loop.

Around 8 o'clock, race director Bad Ben Holmes gave us our parting instructions. Ben informed us that Dam Hill around the 4.2 mile mark of the loop was particularly treacherous. Dam Hill is an extremely steep downhill covered by rocks, which were covered by leaves, which were covered by a nice coating of the snowfall from earlier in the week. Be careful! OK Ben, I'll be careful.

Countdown 10, 9, 8, 7...1 and we're off. I told myself from the beginning, go slow. Well, I didn't exactly follow my own advice for the first 5 miles. I ran with a couple of friends, Joe and Jim, each of who has slightly more wheels than I, but I felt good so what the heck. The trail was soft and snow covered in many places and the footing was good, but nothing like last year, where even the slightest misstep caused a slide of the foot on the ice. I thought this is going to be a good day. Somewhere in the first couple of miles, we got a brief taste of mud. Nothing too serious, but a precursor to what the next 6 hours would bring our way. There was also a couple of small water crossing which were easy to hop through. I ran with Joe and Jim through the aptly named Wyandotte Triangle, a mile long section of single track. The triangle was particularly friendly and I thought again that I can't wait to do it two more times. Joe decided to play games of, best athlete of all time, most hated athlete of all time, hottest female athlete (Maria Sharapova, by far). Eventually the distance between the three of us became greater and greater, making the game of Q and A, a futile attempt. Another mile of ups and downs and we hit Dam Hill. Yeah it was steep, and it was slippery, but it was negotiable. After grabbing a few small trees to keep from tumbling ass over tea kettle, we were at the bottom of the dam headed to the west side of the

lake. This is one of the few flat stretches on the course and is very enjoyable. What goes down must come up and up we went to a half mile stretch of pavement, the only non-trail section of the course. After slowing myself down, the rest of the first loop went well and I found myself very much looking forward to the next two laps. I came through the first loop in about 1:45, problem was, I had to go to the bathroom, and how. I checked in, grabbed a cup Succeed and headed to the one stall bathroom, only to be thwarted by a guy and his son occupying the stall. Ten minutes later, it was my turn and I was in and out and back on the trail ready for round two. Yee Haw!

Laps two and three can be condensed into much less space. Lap two...Mud. Lap three... More mud. The mud preview on the first lap was suddenly the feature film. Mud was everywhere. It was left, right, and straight down the middle. This was going to be a challenge, but hey, isn't that what this is all about? After all, if it was easy, everyone would be doing it...RIGHT. I wandered on with the happy knowledge that I would reach the Wyondotte Triangle for the second time. The same triangle I was looking forward to running a couple more times. Uh, Yeah! It was not the same triangle we went through the first time around. It was now one mud strewn hairpin turn after another. Every sharp turn left or right prompted an instinctive reach for the nearest tree to keep from becoming a human mud ball. It is amazing what a difference 400 pair of feet can do to the gentle surface. After one more bathroom pit stop at the Shelter 10 aid station, I came through loop two at around 4:05. For the last two hours my shoes had performed the function of size 9 ½ mud skis, so I decided to change into a dry pair before taking off on the last loop.

Loop three was much more of the same thing only with deeper and wetter mud. Every time I began to curse the course, I remembered one sign proclaiming that all whiners will be buried in unmarked shallow graves. One mud puddle, I thought I could just dive head first and do the job myself. I've experienced mud, but never anything like this. I swear it was shin deep. Finishing time – 6:36:35. Good news! I beat last year's time by over two minutes.

After having run two Psycho Wyco's, I have to say that I may prefer the ice to the mud, but any day in these extremes is better than a day on the couch. I would do this again in a heartbeat.

