



PSYCHO PSUMMER////////



Jamie Sheahan (pictured) and Jennifer Freeman ran a close race, with Sheahan just edging out Freeman in the last three miles.

[© Rick Mayo/Mile 90 Photography]



BOOM GOES THE DYNAMITE!

BY ZACH ADAMS

Even as I write this, several weeks after finishing, I am still dealing with a fairly severe case of swamp ass. Perhaps that is a bit of an exaggeration, but yeah, it was hot that day. It usually is at this race. When it isn't hot, it is soul-sucking mud. Sometimes it is both. My point is that this race is always a challenge. This was my second time running Psycho Psummer and it did not disappoint. A warm, steamy start gave way to a suffocating scorcher of an afternoon punctuated with humidity levels generally only found in the Midwest in July (or underwater).



CLOCKWISE FROM TOP: A volunteer at the Moosejaw aid station helps out Allia Shelby with some cooling "boob ice."
[© Rick Mayo/Mile 90 Photography]

Ryan Schmidt celebrates surviving the heat at the Psycho Psummer finish line.
[© Kristi Mayo/Mile 90 Photography]

Volunteer Leia Anderson cools down Devon Beckett, fourth female, at the Mud Babes aid station. [© Rick Mayo/Mile 90 Photography]



Although I have focused very little on training the last year, my hope was that my additional experience would help me beat my course PR of 6:45. My goal was 6:30 and I was honestly really excited to race the clock!

When the RD said "GO!" I did what I always do. I shot out of the gate like an asshole in an effort to get out in front of the conga line, racing along with runners that I have no business trying to keep up with. My heart was racing along at an unsustainable rate but my impatient nature told me it would be worth it not to be hung up in the traffic jam that would inevitably occur once everyone hit the singletrack a few hundred yards into the race. It worked, but after a couple miles I had to fight a bit to recover and settle in a groove that would get me to the finish line. About halfway through the first lap I was feeling really good and decided to put the hammer down the rest of the first lap.

My logic was simple... it was nice and cool (relative to what it would be) and I would be slower on lap two and three so I might as well bank some time while I could and get as deep into the race as possible before the heat really laid the smack down on my candy ass. With that "logic" I

had a great first lap, somewhere around 1:40.

Lap two I ran pretty hard without getting too hot, despite the fact that the mercury was rising very quickly and the humidity was on in full force. But the course was great. Dry. Fast. Smooth (mostly). This race was going well, and I got lap two done somewhere around 1:50. Then finally, it happened. I knew it was coming, it always does.

Boom goes the dynamite! In about 90% of ultras I have ever run, I blow up between mile 18-22 and struggle mightily for three-five miles. *Always.* I have tried all kinds of things to stop this, but have come to the conclusion that my body is revolting and telling me it is not interested in "going long." Of course, I generally just tell my body that it is not in charge and keep on keepin' on.

The 2017 Psycho Psummer was no different. My wife Candi, also running the 50k, pulled away from me on the first hill about 100 yards into the third lap and I knew I wouldn't see her until the finish. I dove headfirst into the pain cave at about mile 20 and stayed there until getting to the aid station around mile 23. My pace had been much slower and I was simply trying to keep moving, but it seemed



Zach Adams (author) hits the finish line. [© Kristi Mayo/Mile 90 Photography]

Psycho Psummer

Kansas City, KS // July 22

🏃 3,4* // 50k

Elevation gain/loss: 7,900 feet total elevation change | The course is held on rocky single track and bridle trails and no pavement. It is 95% shaded with some steep inclines and declines.

1	Timothy Nelson, 27	4:46:18
2	Douglas Chalker, 53	5:05:01
3	Kyle Clouston, 32	5:12:44
4	Mikel Haggadone, 25	5:15:55
5	Jamie Sheahan, 29	5:26:38
6	Jennifer Freeman, 36	5:29:30
7	Stephen Foster, 48	5:45:56
8	Andy Emerson, 48	5:46:10
9	Candi Adams, 36	6:00:00
10	Erik Patterson, 37	6:01:29
11	Zach Adams, 40	6:07:55
12	Colby Penn, 44	6:11:22
13	Devon Beckett, 38	6:20:39
14	Kevin Riessland, 41	6:25:35
15	Ryan Schmidt, 40	6:26:01
16	Daron Pratt, 47	6:28:53
17	Daniel Roberto, 42	6:30:55
18	Laura Rudolph, 31	6:31:15
19	Jenni Aragon, 29	6:35:11
20	Joe Joyner, 54	6:37:00
21	David Mullins, 32	6:40:04
22	Kirby Ingles, 38	6:40:28
23	Adam Stoddard, 44	6:42:03
24	Crystal Foust, 27	6:49:03
25	Alex May, 43	6:50:24
26	Clinton Straughen, 33	6:50:50
27	Roger Bieberle, 50	6:52:27
28	Tom Clutter, 30	7:04:35
29	Bryan Tannehill, 31	7:06:06
30	Bryan Powers, 49	7:06:19
31	Brian Scantlin, 42	7:13:30
32	Samantha Montgomery, 36	7:15:17
33	Eric Boos, 35	7:15:27
34	Aaron Pope, 25	7:16:59
35	Tim McGargill, 35	7:26:44
36	Bradley Mueth, 34	7:28:25
37	Allia Shelby, 33	7:30:31
38	Genevieve Spivey, 40	7:34:40
39	Todd Chandler, 49	7:40:48
40	Jean Peterson, 54	7:53:51
41	Thomas Herchline, 57	7:53:58
42	Jennifer Tieman, 46	7:58:40
43	Michael Obermeyer, 49	7:59:21
44	Cyndy Bolte, 59	7:59:58
45	Francisco Arellano, 39	8:01:08
46	Yvonne Watkins, 47	8:06:02
47	Peter Benson, 43	8:07:49
48	Don Ledford, 54	8:15:22
49	Jim Hubbard, 50	8:26:21
50	Thomas Thompson, 52	8:30:19
51	Richard Mangold, 63	8:31:46
52	Jay Mooney, 42	8:35:42
53	Holly Phillips, 42	8:37:03
54	Melanie Linderer, 40	8:41:09
55	Jennifer Broton, 44	8:44:55
56	Dennis Cannell, 58	8:49:50
57	Stephan Losay, 40	8:52:58
58	Brian Silcott, 46	8:57:58
59	Lindsey McRoberts, 31	8:58:44
60	Aaron Duncan, 27	8:59:29
61	Joseph Loftus, 44	9:17:29
62	Ryan Schwatken, 41	9:26:46

*See page 45 for key

every time I ran with any gump-tion at all, my heart rate would blast off and end up somewhere near Uranus.

The grapes and water-melon seemed to help and I rebounded for a strong finish, but was unable to catch my badass wife who ended up with

a time of exactly 6:00:00 and a ladies third-place finish. I came strolling into the finish about 10 minutes behind her, actually beating my PR time here by about 35 minutes.

All-in-all I came out in good shape, chalking up only one good wipeout, five or so purplish

toenails and no heatstroke. For a July day in Kansas City on beautifully brutal singletrack trails and a heat index reaching 117, what more could you ask for? 🏃