

Lost my mind but not my cookies

Written by Deb Egenberger
Wednesday, 02 June 2010 20:40 -



The ups and downs of the back roads to Arnold give me a stomach ache. Even traveling the interstate in the back seat can make me car sick.

That's why I will never know what possessed me to stand in line in the rain for more than an hour to get on the Mamba at Worlds of Fun in Kansas City.

The Mamba is billed as one of the fastest, longest and tallest roller coasters in the world. At least that's what the guy with the microphone said as he snapped my lap bar into place.

What he didn't tell me was that the giant hump I could see from across the park was just one of many heart-stopping drops on the mile-long ride.

It's been 30 years and two kids since I've been on a roller coaster.

By the time my group had wound our way through the maze to the loading area, the Mountain Dew I drank along with the powdered sugar and grease thing called a funnel cake had already collected in my bladder.

I was too proud to actually wear the adult diaper my friend packed as a joke. On the way up that first steep hill, I regretted that it was left behind with my inhibitions.

I don't know what kind of crazy engineering it takes to build one of those beasts and make it safe for people to travel in open cars at speeds topping 70 mph.

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I do know that it takes an insane mind and a day's allowance of screaming to survive the camel-back bumps which repeatedly lifted me off the seat.

When the roller coaster cars came to a stop and my stomach reconnected with my body, my only comment was, "Not even fun."

Then I made a beeline for the bathroom.

Luckily, my pants were only wet where the rain had soaked through and not because centrifugal force and gravity had drawn the soda out of me.

If I can ride the Mamba and not wet my pants, I should be able to survive the shortcut to Arnold, right?