



**EDNA SODA**

**BY**

**TRENT RHODES**

It was her time. Edna Soda rose from her bed and listened to the fine music. Her bones cracked. They sounded angry, and gave off a violent eruption; her backbone popped. She was sixty years old and proud of it, prouder than any sixty-year-old track star could be.



Edna raised her right arm, beginning her daily stretching routine. She kept this set of exercises in her practice for forty years, and each time she performed this drill she ended up taking the gold medal in sprint and long-distance. After finally getting her back to straighten out, she maintained her healthy posture while shaking her hips left to right in front of her mirror. "I am absolutely a hot little devil, aren't I? Yes you are. Yes you are. Yes, yes, yes, yes, yes you are." She smiled, revealing her beautiful set of teeth, those that she was able to keep in her gums.

Despite her body being not as fast as it used to be, Edna managed to win every race she entered. From the hurdles to the relay, from the school yard races in kindergarten to racing home after stealing snacks from the cafeteria in fifth grade, no one was ever able to catch up to Edna "The Speed" Soda. Her friends in high school called her, "The Soda with Too Much Suga'" The boys would flirt with her ask if they could have a sip of her. They thought she would give them more caffeine than Pepsi to stay up late and study for exams.

Ms. Soda proceeded to bend down and touch her toes. She made it as far as above her knee, and her lower back began another symphony of cracks.

"Today is the day. I'm gonna show those old birds why I win all of the time. My name isn't The Soda with Too Much Suga' for nothing!"

Edna looked at her clock. She looked at her window and then at her digital clock again. From her distance, she was not able to read it. She had to move closer. She put on her glasses, and that improved her vision just enough to recognize the first number. "Eight...umm, eight...ah, dag nammit!" She walked closer. "Ah, oh! Eight forty-seven! Kekeke. I'm early."

After her shower, Edna sat down in her living room. She took a comfortable position on what she called her Gadget Chair. It contained an assortment of devices for the athletically-challenged –and-challenging elderly woman: a foot massager, a back massager, shoulder massagers, a gum massager when she took her false teeth out, an eyeball massager that would remove the wrinkles from her eyelids, a butt pumper that pumped her butt when she felt it was getting flabby, and, and a built-in iPod.

An important document lay on the table. Edna reached down, picked it up and began to flip through the pages. This manual was no match for her Ultima Vision Glasses. Her specialized pair could spot two ants doing he butt dance among a ground full of bushes. She could see the pigments of the ink of the words on each page.

"Now let's see...." Edna looked at the list of names.



"Missing Run. 54 years old. Likes to spit on the ground when his tobacco tastes nasty. Fastest runner in Louisiana."

"Special Egg. 52 years old. Can run so light on his feet he ran over twenty-five eggs in a row and didn't squish them. Likes to brag about his little feet and big willie. Comes from Arizona."

"Bouncy Nancy. 59 years old. She prides herself on distracting her fellow runners with her flirtatious motions while on the track. Been reported to release pheromones into the air that makes opponents slow down and pass out. Others say she just has nasty gas. Excellent runner, coming from Maine."

"Joe Randolph. 60 years old. The oldest in the competition and has the most wins of any track runner in history. Lives in the Guinness Book of Records. Reported to be the meanest of the mean and can stare down his competition into slowing down. Says he's the greatest, and likes to keep his feet extra clean."

Edna closed the little book. "So these are the people I'm up against this afternoon?" She smiled wide, her gums looking like a pink ocean with waves. "I'll win again in a few hours...wait, what time is it again?"

Still sitting in her chair, the Queen of Grannies bent over to lace up her pimped out pink bedazzled converse sneakers.

"Yup...today will be the day that this so-called old granny will show who's the boss. Those old sagging butts will sag to the point of a ground duster. LIKE MY DUST YOU OLD FOGIES!"

She paced herself to the door because she wants to reserve her energy for the track meet. But, before she left her door, Edna looked into the mirror right next to the door to make sure she looked good to take out the male competitors with her looks.

"Oh Edna my sweet Suga, you are still the hottest granny with pizzazz in the world. Now, go kick some run-down butts" The talking mirror spoke.

"You are definitely telling the truth Mirror." Edna smiled with what is left of her shiny pearly whites.

Edna closed the door of her house and started to bounce her way down the block to where she parked her car that is also pimped out. All the young boys, teen boys, and young men are very jealous about Edna's car. The all want to know how this Grand Granny got the money to do a wicked job on her ride. All the guys keep asking her about her car issues because the Grand Granny is also an expert on cars.



"Are you going to kick some butts today Grand Granny?" Yelled a young man from across the street.

"Hell yea Mr. Smooth." She smiled him with a wicked smile.

At the track for the old fogies a group of normal looking elderly people turned their head to see what the ruckus was.

"There goes Edna," said the one known as Special Egg.

"Why does she have to be so loud?" Missing Run sighed.

"What a conceited and arrogant woman. She is worse than a Joe."

"Hey, I am not like that Bouncy Nancy." Joe Randolph retaliated.

Edna parked her car and stopped her hydraulics. Nancy does not like Edna's royal purple dragon car with dazzling stars.

"The old hag had arrived." Nancy placed her wrinkled hands on her twice broken hips.

"Now...now Nancy. You do not what to talk like that. Do not focus on your hate. Place all of that on winning her. I want to beat her very badly myself." Special Egg mumbled as stuffed a deviled egg into her mouth.

"If you do not quit eating those eggs, your stomach will be too heavy to beat the old cougar." Nancy back lashed.

"YEAH YALLS!" The Suga woman greeted. "THE SODA WITH TOO MUCH SUGA HAS ARRIVED."

"O' Lord take me now. I am nearly close to death. Just do it already." Missing Run said to himself.

Edna locked her car and shook her butt as she walked to the edge of the track.

"Alright Edna, it is time to rock and roll. We have been waiting for you for about an hour." Joe Randolph wanted to get this out of the way. He could not understand why he had to compete against a woman, especially against this woman. He feels that she is beneath him. Joe wants to race her first while she is still at her best. He does not want to race against a worn-out hag.

"Oh darling," she bumped her butt against Joe, "I did not know you want me that badly." Edna is putting up her best flirtatious side.



"I do not want to race against a tired person. So, I challenge you first." Joe crossed his arms and did not face her.

"Alright my Prince, let's go." Edna positioned herself on the track. So did Joe.

The others watched in anticipation. They wanted Joe to win against her badly. The rest all have mutual feelings of the Suga granny. They want her to fail and fade away.

READY...SET...GO!

Joe and Edna started in hitch.

One lap done in two minutes. Both looked good as in the beginning.

Second lap done. One or a few bullets of sweat.

Third lap done and Joe did not think that is old granny was going to last this long. Underestimating her is not a way to go, he thought.

He stole a glimpse of Edna while running. She shows no signs of wear and tear. No sign of breakdown. He is getting very angry with himself. Only two more laps to go. Joe is getting tired. He can feel the burn. Not good.

"This does not look so good. He is going more than the speed he set in the Guinness World Records. She is matching his pace. We are all going to die. Joe is the best out of all of us. If he is not going to win, that will be the end of us."

"Stop talking nonsense you old kook," Replied Nancy. "Let's just watch."

"One of us will win. He is placing a lot of pressure on her for us. I understand now I think." Special Egg felt a little relieved.

"Listen you old fart, I have no idea what the hell you talking about." Nancy is getting verbally abusive.

"Shut up you old bat. We do not need your insults." Missing Run had enough of Nancy.

"You will win Nancy. We will guaranty it," Special Egg spoke with newly found glory in his eyes. "We will wear her out for you."

"Interesting." She sat on the bench like a Queen.

Edna won the five-lap race. She is victorious.



Joe completely hated himself. But he managed to say, "You are definitely the best Edna. I was a fool to think that I can beat you." He had to force the air out of his locked teeth to speak.

"Oh Yell Yeah darling." Edna blew kisses in his direction.

Joe wanted to vomit.

"This Suga filled sweetness is ready for some more." Edna Soda belted out.

Special Egg is up next to duke is out with Edna. He breathed deeply a few times to get himself pumping.

GO!

Poor old Special Egg fell during the third round. It screwed up the plan.

Next up, Missing Run. Missing Run made sure his power juice is juiced up to the maximum.

GO!

Missing run started out very fast nearly taking out the Suga Granny for a handful of seconds. He kept increasing his speed. However, the Suga Granny's power house was in full force. Missing cursed himself for overestimating himself. Edna won by a hair strand. But he did manage to dry out some of the Granny's energy.

Suga Granny had to take a moment for herself. The others hid their smiles from Edna. They took this break as a great sign of winning. The three men placed all of their bids on Nancy. She looked very confident enough to beat the crap out of Edna.

"This is it Edna," Nancy placed her hands on her hips to make sure they are properly aligned with her spine, "Are you ready to get beaten?"

"Not by you, you old tramp of a hag. I am going to knock you down for stealing all of my men." Edna has been waiting for this day for a long time.

"Excuse you." Nancy spoke as her false teeth slipped out of her mouth.

"Hahahaha. Good one Butter Mouth." Edna laughed herself all the way to the starting point.



Nancy wanted to stomp her legs but did not knowing what would happen to her hips.

The old boys sat down watching intently with their respirators behind them.

GO!

Nancy also started with a full blast. Suga Granny paced herself well because is aware of how low her energy level is. But, she is not far from Nancy .

Nancy is ecstatic knowing that Edna is behind her. The plan seems to be going right on schedule now. Edna will not last for the fourth round.

The fourth round past and Nancy increased her speed. Edna did not same.

Now for the final lap. The old men put on their respirators because the moment just a little too exciting.

“Quit now hag. You are falling behind. You are done for.” Nancy shouted to her hoping it would make Edna loose heart for the race.

Nancy's ego and confidence sky rocketed. She ran a little faster. Edna figured if she does not come up with something, she will definitely lose. There is no way she would let that happen.

“Nancy, I slept with you husband once because he said you sucked. He had a really hot birthmark on his butt, on both cheeks.” Edna smiled.

Nancy got startled by this revelation. She now understood why her husband came home late that day smelling like champagne. Nancy slowed down while Edna speeded up. Nancy tripped on herself making Edna win.

“Oh Yeah! Oh Yeah. Oh Yeah!” Edna started doing the Macarena.

The three old geezers fell over the bench tangling themselves in the wires of their respirators.

Nancy fractured her hips for the third time.