

## Workout de Jour

Treadmill: one time for each:

3:00 at MP pace/1:00 jog; 2:00 at HMP pace/1:00 jog; 1:00 at 15k pace/1:00 jog

3:00 at HMP pace/1:00 jog; 2:00 at 15k pace/1:00 jog; 1:00 at 10k pace/1:00 jog

3:00 at 15k pace/1:00 jog; 2:00 at 10k/1:00 jog; 1:00 at 5k pace/1:00 jog

with warmup and cooldown as chosen

The perfect alternative workout following running outside in subfreezing temperatures for the prior week, without even a moment at freezing to release the constancy of cold, being cold, feeling cold, touching cold, smelling cold, tasting cold, and cursing the cold. While your deep-freeze winter running clothing air dries or is being dried through the dryer, you get to wear shorts and a short sleeved t-shirt during your treadmill workout.

As you bounce on the belt moving at your chosen pace, with a podcast playing on your shokz, a replay of a football game playing on the flat screen on the opposite side of the room, and a view of the frozen tundra just outside your windows, you sweat the sweat remindful of warmer days of yore. Once you find your own rhythm, you enter the treadmill groove, a pleasant alternative to the day's weather.

Don't misunderstand me. I'd rather be running outside, feeling the dry, frozen air against my cheeks on a windless day, the rest of me bundled in layers appropriately aiding me in avoiding hypothermia following my frontal lobotomy. I draw the line when I run for an hour, outside, in a forested state park, along paved park roads, surrounded by thick forests of evergreens and naked groves of deciduous trees in winter, during which I see no deer, no birds, no people, no moving cars, no nothing, hearing only two sounds – my own breathing and the consistency of my footfalls – over and over and over again for 60 minutes. That's just too similar to complete isolation.

Absent hearing a bird's call, the rustling of a deer diving deeper into the woods, the trickle of a low-level stream, car tires rotating over asphalt, the high whine of the cyclists' wheels, low-toned conversations from pedestrians or others running along the park roads, the run outside carries an aura of desolation. For too many moments during my run that day, I knew I was the only human remaining. Hence, until the world returns, the run today was happily a workout on the treadmill.