

## Workout de Jour

32(0.2 run/0.05 walk)

Bitterness. Bring the bitterness to the workout.

Bitterness over running eight loops of the almost one-mile path in a local park, in cold, dank, bone-chilling rain. The fact you are wearing the correct run gear for the day's elements doesn't matter. The cold still gets into your bones. There is no negotiation for the run. Just run two-tenths of a mile followed by a set short walk of 1/20th of a mile, 32 times, over and over and over . . .

Bring the bitterness to the run because you are too fatigued, lacking any energy much less a stored reservoir of energy from your training to maintain this workout. The run will be done in a continuous slog, one segment followed by another, all in the inky, dank, bone chill of the day. There will be no cut down of pace from warming up to cooling down. No middle miles run at lactic threshold pace, threshold pace, or marathon pace. The pace will be slow. No dropping the pace. No consistency in pace. Just slow, unstable running, over and over and over . . .

One becomes bitter towards running on such a cold, dank, wet day, as part of the suffering through internal physiological issues. Take your pick of low hemoglobin off the chart, lower than that testosterone, which isn't performing its function to push insulin out of the pancreas to keep the blood sugar low in regulating your type two diabetes, or helping to create red blood cells sufficient to increase the hemoglobin, or replacing muscle mass necessary to live a healthy life, much less supply the energy to not just get through the day, but to run.

You should be bitter, running slowly in an incessantly falling steady rain, wool gloves covered by rain mittens barely keeping your fingers from locking up, full running tights constricting your legs' running rhythm, your wool running socks over the double-layered socks approaching, reaching, and existing in the wet, cold elements. Knowing that your pace will not improve, your mood will be no better. But, you are running, in the park devoid of others, on a sopped bike path, trudging along the path with its many undulations. You are not going to win anything from anywhere in running like this. Hold your bitterness close and then hold it closer.