

Sunday Morning Winter Run

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JamesD-BeyondTheFinishLine

Ah, the Sunday morning winter run—the ultimate test of dedication when your bed feels like a cozy haven and the chilly air outside is playing a not-so-subtle game of discouragement.



It's raining, it's pouring.....

As you reluctantly peel yourself from the comfort of your bed, each step towards the closet feels like a negotiation. Your running gear looks at you with enthusiasm, but your cozy bed whispers sweet temptations. Yet, in this morning tug-of-war, you summon the spirit of a reluctant hero gearing up for an epic quest—well, a jog through the winter streets.

Armed with layers thicker than your excuses, you step outside into the frosty embrace of morning. The chilly air is a wake-up call as your breath mingles with the cold, you realize you're not just running; you're conquering the Sunday morning slumber dragon.

Sure, the initial steps might feel like negotiating with ice, but as you find your rhythm, you become a winter warrior, navigating the streets with a mix of determination and a touch of "What was I thinking?" humour. And as the sunrise peeks through the frosty trees, you realize that conquering the cozy bed was just the warm-up. Here's to Sunday morning winter runs—a blend of frosty challenges and the unexpected warmth of accomplishment.