

I'm Still Here

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It's been a while since I last posted (almost 4 months). Rest assured, I've been trying hard to get back into a consistent routine that will build me up to marathon distance, introduce speed, and hopefully avoid injury.

It's been hit-and-miss so far. A good build-up for a few weeks and then I'd lose my mojo, take a break, and have to reset again. Two steps forward, then one or even two steps back. I almost gave up entirely and then decided to try something new to get me back in the game. I set a two-week schedule of lots of short, easy runs. The first week, I ran almost every day and it got me back into the habit of running regularly, without the dread of the shortest run being at least 6 miles on a weekday evening after the slog of work! It felt good with no niggles present. The second week I reduced the number of runs and

added in an extra mile or two to each run. Worked a charm. This culminated in a good 10-mile run last weekend. The plan worked and awakened the beast!

Just to show how difficult it can be to become a consistent runner, building back up from injury and illness, the following week (this week just gone by), I haven't been running at all. I didn't feel tired or run down at the start of the week, I just felt that my mojo had completely left the building. The closest I got to running was Thursday evening when I drove somewhere nice to do a short run but just sat in the car once I got there and then headed back home and gave up. I felt quite disheartened that I'd made such a leap forward and then hit a brick wall mentally all over again.

It's now Saturday morning and my mojo is well and truly back! I'm really up for a long run and can't wait to get to it. My pre-run snack has been and gone and I'll be heading out for a half-marathon training run in an hour or so. Last weekend I managed a relatively quick 10 miles under a hot sun and with lots of hills thrown into the mix. The surprising and heartening main takeaway from that run was that my psychology clicked back into alignment with my physiology. I didn't take my foot off the gas completely on hills, I didn't worry about the hot sun or the heavy rain that eventually came on. I also wasn't continuously playing mind games to alleviate the boredom that can often arise during long runs. At least that has been regularly true for me for the last few months.

All in all, I'm still struggling to get back to my old consistency whilst being able to release the beast as and when required. The ups and downs I've just mentioned, that have occurred over just the last few weeks, have messed with my head a little. Am I bored of running and should move on to something else?

Am I just too old to physically do what I used to do? Has life in general jaded me to the point that my mojo has been broken beyond repair? Who knows!

I'm not done yet. I'm going to keep trying to get fully back in the game. Now that summer is here (apparently), it's the best time of the year to make a real go of it!