

Wimiped out and did the Zwift thing

I've done way too many Zwift rides this past year. In actual numbers, probably less than 10, but it still feels like 10 too many. This morning, when I got up at 6:50, the ground was still wet from last night's light rain, and it was easy to believe it would be a mess up on Skyline, and I still haven't fully prepped my rain bike. What's with that? Why haven't I gotten the rain bike ready this year? Doesn't that force my hand so I have to ride Zwift?

There are so many internal conflicts driving my choices. What happened to the good old days when I'd look forward to the weather being as nasty as possible, getting out there and riding because it was counter to what an intelligent person would think of doing? Thinking the significant acceleration of my Raynauds this year, causing my hands to be even more intolerant of colder weather than last year. It's crazy to think I wouldn't be able to ride half the year if not for heated gloves!!!

Riding on a trainer, using Zwift, wouldn't be so bad if I could get anything close to my normal power. The numbers tell the story; relative effort shows up as one-half to one-third on Zwift compared to a real-life ride, heart rate maxes out around 135 instead of 158, and power is reduced by about 25%. And yet, perceived effort... how I feel during the ride and at the end... Zwift, despite those numbers, is exhausting! You're staring at the miles remaining, or the amount of time you've been riding, and waiting for it to be over.

For today's ride, I chose a different option than normal, a "FREE RIDE" which means you can pick any course, whether it's one of the 2 out of 5 areas they offer on any given day or not. And for this type of ride, you choose the amount of time you want to ride as your target, not the distance. I went for two hours, thinking I can suffer just about anything for two hours, right? And then started clock-watching. You break things up into 30 minute chunks so, after riding for 30 minutes, you're 25% of the way there!

The other thing I noticed is how sore I get where my hamstrings attach to my pelvis, about 20 minutes in. In the real world, I wouldn't be feeling like that until I get out to the flat section of Pescadero Road, an hour and a half into the ride. Fortunately, just like the real world, you can ride through that pain and it goes away after about 20 minutes.

One thing's for sure. It's not about the time you spend on a bike; it's how you spend time on a bike that matters. Forgot to mention that I did try to make it as enjoyable as possible, choosing a route in France, complete with views of Mont Ventoux and Mont St Michel (which would be impossible to see on a single ride, as they're separated by several hundred miles). Maybe if I'd had a coffee & croissant stop mid-way it would have been better?