

There's no substitute, no alternative, to miles on the road

Well I've proven that I can't be a wimp and expect to maintain any level of fitness. I'd thought it would make sense, on really cold mornings, to ride on the trainer at home, competing against myself on Zwift. But it doesn't work that way. Yesterday I saw a weight on the scale I haven't seen in many years... 169. Ouch. Seems like it takes so very little deviation from what works, to a slippery slope towards a place I don't want to be.

So tomorrow morning, I'm going to be out there. Probably on my own as ex-Pilot's fighting a cold and "our" Kevin isn't going to be on a bike for probably a month, maybe more. This past Thursday he had a very painful procedure to try and fix his knee, the one that acts up on a regular basis when he rides hard. They removed some blood from him, spun it in a centrifuge to separate out the platelets, then painfully inject just the platelets back into the already-painful tendon, in 10-15 places. Hope it works because it's tough motivating myself to do longer, harder rides on my own.

And there's the other thing... just plain getting slower. The Tuesday/Thursday-morning rides which, back in the day, used to finish up at 9:18-9:22? Rode with ex-Pilot last week and we finished at 9:50! Just barely enough time to get home, take a shower and get to work in time to open. So there's really nothing more I can afford to lose... I have to refocus my efforts and play the game to win. Or at least not lose so badly.

--Mike--