

benched.

and the frustration that goes along with it.

a lot went on in the gym this last week, but not much by me. a touch of flu, while not forcing total rest, made even recovery workouts feel sluggish. the facinating thing is the voices. the deamons. that constant questioning if i am slacking, that knee jerk response to respond to discomfort by owning it. pouring salt into the wound. to punish oneself for that desire to quit by forcing another rep, another meter.

i am trying to be smart, smarter than that. but it is hard. there is always that doubt that i am not that sicktiredover-trained. that if i want it bad enough i can have it...

and there is a time for that. there is a time to sacrifice, to pay the price for success or survival with a pound of flesh, to hurl ones self into a task, into a contest, with no safety net and no reservation.

that test however, does not happen in a gym. does not happen as a part of ones training. there are things we do to try and ensure that on that day we are willing and able to carve off that price - with deliberate movements and a steady hand.

work is coming back - it hurt today, and i was not thrilled with the results. but one of the first things i learned when i started training was this little gem from Mark Twight - "you can't look good and improve at the same time"

warmup: 10 minute row

workout:

row. 500m must be completed every 2 minutes. continue until failure

i completed 15 rounds. 7500m in 30 minutes. the first few averaged 20-21 SPM and i was as high as 31-34 by round 15. it felt very different than holding 2:15/500m, this test will be re-examined in a few weeks...