



Running a fine line

Photo by [Israel Arias](#)

Two months and the crutches. Two months, fifteen days, and the boot. Three months and nothing, but literally, nothing.

Everyone said the recovery process would be the easy part. Hi, I'm Lauren, I'm a fitness addict, and the recovery process is not easy.

I'm going crazy not being able to run. I move a little slower when I walk, my shoulders slump a little more each time I sit, and my feet drag a little louder with each shuffling step I take.

Going from three workouts a day to three months of not being permitted to do anything more straining than a possible trip to the kitchen can really put a damper on a running career and goals.

Although it had been horribly lazy and depressingly muscle deteriorating, I did come to the realization of a possibly new perspective that could become beneficial later on in my running addiction (not saying I appreciate it much in the current situation or anything).

Whenever I find myself wanting to chuck a water bottle out my car window at a runner on the sidewalk, I've learned to take a deep breath and attempt to keep in mind this new perspective.

It could always be worse. Partially tore my left Achilles? Well, at least I didn't tear my Achilles entirely and become paralyzed in my left leg.

I try to focus on the positive things- like getting to sleep in, my health, and otherwise- to keep from getting too upset over my minor setback and not being able to run.

In the grand scheme of life, more or so just my current situation, three months off from running isn't going to kill me- though it does seem and feel as if it soon will- but rather make me stronger and willing to push even harder once I am released from physical therapy to do so.

Making it through recovery had definitely been the hardest part. It was easier adapting to the crutches and the boot, compared to the nothingness of recovery that yet still comes with constant hollering of phrases such as, "No running, Lauren," and threats such as, "Stop trying to exercise or next thing you know there will be cement in the bottom of your shoes, Lauren."

In the end, I just repeatedly remind and ask myself, "Would you rather be out three to four months, or years?"

Running is all about mind over matter. I don't mind, so it doesn't matter. Now that I don't have this personal form of euphoria, it matters and I do mind.