

I remember a poster.

A simple picture, with simple words.

Let reality be the grindstone on which you sharpen your hatred.

Better yet, your fear.

Your will.

You must be willing to smash your dreams and grind them into dust, a fine grit on which to hone your tools. The better for cutting. Cutting past the bullshit. cutting past excuses. Cutting to the heart of the matter. The reason we push. The reason we suffer. The reason we refuse to glide through life on the well worn path. The reason we choose the hard. The hurt. The wrench.

because fuck him. Fuck them. That's why.

We work hard because we know we don't have to. We are angry because we know we could roll over with a whimper and people would tell us that its ok. We work hard as an act of revenge upon the pieces of ourselves that want to be average. We work to become more than what we are.

We work our tools. Flesh and soul. Fear. Anger. Love. Compassion. Parts of a whole. Tools we learn. Tools we use. Strength and flexibility. Power and endurance. Speed. Agility. Of body and of mind. Parts of a whole. Pieces. Reflections of the work we have done. Of the promises we have made, and the ones we have broken.

We work to take responsibility. To claim our birthright. To remove the useless material. To grind down the conditioning that was forced upon us. To hone our sense of self, and learn to respect the edge. This tool requires a deft hand. requires patience and restraint and the willingness to act at the required moment without hesitation.

This is why we work. This is why we fight. This is why we push. The pain. The hours. The price we

pay. We are all creatures of our own making. We are dealt a hand, for better or worse, but it is how we play that exposes us for **who** and **what** we are. Our choices, not our gifts.

It is about definition.

And when the time comes, when the moment has consequences, we can stand and face them. Face them with the knowledge of a sculptor. Of an artist who has touched every piece. Who has handled and honed. Who has shaped each part with purpose. With knowledge and perspective. We can throw ourselves into the challenge, and regardless of the outcome, grow.

-the station.

raise the bar.