

everyone has that moment.

the moment. that first time you truly over-reach. the sensation of slipping, of loss of control. when you can't breathe, which makes you panic, to focus on that fact, and make it worse. the negative feedback - the searing limbs that make you want to lie down and cry - the terrifying realization that that doesn't help either....

that moment is the beginning of something new, or at least it can be, if you are willing to learn from it...

to learn that your body was built for this. people have done this since the dawn of time. this sensation is nothing new. people all over the world are working harder than you. it is your mind that has atrophied. become as used to comfort as your legs used to be...

but they changed, didn't they? in shape and tone and response to pressure... your body has begun to crave that acidity, that stress and twitch and hum of power. your mind will change. will thrum. if you let it.

realize that panic is feeding your mental and emotional collapse - and fucking stop it.

realize that lying there having a tantrum is not helping you recover, not creating a space for your body and mind to process what is going on - and fucking stop it.

realize that you are actually in control. that this is the only thing you are in control of. and exercise that for a change.

breathe deep. get up. move around.

the work will never get easier - you will just get harder.

being comfortable is simply realizing how truly uncomfortable you can be and still survive.

confidence, like patience, is earned. one challenge at a time.

pain is about thresholds. about realizing that wall is only the horizon - and there is a whole world on the other side.

this is where the proverbial shit gets real. this is where real and meaningful change happens. this space, this moment is where you learn to do what is right and not what is easy. this is where you learn to push, to shout back at the voices of complacency and mediocrity. this is where you leave your mark. where you make something happen.

by force of will alone.

and to do it again tomorrow.



five minutes with a 44# kettlebell can teach you something about yourself.



the next five minutes with it will teach you more.



smile or bare your teeth. cope how you need to, take notes, and don't fucking quit.



in the end, the motivation can only come from within.



remember that quitting will not make the pain go away, the damage is done, so you might as well finish what you started.







work leaves its mark.