

InnerFight

Endure Conquer Achieve

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Round 1

This point in time is hard to describe, for some its still the middle of the night for others it's the beginning of their day, for others yet their day is already hours old. The Fajr call to prayer has already echoed round a hollow town and I have acknowledged it and tried to steel the ever burning minutes before my alarm clock reminds me that the time has come round again.

My senses are barely in tact but what I can feel is a huge lump somewhere in the back quarter of my skull. It sits there pumping in a way my receptors don't know how to interpret, fear, casualness, nervousness, disinterest, excitement, ecstasy the list could go on and will continue to grow day by day. This lump is my InnerFight and at this non descript hour it is at its most lethal to perform, to break or to deliver something way outside of the dreams I enjoyed no less that ten minutes prior. Its erectness is what drives me, is what forces me out of the house, as soon as I have locked the front door I know what I will face and the anticipation is quite surreal.

As I wait for the elevator I still try and depict what time of day one can really call this, the display screen flashes every time the elevator itches closer to my floor and once I hear the dull chime of its arrival I am convinced there is only a few people going through a similar motion at this point in time. This is something that the InnerFight assures me and something that makes me realise that now that this procedure is engrained life will never actually be the same again.

Reaching the main road is where it hits me like someone has hit me with a board, its pitch black and the traffic is no existent on a road that will scream gridlock just 80 minutes from now. The excitement boils inside me with all the emotions of a witches bubble pot ready for the evil female preparing to cast a spell. The spell that will be upon me and which will surround me will allow me to make it through the next 1 hour of my life but it will never be the deciding factor, that is always reserved for my InnerFight.

The return journey is a time for reflection, some days the feelings are unmatched, both of achievement but also of a physical state that one may only feel a few times in one life. Everyday is different, if it was always the same it would become normality, it would become routine, these are ingredients that do not blend with the InnerFight, the InnerFight refuses to accept them and the result is much like a naked flame on a gas canister, once the InnerFight feels them within its neighborhood is implodes, it does not welcome, it does not extend hospitality and it takes no prisoners.

Endurance over this time span is what the InnerFight delivers, Conquering is the feeling of the individual and Achievement is the ultimate product of the InnerFight.

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