

2 Timothy 1:7-8

AGOGE NEW IDENTITY

The Ideal Version of Myself 6 Months From Now

My Power Phrases

- Vae Victus, [insert challenge here].
 - With this brick, I build my empire.
 - I can do all things through Christ who strengthens me.
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My Core Values

- Honesty
In all things. Marketing, relationships, and conversation.
 - Indomitable Spirit
I can't be beat no matter how difficult the challenge.
 - Assiduousness
Attention to detail with efficiency is the key to prosperity.
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My Non-Negotiables

- Daily Checklist
Agoge assignments, basic checklist, and especially training.
- Bible Study

Even if it's for 20 minutes.

- Develop my speech

Speak from your chest and heart, shallow word vomit is no good.

My Professional Accomplishments

- Secured my 3rd client.

After I provided results for my warm outreach client, he was ecstatic with the results! I gained a 10% rev share deal in exchange for work I'm now so good at, it can be done in an hour each day. My second client came from cold outreach, where I nailed the call by keeping quiet, smiling, and making them spill every problem and desire they have— it was an easy close from there. That tacked on a 20% rev share deal. My 3rd came today, this time from word of mouth. My fitness client attended a small business seminar, and brought my name up— I barely even spoke on our call this morning. I'll be building his social media from scratch, and completely revamping his funnel. A challenge I haven't faced since client numero uno. My reputation is results, and I will provide them with assiduousness, and my undying will to improve.

- I'm a Real Life Rainmaker.

It's only up from here. The Agoge program seems so far away, but it transformed me into a more analytical, fear-stomping, stronger man. I got the monthly earnings report from my first client's website, \$14,000 in revenue this month alone. It's time to make my name known, and put these skills to use in other markets.

- My marketing brain never turns off!

AND IT SUCKS! The only distractions that get me are from bomb-ass ads like this one scrolling through my client's competitors' website. I can use this to my advantage. I even determined their entire target market just by skimming that sales page (even if it was just because they hired a sloppy Copywriter). I'm so

much better today than the beginning of the year, it's started to seep over into my conversations with other people. It's ingrained persuasiveness, not manipulation, mom!

Rewarding Myself

- Just bought a ring....

That's right... 21 hour client-work weeks. I get more done in a day now than ever. In fact, I just sat down and created a fully functional sales page in two hours, and it already made its first sale. Waking up at 4am, working out for an hour, and engaging my analytical work brain until 8am gets 10x more done than anyone else for the entire work day. Just bought a \$2,500 diamond ring in my back left pocket. It's time to secure the rest of my life.

- September 17th, 2024. It's concert time.

I remember dreaming about this \$600/night AirBNB on the Upper East Side when I first started marketing, and I've definitely earned it. 3 weeks away with the finest, most supportive woman on this planet is the best feeling in the world. Tomorrow we're heading to Brooklyn to see one of our favorite bands. It reminds me of the Post Malone concert exactly to-the-day one year ago, except then I was dumb, broke, and wandering aimlessly through a shitty enslaved life.

This was the goal, I anchored down, and earned the right to enjoy it (with some quick client work each day, of course— but who gives a fuck. **I enjoy it**).

- Next on my nomad hitlist, Japan.

This one will be good. I just booked business class flight tickets to Japan, a 5 star hotel, and made all the preparations for a true adventure. I can't wait to surprise *her* with it. She's been wanting this as bad as me for years, and now, we can finally have it.

The look of joy on her face as I switch the TV source from true crime to the USB stick I popped in earlier, and the realization. It's going to be golden. After all, providing world-class experiences and giving her the best life possible over anything else.

My Appearance And How Others Perceive Me

- How did I ever make due with stupid casual t-shirts and sweatpants?

Now, I dress comfortably, in the perfect casual-confident style I've always dreamed of. Short-sleeve t-shirts, luxurious button-downs, nice ass jeans and khakis, and new shoes feel so good. Just placed an order from a Christian t-shirt company so I can wear my faith while I'm out with my fiancé. After all, I have God to thank for my success.

- Chopping off my luscious locks is freedom.

No more shampoo **and** conditioner, no more tangled hair. After I woke up, hit the gym, did my client work, showered, shaved, and ate a bowl of protein cereal (came a long way on that one, right?), I went to the nicest barber, got the most low-maintenance high-quality haircut of my life. I even stared in the mirror, proud of how far I've come from a year ago. My client was definitely surprised when we hopped on the Zoom call, but hey, I donated it– that's my excuse for growing it. This unlocked even more professional opportunities with old-school business owners, and I'm seeing the benefits in my networking.

- So *that's* what working out does.

Damn, I didn't think I'd feel and look as good as I do. For the first time in my life, I'm seeing the real benefits of what pushing yourself to the physical extreme looks like. I haven't left the gym without breaking a sweat in half a year, and it's paying off. My posture is better, my speech is clearer, and I'm no longer the scrawny kid that's looked disrespectfully on by my whole family. They call me lucky, but how I'm built now is through a long, strenuous sculpting process of

my mental, physical, and work ethic. They can't say shit anymore— they wish they had even half of my motivation.

My Day In The Life Stories.

Story 1: The Rainmaker's Advantage

The first streaks of dawn were barely painting the mountaintops as I sat at my desk. It wasn't even 5 am, yet my mind buzzed with strategies. A fresh pot of coffee steamed nearby, the rich aroma a counterpoint to the crisp mountain air. The ring of my phone broke the silence—a hot prospect eager to turn that competitor's ad I'd analyzed into their own advantage.

"Vae Victus, weak competitor," I muttered, the fire of challenge igniting my words. An hour later, the deal was closed. Another brick in the empire, laid with honesty and meticulous planning.

After a rigorous workout and a short Bible study, it was back to work. Today was about scaling, systemizing. Each client interaction honed my approach, and as if on cue, that second 10% rev share check landed in my inbox. The rain was falling, and it was all mine.



Story 2 – A Delicious Surprise

The keyboard clicked rhythmically as words flowed out, building a sales page that promised results. I wasn't the same man who used to build those pages with shaky hands and imposter syndrome eating him alive. This me, this confident professional – he was a mask I'd worn so long, it had become my true face.

A whiff of freshly baked cookies drifted from the kitchen, a delicious distraction. That was her, filling in the gaps, taking care of all the things my work-obsessed brain could never focus on. When we'd first vowed to build this life together, I had no clue just how much she'd carry. A warmth spread through my chest, gratitude mingling with the sweet scent in the air.

That jaw-dropping ring glinted on my screen, a testament to every client win. It was for her, a symbol of all we'd overcome and the promise of the future. Dinner tonight wouldn't just be a celebration. It was a way to say thank you, to acknowledge that this empire wasn't mine alone. This was the kind of success that had purpose, that would allow me to give back for everything we've been through. This felt better than any deal ever closed.



Story 3: The Nomad's Reward

New York's energy pulsed through me as I strode down the street, the crisp autumn air invigorating. That Post Malone concert a year ago felt like a lifetime away. Tonight was different—a balcony suite with views of the skyline, an indulgent reward for hitting goals, for refusing to settle for mediocrity.

Later, over champagne and the twinkling city lights, she squealed with delight. "Business class to Japan!" I grinned, remembering the look on my client's face when I proposed the retainer

bump. Experiences over possessions, always. "With these bricks, I build my empire!" I toasted, and this time, it was an empire we built together.



Story 4: The Transformative Cut

The barber's clippers buzzed against my scalp, each pass a shedding of the past. Gone was the insecurity hiding under long hair, replaced by a clean-cut confidence that aligned with the man I'd become. Stepping out into the sunlight, I felt lighter, sharper, like the professional I now was.

My video call with a traditional, suit-and-tie client started with a chuckle. "What's with the buzz cut, son?" he asked. I squared my shoulders, the new haircut accentuating the strength I'd forged. "Results, sir," I replied, my voice clear and authoritative. "Let's talk about yours." The sale on my new project plan closed within the hour. Appearances mattered, but only when aligned with the substance beneath— and I'm getting closer to aligning them every day.



Story 5: Sculpted by Sweat

Each rep in the gym was a declaration of war against weakness, a step towards the self-respect I'd long craved. Sweat dripped, muscles burned, but my spirit soared. I saw it in the mirror, this new body, sculpted through sheer will. This, more than any fat check, was the true measure of my transformation.

Back home, showering off the day's grit, I caught my reflection. The scrawny kid was gone, replaced by a man with defined shoulders and a confident gaze. My family's comments faded into background noise. They might see luck, but I saw the relentless pursuit of my best self. Vae Victus - woe to the conquered - and today, past doubt was the victim.

