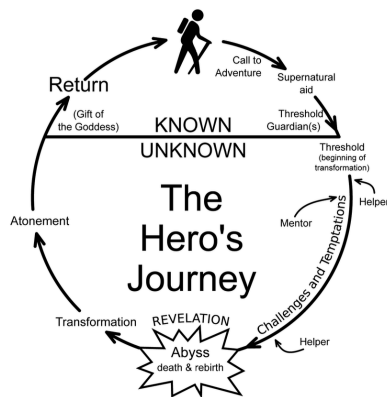


Mission: Create a Story



1) Map out the elements of a hero's journey for the story.

- Call to adventure: The desire to excel at a sport
- Guardians: Powerhouse sports coaches (corey) and community comes into their life and shows them a clear path to improvement
- Threshold/ Beginning of transformation: They train for a few months and work through the day in and day out grind to make steady improvements.
- Abyss/Revelation: One day a sudden injury occurs that sidelines them and all hope of reaching the end goal seems momentarily lost.
- Transformation: They realize this injury could either make or break their athletic career and decide to bear down. To their fortune, they have one of the best weapons in the game, powerhouse sports. They use this weapon and its mentorship, guidance, and resources and decide to scratch and crawl out of the dark hole they are currently in.
- Atonement: They grind daily, through the tedious and monotonous rehab, behind the scenes. But there is hope and light at the end of the tunnel for an epic return.

- Return: They come back to sport stronger and more powerful than ever before, inspiring others, overcoming personal demons, and completing this small chapter in the tale of their hero's journey.

2) Create a hook: Screams and chants filled the weightroom, I stepped up to the bar and gripped with everything I had. I pulled hard and felt the blood rushing to my head as the weight slowly cracked off the ground. "Lock it out!", coaches and teammates screamed. I reached the top of the rep and the room roared with cheers, I slammed the weight to the floor and was berated with high fives and chest bumps. I sat on a bench exhausted and felt someone sit down beside me. Corey patted me on the back and embraced me by his side with one arm and a warm smile.

3) Mix in a few sympathetic and emotional experiences:

- Shortly after this triumph would be one of my biggest downfalls of my life. A near career ending ACL rupture. I felt hopeless and angry, what was once a path to glory and achievement seemed to be coming to an end. This path gave me the feeling of power and respect from everyone in my life. It seemed that just as fast as the universe had presented me with this path that I held dear to my heart it had picked me up and dropped me in no man's land with no light at the end of the tunnel.
- After some long and lonely reflection, I realized that this could end my athletic career, and I could go find a job and live a normal life and it wouldn't be all that bad. However, this path seemed very bland and I ultimately knew I would forever live a life of quiet desperation. But, if I could bear down and somehow overcome this seemingly insurmountable obstacle I could become stronger than ever before both in the body and the mind. I picked up my phone and called Corey, he somberly answered the phone with a

sympathetic tone. This quickly changed when he heard a sign of life in my voice. I told him that I wanted to try and come back. His voice, which honestly sounded doubtful, told me that he could help me. I knew that it would be hard, but to me the end result would be worth it.

4) Mix in a few ways to build trust and authority:

- I felt the feeling of despair but quickly realized that I have the resources through Corey (my trainer) and powerhouse sports to come back from this if I choose.
- Powerhouse could offer me the professional guidance I needed and also surround me in an environment filled with other coaches and athletes who really care about me.

Final Product based off template:

Screams and chants filled the weight room. I stepped up to the bar, sweat dripping from my forehead, and gripped the cold metal with everything I had. I took a deep breath, summoning the energy from deep within, and pulled hard. The weight seemed glued to the floor at first, but I felt the blood rushing to my head as it slowly cracked off the ground.

"Lock it out!" my coaches and teammates yelled. Their voices fueled my strength, pushing me to keep going. The bar reached the top of the rep, and the room erupted in cheers. I let the weight crash down, the thud echoing through the gym as I staggered back, gasping for air. High-fives and chest bumps came from every direction, the exhilaration still pulsing through my veins. I collapsed onto a bench, my muscles trembling with exhaustion.

As I caught my breath, I felt someone sit down beside me. Corey, my coach, wrapped an arm around my shoulder, pulling me in with a

warm smile. "Great work, kid," he said. "But remember, this is just the beginning."

Little did I know that shortly after this triumph, I'd be facing one of the darkest moments of my life.

The Fall: A Harsh Awakening

A routine training session became my downfall. A sharp, searing pain shot through my knee, and I collapsed to the ground. I heard a pop—then nothing but silence as everything faded away. The doctor's diagnosis confirmed my worst fear: a torn ACL. A near career-ending injury.

Hopelessness and anger consumed me. What had been a path to glory and achievement now seemed shattered beyond repair. The respect I'd earned and the power I felt on the field vanished as quickly as they had come. It felt like the universe had picked me up only to drop me in a wasteland, with no light at the end of the tunnel. I spent weeks feeling lost and abandoned, plagued by doubt.

I lay awake at night, staring at the ceiling, my mind swirling with despair. *Is this it?* I wondered. *Am I going to let this be the end of my journey?* I imagined a life without my sport—a normal life that wouldn't be all that bad, really. But deep down, I knew that a quiet, comfortable life would leave me with a deep sense of regret.

The Decision: Rising from the Ashes

After days of restless reflection, I picked up my phone and called Corey. His voice was quiet and sympathetic, but I could sense a glimmer of hope in his tone as I spoke. "I want to try and come back," I

said. There was a brief silence, followed by his words: "It's going to be tough, but I'm with you every step of the way."

I knew then that my journey wasn't over. I wasn't going to let this injury define me. I had the resources—Corey's guidance, the expertise of the powerhouse sports community, and my own relentless drive. This wasn't just about getting back to where I was; it was about coming back stronger. It was about clawing my way out of the darkness and into a new light, one painstaking step at a time.

The Grind: Transforming Through Pain

The days that followed were some of the hardest of my life. Rehab was a monotonous grind—tedious exercises that seemed to yield little progress. But I forced myself to trust the process. The pain was a constant reminder of how far I had to go, but Corey and the rest of the coaches at Powerhouse wouldn't let me give up.

I spent hours in the training room, sweat stinging my eyes, muscles trembling as I pushed my limits. The coaches kept me grounded, reminding me that every small victory was a step closer to my comeback. I would see athletes on the field, running drills and playing the game I loved, and I'd feel a pang of envy mixed with determination. It wasn't my time yet—but it would be.

The Return: Stronger Than Ever

Months passed, and each day brought a little more strength back into my body. The scar on my knee was a constant reminder of what I'd gone through, but it also symbolized what I had overcome. Finally, the day came when I was ready to step back on the field.

I was different now—not just physically, but mentally. I had conquered the doubts that once plagued me and silenced the fear that tried to hold me back. As I took those first steps onto the turf, I could feel the eyes of my teammates and coaches on me, waiting to see if I still had it.

But this time, the cheers that filled the air weren't for a lift in the weight room or a sprint time; they were for something deeper—a recognition of the struggle, the sacrifice, and the relentless drive that had brought me back. I wasn't just an athlete returning to sport; I was someone who had faced the abyss and clawed my way out, stronger and more resilient than ever before.

I would continue my journey, now equipped with a lesson that only adversity could teach me. And I knew that no matter what lay ahead, I had the strength to face it head-on.