Sahara Marathon: A Journey of endurance

**Preparing of the desert**

A marathon in the Sahara, is not only brutal torcher but reality. For the past months, I have not only isolated myself to such scorching temperature to build stamina and endurance, but I have also come back with sweaty backs and fevers from such temperatures that now I can’t lift my foot. And tomorrow is the marathon, I need to be ready!

**Battling the elements**

The day had arrived, and there I was running the path of great sufferance, only to win a medal that I wasn’t even sure I’d win. I started around in despair, my eyes met with nothing but sand, quickly losing any sense of direction. My legs, bombarded with the element of painfulness, jelly like as I trudged continuedly through the unfathomable tapestry, the merciless sun searing my exposed skin. Each step of mine, echoing the deathly survival place, describing how my life was not just Precariously balanced and dehydrated but an inch close to death.

**The Unforgettable Journey**

The filtering sun, eerily resplendent was an unforgettable experience. The marathon, in such conditions was sublimely transcendent. The experience unable to be worded as I dragged my legs to the slope and down. Questions plummeted on the horizon – will I survive? Each breathe Sang a chorus of distorted trust as I changed the attitude of pure fatigue to bountiful determination! I sprinted fast as I could. I knew I could do this. I knew I was prepared to win!

**The Mental challenge**

Mental strength doesn’t only play a crucial part in completing the marathon, but building positivity that provides my body with strength. Sooner, I see a small red ribbon in the distance. Was I nearly there? It seemed like if I’d been running for over a decade as I knew I couldn’t doubt myself. I knew I was there! I run even faster, eager to be first. I got this. I just know.

**Crossing the finish line**

Nothing was unrelentingly enjoyable as this monument. As I crossed the finish line, my emotions were as radiant as the sun. Pure joy and relief took over my body. The feeling of accomplishment after all the gruesome challenges was like being free from prison at last. I’d finished the path of lava hues that melted in the densely packed sand. Each step I took after the finish pulled me to the floor as if I was playing the world’s most terrifying squid Game.