**MY ASSIST SOUL & THE MUMBAI MARATHON**

20TH January, 2013

Mumbai Marathon took off on time from Azad Maidan and the Half marathon from Bandra Fire Brigade at .5.40a.m. The morning was nice and cool, my mind in a turmoil, should I go ahead with it or turn back, will I be making a fool of myself – no, why am I going into that mode, still continuing towards my destination at Bandra, not before long I realised I had already reached my destination, my watch showed 5.15a.m, my mind still working on “yes – no, the crowd is huge, people young & not so old, and from various corporates at the half marathon of 21 Kms, couldn’t make out if I knew anyone here, doesn’t matter, -- I need to focus, focus on the 21 Kms., how much time was it going to take me – no idea, gosh, am I doing the right thing, --- oh, hello Khush stop it – you love the marathon, and hey, who is going to judge you anyways, this is not a race you are running to win, you are doing this for a reason. Yes, yes, I am doing this for a reason, I love sports, and all that it stands for.

Then all of a sudden I remembered the ASSIST SOUL we were told about just 1 or 2 Thursdays prior to the day of the marathon. Oh yes, Assist Soul, -- ok are you there my Assist Soul, look here, I need you to assist me in this, I am going to give not my 85% as was told to us, but I am giving my 100% so you better be here with me, assist me please, you must assist me, -- did a little spot jogging – ouch my foot & knee extremely painful, hurting from the massive fall just 1 Sunday before the marathon day, but I have to do this, I have to – the crowd was massive, and very noisy, -- looking at my watch now, oh it is 5.40a.m, already, soon I saw the flag wave to start – crowds of people pushing their way through – oh no, I am limping, can hardly make it – God help me, be with me – I have to do this I have to – come on, Assist Soul; where the heck are you, -- damn – I have to ignore the pain – move Khush, move, - come on you can do it -- come on good, good go on – go, go Khush, go – there are many more in the arena who are in worst situations than you running this marathon, go on – go on -------- yes, yes, very soon I gained momentum, pain numbing, great – go, go Khush – good going --- half way through the Sea-link – ouch – oh no, what happened, -- stumbled someone behind me preventing me from falling – turned round to thank him – he apologised for stepping on my foot – adjusting my shoes – again the pain – no, ignore, no pain the pain does not exist --- gathering momentum again – that’s great – keep on, go, go, finishing the Sea link on to Worli, Hajiali, Peddar Road still going good, I could see some dropping off on the way side, what’s the time – eh, carry on Khush, don’t look at the time no – forget just go – crowds on the outside cheering, Run run Mumbai, run Mumbai run --- all throughout, this is good motivation – I love the cheering – go, go, go Khush, go --- oouch – not again – at Kemps Corner stumbled again, severe pain stabbing the sole of my foot and my knee again hurting twice as much, again limping – oh no, my shoes, they tore, --- now what, - don’t bother, carry on Khush – I heard a voice telling me, who is this calling out I wondered – well doesn’t matter -- thank you for speaking with me, again picking up momentum --- water, I need water – or do I --- just grab a bottle, yes I need this, poured it on my head gulped some while running / jogging – on another bridge, oh no, something piercing my foot badly, lots of tiny stones gone into my shoes, a stone piercing right through my other shoes, this too broke, trying desperately to shake them all off while jogging – Assist Soul can you help in this situation, I wonder –I don’t want to stop no, I don’t want to, I could feel my socks wet and sticky, carry on just a little bit more now Khush carry on, don’t stop you are doing well, hey Khush look where you have reached, look, look, no, no, i don’t want to, quite a few people gone before me, don’t want to count any more, I must go on before the rest, go, go, go, my pace increasing, some how at this point in time I felt the Masters and the Thursday group was cheering me on, this is awesome, I am enjoying this, woh, 3 people dropping off at the way side, – go, go – just 5 Kms more, aah, so many stones in both my shoes, piercing my feet like anything, just ignore and go, a smile appearing on my face,- I can do it, - no pain, nothing, I can do it – again hearing my name Khush you are doing well, carry on go, go, and Run Mumbai Run, run, run, run so much cheerings, – just 2 Kms left, must do it, wow had finished so much, who ever did say, “*that the last mile is the longest mile home”*?, no, not for me, feeling parched, need water again, grabbing a bottle, heard someone cheering me – hey Khush you there, that’s great, run, run – didn’t stop to see who it was, huge crowds all along, quite bright by now – aarey, am finishing, wow, I am finishing, there I could see the finish – of course some better younger and more abled ones had finished before me, and what ever time it is --- made it , yes I made it looking at the time now, 7.50 – what?, wow I made it in 2 hrs 10 mins., that’s great, quickly moving to a side dropping myself on the ground, gathering my breath and energies, now I could feel the intensity of my pains, my knees feel too sticky, wet and painful, removing my shoes to check my foot - oh my, God, a big hole in my left shoe and a huge slit right across in my right foot, removing them, blood oozing from my left foot, lots of it, now what, pulled up my tracks to check my left knee, oh no, the wound on my knee that was healing at first, was now bleeding all over again. Assist Soul help me please, i have no first aid with me, feeling thirsty looking around for water to drink and clean my wounds, -- people were enjoying the stage shows, more people pouring in this time for the dream run which was about to start in an hour’s time, --mentally wishing them the very best, and adjusting my socks and shoes again will have to manage till I reach the chemist at Churchgate station – ah! A glass of water being handed to me, wow – thank you so much - looking up a lady getting ready for her dream run, offering me a bottle, splashing water on my face, sipping a bit, and cleaning the blood off my knee & sole of my foot, -- thank you so, so much.

I instantly felt that my ASSIST SOUL HAD ACTUALLY COME TO ASSIST ME. Thank you my ASSIST SOUL.

**THANK YOU SOHRAB FOR THAT LOVELY CHANNELLING**