

I knew this was my moment

[Art & Culture](#), [Dance](#)



I could remember when I was young, one day, my mother suddenly dragged me out to a concert that I wasn't all that enthusiastic about. I was planning on persuading my mother otherwise, but the moment I stepped in and the concert started, I immediately fell in love. I was enchanted by the stage effects, the dancers, and the pure vocal talent of the artist. It was then that everything had started, and my world had changed. At that moment, I knew what I wanted in life.

Immediately after the concert, I told my mother that I wanted to sign up for vocal and dancing lessons. Needless to say, she was astonished at my sudden change of attitude, but she seemed to understand. Over the years, I trained, and over the years, my passion grew. My life revolved around the dance and vocal lessons I took. But of course, my studies weren't neglected; I needed a back-up plan if my plans to become a star fell through, though I would definitely prefer if it didn't.

Many people said that aspiring to become a singer was not realistic, that it was just that, a dream. But I never wavered, I never felt discouraged, and most importantly, I never lost hope. When I was sixteen, I took part in a local singing competition, and was unexpectedly scouted by a representative of a small talent agency. He gave me his name card, introduced himself, and told me to call if I was interested. That day, I ran all the way home, and told my parents.

Although they didn't seem to agree with me, being only sixteen and all, they eventually caved in with my constant begging. With their consent, I immediately dialed the number on the card, I wasn't about this chance pass me by. After that phone call, my life took another turn. I was thrown into a <https://assignbuster.com/i-knew-this-was-my-moment/>

busy life with almost no free time for myself. I'd spend the whole morning in school, and then my afternoons, and sometimes evenings, as a trainee at the agency. Although every day was tiring, I enjoyed those days.

That life lasted for about four months. After four months as a trainee, they decided that I had enough training, that I was good enough and could finally have my debut, with all the lessons I had before entering the agency. The moment I received the news, I was ecstatic for days, almost nothing could bring me down. The two months after that were spent writing and composing songs. It was decided that they would strip away all other stage effects and focus on my voice, which was my forte.

And now, sitting in the preparation room while make-up artists do their final touch up on my face, I recall the past and how my dream had started. Instead of letting my dream remain a dream, I was about to make it come true. More than nervous, I feel excited. Instead of standing below the stage, watching performers enchant the audience, it was finally my turn to stand upon that ground and demand the attention of the whole stadium. Standing backstage and watching the audience of hundreds, maybe a thousand, I could feel the nerves getting to me, and then the excitement overriding the nerves.

The curtains closed upon the end of the previous act, a signal for me to go on stage. This was it, I thought, as the MC introduced me, the curtains opened, and the lights blinded me. Blinking a few times as my eyes adapted to the light, I could see clearly right in front of me, the thousands of people in the audience. At that moment, I knew. I knew that this was my moment, and it was going to be all or nothing. This was the moment I have been

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waiting for all my life, the moment I have gone through all the blood, sweat and tears for.

This was the moment that would change my life, for good; the moment that would decide if my career as a celebrity would turn for the better or for the worse. After all, in the entertainment industry, it's the first impression that counts. Standing on the extravagant stage, half blinded by the lights, in awe of the number of people in the audience, and excitement rushing through every pore of my being, I sang my heart out, expressing my ineffable feelings for it, for music. Giving it my all, all I could do now was hope that my all was enough.