

The hardest decision i ever made

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The Hardest Decision I Ever Made It was about 3 months ago when everything started; I woke up one day and got ready to go to work. Since it was the summer break my father had asked me if I could help out in the hotel because the receptionist had a surgery and couldn't come to work for a whole month, so I accepted. I finished getting ready and left. On my way out I stopped by our letterbox because something was stuck there, (A leaf I think). I opened the letterbox and there it was: the leaflet that changed my whole life.

That leaflet was not any leaflet: it was a publicity leaflet for the best rhythmic gymnastics club that was moving its training location to the public school near my house. While I was reading the leaflet, it brought back to me the memories of the years in elementary school when all of my friends did rhythmic gymnastics and I was the only one who was forced by her mother to do every single day 3 hours of ballet after school. I would always look at them playing with the ribbons they would bring to school or try to teach me how to do a handstand.

Flexibility wasn't a problem since in ballet I needed to be very flexible when doing the jump-split*(it's when you jump in the air and do a sideways split while you're in the air) also in my category I was the only girl to be able to do the perfect-split (when you do a sideways or frontal split and lean backwards and forwards with your upper body and touching the ground with your nose). Looking at the paper made me regret even more the decision I had made to quit ballet when I turned 14. The lame excuse was that studying got harder and exams were more frequent, the conclusion was: no more ballet.

My mother, after a lot of convincing, accepted my decision and I no longer did ballet. Such a silly decision. I should have continued, because of that most of my flexibility is gone. On the leaflet there was a name and a phone number, it also said the first day of tryouts is free, I had absolutely nothing to lose, the tryouts were free, the day of the tryouts I was free, and the place was literally a 5 minutes' walk from my house. I had no excuse not to go. The time to leave for the tryouts was close and my nerves grew bigger, What if I suck? What if I can't do the split anymore? What if I get laughed at?

All sorts of questions started to pop up in my head at the speed of light, I was really looking forward to it but at the same time I was dreading the minutes that passed by. I took my phone out and dialed my dad's number to cancel but then it hit me, I was not the only one who was going for tryouts, other girls were going too. Other girls who might have never done rhythmic gymnastics as well! That's why it is called tryouts, silly me! I took my bag and left the office. The weather outside was sunny but the wind was strong and cold, what's new! The weather almost always was cold and windy here even though it was still in mid-august.

We arrived and entered the building. The school gate was big and somewhat outdated, there were trees blocking the view, only a path made of stones was visible. My dad made his way through the trees and I followed behind. I trusted my father, since when he was in high school, he attended this school. The narrow stone path led to a wide and big playground outdated too, we climbed up the stairs and entered the gymnasium, once inside the teacher greeted us and told me to go over to the girls and introduce myself, I made fast friends with the girls and the lesson started.

In all my 12 years of ballet and other hobbies, none made me feel so excited and happy like rhythmic gymnastics. I felt the same feeling of elegance and grace that I had felt in ballet in rhythmic gymnastics, but there was another feeling, a feeling that had been missing in ballet, I felt for the first time that I wasn't doing it out of obligation for my mom. For the first time I was willing to go on my own.