

I was a little version of Hamlet in middle school, which followed me through time like a shadow. Like him, indecisive and hesitant were perfect adjectives to describe my character. In moments of making a judgment, I constantly floundered, which later transformed me into a reluctant and bashful leader. Several classmates teased me for my indecision, calling me “Hamlet,” and spreading rumors that I was incapable of being Class President throughout the whole school. Some of them even proposed impeaching me to the teacher. She indeed rejected this, but it still immensely discouraged me. Since I cared about my leadership position, I was concerned that this situation would reoccur. Unpredictably, my transformation began with a minor event, inspiring me to overcome my trauma of indecision and become a better leader.

It was almost the end of the semester, nearing October, which was a perfect season for sports day. Sports Day is an important day in Korea when students in school compete with each other by racing and playing sports like soccer and basketball to promote cooperation and relieve stress from studying. In Korea, we usually choose group t-shirts for each class on sports day, to create strong team bonds. As President, I was in charge of choosing those shirts. The homeroom teacher gave our class time to examine different options. The vice president and I stood at the center of the class and got ready to listen to the opinions of other students. Several opinionated speakers came up with some ideas for Football uniforms. However, others argued that they were boring and suggested that Dragon Ball shirts would be a better option. From that moment, everything became chaotic. Everyone started shouting with glee because no teacher was overseeing the meeting. Filled with animosity and arguments, the class was split into two halves: Dragon Ball vs Football.

In a bustling and turbulent classroom, I stared at the ceiling. I was drowning in a sea of frustration, overwhelmed and angered by my classmates’ overreactions. I whispered to the Vice President, “Even Andrew Churchill couldn’t solve this problem.” The Vice President was in the same state as me: frozen by the atmosphere, blank look, and fingernails in her mouth. The situation also made me relive mortifying childhood memories. By choosing to enter a piano contest, I had made serious mistakes and felt the world’s deepest embarrassment. I was nervous and worried that I would repeat the mistake, but at the same time, I kept telling myself that I couldn’t do anything if I just followed the flow of the situation every single time. In my brain, an imaginary voice spoke to me:

“Just do it, and think later.” The simple, baritone voice bombarded me and drove me to overcome my fear. This stimulated my strong will with agony, but, I still couldn't believe my old dilemma would be solved. However, the desire to speak awakened me to move.

As a result, I shouted like a loudspeaker, which was not my usual style of handling the students, making my class more calm and tranquil. I roared to the group that I'd proceed with a debate and vote. They all nodded and agreed. First, we conducted a vote to make the decision fairly, but the vote was tied. Next, we moved into our second option, debate, and argued efficiently with great opinions and reasons behind it. I already made one decision by shouting, and this was another time to show my will. My Vice President and I shared the same opinion about preferring a Football uniform since it could express the color of our class more clearly. Right after we made this decision, the bell rang and most of the students ran out to the corridor. This sound seemed very far away from me. I stood right in the center of the class where I had made the decision. The exhausted breathing and squeaking of the door were the only sounds that existed at the moment. I witnessed the vivid flashback of the whole process, feeling both tired and proud of what I had done. It was as capturing as drinking milk tea on a cold winter night. I could finally overcome my deepest fear and feel released from my weary past.

This event not only reshaped my characteristics as a decisive leader but also gave me the confidence to bring up a creative idea that was hibernating in my brain. Hugely impressed at my actions, I'm looking forward to applying the points that I learned, not just letting it be a one-off event. From casual to formal stuff, I don't waste my time choosing my daily T-shirts or hesitate to lead my peers in my club activities. The habit makes me relaxed.. However, one thing is on my mind: Did I solve the problem at that moment? Or maybe I just have someone else make the decision? I still think that I made the class participate in the process and choose the final design of the shirts, which was a firm action. Since this moment became a spark in my life, I believe, firmly, that everything has its seeds