

WHY ME? I WANT TO SING!

So young Choi

Whenever I am under pressure and trying to be calm with it, I think about one of my memories in my elementary school years. Sometimes I want to make everything good, and if it's not, I tend to feel exhausted easily. Then I think of it, laughing a little and getting relieved.

As most children do, I loved singing with my friends. I believed that I'm a pretty good singer, because I had been going to piano class and I was one of the good player. Or maybe the little me thought I could do everything well. One day I got to Karaoke with my family, and I sang with my brother. As song went to the high tones, I couldn't keep going. But my brother could. He hadn't entered puberty since he was only 5 years old, He was a boy though. I said, "Why not me? I want to exchange the voice with him." My mother answered that he can sing well since he took after my father, and I seem to take after her, not a good singer.

Then I entered school. I was a good student. I got good grades at every exam and always was a president in my classes. I was sure everyone in the class likes me and that was what I wanted. So on the fifth year, when my teacher said that we are going to have a singing test taking turn, one person at a time, I didn't know what I should do. I still loved singing with my classmates, when the song goes to the high tones, however, I stopped making the voice and just pretended to be singing, moving only my mouth. I was afraid that if they see my sing, they would be disappointed with me and walk away from me. Yes, I completely lost my confidence at singing. I didn't think I can sing all by myself, in front of the others. I practiced the song over and over at home. I knew it wouldn't be getting better,

but that was all I could do, thinking how I can make it a little, a little of little better. I felt sad. Why me? I want to sing well, please. But nothing changed. I was very afraid of the test day.

The day came, and I went to school thinking why I was not sick on that day. The music class came, and the teacher called my name. I stood myself up. Everyone was looking at me with the expecting eyes. I started singing with my voice shaken. As the tone goes high, I, or something inside me, started laughing. I was very shy of my singing, and trying to hide it behind my laugh. I was singing, half, and I was laughing, half, taking test, standing in front of the others. "...He...huhhh...was...s...hhhe...draw...hhh...ing...hhhhhaa..." My friends started laughing and finally the whole class was laughing at me. Even one of the boys was laughing putting his head down to his desk. Oh, it was very Shame on me. I couldn't put my head up and see my friends' faces.

I can laugh with it now, but back then, it was the thing that made me serious. Now, I can say to myself, "Don't worry, you've got a lot," when I feel like want to get everything. Yes, I am grown-up!