

# Despite Fear

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This started off in spring 2019. My back ached. As the days passed, things got worse. Worse after playing my beloved volleyball, worse after sitting in classes, and worse by every single second. I was worried. I thought my friends will get annoyed if I complained excessively about pain. I was fretful of how I was weak compared with others.

This continued for the next few months until I visited my doctor and was diagnosed with spondylolysis. I was both overwhelmed and filled with relief. The torment wasn't my fault at all. It was all my bones' fault. I no longer had to blame myself. I cannot forget how satisfied I was. However, that atmosphere faded instantly. The doctors banned me from playing sports. Wait. To ban sports? I had already been banned from dance, which I really loved with for health issues, and now volleyball? Why do I always have to say goodbye to my favorite things? I really want to ask. It was such a heartbreaking news to hear. I thought I had fallen off the edge of the cliff.

Volleyball was my life. Whenever I felt sore about something, volleyball cheered me up and that was the most exciting part of the day. This sport requires the players to communicate within the team and to connect the ball as if trying not to cut the road which it will connect us to the new world. You cannot touch the ball twice, so we have to rely on others in order to connect the ball. Trusts and bond, we as a team needs to be mentally and physically connected. Every ball, every move, every point is made by everyone in the court. We all cheer for everyone inside the court. I really loved this sport because it is a sport that the ball and the relationships are connected the same time.

Now that this moment has vanished in me, I have nothing to feel satisfied every single day. I couldn't help myself to imagine about what my cold frosted future is going to be like. My excitement for everyday has now gone in me. To take it positively though, I felt quite lucky that this year was the

last year in junior high because that was the reason why my doctor allowed me to keep on playing volleyball until I retired. For me, the retirement match meant the very last game I would be able to play for the rest of my entire life. The gym was as bright as I have ever seen. There was a bright cheerful light but somehow, it was foggy enough to bring me tears. Now that I have retired, I sometimes get depressed at people playing sports, especially volleyball, because I know within myself that I once was able to play. Well you know what? You can't change the past. So, I tried not to take this as a negative consequence, and tried to take it as a means to rethink my life.

The backbone is essential to the body and permanently supports life, so I can simply say I have lost my life support. I feel sometimes like I lack the ability to live. My life is like my backbone - soon to be separated from its precious surroundings. Nobody needs me. But hey, I say to myself. I remember that when I was little, I played outside for hours and hours and literally loved running around to every place I could visit. Maybe, just maybe, my body just needs to take a break from running around excessively. So this means, when my body restores its balance, I can hopefully start playing sports once again. I know that day will arrive soon. I dream a dream. I dream that one day, I will be able to unearth a hobby that can persist in me, which won't do any harm and fill in the role for my backbone.

Until then, I will keep searching for a bright glimmering sunlight that shines through the path to a brand new destination.