**The lessons we take from obstacles we encounter can be fundamental to later success. Recount a time when you faced a challenge, setback, or failure. How did it affect you, and what did you learn from the experience?**

Theysay there’s a rainbow after the rain. But, why isn’t there one after my rain? I failed not once but twice in a row. I thought I had learned from my mistake. However, why did I still fail? Did I miss something? I kept contemplating day and night. Should I just stop at this point? Is this a sign for me to quit? Those questions kept haunting me in everything I did.

For the very first time in my ballet career, I failed to get what I wanted. I didn’t get into the finals of Dance Prix Indonesia Competition in 2018 when all of my friends got in. What made me even more disappointed was that I had always entered the final round in the annual competition since 2016. I teared up and asked myself ”why” countless times. I beat myself up so much I forgot to realize there were countless other competitors that also failed to get into the finals alongside myself. I felt like a crybaby. Even worse, they all still pushed and braven themselves to join more competitions afterwards. An epiphany suddenly hit me.If they could get back on their knees and continue to give their best, what’s stopping me from doing the same?

Then came my first competition in 2019, the World Ballet Grand Prix Competition in Singapore. I knew I needed to take this competition seriously and focus on achieving what I had wanted; not repeating the previous failure. However, my inner arrogant self kept participants as being below my level. I still had the gut to underestimate this international competition when I just failed in the previous national competition? What kind of a crazy girl am I?

It was the third night of my stay in Singapore. I jumped out from the couch realizing the final round announcement was already posted! My eyes didn’t blink even once when searching my name in the list. My room suddenly felt so silent. I wished that I hadn’t opened the announcement as my heart broke to pieces. I wasthe only one who failed to enter the final among my friends. Again. At this point, the pain of failing for the second time hurt more than breaking up with my first boyfriend. Where was my rainbow? Why did I still fail when others succeed easily? For the first time in my life that night, I experienced what it meant to not be able to sleep.

Waking up the next morning, it felt impossible to leave my bed. Despitestill having to perform in the closing ceremony as one of the participants, I had nothing to aim for at that point. I could be cranky and run away from my responsibility. With all the chances to save my face by not showing up on that day, I still chose to finish my last responsibility as a contestant. Not only performing in the closing ceremony, but I also tried to have a bigger heart by helping and supporting my friends for their final performance. As someone with pride as high as the sky, swallowing it was the most difficult thing I’d had to do.. Surprisingly, I was able to doall of that despitemy broken heart being in pieces. I realized that by dragging my feet, I was being arrogant. I didn’t deserve the victory, I had to earn it.

The next journey was just as exhausting a battle. Fighting all the doughtness on my ability from myself and other people to come back stronger. Without hesitation, I promptly entered another national competition in the following month, I knew that it was a point of no return. Ballet has received my endless love since I was 10 years old. I reminded myself of why I dance in the first place – for passion, not for the medals. I have come this far, so why must I to stop when I am passionate about it? I practiced almost every day for a month, took various extra practice classes on my day offs. Reviewed my performance after practice, listed all the corrections given by my teacher, and fixed every detail and technique that I was lacking. Resilience and perseverance werethe key to win this fight. Building up my confidence and spirit was challenging, but that didn’t stop me from fighting. What I truly learned wasn’t just resilience, it was humility and patience.

Eventually, I started to see my rainbow. All the sweat and struggles were paid off in Dance Prinx Indonesia Competition 2019. I did it! I got into the finals! I have never been more grateful to enter the finals, when maybe others who succeeded thought it was just the bare minimum. “Coming back stronger” has no instant result, you just keep moving forward , even in your failure. I guess the old adage of rainbow after a rain is true, I was just wrong about how long the rain lasted.

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notes tambahan

Dance Prix Indonesia, 2018. The ballet competition that I have always participated since 2016, and I can proudly say I always got in to the final round. A week before the competition, I kept thinking that I will rock this competition like I have always did. There isn’t a time where the idea of failing comes through my mind. I looked up to my room’s ceiling wondering if this time I will have the chance to win. “Final round? Relax, I have done it multiple times and it will be a piece of cake” my last thought before going to bed on the night before the competition. Stepping into the theater, I did my warms up with a great feeling and full of excitement. Retouched my make up, straightened my hair bun, changed into my variation costume, and checked the ribbons on my ballet shoes. I stood up between the wings at the side of the stage, ready to be called to perform. The claps of audience after I did my curtsy at the end of my variation made me smile in full. I happily stepped out of the stage and instantly said “Yes, I did it!” I packed my things, ready to go home and pamper myself while waiting for the very expected final round announcement, I thought.

“Congratulations for going into the final!” a massege from a friend in my groupchat popped up right before I was going to take shower. She congratulated everyone in the group, without any specific name. I quickly checked the announcement and yes, I failed. For the very first time in my ballet career, I failed to get what I wanted. The world felt shattered right after the reality hit me. I didn’t get into the finals when all of my friends got in. I stood dumbfounded and still didn’t get a click of what was actually happening. Teared up and asking so much “why” to myself. My parents phoned me since they were in Japan that time, I cried very loud and couldn’t talk a single word. Trying to be tough but I couldn’t. It was one of the worst slept I have ever had in my entire life. I was ashamed of myself when I came to support my friends in the final round. “Irmma? Failed to enter the final?” was what made me scared to meet other people back then.

I thought that failing is not normal and didn’t realize there are other competitors that also failed to got into the finals, even when I entered the finals in the previous competitions. But they still pushed and braven themselve to join more competitions. So, if they could get back on their knee and continue to give their best, why can’t I? With that new perspective, I tried to comeback stronger and work harder to perform better in the next competition.

Finally, the time had come for me to prove my worth. It was in the early of 2019, my first competition in that year. I have prepared for the World Ballet Grand Prix 2019 Singapore for quite a long time. It was my second international competition, so I felt extremely nervous but still full of joy. Not wanting the previous failure to happen again, I practiced harder than ever. I flew to Singapore with my parents a day before the competition started. I knew that I need to take it serious and just focus on myself to achieve what I had wanted. However, again and again, my inner self kept being arrogant by thinking that other participants were below my level. I still had the gut to underestimate this competition when I just failed in the national competition? What kind of a crazy girl I am? I competed for three days with full of confidence, forgetting that I literally could fail, again.

It was at night in my hotel room, I was just playing my phone. “The final round announcement!” I jumped out from the couch realizing the announcement was already posted! My eyes didn’t blink even once when searching my name in the list. I kept looking for my name from up to the very bottom. My room suddenly felt so silent. It was like in the movie where all things started to freeze except for myself. At that very moment, I wished that I hadn’t opened the announcement forever, because I failed to enter the finals. What’s even worst was that all of my friends made it to the finals. The feeling of failing for the second time just hurts more than breaking up with your boyfriend, I guess. Just like the pervious failure, I cried loudly and still couldn’t accept the reality that I had failed.

After I failed to enter the final round of Dance Prix Indonesia Competition in 2018, I pushed myself even harder so I wouldn’t experience the similar failure again. Although it was my first time not going to the final round since 2016, I tried to get back on my knees and continue my effort in my ballet career. For a thirteen year old girl, it was pretty hard to stay positive

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