

## MY MOST MEMORABLE DAY

Written by: Maria Aleja Kate H. Manaog

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"I'm not going to be on this list," I muttered, my eyes traced from number to number on the list of qualifiers as my fingers zoomed into the list to get a closer look, full of suspense. ...To my surprise, my number 034 was there. Out of all 40 aspiring students, I was selected to become one of the campus journalists!

June 3, 2024—Exactly 255 days ago, the day I felt the most ecstatic! It just seemed so surreal to me. I can still vividly remember that specific memory as if it were yesterday.

It's funny how a temporary hobby from the 6th grade can turn into a passion that I still deeply care about to this day. I only started taking journalism seriously after I lost a big competition during 6th grade. The emotional cry that I let out made me realize, "I should've taken this opportunity seriously, so why not redeem myself?" So I did. I was nervous even before taking the test to see if I would qualify for journalism. My anxiety just kept cramming my mind and made me overthink. Most of my thoughts were about making sure I would do well on the test so that I could get into that section. I told myself over and over that I could do it. However, my paranoia really stumped my self-confidence: "Can I *really* do it?" Yet, I told myself, "If I wanted to redeem my actions, I had to take this test seriously, and I had to get my act *together*."

The actual day of the test came. I wanted to make a good first impression on my teacher and make her choose me. I did my best to look more presentable. I even went out of my way to go to the salon to get my hair straightened, which I rarely do because of my curls. I came into that classroom wearing a brand-new top with dark green and off-white

stripes with my satchel across my body. I sat down, distracted from all the possible outcomes. While my leg was shaking under the desk, my focus all of a sudden shifted from my ambivalent thoughts to my test paper. My eyes widened, the paper was thick, about 5 pages, back to back. I skimmed through the pages, and my jaw almost *dropped*. It was a lot for me to process, but that didn't stop me from finishing the whole test.

An hour later, we lined up for the interview phase. While waiting, I couldn't stop picking the skin off my finger. I knew my prompt, but stutters came out of my mouth instead of words while practicing. As soon as I stepped foot into the interview room, my mind went *blank*. I remember hearing my thoughts roll off my tongue. I wasn't even sure if what I said was correct.

It took two weeks for the results to come in. While we were waiting, we scrolled through the school's Facebook account endlessly, looking for the results everyday. It was until I was bored, and I decided to scroll through Facebook for a while...

"DAD!" I screamed at the top of my lungs as I ran down the stairs.

"What?" he said, annoyed, as I ran around frantically.

"I GOT IN! My number, 034!" His eyes went around my phone and saw my student number.

"Nice!" My Dad was beaming with pride, thrilled with the results.

"You got in?" my mom went behind me to check my phone. Then, she looked closer... "That's your number!" she exclaimed. It felt like she was over the moon more than I was! The warmth and happiness I felt from my parents that day motivated me even more to pursue journalism.

The decision to take that test was probably one of the best decisions I ever made. Not only did that program help me with my writing, but it also helped me overcome my social anxiety and my shyness. Being able to communicate with people who were on the same perspective as me, and also being able to create arguments properly through debate have changed me not only as a student but also as a person. Journalism has shaped me to become more sympathetic, empathetic, and considerate with how my opinions and words can impact others. Despite the fact that I only spent half of my 7th grade in that program, I could say I had a blast! I'd never forget my time there, the friends I made and lessons I learned. All these gains transformed me significantly to the point where this experience would be on my list of stories to tell to my great-great-grandchildren!