

The Most Memorable Day of my Life

Those were the moments I lived for. I look back on this as perhaps one of the greatest moments in my life. I wanted to restart that day just to experience the happiness it gave me. I will forever be chasing that feeling. But first, I need to set the stage for what actually happened.

For my GT project, I chose to participate in NHD or National History Day. It is a history competition in which you choose a topic relating to the annual theme and a way of showcasing it. For this year, I decided to do an exhibit and my topic of choice was OSHA. I dedicated months to the exhibit, putting in all my effort to make a result worthy enough to advance into the next level. Once I entered it in the school competition, I was relieved to find out I had won. I was going to the next level. But my memorable day was the day of the competition.

I rehearsed my lines for a week on end, hoping I would be prepared enough. I woke up early in the morning and went to the school where the competition was being held, my parents by my side. Per the guidelines, I waited alone, and found myself surrounded with my surprisingly friendly competitors. My hands shook as I entered the room but the conversation with the judge was unexpectedly casual. The presentation felt like explaining my project to a teacher and made me question if my practice had gone to waste. As I walked out of the gym, I had mixed emotions. On one hand, I thought my project had a chance. But seeing so many impressive boards, I wouldn't be caught off guard if someone else won.

I would have to wait a long time to find out. But in the meantime, my parents took me to Cracker Barrel for a celebratory lunch. They wanted to celebrate my progress. I didn't think it was worth celebrating as I had only passed the school level but I still appreciated the gesture. The lunch was great and it helped distract me from the outcome of the competition.

I had a class during the awards ceremony and I decided not to attend, as I wanted to take some time before accepting potential failure. During the class, I prepared for this possibility, assuring myself that I did my best and there was nothing more I could do. As I walked out of the class and into my mom's car, I looked at her with hopeful eyes. She started by saying how she was proud of me making it this far and my heart sunk. What was it? Was my board not good enough when compared to others? Did the judges think my project was lackluster in comparison to others? I knew I failed but I wanted to think positively, and I tried to deny the fact I'd lost. Then, my mom handed me a folded up sheet of paper. I was confused but when I opened the paper it made sense. In my hands, was a picture of the awards ceremony. In my category, I saw my name appeared in first place. I had won! I was ecstatic. Not only was I moving to state but I proved to myself that my work was enough to win. For the next ten minutes, I jumped up and down in my seat with excitement and to a passerby, it would look like I was mad. I didn't care. As the overwhelming joy washed away, I calmed down and let the results sink in. I had won! I was going to state!

My mom told me to choose a restaurant for another celebratory meal. This time, I felt I deserved it. I chose Texas Roadhouse and we went home to get my dad. As we waited for our table, I was giddy with excitement. This was my crowning achievement! I savored the meal, relishing every bite as I thought back to my accomplishment. As I went home, I saw the medal on my desk, a symbol of my hard work and determination. It reminds me of how dedication helped shape my most memorable day.

