
Problem Of Shy People In Society

From that very day, I began to go to school. Both my parents acknowledged that I was rather the quiet child. Over and over again I heard "Speak Up". I was shy as a snail. Quiet like a mouse. I would avoid as many conversations as possible. Involuntarily, words began to escape. The awkward silence that lingers after a conversation is ending, follows me home, remains on my brain before I sleep. Two days later the same alarming scenario continues to ring for as long as possible. Just like an alarm refusing to switch off until you press snooze or stop, it would keep pestering you. Except I seemed to not have a stop button in my head, so it would keep ringing. Like most quiet people, we speak when it is required of us. Otherwise, we will not speak on the matter. It was not the end of the world, that enabled younger me to develop both listening and observation skills. However, some already had come to the conclusion that I was not interested in the ongoing conversation. Quite frankly, I listened...I just did not want to contribute. But of course, my mum was quite worried about this. She took it upon herself to help me. Most parents take their children to the park so that they could enjoy themselves, whilst their parents are cruising for the next hour or two, keeping their eye on their child every so often. My mum, on the other hand, would take me to the park so that I would basically be obliged to interact with the other kids at the park. How could I possibly not? My mum also made sure I had many play dates and sleepovers often. Of course, she did see improvement, and so did I. But the last straw was to involve me in a sport. My extroverted, certainly eager mum would converse with other mums, and they all recommended getting me involved in a sport. That was never a problem, especially because I would go on and on, about how much I loved PE at school. Over the years I have played many sports ballet, gymnastics, basketball, running, volleyball, and last but not least netball.

Netball. Just a few years ago, I was completely clueless as to what it was. Its whole concept was quite hard to grasp. Some would say "It's literally the easier version of basketball". I understood where and how people could see relations between the two. Basketball has a net, coincidentally so does netball. Some would go as far as to say the rules are the same too. At the time, I would have totally agreed with both statements. Watching some of my friends play, I began to develop an interest in the sport. So I joined the school's team. I really underestimated the sport. All sports require a certain level of dedication, enthusiasm, skills, and certainly teamwork mainly for sports that have teams. Previously, I would struggle with the idea of having to dedicate and balance my time. So that I would have enough time for myself, for netball, and for my academics. Turns out, it was not so bad. It even helped me to release pressures and stress. As well as helping me to manage my time, so I had enough time to do other things. Something I never thought could have been possible.

There are seven players in each team excluding the subs. All players have an equal role in one another. Like a puzzle, every single puzzle piece is needed to complete the puzzle. Surely, some may have to run more than others. However, in the long run without each player, it is certainly impossible to have a chance at victory. Netball requires a lot of communication on the court. Communication is required for progress-especially in court. It is quite important to develop positive relationships with each player in the team. Team spirit is said to drive individuals to do better. Netball aided me to talk to others-those who I was not necessarily friends. I would have never thought I was capable of communicating without fearing consequential embarrassment.

What I would run away from. Certainly what I considered an absolute nightmare. My overthinking self would think “Why would anyone want to put themselves in such a position?” There was no way out. Voluntarily I put myself in that position. It was unavoidable- I had to speak. Ridiculously I even found interest in the center position. Twelve-year-old me would have thought “There’s no way! I’m putting myself in a position I absolutely detest-being the center of attention.” Centers are usually known for their enthusiasm and capabilities to run essentially, from one end to the other. One wrong pass at the start and the other team could be at an advantage due to a mere mistake. That is one of the many reasons why centers must communicate quite frequently. It was unavoidable-I had to speak.

A year went by, the time had come for netball trials. Not for any team, but Edinburgh Netball Club. Competing amongst other netball players. We all wanted to prosper. Nobody knew one another. We were all strangers, and yet we were put in teams, so there was no way that we could not communicate with one another. It was unavoidable. All though I’m sure we all were absolutely nervous, there was no choice. With consecutive rounds occurring every twelve minutes, the ones judging at the front lines had seen it all. They knew exactly those who would come again for the second trial. Those who were selected for the second trial had received a text message. I so happened to be amongst one of them. I was completely ecstatic. I could not believe I made it for the second round. I knew the second round would certainly not be easy. A week had flown by, and some of the faces that I had seen the week before also made it. Except for this time, I really did feel alone. Some were more familiar with one another. But once again I was dreading the fact that I had to speak. After consecutive rounds of twelve minutes. Trials were over, we could all go home. Once again those who made it would receive a text. Unfortunately, this time around I did not make it. I was told “One more year of training and you will surely make it next time.” Knowing the reason for my failure only motivated me to do better next time. I decided I will speak up, silence is essential. But only when needed. In the same way, speaking up is essential when needed. Most definitely I was devastated but I knew where I had gone wrong. I knew I could change directions, and I knew how to. However, it was not the end. I currently still play for my school's team in the hope, that one day, I will get in. Just one more year. That is all I need.

Longing for peace of mind. Wishing my thoughts could be switched off just for a second. Netball tailored an escape route from my self-imposed barrier between “speak” and “thought” which barricaded my words from being heard by others. The self-killing thought of the embarrassment-gone. Awkward silence still remains, but it is not only my fault. It’s okay for a conversation to die out. All along it was all in my head there is a way out. With the great help from netball, I am now able to say that. I may be, quiet like a mouse, shy as a snail. But I still can prevail if I stop limiting myself from the thought of consequential embarrassment. I just need to speak up.