

It happen way back in the year 2006 when I was in Form 4, I was quite active in school co-curricular activities particularly my uniform bodies, Taekwondo. I have been learning and training since I was Form 1 starting as a white belter till beginning of Form 3, I obtained my 1<sup>st</sup> degree black belt. Nevertheless, lots of painful process I had gone through during the grading. I'm quite happy with my achievement. For one year, I undergo my normal training as a black belter and was also given an opportunity to be an instructor to train my juniors. Just then, throughout the school history, most people will stop their training once they reach 1<sup>st</sup> dan and none ever thought of advancing to 2<sup>nd</sup> dan. It's than I decided to move up and break the history.

For 18 months, I constantly training hard and joined many tournaments to test my capabilities and gain experience. In that duration of time, I did gain lots of experience and won many medals. Just as time gets nearer to the grading, that's when I also get to know that my enemy from other training center is also taking the grading with me. I met him in one competition and he hit me even though he broke the rules but no action was taken because his mother was the judge of that match. ▲All I could do is to defend myself and not think about winning in that match. That is how I develop my anger and hate towards this type of people.

During the grading, I'll have to do lots of jumping kicks and combination kicks, some taekwondo patterns starting from white till 1<sup>st</sup> degree black belt consisting of 12 patterns, some sparring session and the main course of the test is the power test where you have to break planks. The breaking test is to test an individual capability to perform a technique accurately and powerful. ▲All together, I have to perform six techniques. It sounds easy but each technique, I'm given 3 planks combined into a thickness of 4inches. That is the only news that weakens my legs.

On the day itself, I'm quite nervous. When I see the planks in front of me, I'm even more nervous. ▲After a while I regain some confidence and proceed on with the test. ▲As mention earlier, I have to go through all the vigorous testing that really drains out my energy. Worst case is I got injured in the sparring session where my shin bone got hit by my opponent. I could barely continue with the test but I know I have to. It is than when all a sudden the master ask to stop the grading for a while and ask us to assemble in front of him.

It is than I get to hear a happy news that my grading partner actually could not proceed on with his grading because his early stage of test seems not well and I was asked for an opinion on whether he should continue the final stage of the test or not. I was laughing in my heart happily, "Hahaha... finally I can decide your fate and your mother is not here to help you". Immediately I wanted to say YES but again here is the conflict I'm facing, if I say yes, he will remember me not as a grading partner or a friend instead as an enemy and if that happens, I'll be facing a hard time in the future.

▲As a rational person, I constantly train myself to think rationally without any emotional interference. Besides revenge that is in my mind, I consider the purpose of the grading. I realize that the grading is not only to test one's individual skill and technique; it's about testing one's level of maturity. I also realize it's normal for a person to forget certain things out of a big thing, but it is best not to perform such errors.

Finally I decided to allow him to continue the test. The master accepted my opinion and my partner seems to be pleased with my decision. The test continued and luckily he managed to break the planks with all his technique but I failed at this stage. Thank god, I was given a chance again to take the test on that particular stage for free, so does my partner in the next grading. Therefore on that day, both black belts that wish to promote themselves failed to do so.

▲After that incident, I feel great that at least I'm not the only one that failed and I had turned my enemy into a friend. Thinking back of the situation, I felt happy and proud to make such a decision. I consider this a moral problem because it's a point where you decide for your own self interest or for the benefit of the majority. In my opinion, morality is a right action and thinking taken by an individual. ▲As mentioned earlier, a moral problem is a point where you decide for your own interest or for the benefit of the majority.

▲A year after that, we met again for the test and this round, both of us passed it but of course with a painful leg for me.