

I am on the court. The same standard one that is 18 meters wide and 36 meters long. I close my eyes for an instant while I lift my hand in order to wipe the sweat off of my face. I start jumping up and down, my knees shaking. My body suffers physical weakness and discomfort, and my sight is anything but clear. I change my position a bit and I set my foot on the baseline. I can feel my hair dangling. My hips start swaying as I bounce the ball into the ground a few times. I hit it- it looks like an electric lamp in the sky. I have already opened my eyes to understand that the serve wasn't fast enough and that I made a double fault. A sport journalist would say that making double faults in tennis is equivalent to committing a suicide. I started as a leader in this match, but I ended up losing the final set. I could not point my thoughts at the winning direction. I guess the reason for my failure lies in my lack of psychological preparation. Mental stability depends on strong will and self-control. It is not a condition, but a match. It doesn't matter if I play against an opponent, a disease, an examination or another issue of great importance. "Difficulties lurk around every corner. Impossible will take some time". I grasp this thought and never let it escape my mind.

I go and play another match. My sport skirt is tightening my waist as if my body will explode. I bend my eyebrows- the rankles on my face show that my eye muscles still function. I adjust my glasses nearer to my nose and I hear the bracelet on my hand tinkle. I serve. Double fault again. I can not endure the heat and I give up to tiredness and nervousness. I begin analyzing the situation but am disturbed by the whistle of the chairumpire that rings in my ears.

As i heart it the court transforms into an auditorium and my skirt becomes an elegant dress. I go back in time to the moment when I realized that the subject psychology could teach me how to act and think in order to have control over everything that depends on me. I came to this conclusion when I participated in the Olympiad of Philosophy in eleventh grade. Until that time, I had only read some fragments from Plato and Khant and had never heard much about Heidegger's *das man* or Socrates' dialogues. Despite this, I managed to get a maximum result on the essay part and actually became the only student to achieve this from all 120 participants in Sofia. I proved that Nietzsche's *amor fati* means loving not something divine, but rather your own capability to change circumstances and win battles by analyzing situations. Soon after this achievement, I realized that psychology was what I wanted to learn. I then wanted to connect it with human resources because humanity takes a shift as human rights come to a brighter light and the modern era requires combining knowledge about human's nature with abilities to organise the capacity of the workforce available. It's about studying concepts developed in organizational psychology and system theory- part of the human resources discipline.

I want to understand how future behavior reflects certain factors from early childhood. How personality's frame of mind can affect its contributions and whole essence. How being strong enough will make me able to face my fears, admit my weaknesses and never let my mistakes influence others in a bad way because I'm part of the society. I want to understand how human resource can be used pragmatically without depreciating ethical rights. I want to study psychology and human recources because I want to capture the whole intensity of my thoughts and transform it into *gnoti seauton* and I seek to comprehend my own genius and that of others.

The bracelet on my hand still tinkles tediously. My ankles hurt. This time however, I do not close my eyes. Instead I clench my fist, build up courage and hit the ball as if it is a cloud that the wind wants to blow away. Ace. My opponent shakes her head in a sign of despair. It's match point for me.