My path in MMA began in December 2020. I was 17, and joining the MMA club was my little dream. Why was I waiting? There was no opportunity in my hometown, so I was forced to wait for the beginning of my studying year to move to Lviv, where I could find a club. I was lucky to join an efficient club with qualified and helpful coaches and a prospective gym a 10-minute walk from my flat.

Since the first training, I have been striving my best to master all the elements, which was hard as MMA is the most complex kind of sport. I have been obsessed with training. It was hard to confront experienced members, but I was not a light target. Grappling was my enemy, as my only garbage was the confrontation with my brother in childhood (Ps: I have always won). I lost my mind in this game.

When it came closer to the end of my first month in the club, our coach announced the competition that was performing in two weeks. The feeling was mixed: happiness, ignorance, agitation, and fear in one moment inside my mind. It was my first experience, "It is going to be a paradise," I thought, and despite the competitions in karate, the rules were different as head punches and grappling was new for me.

These two weeks flew away in a minute and here we are, standing in a crowded room and waiting for the competitions to start. When the grand opening was announced, I was waiting for my turn, but there was no organization, so nobody knew the exact time of their performances.

While waiting, I have been watching other participants' fights. I felt excited, stressed and unaware of what it was going to be. When I was called to prepare, almost all emotions left my mind. I put on the equipment and stepped on the ring, this feeling is inexpressible. Have you ever experienced similar situations?

I have not known my opponent, indeed I did not care. We hugged each other’s hands and the referee whistled. We switched a few punches, he strived to kick my legs to reduce my mobility, and I was attempting to adapt to the tempo. In 20 seconds of the confrontation, he ran onto me with two clean shots. I collapsed on my back but in half a second, I was standing, thirsty for revenge. When the referee ensured that I am more than in consciousness, he stepped back to continue the fight. I was not going to give him another chance and raised the pressure.

The first round ended, and everybody was shouting, supporting us. It is one of the best feelings. The second and the final round started, and I landed two clean left shots that shook the rival. The taste of blood made me try to finish him, but the referee was on time. The fight continued, and it was hunting for me. It was close to the end, and we were both tired, but nobody wanted to step back.

It was the end, the whistling and clapping around, and we were waiting for the decision. It was not my day. The judge did not raise my hand.

That day showed me what I am capable of and how much work is ahead. It gave me loyal friends and made me stronger. Those moments teach you how to deal with stressful situations, and show who you are.