

Experiences life's a school



**ASSIGN
BUSTER**

At this point, my true learning experience had started. As a result of this, I began to go paintballing regularly. I went so often that the workers at the course knew my name. At this stage, I was 13 years old and needed to find some employment in order to make some extra money for myself. I took a week-long training course on how to be a paintball referee. I learned how to fill up nitro tanks and handle irritated customers. The one thing that concerned me as a referee was if someone took their mask off while they were on the field. I was constantly watching players who thought that their eye would win against a paintball. In fact, this happened several times. Quite often, the person who did this would apologize and promise not to do it again. Despite this, there was always someone who thought that they were too cool for everyone else. Inevitably, these kinds of people were ejected from the facility and given a time-out. It wasn't just the offending individual who had to leave; the whole group had to go out. It was my responsibility to ensure that a group of people would enjoy themselves enough to want to come back. However, I also had to act like a professional. The month I spent there taught me more than I ever thought.