

A failure is sometimes an option

Sociology



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Failure IS Sometimes an Option I stared at the list on the wall. The more I stared the more I came to the realization that my was not on it. A time came when my hopes shattered and I realized that nothing but magic could make it suddenly appear. I was frozen with fear as my friends celebrated around me. What exactly does one do or act in these type of moments? I quietly gathered my things and drove myself home to reflect on what just happened.

I should mention that I have been playing soccer all my life. My parents wanted me to get involved in a sport and felt that soccer was the best avenue for me. So at the ripe age of six, I began with what would become a life-long pursuit of trying to be the best soccer player I could be. I tried my luck at baseball one year but found it too unexciting and dry. I also tried a year of football in order to meet my father's wish for me to become as good a football player as he was, but it just was not meant to be. Soccer, it was! And I remember the awkwardness of stumbling onto the field as a young child. But I persevered and showed up for every practice determined to be the best player I could be. My parents have been super supportive of my soccer career and have taken me to those ungodly 8 am games to sometimes traveling hours to play in a tournament. One can say we made it a family affair.

After many years of playing for our local recreational league I decided to try out for my high school soccer team. I was pretty confident knowing I would make a great addition to the team. After all I have been playing soccer longer than most of my team mates trying out. However what I did not count on was my lack of preparation. I had spent most of summer that year at home playing a lot of video games and hanging out with friends while my <https://assignbuster.com/a-failure-is-sometimes-an-option/>

friends were preparing for soccer tryouts. My Dad strongly encouraged me to join the cross country team so I would be conditioned and get in shape for tryouts but I ignored his advice. So there I was again, staring at the list. How could this have happened?

In the words of Abraham Lincoln, " My great concern is not whether you have failed, but whether you are content with your failure". I can assure you that I was not content with my failure that day. Success for me is defined as preparation, commitment and motivation to achieve my goals. I hope to apply this valuable lesson to my college experience. I know there will be successes as well as a few failures but as long as I remember that there is always something to be learned by both. May be I will not become a David Beckham but I have learned that in order to succeed in life sometimes you have to fail. Failure is an option to choose success in the future. My failure gave me an opportunity not to miss the days when struggles are required to achieve. Through my failure I realized that my father's advice was not to be ignored but to be obeyed. I think, failure is an option and an opportunity to a better future.