

An embarrassing moment essay



**ASSIGN
BUSTER**

While I was in high school, I always hated the gym sessions. I did not do much during dodge ball. When I did, it did not make any difference to the class. My colleagues must have thought I was a good for nothing student. I was always the last to be picked for teams. This lowered my motivation. The coach did not bother with my plea. And this was the reason for my unpopularity. Although, I was inadequate in athletics, I had a sense of humanity towards others. One particular day in my freshman year, we had a badminton event. The gym class was divided into six groups. The groups were well balanced in terms of gender.

However, competence did not play a part in selecting the teams. The six nets set up were close to the wooden bleachers. The bleachers were integrated to the wall such that they could open and close. When closed, their height was a ten-foot tall ladder against the wall. It is not that the bleachers related to the grouping but for that particular day, they were useful in teaching boys a lesson. I was teamed with five freshman boys. Regrettably, the boys were really immature. They represented a class of boys whose purpose in life is to impress. They did not understand the purpose of learning.

They always blew trumpet about how good they were at everything. No wonder they were the most popular freshmen boys. The coach always picked them for teams. All in all, the boys were part of my team and I had to come to terms with that. It was time to get into action. My team mates ran over towards the net, making fun of Tom. Tom was a particular plump kid who found difficulties in athletic. Most of the time, he either, hit the birdie too high or hit the net. I dragged myself to the net where the boys were trying to

decide who would play first. I was filled with anger since I hated seeing other people being made fun of.

At the same time my outlook could not hide the shyness in me. The freshman boys thought it was funny that Tom could not manage to retrieve a ball from the bleacher and I thought this was going to be a tough day. The class was told to start the play. I sat and watched everybody play incompetently. Some of them couldn't hit the birdie at all. In particular, whenever Tom made a trial, it seemingly went through the racquet's netting. To compensate for their inability to play badminton the boy in my team goofed. They yelled at other people in the gymnasium who were not good at the game.

One boy, in ridicule, congratulated Tom for hitting the ball too high. It was ironical that the boys looked down upon others and they were themselves not worth any praise. I felt sympathy for Tom and got angered by the boy's character. Tom always put up with teasing. He was not athletic, right, but that did not give anyone right to make fun of him. Or maybe, the ridicules did not mean much to him. I knew he was intelligent relating to his performance in class. But, according to the popular boys, that was not good enough. I guess this initiated my motives to help him.

Tom ought to have done something to stop the boys and since he did not I thought I would teach the boys a lesson. The thought of helping Tom was itself scaring. A chance rose before I could gather enough courage. A birdie had been hit into the top of the bleacher. This meant that I had to act daringly. Without a second thought, I got up and climbed swiftly after the

birdie. It was not a hard thing since I had previously climbed a similar ladder. However, the footholds were rather slippery and very small. I had not figured out how this action would help. But I thought that this would teach the boys that their showing off was baseless.

I did not think of any consequences. The boys had claimed to be hero just because of retrieving a birdie from the bleachers' top. That motivated me despite my unpopularity and incompetence in athletics. At the same time, I felt I would get some support. I threw the birdie down and felt satisfied when I saw the shock on the boys' faces. I glanced at Tom and grinned. He was staring at me. This was a small action, I conceded, but at long last, I had helped and proved a point. On my way down, I was a little afraid, but I had to get down anyway. I tried to step onto each step, but I also wanted to reach down faster.

The wax finished steps were slippery. And my grips were not firmly held on the ladder. I started to slip down the bleachers. I landed well on my feet at the bottom of the bleacher. Thereafter, I fell backwards on my bottom. I sat there astonished for some time when the entire class started laughing. Though, I was unhurt I was severely embarrassed. I felt tears coming and almost with the intensity that would brim over my blazing red face. I was yet to face the bleachers and fortunately, no one could notice my embarrassment. Guys in the crowd made fun of me. " Hey, Cynthia we should let you climb up to the bleachers once more!

You are faster than a monkey! " one of the boys said. Everyone kept on laughing. It took several breaths to keep me from crying and felt that it was

not the end of the world. It was a great lesson with that particular incidence. I was still where I had fallen when Tom came to my rescue. He was sympathetic and put off the other boys. I felt comforted and smiled. Anyway, I had gotten what I had not sought for. I know that revenge is not a good option. Again, I should think twice before acting. However, I am positive that the incidence occurred because it boosted my self esteem.