My Most Embarassing Day Ever Essay, Research Paper

Dear Diary,

Today was the most embarrassing day of my life. I hope this will never happen to me again. Here?s how my day went.

I woke up this morning around 7:30am. It was the Grand Final day for my Under 17?s football side. We were undefeated. I was the full forward and so far I have kicked ninety seven goals. I need at least three more goals this game to get my first one hundred goal season. I was going through my normal Sunday morning football routine. Get up, eat breakfast (nine wheat bix and two glasses of orange juice) and get changed for footy. One of my superstitions is to wear the same footy jocks I?ve worn all season. Every game I have worn them we have won but for some reason today I completely forgot about them.

I got to the oval at around 10:30am and met my team so we could inspect the oval. We weren?t due to play until 1:30pm. In the meantime we just did a few practice drills and admired the weather. It was a perfect day for footy, no clouds in the sky, sunny and a soft oval. Does this get any better I asked myself? From there on it didn?t.

In the change room five minutes before we were due to play I realised I wasn?t wearing my lucky jocks. It didn?t bother me too much but then I remembered we haven?t lost a game with out them. So for this game I had to settle for my standard jocks.

The game had started and we were off with a flying start. At quarter time we were up by three goals. My teammates and I were wondering if I was going to kick my hundred goals without my lucky jocks. So far I was off to a good start, I had kicked a goal in the first quarter. By three quarter time we were up by only one goal. I only kicked one more goal so I was on ninety nine for the season. I needed one more goal.

In the last twenty seconds of the last quarter we were down by two points. I led out from the goal square towards the boundary to take a mark but I dropped it. I got away from my opponent so I was running away from the goals with the ball. I turned around running towards the goals. I remembered if I kicked this goal I would have got my hundred goals and we would win the grand final. So I took a few bounces and realised there was a guy running at me. I was running parallel to the goals so it would be a tricky shot but if I got it in I would be a hero. So I went for it. It was curving back into the goals but to my shock horror it bounced off the post and hit me smack in the groin. I went down like a sack of potatoes. The siren went. We lost by one point and I didn?t kick my hundred goals. I was one short. I was still lying down on the ground ten minutes after the game had finished because I couldn?t stand up and walk very easily. I was in lots of pain. The paramedics ended up calling an ambulance. The doctor said I had a ruptured testicle. Trust me, it hurts a lot worse than it sounds. I can?t see myself going back to play football next year!