

One of the happiest moments of my life (besides my bar-mitzvah) is the time I made the Pop Warner Ocean Spartans football team. It was also the one of the most depressing moments of my life, as I will explain later on. After many grueling and tiring weeks of overeating (believe me overeating is tiresome), it finally paid off. I made the Pop Warner required weight by five pounds. I remember my feelings so clear as if it were happening right now. Before the weigh in I kept a water bottle in my hand and forced ounces after ounces of cool water down my throat. In another hand I kept a Super Pretzel, with more carbohydrates than you or I can count. I kept telling myself, it will all be over if I hopefully make the weight.

I made my way through the grass into the musty trailer, full of dirty helmets full of mud and some grass, mouthpieces, dirty and worn out chinstraps. Then in the front put aside from all the equipment was a worn down scale. Scared, I set both of my feet on the scale, trying to avoid the creaking of the old machine. The man weighed me. The scale read the numbers "100" I made it! I tried to make it like to the man who weighed me like I knew I was going to make it. My whole head was so delirious, I was confused, and my whole body ached. I was so nervous about the weigh in that I forgot about my stomach and head pains.

So after a week of happiness all shattered when the coach gave a “pop” weigh in. I failed. I was 1½ pounds under the 95 pound limit. That night the coach called my mom, and explained to me how it is a hazard to be playing tackle football in a league with a weight range from 95 lbs. – 150 lbs. I accepted his remark and that was that I was off the team.

