Jordan Beveridge. Most embarrassing experience

It was a cool, bright spring morning when I walked to my elementary school to attend my grade three class. I was excited for the day ahead and what fun activities could come out since I had P.E. in the morning. Pe is my favorite class and it was a once a week thing in my class. As I am walking to the gym I was chatting with my close friends that were excited to experience another fun gym class together. All the students sat down silently so we can quickly start playing a game. As usual, the teacher takes a vote on what the students would want to play. A young boy named Greg shouts “Dodge ball!!!!” and the class begins to cheer with joy… except for me. I have never liked or ever wanted to play dodge ball, because for a small little girl like me, dodge ball was not my strong suit. My friend, who has way more athletic ability than I have, convinces me that it’ll be fun and off we went. Before I knew, there was so many dodge balls flying from corner to corner on the scuffed dirty gym floor. I am not enjoying myself. I begin to walk towards the back where the other smaller kids were hiding and avoiding the balls or playing the game as much as possible. I couldn’t blame them, I did not find this fun at all. As I am standing with my two feet together I realize that I had not gone to the bathroom in quite sometime. Time went by which made it harder and harder before I couldn’t hold it anymore. I had pee running down both my legs which made it visible through my light wash denim jeans. Before I could do anything else, I began to burst out with tears and embarrassment as students from my class looked at me from all directions. I went up to my teacher and told her that I need to leave, and without questioning because of the obvious leaking through my pants, I sprinted out. One of my friends comes out running after me after hearing what had just happened. I report to the office and they throw some lost in found pants over the tall administrator desk that I wasn’t tall enough to see over. I jolt to the bathroom and put on the ugliest pants known to man. I mean, they were bad! The purple flared sweatpants designed with little crystals making up a tiny heart on the side pocket were just not flattering on my third grade body. As I am walking back to the gym, I am hesitant. My whole class had just seen me pee my pants, and now I’m going to be walking in with new, ugly pants. People stare at me probably super grossed out, which frightened me. Not too long after I had just joined back into the game, the bell rang for recess. One kid who witnessed the incident had the nerve to walk straight in my direction and confront me about it. He came up to me with laughter forming from his voice, he asked me what happened even though he obviously already knew. I did not have the audacity to admit to what had just happened but to make up a dumb story on the spot. It was what our school called “Fun day Friday” when the whole day all we did was have fun activities like basket ball, dodgeball, tug of war, and ring toss. I has said that I got a water balloon thrown at me and that was why my pants had been soaking wet. Luckily before he could respond to my story, I was saved by the bell.