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Kickball, that's what all the boys would do all day everyday at recess. The kickball field was set back from the rest of the recess yard and was surrounded by a walking trail. You could also see the field from the swings. My two friends and I would walk the trail, swing on the swings, watching and waiting for one of the boys to just come up to us and say, "come play with us." It was not till one day we realized we needed to take matters into our own hands.

One day, my two friends and I left the walking trail and slowly inched our way to the kickball field. We stood next to the teacher who was the kickball monitor. We wished just one boy would come up and say, "Come on, come get in line," but it never happened. The teacher finally looked at us and said, "If you girls want to play so badly, go get in line." We looked at her with shock and excitement. We hesitated at first but then we sprinted over and joined the game. But our excited faces soon turned to disappointment when we were not welcomed by the boys. The boys did not want us there; they would not include us. We were always the last to be picked for teams, and when it was almost our turn to kick, they would cut in front of us, so we girls never had a turn. I remember thinking, "Who knew 11 year old boys could be so mean?"

Finally, things started to turn around; the boys finally started to include us. They realized we were just as good as them, maybe even better. We just had to show ourselves and prove that we could play kickball too. Eventually, more and more girls started joining in and playing kickball. I felt as an 11 year old, that for the first time I could stand up to boys and not be afraid. I felt like a leader and a "trendsetter", all at just 11 years old.