team many years ago. I gladly accepted. The varsity boys' soccer coach from my school was at the game. I was amazed when he came up to me and asked me to play on his team. After I turned him down, he was shocked. I knew that we were getting a girls' team in a couple years and I decided to wait. I would rather wait a few years and avoid all the problems that I would go through just to play soccer with the boys. I knew that some of the boys and even their parents and residents of my town would do all that they could to get me to quit. Besides, how would it make the other boys feel if I actually got to play and they sat the bench? I knew that it just would not be right for me to play on the boys' team. We ended up getting the girls' team my senior year and my team won sectionals, which was the first round of the tournament. Currently I am playing on the women's soccer team at Valparaiso University. I still keep in contact with Mr. Brackney and a few of the players from that team. In fact, they even came to one of my games this year. The memories that I had with that team will never be forgotten.

THE UNDERWEAR INCIDENT
by
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[Assignment: Tell the story of a particular event that seemed especially important in your life at the time it happened. As you develop the story, try to enter the emotions you felt at that time, yet realize you are necessarily reliving the event from a new and adult perspective.]

Jane was not your typical girl. She could care less about pretty dresses or dolls. Most of her time was spent playing in the mud, climbing trees, and chasing the neighbor girls around with toads. Yeah, you could say that Jane was a tomboy, from the time she was old enough to walk. She followed her older brother around and tried to imitate everything he did. Everyone just accepted it. "She's always been a tomboy," they would say.

However, when she moved and had to change schools, she was surrounded by strangers. No one knew her well enough to understand—that was just Jane. The kids at the new school made fun of her because she dressed like a boy and because her hair was short. Boys did not play sports with her as they did in her old school. They teased her because she didn't act or dress like the other girls. Boys would say, "Jane, are you a boy or a girl?" This really hurt her because she was used to being treated like one of the guys, but she knew that they would not
accept her. She realized that she would have to start acting like a girl, but the other girls were not that eager to welcome her. She had a really hard time fitting in. The girls' behavior seemed silly to Jane. They liked to wear skirts that were very awkward to sit in, and it was certainly hard to play kick-ball in a skirt. The girls would paint their faces up to look like clowns and make “kissy-faces” at the mirrors. To match their clown faces they had big hairspray-caked hair that resembled the fluffy wigs a clown would wear. Jane had a hard time trying to keep back the laughter when she was around them. She did not feel good about her new school at all.

Jane felt things couldn't get any worse, but this was only the beginning. Her teacher made an announcement that the students would be given a scoliosis test on Friday. This was not something familiar to Jane at all. The rumors began to start, telling about how they would take you in a room, make you undress, and strange people would look at you. Jane was afraid. She did not know what she was going to do. She barely knew these people, and she was going to have to undress in front of them. She had never undressed in front of anyone other than her mother, and these people were total strangers. She thought that they might make fun of her. What was the purpose of the stupid scoliosis test anyway? And the rumor going around was that you had to wear a bra or something. What was a bra? Some girls bragged and appeared to know everything about this type of personal apparel. Since she had always been a tomboy, Jane never really talked to her mom about this kind of thing.

The day before the test, she came home and slammed her books down as she entered the house, then proceeded to her room to slam the door. Her mom followed her and said, "What's your problem?" She choked back her tears and said, "We have this stupid test thing tomorrow and I need a bra. They said that I could wear a bathing suit top, but I know everyone will be wearing a bra with a little bow in the front." Like the one Heather had modeled so proudly in the girls' bathroom. Heather had been wearing bras for a whole year. She was a pro in the bra department, or so Jane thought. That night, Jane's mom took her to buy a bra. Jane was so embarrassed she hid her face under her coat the entire time she was in the store. Her mother handed her a bra and said, "How do you like this one?" Jane didn't even look, she just said, "It's fine," and tucked it under her coat so no one could see. Her mom yelled at the top of her lungs, "Do you want people to think you're stealing that? You'd really be embarrassed if they tried to arrest you for stealing a bra." They might as well have arrested Jane then, because her mother yelled so loud that it seemed that everyone in the store was staring at her holding that bra. She was so humiliated. She threw the bra in the shopping cart and ran out to the car. The next day, when Jane was getting ready for school, her mom stuck her head in the door and said, "Here's your bra, don't forget to wear it today." Jane reluctantly reached into the bag and pulled out her new bra, and she was shocked to see that it did not have a little bow in front. She had assumed that all bras must have a bow in the front. The one Heather wore certainly had one. This discovery made an awful situation worse. She felt inadequate in more than one way. She had no breasts and she had no bow.
When she got to school, some women dressed in white herded all the girls from her class into one room, like cattle lined up to be slaughtered. Jane would never forget the day she wore her first bra and felt the cold clammy hands go down her back.