



how embarrassing!

Six writers tell a humiliating tale, because what might be mortifying at the time, can make for a hilarious chinwag later on!

I'm standing in line at airport security in Australia after spending a fortnight in Japan. I feel nervous, but who isn't? We've all seen those movie scenes where people are tackled to the ground with their goods in hand. I quickly look over my belongings – and feel reassured.

I'm clutching the handle of my new suitcase, purchased in Japan right after my old, weathered one failed me at the beginning of my trip. I remember I was struggling to pull that old case through an underground train station in Tokyo, while balancing my other bags. I heard a snapping sound and glimpsed one of my suitcase wheels hurtling towards an elderly Japanese man who yelped and jumped into the air!

I'm just about to exit the line to customs when I hear a crunching sound. Oh no, not again! Before I can stop it, a wheel on my brand new suitcase goes flying towards security. The customs officials swiftly step aside and instead a lady in a wide-brimmed hat takes a hit to the leg. This is it, I think. I'm about to be tackled to the floor. I have a sudden urge to dive into my suitcase and never emerge. That's when I hear a voice pipe up – *"Would you like your wheel back?"* > **Katherine Willis**

School had ended for the day and nearly half the students were out and about waiting for buses and rides. My mum was talking to someone and my youngest brother came out of nowhere and pulled my pants all the way down to my ankles! Like a hero with super speed I whipped my pants up. My brother was howling with laughter. I was redder than a sunburnt tomato but maybe, just maybe, no one had noticed? > **Liz Schultz**

I am still haunted by a seemingly innocuous mistake I made when I was seven years old. It was Christmas time and amongst the mobs of frenzied shoppers, I had lost my parents. From my dwarfed perspective I thought I saw my mum through the crowd. So, naturally, I ran up to her and wrapped myself around her legs. I looked up and said, *"Mummy!"* The woman looked down at me and screamed, before running away. It was only when I turned around and saw my actual mother, who had been watching the scene unfold, that I realised the other woman was not, in fact, her! On the odd occasion I still flash back to that stranger's panic and my own humiliation. > **Kayla Rasmussen**

9am lectures are not my favourite! They involve having to be organised way too early; I am not at all a morning person.

One particular Monday, my 9am lecture comes around and I'm running about 15 minutes late, so I try to sneak in without drawing any attention...

But my lecturer knows me well, and she calls out across the room to say *"Hi!"*. She uses my name so everyone in the class turns to look at me. Admitting defeat, I quickly apologise and try to run up the stairs that divide the class in their seats. Well, my cute new pants had other ideas and as they flow around my rather short legs, I trip over them and go flying up the stairs. Now I'm half-crouching and trying to slink into any chair I can reach. Everyone is trying to not make eye contact with me so they don't have to ask me if I'm OK. Not the best start to a Monday morning! > **Gabrielle Byrne**

I had started dating a new guy and one evening we decided to go to a popular lookout spot in my hometown.

We got there and it was beautiful, so we spent some time soaking up the view. When it came time to head home for dinner, we wandered back to his car, but when I went to get in I wondered where my date was, as he hadn't unlocked the car or gotten into it. I called his name and asked why he hadn't unlocked the car.

Turns out there were two almost identical cars next to each other and I went to get into the wrong car. It didn't take him long to work out what I'd done and we both had a good giggle about it. It's safe to say I quickly learnt which car was his and it never happened again!

> **Caitlin Newton**

I teach after-school art classes to primary kids. One day I got my hair permed and my hairdresser had said I had to wait a few days until I washed my hair. I hadn't saved her number in my contacts so it was still just a number. A few days went by and I wanted to double check it was OK to wash my hair, so I messaged her and asked, *"Can I wash my hair?"* I received the reply, *"Sure"*. I then proceeded to send her pictures of sprays and shampoos and different hair products, at least 10 pictures! This went on for a couple weeks. I noticed my hairdresser seemed way less chatty over text. Then I finally realised I had been messaging one of my art kids' dads! And he didn't say anything?! Let's just say it was awkward when I finally saw him.

> **Sophie Lakeman**