

Jack Ryan Compton

Fall 2013

9/15/13

Dehydration

I remember not being able to sleep that night. Everything I had worked for in the off season was finally going to pay off. It was August 23, and we had our first football game of the season the next morning, and I knew that I was going to have an incredible senior season. There was no reason for me to believe otherwise, I was a returning starter, a team captain, and this was going to be my year.

Waking up the next morning I recall hearing the weather man give the forecast.

“It’s going to be a hot one ladies and gentleman, make sure you drink plenty of water and stay indoors if at all possible.”

Coach Thiry told the team that we needed to be in the locker room by 9 A.M. A bus carrying all the players including myself would be traveling 30 minutes north to play University High School from Bloomington. All week coach had preached that we would be playing on the hot turf and that we needed to be hydrated for the game. Drinking water was the last thing on my mind on that point. U High was ranked fifth in the state and I couldn’t help but thinking about how big this game was. After arriving at the school, I began my pre game activities. I put on my pads and taped up on the field. Walking back to the locker room I remember thinking to myself how hot it actually was, in desperation I started drinking water. Talking to the coaches before the game they had warned us that heat was really going to play a role in this game and that we needed to fight through it and focus on the game. There was no way that I was going to let a simple thing little thing like heat be a speed bump in my senior season. It was only thirty minutes until kickoff and I knew that it was time to get serious.

Right before the game I forgot that I hadn’t drank my pre game shake, which was supposed to give me energy throughout the game. I quick ran over to the sideline and pulled out my baggie of pre-

workout. I hurried and mixed the bag of powder with some water and drank it. Next thing I knew, I was running out on to the field for the first defensive series. Things were going even better than planned. We had stopped them on their last 4 possessions and we had all the momentum. The first quarter was coming to an end and the score was tied at 0-0. My favorite type of game; a defensive battle. Between quarters I was frantically drinking water because I could feel that the pre work was making me dehydrated. Before I could get enough water in my system, it was already time to start the second quarter. Coach had put me on offense, which means I would now be playing non-stop the rest of the game. Half way into the second quarter we scored on a long, hot and exhausting drive. Following the touchdown, the officials decided to stop the game due to the heat. The on field temperature was topping out at 106 degrees. After twenty minutes (which felt like twenty seconds), the officials told us that we would resume the game. U high had the ball and was driving to score before half time when things started to become a little strange.

“Are you alright?” Screamed coach Thiry.

“I’m fine coach I just got a little dizzy,” I said out of exhaustion.

“That’s what I like to hear! Hell of a first half, get to the locker room.” Said Coach.

Sitting in the locker room during half time, I realized that I didn’t remember the last drive of the half. Everyone was beyond drained and we knew that the second half was going to be even hotter. I spent the majority of half time throwing up in the bath room. I remember thinking that my pre-workout was the reason that I was feeling so different. I missed most of coach Thiry’s half time speech, but what I did hear didn’t seem to make much sense to me. The team began to disperse out of the locker room and back onto the field for the second half, but I couldn’t seem to find the energy to get up.

“Jack, are you ok?” said the Athletic Trainer.

"I think the pre work out I drank is making me sick", I stated.

"You should be fine, if you start to feel different during any part of the game you have to let me know," explained the trainer.

I threw up a couple more times thinking that I would start feeling better after getting the pre-workout out of my system and headed back out onto the field. I had already missed the captains meeting and had to hurry to get my stretching in before the referee blew his whistle. The second half started off with a defensive stop and we were currently winning the game 14 - 10. My teammates were complaining about how hot they were and how they needed water. To my surprise this wasn't my case at all. I felt cold on the sideline and couldn't stop sweating. Everything started getting very hazy and I knew something was wrong. My whole life I had never had the courage to take myself out of a game, and there was no way that was going to change today. I was still playing both ways on the field, so the heat really began to take its toll on me. We marched down the field 95 yards and scored a touchdown to change the score to 21-10. I could feel myself beginning to crumble. I was slow on defense and couldn't comprehend any of the play calls. It was 3rd and short in the middle of the 3rd quarter when the heat finally won. I woke up on the sideline with my coaches around me asking me an overwhelming amount of questions.

"Do you know your name?"

"Where are we, Jack?"

"Drink the water, Jack"

None of these questions seemed to make any sense to me. I had absolutely no idea where I was and I didn't know what was going on. This was the first time in my life that I could honestly say I was

scared for my life. All I remember was the desire to drink water and be out of the sun. I was fading in and out of consciousness before it got the absolute best of me.

I woke up in the hospital with my family and my coaches there and had no recollection of what had happened. The coaches and my parents begin to explain to me that I had a heat stroke on the field and that I was taken to the hospital. The doctors said that I had little to no water in my system for the past 5 hours. After a long lecture of being told to drink more water, my dad told me we ended up losing the game. I remember having the feeling of disappointment in myself. I had let my team down and couldn't feel worse about it. What went from what was going to be the season of my dreams, was quickly turning out to be the season of my nightmare.