“Shooting an Elephant” Essay
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In Orwell’s short story “Shooting an Elephant”; George was in an isolated part of the British empire in a nation called Burma. He was in this nation with no friends or allies to help him with his job of being the village’s officer. He was surrounded by natives that he did not know and what makes it worse is that he didn’t speak the language either.

I was in a similar situation that Orwell was in; I was in a strange place as a stranger without anybody around to help me. The situation I was in was actually at a football mini camp. As a child I was a great football player, not by just by opinion but by my coaches’ opinions too. I was accepted to take part in football mini camp at Thayer Academy when I was thirteen. The camp was going to take place a few before Pop Warner football started. After much thought, I decided to go to the camp despite learning the only people that were also going were people I didn’t like much.

So I was on my way to a football camp when that week it was going to one of the hottest weeks of the summer. When we got there I was amazed of how nice Thayer is. Their campus was huge; they had a big gym, a big outdoor swimming pool, and a great cafeteria. I was thinking despite the fact that I was alone it wasn’t going to be a bad week. Boy was I wrong.

First we all had to sit down to an introduction of what the program will involve. We were going to be getting equipment and doing full fledge contact drills which was supposing to me because I didn’t think mini camps did that. We toured the whole area and then about an hour after we were there we were suiting up getting ready for practice.
The practice was very tough especially with the heat. It was even harder because I had no one to talk to. I did feel like Orwell in the sense that I was surrounded by people that I didn’t know and especially by kids who didn’t like me. I did feel a little hostility as did Orwell felt with the villagers. Everywhere I looked there were enemies who would sneer at me (or at least I thought they did).

After about a two hour practice we stopped for a nice buffet meal and a dip in the pool. After that it was back to work. All these drills still couldn’t take my mind off the sense of being alone at camp. During the second workout I aggravated an old ankle injury and was hobbling around a bit. I did tough it out for the rest of the day.

The camp was not an overnight camp and a school bus was there at 7:00 to pick us up and drive us back home. The bus ride back was a relief because it gave me time to just relax despite being by myself. When I got home my ankle was really hurting and decided to not to go the rest of the week. I told everybody it was because of my ankle sprain but there were other reasons. Turns out the loneliness ended up getting to me and it made me think that the camp wouldn’t be fun at all. Also I thought I couldn’t handle the rigorous training that was going on in the camp. I thought it would also be better to rest the ankle for the upcoming season.

The outcome was an overall good one surprisingly. I got my ankle to be in fine condition by the start of the season and the training of the Pop Warner season wasn’t as hard as Thayer’s but still was challenging. Also it gave me a chance to avoid my enemies since I didn’t go to camp.

My situation was definitely less severe than Orwell’s but there were some similarities. We both felt alone and felt as if there was no one there to guide or assist us. We both
were in company of people who either didn’t care for us or just didn’t like us. Orwell had the natives and I had kids that were my enemies. Even though Orwell shot the elephant because of peer pressure and my situation had nothing to do with peer pressure, the base of our problems were the same.