



## Stories of Bullying

### My nightmare life):

I started to get bullied in 3rd grade. I'm always the "new girl" in schools. Well I get into fights because people pick on me. In 7th grade I began to cut myself and started to get in a lot of trouble. When people found out I cut myself they began to call me Emo, stupid, Ect. This year in 8th grade I'm always depressed but people can't see it and the people that bullied me last year continue to bully me. I'm not pretty, skinny, or fast but that shouldn't be your reason for bullying me and my past has scared me and I just wish i can end my life. I want bullying to stop.



# Believe Me. :3

I have a story like everyone else. I have a story that may inspire. I have a story that may offend others. I have a story and it's mine. I've never been really the "cool" girl or ever even popular. I never really knew who I was. I had a somewhat miserable time at home. I never fit in with my family. My mom never appreciated me. She was never proud and my dad was never there to be proud of me. I've never taken anything in with pride. I imagine it is a good feeling though. I have some friends. Just not really ever a friend I can rely on. My mom married this guy. His name is Ronny he is a strict to the point guy. He convinced me crying made me weak. He convinced me that if I am not physically active and fit I am considered fat, ugly, a loner. From this day I have insecurity issues. I was raped twice when I was 6 and when I was 11. I am now 13 and have extreme trust issues. I am to this day ashamed of myself and what I've become. When I was 11 I started to cut. I wanted to end my life. I was lonely. Yes of course I had a boyfriend. But I never accepted help. I don't really get bullied myself. But I have troubles finding myself. I get angry at people who bully others. I have this best friend Glenda who has been my best friend for 5 years. Who has Epilepsy she has seizures drastically while being exposed to flashing lights or even biting her tongue. She is in the hospital off and on for weeks on in. Last year, Glenda had a seizure and was brought to the hospital. She was in the hospital for 3 months. She had a brain tumor, and everyone at school thought she was faking a seizure so she didn't have to take exams. Thanks to a rumor from Glenda's friend Kaly. Kaly lived in the same neighborhood as Glenda and I. She would hang out with me and her occasionally. Well Kaly and I never had gotten along but if she was Glenda's friend I would behave myself. I confronted Kaly and asked if she could stop! . Glenda, in the hospital, was receiving death threats. I couldn't take it anymore. I told Kaly if she didn't stop then I would beat her ass. She wasn't afraid. She started more rumours. Now about me. She began to tell people that I had sex with my boyfriend's best friend, Kamren. He immediately broke up with me and the rumours got worse. Kamren at the time didn't care whether it was true because he thought it made him "swag". Mostly everyone knows me and likes me. I'm just not popular. Well that changed. People disliked me because of the gossip. I didn't care frankly. Meanwhile, Kaly threatened Glenda she was going to pull her IV's out and take away her oxygen. I couldn't take it anymore. At school the next day, I walked up to Kaly and punched her. Dragging her by her hair and slamming her head onto the ground. I wouldn't

stop. I started to cry and ran off to the bathroom. I went to class like normal. I went to ISS. Me and Kaly never talked again. Glenda recovered from the tumor but then killed herself due to being nervous about returning to school. I, Kayla for now on decide that bullying is wrong no matter what happens. I've accepted myself for who I am. I realize I am beautiful like any other. I am no longer insecure. I am fun an playful. I believe everyone else can enjoy life like me. I encourage every girl or guy, gay or straight, fat or skinny, short or tall, virgin or not, white or black to accept who you are and know that you are loved and no matter the situation you are not alone. That everything will get better, and that there is hope. Just believe and trust me.(:



## Why?

My story is..it started in 3rd grade i started to get picked on i didn't relize i was getting bullied. Untill i told my mom about it she told me that i was getting bullied. This girl started to spread rumors all around school it was horriable. Fourth and fifth grade was the same with the same girl but this time with her friends. 5th grade i started cutting myself and doing everything to do because people started say that i didnt belong here. Im glad i had my best guy friend because of him he saved my life. Then sixth grade came, the same girl but a diffrent school. She started saying i was a lesbian and already had sex. I cried for days i couldn't come to school. I started to cut my self, my parents didn't know my consular from elementary and now the junior high consular knows. I wasn't afraid to tell the consular because i new they

could help me. I stopped. My friends told me “you’re not alone, we will help you, they’re haters.” I’ve got bullied and picked on. Just not as much as then. I hate when people get bullied they didn’t do anything to the bully so why should they get bullied. Thank you for hearing me out.



## 7 Years

Im 14 year old female living in Australia, I was bullied for around 7 years and no one knows. I was told I was ugly, fat, tub of lard, King Kong, Fail Whale. It got to the point where I was thinking of committing suicide. I still am on some days. It has affected me in ways I can't describe. I have a fear that I will never be held, kissed or made love to. Everyone knows me as some outgoing person with a bubbly personality but, it hurts so much to think that people dont find me attractive. The worst thing is when someone said that everyone hates me and overtime I started to believe all the insults hurled at me. While I just laughed and brushed it off with a cocky smile it got to me and it still does. To be insulted almost everyday several times for

half your life hurts. Overtime you believe them and now I wonder if they were right.

## **This is me**

<http://whatdoyouchoose.org/2013/01/16/this-is-me/>

## **Compassion for My New Friend**

I am a normal everyday 12 year old and I go to a public middle school. I'm a straight A's honors student and I stay out of drama most of the time. Well, like most people I have some friends and some best friends. Well, some of those friends are boys. It was the 2nd day of school and I had Social Studies for my 3rd class of the day. I didn't know where most of my classes were so I was a little late to class. When I walked in, there was only one seat left...next to a boy (whose name I won't mention). I went to go take a seat. We started talking and he told me about himself more. I thought to myself, "This kid is nice!". So, I was looking forward to our next class together.

The next class, I sat next to him again and this time there was another boy at our table. Well, my friend said he was from Turkey and he was raised Turkish. The new kid laughed and started making jokes about Turkey. One thing he said was, "Aha! Do you guys eat a lot of Turkey in Turkey?". I thought that was mean to make jokes about someone else's country. My friend almost cried. The new kid made much much more jokes and even got sent out of the classroom.

The next day, I discovered I had another class with the new kid. While I was there he started making fun of my religion. I am Jewish. I never really thought much of how people felt about my religion, until that day. Something he said was, "Oh, so you're a Jew? Well my uncle is Hitler, he's still alive you know." At that point I moved to another table. I told that kid that I didn't want to talk to him anymore.

When I went home that day I thought of how my friend felt when the new kid made fun of his nationality. This was when I grew **COMPASSION** for my new friend. When I went to school the next day, I told my new friend what happened and that he shouldn't talk to the new guy anymore. I really helped my friend out that 3rd day of school. I didn't laugh at those mean jokes directed at him, and he didn't laugh at mine. Most people would have laughed and not cared about his feelings. Well I did, and I'm glad that I made a new friend that day.