Fiction

One day it just happen some mean kids locked me in a closet in my school. I was about six years old. I was so scared, while I was in the closet they keep on calling me names and they take all of the stuff in my backpack and they throw it on the floor. Then about time they open the door and I was so scared they were going to hurt me but they just call me names and all of a sudden once he was going to hurt me the teacher came in and these two boys got kicked out of the school and are never allowed back. That's not it they got in trouble from bullying me and they got so in trouble from the cops and I am pretty sure that I was not going to get bullied any more but this time it was not me it was my friend Mike and we went to a pool and the kid that bullied me know they shouldn't bully anyone else so they did not listen to the police so the mean kids had bullied my friend and they call him names and make fun of him. My friend Mike got so mad but mostly he got sad. He had got sad because
No one in his life had ever been so mean to him so he couldn't stop crying and they were making fun because he was crying. They deserved to go to jail because all they do is bully people. Mike and I had gone home and told his mother and his dad was so mad but they couldn't find them but still they kept bullying them in school and Mike and I thought if we told on him that he would beat us up so we just stayed quite and we thought they were getting bored because they stopped for like two days so I just stay quite and next thing you know it they start bullying me so me and Mike got more worried and they wanted use but to tell so we just waited and the hurt my friend Mike and he just got a couple of bruises so we ran home and told and they pulled him to jail and we found out that no matter what you automatically tell if you are getting bullied.
