Do the Write Thing

I still remember the time I used to get bullied in school when I was ten. It wasn’t that people were calling me ugly or fat, it was way worse. I would get surrounded by kids and they would take turns kicking me. It was both verbal and physically abused.

I used to get called very dirty names and I would get kicked or punched in the arm. Once I even got punched in the stomach, just because I was smaller than most of the kids in my class. The worst thing was that at that moment my best friend turned against me and did the same thing. I never felt so hopeless in my life. Then I started to have thoughts about telling my parents. I was afraid that if I told an adult, they would bully even more I was so scared that I couldn’t ever go to the bathroom in fear that they would be waiting for me.

One day I was so scared that I ran home from school, and did the same and every day for almost a month. Then I said I had enough of it and it was time to tell my sister. So I told her and she went up to those kids and told them to stop. At recess that same day they came and cornered me and started calling me names, one
Do the Whole Thing

I still remember the time I used to get bullied in school when I was ten. It wasn't that people were calling me names or hitting me, most of the time I would get surrounded by kids and they would take turns kicking me. It was both verbal and physical.

I used to get called very obnoxious names and I would get kicked or punched in the end. Once I even got a punch in the stomach. I remember I was smaller than most of the kids in my class. The worst thing was that at that moment, my best friend turned against me and told the same thing. I never felt so Roberts in my life.

Then I thought to have some fun and told my parents. I was surprised that I told my parents. They thought it would be exciting to go to the bathroom in less than they would write for me.

One day I was so scared that I ran home from school, and cried some tears and cried a whole month. Then I said I had enough of it and it was time to tell my sister. So I told her and she went up to those kids and told them to stop. At least they started getting on my case and coming me and started calling me names, but
of them threw me one the floor. When I went home I had a big bruise on my arm. I tried to hide it from my parents but it wasn’t long before my mother saw it. The very next day they went to the principal. The kids that bullied me got suspended for three days each.

After those three days two of the boys that bullied me came up to me and I thought they were to start up again. To my surprise they apologized to me. I never expected that in a million years. From that day on they didn’t hurt me or talk to me. Sometimes I would get scared and then I remember to stop, be strong, and not to be afraid.

The causes of youth violence it basically when a student or person feels left out. Or when they feel jealousy of another person and they think if I can be mean to this person I can be cool like them. I think I can help stop youth violence if there is someone bulling some one else I should tell the teacher. I can also help by not being mean to other people to.