

Emma Fiedler – SAVE – PVES Grade 6 (Harris)

A bully, my cousin, and me altogether in the same class. This was a nightmare. It was driving me nuts. Just because my cousin was smaller than normal eleven year old does not mean that he should get bullied. Most of my family is shorter he is just inheriting our culture.

“Hey shorty I think that you are in the wrong classroom. The four year old classroom is up the stairs the take a right. Oh wait four year olds do not know left from right. Maybe I should take you to the gym to find your mommy.” Then they came in chunks, going along with the bully.

“Poor little boy” some said others said

“Don’t cry” others said. It felt like he was the jackpot. The worst thing is that we were invited to her party every year. Even though he is ten months older than me I would not leave him. I finally had enough of her talk. My blood had been boiling for years. I had been saying “Stop” for years. Now one would listen.

I finally spoke up” You need to stop. I will tell your parents, my parents, and his parents if you do not stop. If you bully him at church I will tell our quest 56 teacher. I have no idea what you are doing to him at school but stop! I have been thinking this is not so bad for years, but it is that bad! I have had enough. So stop now!” Of course I said this in a strong voice, but not mean I do not want to be the bully. Since I told her that speech she has not bullied him.

The Time I Stood up to Bullying

By: Emilee Magill

I was scared to go anywhere without being bullied. But the problem was that I had to go to school. I wanted to tell my parents or a teacher, but I was too scared. I didn't know what to do. It finally got to the point where I couldn't take any more of it and I changed my life and probably other lives to possibly forever...

When I was in third grade I was very different from the other kids. I looked funny, I did things different, and a lot of other things, and so I got made fun of a lot.

I only had two friends then, I didn't want to tell them that I got made fun of a lot, because then maybe they would make fun of me to. But to this day I still regret my choice. They are still some of my best friends today.

One day when my friends were hanging out with somebody else, I was alone and a girl came up to me and called me stupid. I tried to ignore it but when I did, it just got worse and she would follow me around calling me names.

I wanted to tell somebody, but I was scared it would get worse. So then I decided to handle it on

my own. I tried to tell her to stop, but it kept going on the rest of the day then week, then that turned into weeks, and from there it just kept building up.

I wanted to tell somebody about it but I was still scared and worried worse than ever. I came home crying almost every day. My mom asked me what was going on because she noticed that I wasn't acting like myself. So I told her everything that was happening she said that I should try to stand up to her. I told her that I have tried and I said I would try again.

The next day at school I went up to the girl that was bulling me and told her exactly how I felt (hurt, miserable, scared, sad, etc.) she said she didn't care. She had reached my last nerve, I couldn't take it anymore, so I told her, "STOP! Why do you have to do this? Just because I'm different doesn't make it okay for you to pick on me, I have feelings too. Have you ever wondered why nobody likes to hang around you? You are making me and probably other people too, go home every day crying, and scared to come to school the next day. I've had enough! Please stop I can't take it anymore, whether you know it or not, your ruining my life. Just please stop."

From that day on I knew I had done the right thing, because she never bullied another person again.

That is the time I stood up to bullying.

Lexi McPhail – SAVE PVES Grade 6 (Schultz)

Bullying, a frequent problem in schools everywhere. Bullying is a problem that needs to be stopped. That is what I will be talking about today. I will tell you about a story that happened to me, and could happen to anyone.

I was with a friend, she was being bullied. She could have had it stop, but she felt powerless. She felt useless, underestimated, and awful. I wanted to help, but didn't know how. If I would have told an adult right away, I could have helped my friend, and also myself. I know she wanted me to help her, and I should have.

She was hurting so badly, it was affecting her school work as well. She was just letting it happen, letting it get worse, and worse. As if verbally bullying her wasn't enough, it was starting to get physical. I hated seeing my friend so miserable, I knew I was going to have stop it myself.

I decided not to verbally tell anyone, so I wrote a note. The said how long it had been happening, my feelings, her feelings, and to please not get anyone else involved. I told my friend what I did, and I felt amazing knowing that I had done it.

I was relived it was over, and so was my friend. She no-longer felt powerless, useless, underestimated, or awful. She felt hopeful, unique, relived, gifted, and powerful.

To everyone who is being bullied, stand up for yourself! Know you are gifted! Know you are powerful! Listen to what Joel Osteen has said, "Now is not the time to shrink back in fear, move forward in faith. Get up every morning knowing you are gifted." All people have potential, not all know how to use it. Just remember that you can achieve great things!

How to prevent Bulling

When I was in 5th grade my friend was getting bullied because some kids said that she was weird. So I invited her to my house to have a sleepover and we saw a movie. When we went to bed we talked for a while and I said that I felt bad for her because of what the people said to her. She said that she said that she was glad I was her friend. To this day sometimes she still comes to me with some problems like when she meant something as a joke the person she said it took it too seriously. Then after a day or two they made up and became friends again. However when I was in fourth grade a girl in my class was telling a secret to another girl and I asked if I could hear and she said no because I was a blabbermouth which really hurt my feelings. It also hurt because I didn't have as many friends as I do now. Now when I have a problem I go to my friends or parents and tell them what happened at school or what is happening. In kindergarten I was also bullied by what I thought of as the "popular" girl. She had many friends and I didn't. It makes you feel empty when you don't have friends

to rely on when you have a tough day at school and that is why I am grateful to have the friends I have now. To rely on them when I have a stressful day at school. For the people who don't know what to do with a bullying situation is don't keep it bottled up inside tell an adult. The more you just keep it to yourself the more its going to affect you. Also when you don't react to the situation the more the bully is going to bully you. At our school we have blue cards one side is to report bullying and the other side is to congratulate someone. I think it helps with bullying because the teacher can read it and talk to the person who is causing all the trouble. For people who are getting bullied make sure you tell an adult to supervise the problem or keep an eye on that certain person. When you do have a bullying problem you can tell your friends about the problem or you could keep it to yourself and tell an adult. Don't let bullying bother you. Stand up to bullying when you see it. Don't be a bystander stand up and don't be afraid to express for who you are. Don't try to be someone who you really aren't.

By: Olivia Mussa 6-S

When I stood up to bullying I was being bullied this kid was make fun of a picture of me and my friends and I cried then he told mean comments about me I felt like a giant bomb about to explode then I cried and the kid said "Are you sniffing my armpit?!" I growled with rage and said "THAT'S IT!!" I stormed off to the boy's bathroom and locked myself in a stall I had a little talk with myself and I said "He should have seen his face when I stormed off." I gritted in anger then he came in, "Zach, are you in here?!" "Yes..." I replied he said "I want to talk to you." I replied "why were you such a jerk to me?!" then he quivered to come up with a response and he said "My dad teases me all the time." then I told him "Well that went too far" as I dried my face with the paper towel. Then we did crisscross apple sauce (and that was one of the things we did at are school) and had a man-to-man discussion the bully said "I'm really sorry" and I forgave him and we walked back to class to work on are cookie dough mix. And he never bothered me again.

-Zach Pepler student of Prairieview

Waukesha, Mukwonago

SAVE Essay

I thought it was just another normal Friday, but I was wrong. As my shoes touched the blacktop of our school's play ground, I saw my friends jumproping. I ran over to them. We jumped rope , joked around, and had fun. Then, the trouble started.

Two boys walked up to us. They shoved us aside and grabbed the jumprope. Another boy approached us. He jumproped for a while, and then traded places with one of the other boys. At first, all the girls were too scared to say anything. Then, I spoke up. I said to them in an assertive voice, "Hey, you need to stop. We were using that jumprope first." Naturally, the boys ignored me and carried on without a care in the world. I was furious, because one of the boys was known for being a bully. To make sure they would pay attention this time, I looked into their eyes and said very very assertively, "Look, you need to leave. If you can't respect that we were minding our business, then we will go and report you to a teacher."

That got them to leave. We carried on with our jumproping until we heard multiple girls yelling across the playground. My friends and I ran over to help. We saw the same three boys. The boys ran off to play basketball as soon as they saw us. We asked the girls if they were okay. They were okay, which made me feel all fuzzy inside. I was proud of myself for standing up for myself and others, but I was mostly proud that all of my friends were brave enough to stand by me.

By: Caythyan Teichmiller #19 GSA