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Do The Write Thing Essay, 2014

Bullying Hurts

It hurts. Its hurts when they fight me and I don't stand a chance. It hurts when they call me names like loser, or creep, or weird. I am different than them. They are popular, smart, pretty, and athletic. They wear in- style clothes that are very expensive. I'm just an ugly, fat girl that is dumb and wears goodwill clothes. I'm just poor. My mom and dad fight a lot and my mom does drugs. They just don't have time to notice me I guess. That's what I hear everyday from those girls and they are right. I can't help it. I can't help being different. I guess bullying is just part of being a kid, I'll just have to deal with it.

Everyday i don't want to go to school. I just try to trick my mom and dad into thinking I'm sick and need to stay home. I isolate myself in my room. I don't keep a computer so that I can't see what they are saying about me on *Facebook* or *Twitter*. I just sit in my room and try to keep the thoughts of them and me out of my head. Sometimes I cry.

Me and my family almost every month get a call from the school that i go to saying that I've missed too many days and I need to go or otherwise I will be suspended. My parents got mad and always drove me to school everyday after that.When I get there, i just try to get to my locker as fast as I can without being seen by them. I get my report card and all of the subjects have either a D or a C on them.Then, they all come up to me and asked what I got for grades. I told them. They all start laughing and walking away. I throw the piece of paper away and start to walk home.

When I walk in through the door, my mom and my dad are at it again. I just roll my eyes and brush it off like it was nothing because I see that everyday. I go to my room and decide to see what they were saying about me online. It didn't really make me feel better despite the fact that my dad left forever that night. I am feeling so depressed. I go to my mom's prescription cabinet and get out some anti-depression bottle. Since I can't really read, I just took about 4 pills.

I just can't take it anymore. I thought I might as well die. I took some rope from the garage and tied it to the ceiling fan. I took a step stool and stood on top of it. I stuck my head through the loop, and tightened it. I felt scared for what was going to happen but felt that it was a good choice just to end my life so I didn't have to put up with anything anymore. I was about to step off of the stool when my parents rushed in. They started crying and screaming but overjoyed to see me alive. They decided to send me to another school which had a better system to prevent bullying so I wouldn't try to kill myself again. I made a lot of friends and started my life anew.

My name is Abigail Williams, I am 12 years old, and I have been bullied almost all of my life. If that day my parents hadn't stopped me, I would have died and totally regretted it. If you see someone who is being bullied, stand up and help them because bullying hurts. You might just save a life, just how my parents saved mine.