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Do the Write Thing, Boston

Breaking the Cycle of Violence

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### Do The Write Thing Essay, 2014

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Special

Walking home from school is torture. Passing by Ryan's house was practical, but it came with some sacrifices. When I walk by he throws stones or pieces of trash at me with threats on it. When I want to speak out I don't know how. My mom gets worried when I get home late, "What do you do for three hours? Your school gets out at two thirty, Steven. Tell me what's going on!" Mom is on the verge of tears. What should I tell her? Once I get into bed, I hear my mom talking to my dad about me, "He won't tell me anything, he always gets home at five thirty, Larry, the school gets out at two thirty!" My mom says frantically. As I slowly dozed into the dream world, I had a nightmare about school. What will Ryan do to me? The next morning, While walking to my first period class. The shrill scream of the bell rang in my ear all of a sudden, the deep growl of Ryans threats entered my ears. " Hey numbskull! Get over here right now! Don't even try to run away or I'll beat the last little bit of common sense out of your puny brain!" While waiting for him to get over to me I wondered what would it be today? A sinking feeling was dropped upon me as he pushed me to the ground and kicked my books and my binder. Once that happened he caught sight of Mr. Giordana he pretended to help me with my books and help me up. All he was doing was crushing my skinny arm with his beefy tree trunk of an arm. "Why are you late Mr. Skidmore?" Mr Malcolm sighed " My bus was late again Mr. Malcolm, sorry." I lied awkwardly. At the end of the day, once the bell rang I began my long trek from my school in Dorchester to my house four blocks away. I have to walk around and into South Boston to avoid Ryan. On a good day this takes me only three hours to get home.

My mom always told me that I was special, but I never knew why until this year. I was one of those kids who didn't have a lot of friends. When it was hard for me to understand jokes I always ended up being the subject of rude comments that I didn't like so I got laughed at even

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more when I tried to fit in. I was wondering what was wrong with me? What did I do to deserve this torture that I endured every single day since the start of fourth grade. I always just blamed it on the fact that I am special. Everything changed one day when there was an announcement on the crackly old P.A. system. I could hardly make it out but my eyes widened and an ear to ear smile arose on my face because the announcement said there was going to be a new club, a Lego club! That was my favorite hobby! I couldn't believe that there were people just like me that played with Legos! Even better news is that it was going to be taught by a real lego master builder. Those people are my heroes. On the day of the first meeting as my mom pulls up to the school my heart skips a beat as I see the gigantic bin of Legos. After a couple of weeks in the Lego club, I made some new friends named Colin and Tom and I stopped feeling so alone. One day we were walking to our class when a chill goes down my spine. " Well, well, well look who we have here, the nerd club." Jeered Ryan, " Dude, back off, haven't you been mean enough to him lately?" asserted Colin, who was a good foot taller than Ryan. " Who do you think you are?" Ryan stuttered " Why do you hang around with these losers?" " These losers! These so called losers are my friends! Be quiet Ryan why don't you go off and hang with your friends!" Colin shot back. With that Ryan sulked back down the hallway towards his friends

That was the last day of the endless torture. The last day that I felt like there wasn't anyone out there that even cared the tiniest bit about me. The last day of my life without friends to back me up.

**While sticks and stones may break my bones, words will always hurt me.**