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1-1-2014

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Recommended Citation

"Do The Write Thing Essay, 2014" (2014). *Do the Write Thing, Boston*. 306.
<https://scholarworks.umb.edu/dtw/306>

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1


*This story is fictional.

Once when I was in the 3rd grade, I got into a fight. There were these three girls in my class that always thought they were better than everybody else. Their names were Chloe, Melissa, and Kimberly. It would annoy me on how cocky and conceited they were. My friend Sara and I would always make fun of how they acted when I would go over her house. We would laugh really hard. It didn't matter to us because nobody knew that we would make fun of them. Sara and I were really good friends. We have been best friends since kindergarten and we did the silliest things together. We told each other secrets, had play dates and had sleepovers. I always had so much fun with her. One day we were going on the school bus to go home and we sat in the front of the bus like always. Chloe, Melissa, and Kimberly always sat in the seat behind us. That day, the girls had been really mean to Sara and I didn't like it one bit. They called her ugly and fat. I didn't know that until Sara told me once we sat down on the bus. I asked her if she had told the teacher and she said no.

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So when me and Sara and the girls got off the bus, I went up to them and asked them why they had said that to Sara. Chloe looked at me and started laughing. I asked "what's so funny?" Chloe said, "you." The laughing continued. It got me sad so I stayed quiet. Melissa stopped laughing and said, "why don't you go home with your little friend?" As she said that, she pushed me and I fell on the floor. They laughed some more. At that point, I had had enough. I got up and pushed Melissa back. Kimberly didn't like the idea of me trying to defend myself so she came up to me and punched me in the stomach. Sara was furious once she saw that happen so she went up to Kimberly and pushed her into Chloe and Melissa. And at that moment, the 3 girls started kicking and pulling our hair so we did the same. My mom was coming home from work and when she was passing the bus stop, she saw me and Sara and the girls. She got out of her car and came up to us. Chloe, Melissa and Kimberly ran home and only me and Sara were left. She looked disappointed. She took Sara home and then after we went home. The car ride was still and silent. My mom waited until my dad came home so I could explain what had happened.

Later on, my dad came home and I explained everything. They didn't respond until 5 minutes after I had finished the story. My dad said that I should have told an adult and that I shouldn't have taken matters into my own hands. I was ashamed for my behavior. My mom had told me a lecture on how violence was pointless. Violence doesn't solve anything. If anything, it only makes the problem worse. That night, I went to my room and thought about my mistake. When I had thought about it enough, I went downstairs to talk to my parents. I told them that I thought about my mistakes and that I would like to apologize for my behavior. I had learned that violence isn't always the key to solving the problem. Even if I didn't like Chloe, Melissa or Kimberly, I shouldn't have done what I did. At that moment, I should have told an adult. Yes, I was defending my best friend but I ended up making the situation greater than it already was. The next day at school, me and Sara avoided Chloe, Melissa and Kimberly. For the rest of the school year, I didn't say a word to them and they didn't say a word to me either. The last day of school, Chloe, Melissa and Kimberly said sorry to me and Sara. We accepted the apology and they accepted ours. The next year, we all got

6814046

4

along and were very good friends. We had left the past behind. That was a very important life lesson that I learned. The whole situation could have been resolved a long time ago if it wasn't for what I said first. But I'm glad we forgave each other.