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Do the Write Thing Essay, 2015

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Bullying Leads to . . .

Violence. It can affect many, many people.

It can affect their Body, mind, and most importantly their life. Like how violence affected my life.

When you look at me you see Great Cheekbones and Sweet Smiles, but under those things is a past.

A story that I never told. But I'm taking the courage to talk about it. It all started with a Boy. I was very young and didn't know anything. Every Girl had a Boyfriend, I wanted to fit in so I wanted a Boyfriend too. And I had my eyes set on one Boy. Apparently he didn't feel the same way that I did.

So he started Rumors, Calling me names. Like Slut, Hoe, Buffalo, ugly, and theres more.

The other kids thought it was funny, so they repeated those words.

Then after that they took it to the next level. Then they threw things at me. pencils, sharpeners, Razors. Since sharpeners came with Razors, they took the Razors out of the sharpeners and threw them at me. I don't know why but they thought it was funny. But everything changed when they told me to cut myself, kill myself. That I'm worthless and I should die.

So one day I went home. I guess I couldn't take it no more. Violence made me feel the need to kill myself. So I locked myself in the

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Bath Room, Ran the Bath, and took a pair of scissors. I don't know what was going through my mind that day. I don't know why I took those pair of scissors and tried to kill myself. I could still feel the cold metal of the rusty scissors being held against my wrist. But Z was frozen, something told me not to. I couldn't drag it across my wrist. So I just sat there and cried. And Z never told my mother, I was scared she was going to judge me. Like everybody else judged me. 2 years later after that day I told my Mom what happened, she felt so bad. I felt so bad. I guess the reason I was still traumatized more than Z should've was I was scared of telling my mother about it. She told me life is beautiful. And suicide is not the answer. Never take your life like Z tried to. Cause there is someone who would be devastated by losing you. Things causes youth violence like bullying for me. Why bullying causes it is because it starts with things like envy, jealousy. Things like that. People get jealous of others so they treat people like none should be treated. Youth violence happens alot. Bullying which is one of them

The first part of the paper discusses the importance of understanding the underlying mechanisms of the system. It highlights the need for a comprehensive approach that considers both the physical and biological aspects of the problem. The authors argue that a purely mechanical model is insufficient to capture the complexity of the system, and that a more integrated framework is necessary.

In the second section, the authors present a detailed analysis of the experimental data. They show that the observed behavior is consistent with the proposed model, and that the model can be used to predict the system's response under various conditions. The authors also discuss the limitations of the current model and suggest directions for future research.

The third part of the paper focuses on the development of a new method for measuring the system's parameters. This method is based on the principles of signal processing and is designed to be robust and accurate. The authors demonstrate the effectiveness of this method by comparing the results with those obtained from traditional techniques.

Finally, the authors conclude by summarizing the key findings of the paper and emphasizing the significance of the work. They believe that the proposed model and measurement method will provide valuable insights into the system's behavior and will be useful in a wide range of applications.

Needs to be stopped, because there is somebody out there who's not like me. They did slit their wrist and unfortunately took their life.

But there's things you can do about youth violence. Like me, I could try to talk to people who have suicidal thoughts and try to prevent bullying from happening.

Also when I see any signs of bullying I will try to stop it, or tell an adult.

Tell somebody how you feel. I know it may seem cliché, but trust

me it feels good to tell somebody your problems, not to bottle up your emotions.

Especially someone as important as your mother or father

The first thing I noticed when I stepped
 out of the plane was the fresh air. It felt like I had
 been in a bubble for the last few days. The
 humidity was gone, replaced by a cool breeze.
 I took a deep breath and felt a sense of
 relief. The sun was shining brightly, and
 the birds were chirping. It was a beautiful
 sight. I had never seen anything like this
 before. The colors were so vibrant, and the
 sounds were so clear. I felt like I had
 been transported to a new world. The
 people were friendly and welcoming. They
 showed me around and helped me get
 settled. I was in good luck. I had found
 a new home. I was finally home.