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Do The Write Thing Essay, 2014

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Josh

Josh gets bullied everyday. He never wants to go to school because he always gets teased. He has a very difficult life. His parents are divorced and he barely ever gets to see his dad. His mom does drugs and she is always either at work or at a party. Josh gets bullied for many things but one thing he gets bullied most about is being different. He isn't like the other kids. So basically Josh is always home alone with no one to talk to and share his feelings with. The only time he actually get to see his mom is in the morning when he has to go to school. Josh would store up all his feelings and wouldn't tell anyone.

So next morning I got up and got ready for school. My mom drove me to school. I got out of the car and thats when it began. This kid named David came up to me with his gang and said "oh your mommy drives you to school, how cute." I just completely ignored it and walked into the school so my mom wouldnt see anything and worry. David pushed me against the locker as soon as I got in. He asked me for the homework answers and I told him I didn't have it for him. He threatened me and said, "if you don't have it tomorrow you will get beat up." I stuttered "...o..k" and then I ran off and went straight to the bathroom where I could hide from everybody and cried. The whole day everyone was looking for me. When school ended I ran straight home and ran to my bedroom and slammed the door and cried even more. Then I heard the door open, it was my mom. She was actually home. My mom came into my room and she saw me crying. She asked me why I'm crying but I just sat there crying. She asked, "What happened Josh?" "Nothing happened." I just stayed in bed the whole day.

The next morning my mom tried waking me up. "Honey its time to go to school, get up." I pretended that I was sick because I was too scared to go to school, but my mom said I had to get up and go to school. Then I got ready and ate breakfast and then my mom gave me a ride to school. I got out of the car and walked in the front door. I walked up to my locker and then I saw something written on it. It said "gay." I opened my locker and papers fell out. There were posters that had pictures of me that said I love guys. I felt tears coming down my cheek. I never thought people could be so cruel. Why do people have to do this? I ran to the bathroom and just sat there crying. Then I heard someone come in. It was my friend Jack. He was the only person that I could go to and talk about things, and he wouldn't make fun of me for being gay. He was the only friend I can count on. Once he saw me crying, he came to me and sat by my side. I told him about what happened and he just said to ignore it and if he wanted he can stay at his place.

I ended up staying with Jack at his place. Before I went to sleep I went on my laptop. The first thing I saw was some comments on my news feed. They were cruel comments about me. Comments like if my mom knew that she was going to give birth to a gay child. I thought to myself "is this ever going to stop?" I started to cry again. Jack was sleeping so he didn't know I was crying. I woke up in the morning with tear stains on my face. I fell asleep crying about how much I wish I was like other people. Then I wouldn't get bullied. I sometimes wish I was never born. I told jack I didn't want to go to school. He said he understood and said, "you shouldn't let people get to your head like that. You should stand up to them." Thats all he said before he left. Then Jack's mom came in and asked why I didn't go to school. I told her why. Jack's mom was like my second mom. My own mom wouldn't even

be home and she didn't have time to talk to me and she really didn't care about what I had to say , but Jack's mom was always there for me. I thought of them as my own family. I just burst out crying into her arms. I never knew people cared about me. I never had someone who would just be there to listen to what I would have to say. It was a really good feeling to have someone listen to what you have to say. She didn't treat me differently because I was gay. Two people actually cared about me but it wasn't enough for me to stop wanting to kill myself.

I couldn't take it anymore. I can't deal with all the people and what they have to say about me. I went to a place where no one can find me, the bridge. I thought about how happy I would be if I wasn't on this planet anymore. Killing myself was probably the thing that was best for me. I wouldn't have to go through all all the pain I kept with me for a long time. I closed my eyes and thought about all the pain that would go away and I jumped.