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Recommended Citation

"Do The Write Thing Essay, 2014" (2014). *Do the Write Thing, Boston*. 14.
<https://scholarworks.umb.edu/dtwt/14>

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Violence ☹☹☹ Essay

Ana Pacheco 8-3 01-23-14

When I was in 7th grade in 2013 There were 5 girls who did not like me. They were mean and rude to me I was scared of them. They used to say mean things to me and they used to push me a lot. I used to feel lonely and I still do because I have no friends. In class i'm sad and don't talk, to people i'm fake. My ex bestfriend say's i'm a 2 face because she said I talk about her.

I don't know why people hate me and treat me bad. Well i'm happy that I know what people talk about is not true. when I was in 7th grade they put a song that was really rude and that hurt my feelings. Even though when that happen we were on a field trip we were in a college. Also in the college they were pushing me yelling rude things at me I just stayed silent and didn't say anything.

when we went to eat in the colleges restaurant I sat alone because people were bullying me and they still do. I do not talk to anyone about how I feel. I keep everything to myself only and keep that pain in me. That all started because this girl said I was talking about her then they all wanted to fight me but I did not want to fight with them. I was really afraid that they were going to hurt me I was all lonely and sad also I felt really bad of what they said to me.

when they wanted to fight with me I said I didn't want to fight. They started to call me a chicken because I did not fight. I said to them I rather be a chicken than get hurt. When we were going to the bathroom of the college they followed me inside I was really scared. I went to a corner because they were going to hurt me.

when I was stuck with those girls I did not know what to do. I felt like I had no one in the world. That was a really bad time for me because I was being bully by other girls. I used to cry because of what they said to me. It was just I against 5 girls and I was scared.

I was a girl that did not know what to do so they did not hurt me. I always sat down with my book and they always took it away from me. I used to tell them to give it back but they would not they would always read what I wrote. I started to cry because they treated me so bad I felt like my heart was broken. I was lonely, sad and thought a lot because lots of things went through my mind.

At the end people will have to learn these lessons. After what they did to me they knew none of that was true. they bully me and said mean things to me. People used to say that I talk about other people when I did not say anything. people are rude and hurt feeling with out knowing the truth.

people some of the time talk because they have a mouth. Also most of the time people say thing with out knowing their story of the past. This is my story of violence. Most of my story is true some of the things are fiction. ❤️