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Do The Write Thing Essay, 2014

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The Silent Boy's Bathroom

First period was over and I was hesitating to walk out of math class, in my life I never felt so much fear being in school. My teacher, Mrs. Kenneth gentle tapped my shoulder and whisper next to my ear, "you should get going now". I looked back with shock and saw her sweet smile, I smiled back and said "thank you", but I didn't want to leave. If only she knew why I was hesitating to leave her classroom, if only she could see what the other boys do to me in the boys bathroom. Sadly she cant know, because if I tell on them it would get worse, the hurtful words gets stronger, words will get added more like "snitch, low life" and many more. As I took my first step in the empty hallways, I look back and fourth constantly just to see if anyone will walk in hallway B. As usually I heard nothing, I slowly started walking down the halls while walking, I gave a big sigh of relief in the air. As I was almost to the door to my next classroom, I heard a familiar voice, "Hey! Mr. Jones can I use the bathroom?" Mr. Jones sounded annoyed but he said "Fine Danny just come back right away so you know the lesson". I suddenly notice my whole body was shaking in fear, small drops of sweat were dripping down my face and my eyes widen. All a sudden I heard the door knop turn, and

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it swigged open, I was frozen in fear. Then I notice that my face made eye contact with Danny's eyes. Once I saw his face I ran so fast that the Mr. Jones didn't see me, I ran, I ran, but when I looked back I didn't saw Danny there. I'd slow down a bit, but all I saw was an empty hallway no Danny. Suddenly I remember that there were two hallways connected to hallway B, also Danny's friends were on hallway C. My whole world shut down before my eyes, I fell on my knees and cried silently before I notice I felt a present at the end of the hall, it was Danny and his friends giggling. They started running towards me and before I notice, they were on top of me trying to get a hold of me. Two kids were holding my legs, two other kids were holding back my arms and Danny got his sweater and wrap in around my mouth and eyes. More tears were coming down my face, my nose was getting stuffy, my heart was racing, and then I heard a door open. They threw me on the ground and a boy took off the sweater that was on my eyes, all I heard were giggles, laughter and whispering, that even made me cry more. Then one boy walked up to me started kicking me, and as time past by everyone was joining in to hit me. After minutes had past it felt like hours but they finally stopped, they left the boys bathroom and went back to class, leaving me in the silent bathroom alone. If only they felt the shame of hurting someone else, then maybe I wouldn't be in this much pain.