



MY EXPERIENCE WITH BULLYING

Well, let me start by saying, I was bullied my whole adolescent years really. And let me tell you why.

I was in grade 4. I was at my friend Ritchie's house as I normally was as a best friend. So anyway, we were playing games and playing monopoly with his sister Candace. To make a long story short, Candace was cheating and we called her on it. So an argument between the two of them ensued. I was like hmmm, ok. I realized while that was going on that I had not told my mom what time to pick me up at.

So silly me, I asked Ritchie if I could use the phone to call my mom to see what time she wanted me home at. Well, he took total offense to that and thought I was mad because of the monopoly fight. I tried to explain no, no no, I was not mad, I just happened to remember I hadn't asked my mom. But he had no interest in listening....he went outside and started shooting hoops and would not talk to me anymore. So I ended up calling my mom and asked her to pick me up, because he seemed so angry at me for some reason and would not talk to me.

So.....I left and went home. Well....my life was never the same. He remained angry at me for leaving and felt a need to get everyone against me. From that day on, I had a school full of enemies, and this was grade 4 for gosh sakes!!!

From that point on in my life, people made fun of me, called me fag, called me loser, called me

any name which would just be cruel and demeaning and anything that hurt. I had no real friends at all, and no one wanted to be my friend because they had gotten everyone against me.

So this started in grade 4, and just continued. Everyday I went to school I hated. I felt so alienated and alone. I felt like no one liked me and no one wanted to associate with me. I didn't understand exactly what was happening, I just accepted it, as what could I do as a kid? If it was now, different story, but then, it was devastating.

So life went on, me no friends, no confidence at all, and nothing I looked forward to. And then high school came around.

I thought it might have been different due to my older sister being there and being popular. And to be honest, I think that did save me a little bit, but it did not save me entirely. It perhaps saved me in the sense that the older kids knew I was her brother, so they did not pick on me, but it didn't really do that much about the kids in my grade for the most part.

I continued to be picked on and made fun of. I tried desperately to fit in, to be fashionable, to be someone that people would like, but it just didn't work. The stigma that those assholes had created for me years ago just simply stuck and remained.

There were days that I almost just couldn't get out of bed and felt honestly scared to go to school. I remember one guy in particular....Trevor Brokop. He was one of the worst to me that I have ever encountered. He used to ridicule me and taunt me nonstop. I remember one time, the whole class standing at the door of the classroom waiting for the bell to ring and he started making fun of me, while everyone was listening and watching. And he was like, you faggot. Are you gay? I felt so unbelievably horrible and scared at the same time. He scared me physically and also emotionally. I felt like a piece of shit, as he taunted me and other students laughed. I used to worry every day I went to school that I would get beat up or something in the parking lot or at lunch or whenever. I hated life at that time.

Even people I thought were friends, well they even seemed to wanna taunt me. There was this girl, that had a crush on me. I never realized this, as I was totally so self conscious I never thought anyone could like me. But anyway, so she liked me and I guess I didn't reciprocate so she decided that treating me like a piece of shit and taunting me was the way to go. And her older sister, who was a total cunt, actually physically threatened me. And for no reason. She was just standing up for her sister, who I guess told her I was a jerk, and decided it was her place to intimidate me. Well talk about making me even more depressed to go to school as they socialized with the small group of people whom I remotely felt I could even sit around with at lunch time. But it was funny, after people finished their lunch, they went walking off together, but I just sat there by myself and never got invited to go for the most part. I had a couple of friends who were cool, but if they were not around, I was completely on my own. I just felt so alone and isolated and very sad.

It's funny, because I am actually shedding tears while writing this. It just makes me think back and makes me feel so sad and angry thinking about it. Where I am at this point of time in my life, no one would ever imagine I went through what I did. I get very angry now when I see

people treat other people with disrespect and there is a very good chance you will hear me put someone in their place for treating someone wrong. I just can't tolerate seeing my friends, loved ones, or anyone else for that matter get bullied or made to feel bad about themselves. The more the years go by, the more I feel I need to stand up against that. I guess sometimes though, I still feel like the bullied little kid.

It is interesting....as successful as I am now in life and as many friends I have and whatnot, I still keep that part of my life on my shoulder. I get really embarrassed easy, and I fear so much what people think of me. I just want to be accepted and to this day, I feel like I am not, unless I prove myself unconditionally. That is a terrible way to live I think, and I try all the time to figure out how to overcome this fear that I harbour. I hate it, but I can't help it. It is a part of me, and I don't know if it will ever leave. However, what has changed is my understanding of it. Yes, I may still carry a piece of it with me, but on the other hand, I have a different life now. Most adults do not treat people like children and teenagers do. Simply because most adults will not tolerate that shit. Perhaps why a lot of those bullies amount to nothing in their life.

So, without going even further into my personal feelings, which I will totally express in another post, I just have to say to those who feel bullied, trust me, life gets better. The ones that bullied you will typically never amount to anything in their lives and will do nothing important. As a matter of fact, the tables will probably turn in the sense that they will become completely unimportant. So....to those of you who feel like I felt or who still do, please understand, the storm will pass. Life will get easier. There are outlets now too which you can reach out to...so please do!!! I hate to say tough it out, but I guess you do. But do realize, you will come out on top, and I have no doubt about that at all. If I could become one of the most wealthy, successful, high spirited, popular and fun loving persons, then so can you! Remember, there is a light at the end of the tunnel.....so please hold

strong and reach out to those for support
whenever you need it!!! Love you all 😊

Tattle