

My Gift

BULLYING was the dark cloud over my head. The voices of the kids who bullied me were the raindrops that flooded my day. And their hateful glares were the lightning bolts that I tried my best to dodge.

I didn't realize how much bullying had taken over my life until my family and I moved across the country at the end of 8th grade.

I realized how much I had been suffering, but I also realized how strong I was. I started writing poems, screenplays, and stories. I put all of my pain into my work. I had finally found this incredible outlet. And through this outlet, I found my first mission in life.

I knew that there were millions of kids all over the world suffering in silence from bullying. In my sleep, I could feel their fear, their helplessness, and their pain. I dreamed of a way that I could help them and show them that they weren't alone in their battle.

One day, I realized that I had to create a little yet powerful survival guide that any kid could use when he or she was being bullied in the gym, the cafeteria, the locker room, the classroom, the hallways—anywhere. A guide that could help any kid dry their tears and put a smile on their face. A guide that could convince a kid

to come out of that bathroom stall that they had locked themselves into and see the flickering light at the end of the tunnel. A guide that could be a road map, a flashlight, or a friend.

So here it is. This book is my gift to you. The advice is based on all of my experiences throughout the many years I was bullied and conversations with parents, teachers, and other victims of bullying. I also collaborated with mental health professionals.

Welcome to my book
and your new beginning!



My Story

Eight years old I arrived
In front of this cluster of stone buildings
Ready to thrive
Feeling so alive
Not knowing that this place would be my
fight to survive

At nine I tried to be myself
To dress to impress only myself
To write to feel alive
But I was beaten down
For just trying to be me

At ten I tried to fit in
Knowing that it had been hell
I felt like I was trapped in a cell
So I dressed the same
To fit into their game
But my soul had a name
And it wasn't the same
As the other players in the game

M
Y
S
T
E
R
Y



ELEVEN

At eleven
I kept quiet
I couldn't take my internal riot
I needed an escape
But I was trapped in this game
Of words and pain
And my writing had taken flight
It even got away from the game
But I had to stay
It wasn't my turn to run away

At twelve
I craved friends and fame
I dreamed of being in movies
Where you could escape
Shift shape
Into different lives
And never need to arrive back into your
first life
But I was told I would never be
Anything more than debris
I was bullied for my desire to act
And retreated out to sea
But I was holding a pirate key
In dreams or in reality
I needed one thing to hold on to
And that was me

Twelve

