

June 30, 2003

From your friendly neighborhood bully

An open letter to say - Thank-you for a wonderful school life

To most people, I am known as a bully, but to you it was different. You defended me and protected me and for this I give thanks. I'm 18 now and finished with school. They were the best 12 years of my life.

I like to call the kids I pick on my marks. I attacked my first mark when I was three. I called him names, teased him and put him down. It made those around me laugh and made me popular. The more I did it the better everyone else liked me. It became a challenge for me to see how long it would take me to make my mark cry. Once the tears started, I became over-joyed and everyone applauded my success, I was a hero. I liked doing it everyday and my friends always wanted me to come up with new ways to attack. It was just great. At first I didn't want to actually hit my mark as I thought I would get into trouble. But I soon learned that I could hit my mark and then tell the teacher he hit me and she actually made him apologize to me. Could things get any better?

I had different marks over the years of school, and even got to attack them after school. I would follow my mark on the bus and even to their home. I loved the look of fear in their eyes. It just made me laugh. Most of my marks were nice quiet and smart, I hated that. I wanted them to hurt. Seeing their parents talking to the school and cops always made me feel even better as the school and cops always defended me. They always wanted proof so I knew as long as I didn't give them any I could go on and on without worrying about getting in trouble. I got mad once and really beat my mark, but I got my friends to say he attacked me first. The school suspended my mark and made him write me an apology it was funny because I was clean and unhurt and my mark was bruised and bleeding, but it didn't seem to matter to anyone. It was really great to see him cry so much. I don't think I ever saw him smile.

My best year was when I got tired of the same mark in grade 9. He was really smart, nice and quiet, I wanted to get rid of him. I told my friends I wanted him dead, I attacked him and attacked him. I got my friends to attack as well. I told my parents he was gay so they would help. I started rumors about his family and everyone hated him. I told his friends that I would put anyone in the hospital if I caught them talking to him. He was so scared; he was sick and threw-up all the time. Everyone in the neighborhood hated him now. I told everyone that he had been threatening me. It made them hate him even more.

Then in spring, he stopped coming to school. A week later, the teacher told us that he had tried to kill himself by taking sleeping pills. He didn't die, but has brain damage. He won't be back at school anymore as he now needed special attention and needs to be looked after by a nurse all the time. My dad told me that his parents got divorced and had to put him into a home for disabled kids. His sister dropped out of school and is taking drugs. The school told us it wasn't anybody's fault. He must have had mental problems and that this didn't have anything to do with school. The school said this had nothing to do with bullying.

Getting rid of my mark was a mistake. Now I had to get a new one. It didn't take long and soon I was right back at it with my friends. Life was good.

I enjoyed school so much; I didn't want it to end. I think I'll become a teacher.