

By Oscar H.

John Bratt was my brother. My name is John Bratt, too. My brother died one year ago. He died because he was bullied at school. Well, that's what my mom said. Every day I go to his room and I suffer seeing my dead brother gone. Sometimes I'm scared because I think he haunts me.

Today is the first day of school. I got on the school bus still thinking about my brother. "Hi John Bratt." "You scared me." "Sorry," said my best friend Mason. We were friends since we were kids. "Ready to go to school?" "NO," I said so terrified. "Still thinking about your brother?" "Yea." I almost cried. "You will be fine," Mason said. Well, we got to school. I found some new friends. It was 7<sup>th</sup> period P.E. "Well, well, well, look who we have here." "Looks like it's John the Bratt," said James McBeans. James was the bully his brother Nick got arrested for killing my brother. I yelled, "What do you want?" "Oh, nothing. Just thought I'd give you..." BOOM!! He punched me in the face and my stomach. He said, "You are so scared like your ugly retarded brother."

The next day I went to school scared and terrified. My friend came up to me and said, "I don't want to be your friend no more." He walked away. I started to cry in the restroom – so scared. I thought to myself, why do people bully? The bell rang and it was time to get to class. My heart was pumping when I went to class. As I arrived to class, everybody was throwing paper at me and laughing. It was time to go home. I was walking to my bus, but then the bully approached me. "Hello, John Bratt." "What James?" James pushed me. I got my fist up ready for a fight. James said, "You are a weak, skinny kid like your brother – losers." POW!! James was amazed at how fast I punched him. "You win. You win." James screamed and cried.

About 10 years later, James became a hobo and I became an NFL player with a super hot model girlfriend. James wished he had never become that bully.