

The Big Move

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Once I was five years old in kindergarten, but it was in another school. Some kid, his name was Daniel, had a big sister. We were friends. The first time I rode the bus, Daniel and his big sister were in the bus. They were whispering something and looking at me. I began to cry, but I couldn't let myself cry. I had to be brave. I decided to move to the back of the bus, and I could not hold it. I cried. I cried until it was my stop and my turn to get off the bus. I ran to the front of the bus, got off the bus, and saw my mom. I ran to her while I quickly wiped the tears that had been streaming down my face. When my mom saw me, she asked, "What happened?" I said, "Nothing, Mom." We went home and at night I thought to myself, I'm scared, but I have to be brave.

The next morning I went to school and in gym, Daniel kicked me and called me "Poophead". I was so furious..I kicked him back! We began kicking each other and he called me fat and ugly. I started crying. I felt mad and sad. I wished the ground would just open and eat me up. I didn't know what to do, so I escaped to the restroom. In there I cried and wished I could move to another school. I looked at myself in them mirror, wiped my tears, and went back to gym. When I got there, they had gone back to class. I hurried to my classroom, opened the door, and everyone turned to look at me. The teacher got mad because I had stayed behind. I was so hurt and had finally had enough. I didn't even care that she was upset with me. I thought to myself *when I leave this school, I hope I have a BFF.*

It was finally time to go home again and I dreaded being in the bus with Daniel and his mean, big sister. When I climbed...there they

both were. Daniel's sister started to argue with me. She was telling me I smelled again and I threatened to slap her. She kept on teasing me and I had had enough. As if my hand had a mind of its own, I raised it in the air and slapped her across the face. Luckily, it was my stop...right on cue. I ran out of that bus so fast and didn't look back.

I ran home and told my mom all about what had happened that day. Tears were streaming down my face. Almost like she knew what was going on, she told me, "I thought you would be mad at the news I have, but maybe not. Rosemary, we are moving." When I heard her say that, I swear I heard angels singing. I jumped up and yelled, "YAY!" it was crazy. My mom said, "I thought you would be sad. I said, "I hadn't told you, but I was being bullied at school and I wanted to tell you how badly I just wanted to leave." Mom said, "Well I'm glad you're not going to go crazy with this news. Today was your last day. We will start fresh in a new place." "YAY!" I exclaimed. I couldn't be happier.