Bullying Around the Corner

What do you think makes a hero? Is it someone who saves lives? Or is it someone who fights back? I think a hero occurs when someone has the courage and bravery to give a helping hand to anyone in need. This story is about how I became a hero to the people in my life that were in need.

It was a chilly Monday morning, beep beep, beep, beep - my alarm goes off. "Oh my gosh!! I hate Mondays!" I yelled as I woke up in a bad mood. I started to imagine how exciting the past weekend was, as I did my hygiene. The weekend had been packed with swimming, going out to eat, and best of all, walking around Waikiki at night. It was so disappointing that such an entertaining weekend had to end so quickly. I got dressed, walked downstairs, grabbed some crispy ramen noodles, and kissed my mom goodbye.

I started walking to the bus stop surrounded by sand from the beach close by. I moved past others, ignored them as usual, and waited for the bus which seemed to take forever, as more people gathered at the bus stop. "Finally! The bus is here," I thought as the bus steadily drove towards the bus stop. As I was about to step inside the bus, I saw a gray-bearded old man dressed in white running. He was running towards the bus stop crying out for the bus to stop. I then felt a little drop of kindness enter my heart. I need to help this man. I looked up at the bus driver who appeared unhappy and asked him if he could wait for the old man. He looked at me with his piercing eyes as he started gripping the wheel tighter, he was angry. He looked like he was about to lose his temper, but to my surprise, he held it in as veins started popping up throughout his face. As he pondered my question in anger, I stood there sheepishly, waiting for an answer. Just
then, I turned to look behind me and thought to myself "Thank God the old man arrived in time. Who knows what would have happened if he were just a second late?"

Once I took my seat with a friend I found on the bus, I felt satisfied with how I had helped someone significantly but scared at the same time. Soon the bus came to our stop. A breeze gave me goosebumps as I got off the bus. My friend and I started walking towards the next bus stop until we saw something shocking. Two boys were beating up a kid relentlessly. BAM! BAM! BAM! All I saw was a kid getting hit in the face, blood was streaming from his nose. "Why?" I wondered to myself. My friend and I ran over in a flash to help the kid and stop the others from hitting him. To my great fortune, as soon as they saw my friend and me coming, they ran off. As they ran off they yelled back "You got lucky today but don't think this is over!!" While my friend and I helped the kid up, I was surprised that no one in the area decided to stop this attack, but then again, people don't usually like to get involved in a circumstance that isn't their issue. Furthermore, we asked the bruised and beat-up kid some questions.

It turns out that the kid's name was Jake, and the two boys hurting him are John and Noah. The whole story was that he was walking home, and the two boys ran toward him and started throwing punches. He heard them say something about snitching.

"What do they mean by snitching?" I questioned. "Then I remembered, at my school, I told a teacher about two boys, one wearing a blue jacket and the other wearing red pants who were bullying a kid," he replied. After the story, Jake and I brainstormed some ideas, but all we came up with was him keeping his distance and getting help from any friend or adult. I gave him my crispy ramen noodles in hopes of making him feel better and went on with our day. About two weeks later, I saw Jake waiting at the
bus with a smile. I came up to him and asked about the bullying. He told me that he gained many friends that supported him in stopping the bullies, and now I feel much more confident.” I talked with Jake the whole time I was on the bus about various interests, and from then on, we became great friends.

As the bus came to my stop, we said our goodbyes and went our separate ways. While walking to school, I felt like I had honestly done something good. I felt joy and happiness as a grin appeared on my face. I was proud of my actions. Greeting people didn’t feel as awkward as before. I felt confident and said to myself, “I should put more smiles on other people’s faces.” I walked into my school, complimenting others left and right. I sat down in class delighted and ready to learn something new. “I should do this everyday,” I thought and that’s what I did from that day on. “What a beautiful day, what a new day it is.”

Thus soon enough, my kindness story became history as one of my favorite stories to think about whenever I’m down. This story has taught me something everyone needs to understand, being kind and making people feel good not only helps others but helps you too. Maybe this story was meant for me to change the way I view life. Rather than being cranky every Monday, I should go outside and make this cruel world a better place. This is why I believe a hero occurs when someone has the courage and bravery to give a helping hand to anyone in need.