

## new kind of bully

By: Sean Robinson

On one hot sunny day I was at school and I was always misbehaving. Some would call me a bully. I wasn't one of those bullies that would give nerds weggies I was more of a cool kid bully. I would hang out with the jocks at the school and made fun of the nerds. After my first period with Mr. Ben I went to my locker as fast as possible so I wouldn't be late for class, then out of nowhere this kid bumped into me and you know I didn't take that well. I told the kid, "hey what's your problem," and he looked up and I was shocked. He looked like a weird monster. After I saw him I told to run or I'd beat him up, so he ran. Ding ding ding. All man I'm going to be late for class again, I said to myself, so I grab my stuff from my locker and ran down the hall way to my next class. When I got to my class Mrs. Banks, my other teacher said to me, "your late again.

I said sorry Mrs. banks I'll be on time tomorrow. While I was sitting down in class I thought to myself why did he look so weird like did he have health problem, but there there was something big I didn't know about him. an hour later my second class is over and when I was about to leave Mrs. Bank asked if I could talk with, so I said, "what's wrong," and she told me I should do something after school to make with all the late I've came to school. She also said it should be something that will do some good, a minute later she said that I should help the autistic class. I kept asking if I could do something else, but she wouldn't listen. she told me tomorrow after school I would go to room 13 and help the autistic kids, so I busted to the next class. The next day at the end of school it was time for my after-school job.

I started off by going into the autistic class and at first, I was scared. Not at the teacher, at the kids. They looked like aliens, no offence. After I look around, Miss Apple Bottom, the autistic children's teacher, said to me "Hey Josh"! She took me to a kid with special needs and when I saw him I knew exactly who he was. It was the weird kid that bumped into me in the hallway. And now I have to be his friend. I said "Hi, how are you" in a casual boring way. Then he said back to me "hey, I'm Pablo". Pablo sounded different, but I'll get used to it. So a little bit of time passed and I thought he was very nice. He seemed like the type of guy that would share his toys with you. Sadly, I had to leave. I thought about Pablo the rest of the day. The next day when school was over I went back to the special needs classroom and I got to talk with other kids that had special needs. One of the big things is that helping them made me feel like a good person. It changed me. I started getting to class early, being nice to the nerds, staying away from the jocks, and helping the special needs. I learned that Pablo was very smart. He knew the names of every country and could find them on the map. I felt ashamed of myself for being so mean to him. A few years later I was 18 and I made an amazing program called FASN which stands for friend a special need. I was also getting good grades. I almost forgot to say that my program was at every school in Cobb County. All I was meaning in my story, was to never be a bully, and if you're a bully you can change and always be nice, help, and be friends with a specail needs person.