

HOLD ON, LET GO, REACH:
HAND POEMS
AND SELECTED STOP THE HATE ESSAYS



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CLEVELAND, OHIO
2021

MY HANDS, a poem by Dariyon

My hands let go of past, unpleasant memories, moments when I disliked the people who are closest to me, having your day ruined by others , and the most unbearably frustrating moments at school, whether it's when I have to learn something that I just can't get, or people being unlikeable.

My hands hold to the good days at school, good people at school, the weeks me, my sister, and my cousins spent at our grandparents house and the laughs we shared and fun times we all had together, the time I spent with my Dad when I was at home alone and he came and got me and we went to the steel yard, some shoes stores, to the Flats downtown, and to his house, and when me, my sister, and my Mom went on a boat for a trip in the lake and around town on a beautiful day.

My hands reach for happiness, fun, achieving goals I set for myself this years, good grades in high school, things that are best for me, something to do for a living that I will enjoy.

MY HANDS, a poem by Dayshawn

My hands let go of friends that doubted me in my past, because they was haters and didn't want to see nobody win. My hand also let go of old houses that I had a lot of fun in And a lot of friends. My hands also let go of games that got boring and too young for me. The last awkward thing i had to let go of was eating these chips called Lays. As you get older you're gonna let go of a lot of things. You're not going to like or have the same things as you get older.

My hands hold onto my first time playing football, me stepping on a nail in new shoes, My mom and dad, real bad experiences that I can't let go of, and my grandparents passing away.

My hands reach for...

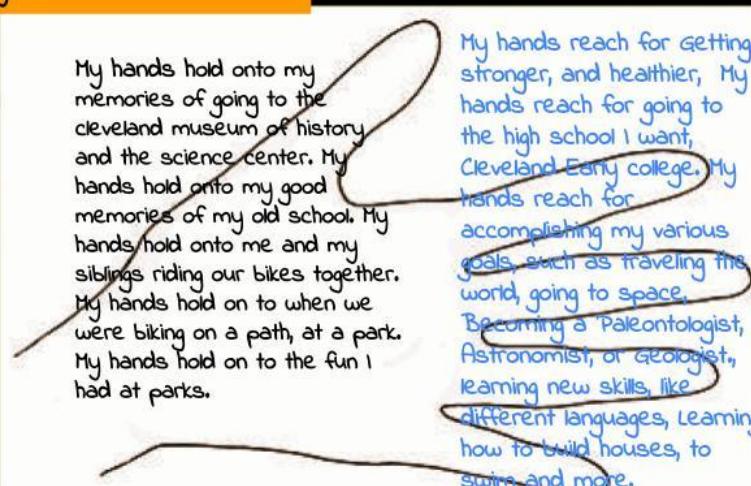
MY HANDS, a poem by Mariah H.



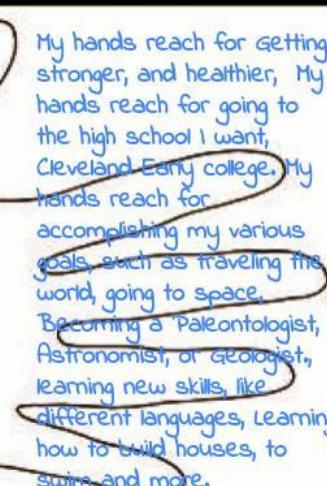
My hands let go
of...
My old blanket,
My old sweater,
An old red house

MY HANDS, a poem by Neil J.

My hands My hands let go of my old house, that did not have as much rooms, my hands let go of my memories of going to the park near my old house. My hands let go of my bad memories of my old school.
My hands let go of when I had a bike accident.
My hands let go of my old neighborhood.



My hands hold onto my memories of going to the cleveland museum of history and the science center. My hands hold onto my good memories of my old school. My hands hold onto me and my siblings riding our bikes together. My hands hold on to when we were biking on a path, at a park. My hands hold on to the fun I had at parks.



My hands reach for getting stronger, and healthier, My hands reach for going to the high school I want, Cleveland Early college. My hands reach for accomplishing my various goals, such as traveling the world, going to space, Becoming a Paleontologist, Astronomist, or Geologist, learning new skills, like different languages, Learning how to build houses, to swim and more.

MY HANDS, a poem by Jordan

My hands let go
of...my old house,
the house i was in
when i was in 1st
grade
i had a lot of fun
over there
i remember sneaking
into the neighbors
yard
it was a lot of fun.

My hands hold onto...
calling my mom mommy
my wallet from first
grade
my old tv i had since
first grade
my old dresser i had
since six grade
my old bookbag i had
since six grade

My hands reach
for...
games
sports
youtube
highschool
twitch

MY HANDS, a poem by Andre M.

My hands let go of...
Nail biting
in the future
they could be
quite frightening.
Being awkward is like
being a coward
Too anti social

My hands hold onto...
1.Me
2.My mom
3.My siblings
4.My school
5.My devices

My hands reach for...
1.Future college
2.Future relationships
3.family
4.Career
5.Friends

MY HANDS, a poem by Nia

My hands let go of... the tears I cried because I did not belong. I let go of the timidity, the covering of my face with my hand, the anxiety that made me suck my thumb, I let go of the clothes and shoes I held on to for so long and the horrendous story behind them, I let go of the ideals that were pounded in me as a child to be perfect to amount to others and never be less, because if less then I would be nothing mean nothing. In my hand I try to let go of the scrandbaledness in my head, the feeling as if I were going insane, I let go of the begging of my head on the white wall in hopes of to stop it, to calm it down even a little, I let go of the feeling of death to come after...

My hands hold... my first times, when I rode a bike, when I learned to swim and almost drowned, my hand hold my family the ones who stayed, my sibling my cousins, my friends, in my hand I hold the beauty of the world that I have been so lucky to experience, the trees, the grass, the sky, the flowers, the wonder, the imagination, the joy in my hands I hold my pain and experiences. I hold the things that destroyed me and none knew and the ones that made me who I am me, I hold things I overcame, in my hand I hold my love for others, in my hands I hold my mind the mind that most will underestimate, the mind that is so grand I cannot begin to explain in words, in my hands I hold the strength I have come to have...

My hands reach for my future, the future in which I am a doctor, the future in which I have love real love, the future in which I have made a change in the world one i which I will be known but unknown, In my hands I hold my life, one with kids and a life worth living. In my hands I reach for my life one where I take risks, one where I live it to the fullest because I know I only get one and have to make it count, My hands reach for my happiness, happiness that would never end no matter what is to come for my hands reach new experiences, my hands reach for the bright light that is to bring me peace, for my hands reach for the top, my hands reach for the mark i may leave on this world...

MY HANDS, a poem by Kameron N.

My hands let go of...

1. My old clothes
2. My old school
3. My old friends
4. My old group
5. My old skateboard

My hands hold...

1. My ps4
2. My new online friends
3. My irl friends
4. My new group
5. My new controllers

My hands reach for...

MY HANDS, a poem by DESIRAE M.

Your hands let go of...The long nails that grow on your fingers that you always bite on too. The bratz and barbie dolls that used to fight, clean and work, The feeling of being unmotivated haunts over you and never liking to clean and organize room. The old friends you used to have.

My hands hold my creativity the jewelry and art you always make. Your kind nature of always wanting to help someone. Your hardworking nature to try to always get your work done. My family-- all the great laughs and all the fun time we all had together.

A better life a nice big home for me to live in a great job I can have fun in. New people that are fun and kind and fun. New places, new people and new opposites.

MY HANDS, a poem by Andrew H.

My hands let go of... my old toy, my old clothes, my shark shirt, my old habits, talking to myself outloud, and my old video games, my old cars from the disney movie cars, my old stuffed horse that i got when i was 5 years old

My hands hold... The old and new Friends and new family and loved ones and my horse companion josh my work computer and my loving auntie and grandma.

My hands reach for... the stars and the good things ahead of me and my i reach they reach my future horse barn my bus that i'm going to make into a rv me leading people to the right direction

MY HANDS, a poem by (your name here)

My hands let go of all the old clothes i wore when i was little, playing outside in the grass, being scared of the dogs i seen in the neighborhood playing with their owners, My hand let go of being in elementary school, my hands let go of some of the friends i had before i got to middle school. I lastly let go of the fact that my birthday was in the winter and not in another season.

My hands hold on to all the people in my family that i love and that love me, Hold on to being able to hang out with all my girl cousins almost every other weekend, also staying friends with people i am friends with in today time. My hands hold on to the fact that i am almost done with middle school. I also want to be able to have my dog for a very long time.

My hands reach for graduating from college when i get older my hands reach for having my own business and if being successful also i want to have more than one dog after i'm out of college. Having very long hair by the time im mid way thru college and then i want to be able to dance when and where ever i want

MY HANDS, a poem by Chaneva

My hands let go of...all the drama and sadness and The negative and the stress It's tiring and it gets old And boring to the point It's not fun anymore. Coronavirus is old and annoying. I just wanna get back how we used to-- Seated all together and tell stories and have not to wear these masks.

My hands hold...my relationships with my friends and my siblings, also memories at my old house with the good memories with my brother and grandpa and the days before covid and the old friends I had.

My hands reach for my free life and joyful and out going and not trapped and nice life volume

MY HANDS, a poem by Channan G.

My hands let go of a tall thick brick building school that I usually went to at 8:30, and always felt tired going a neighborhood that used to be so noisy with the sidewalk filled with running kids. Me not being able to save money for things I really want, Me acting up as a younger kid during every church service, childish comments and thoughts.

My hands hold onto the memories of me losing my first tooth, MY First time going to school/daycare, coming back home with a bloody nose, My first time having a sleepover with my best friend, and playing jokes on people all night till we fell asleep, when I played soccer on an all boys team, then begged my dad to make me stay home and he didn't, the time when I slashed a cut on my leg from a sharp part on my cousin bed but I didn't tell my dad because I didn't want to go to the hospital.

My hands reach for... a successful lifestyle, Becoming a multimillionaire, having three kids one boy two girls, being an entrepreneur, buying my dad's old childhood home and fixing it up, becoming a famous popular young lady, donating millions of dollars to any kind of shelter, To be known as an young black girl entrepreneur who saved plenty of lives and was a hero in all of our eyes.

MY HANDS, Cheyann M.

My hands let go of... THE Times i was sad and i cried over stuff and every time i fell everytime i hurt myself all the time i did not have fun all the times i was having trouble with something and finally all the times i was in pain.

My hands hold... When i was happy and not sad my hands hold when i was on a bike and fell and i did not hurt my hands my hands hold the times i was not in pain my hands hold on to some of my exciting memories my hands hold on to the things i care about my hands hold on to everything i know .

My hands reach for...better things in life and for next year to be a great one better than 2020 and 2021 my hands reach for more fun this summer my hands reach for me to learn more about things my hands reach for me to go a lot of places my hands reach for me to see places my hands reach for corona , racism, killing to stop .

MY HANDS, a poem by Almari Troy

My hands let go of...
Being mean lazy etc.
My hands let go of
playing games all day,
staying outside until it's
dark, not spending time
with my siblings, some
of my favorite shoes
and clothes i can't fit.
My hands let go of
being stubborn and
rude and keeping the
same goals. this is
what my hands let go.

My hands hold... My family,
sports, being athletic
spending more time with
my brothers and sisters,
friends. My hands hold
doing crazy stuff with my
friends and family. My
hands hold memories i've
had in the past. My hands
hold myself.

My hands
reach for...
Setting new
goals and
achieving
them not
being so
mean being
active
staying
happy
making new
friends being
respectful
staying safe
trying new
things and
being the
best i can
be.

MY HANDS, By Dahlaria P.

My hands let go of... The
people I was friends with
because my hands seen
we've never was gon have a
future together. My hand also
let go of drama from a year
ago— it was crazyyy. I also
let go of my tiny clothes, it
was hard because I have
had those clothes for about
1 year, and I loved them. My
hands also let go of all the
love I had for my old houses.
It also lets go of all the fun
and partying all the time.

My hands hold... MY future
like my college applications.
My hands also holds my
family. My hand also holds
where I go. Meaning I would
like to go out of the state
but I don't know where. It
was always my dream to
leave this state I don't know
why. I've always want to be
the best sister I can be but
sometimes I feel like I fail
my sisters. I always wanted
to be the best daughter I
can be to my mother but I
feel like I fail her sometimes
also.

My hands reach for... College, it's
going to tell me if I can have a
bright future. meaning I'm going to
college to study nursing and
modeling. So, if it all go right then, I
will be successful. I've had this
dream of being a nurse since 4th
grade. And had a dream of
modelling since 2 weeks ago. I
don't know why I want to do
modelling. But, I'm sure I want to
do nursing because, I can and
want to help others. I want to
reach for me to be the best
person I can be and push myself.
I'm going to try to keep the same
bestfriend I have right now. I'm
also pushing myself too have a
nice home but no kids.

MY HANDS, a poem by Melina W.

My hands let go of My old Schools that i've met many of my friends in, This year that we just began but is already terrible, These students that I found funny, My neighborhood that I will never forget, and last, our old house of memories of the funniest times

My hands hold my Close friends that i've been with since childhood, The memories with my close friends of when we would be together for almost a whole day, My family who've been with me since birth, And the memories we have like the snowball fights in the house, and last, the compassion for my close friends and family, me being able to take any pain for them

My hands reach for new experiences and memories with my close friends, Memories and experiences that was so long ago, To see my close friends face to face like before, A much greater year in my future and in everyone else's future, To get better at my new hobby which is hair and how to grow it

MY HANDS, a poem by Dominic

My hands let go of... some fake friends, fake family members. Bad grades, failing a test. Being mad all the time. Always hurting myself by being clumsy and falling on the ground. Staying over my bestfriends house.

My hands hold... Some old loyal friends, when i learned ballet when i was 9, when i learned how to sing, when i met other people from my family, when i went to miami.

My hands reach for... New goals, New dreams New friends, New experiences, Money More singing and dancing Cars and traveling, Do more ballet again, Being nice, My hands reach for next year to be good, better than this year.

MY HANDS, a poem by Jordyn F.

My hands let go of fake friends who I used to hang out with. My hands let go of my old room that looks very childish. My hands let go of the sister sister show that I used to watch. My hands let go of 6th grade for the 7th grade. My hands let go of my old house because I lived here for 5 years. THAT'S WHAT I'M LETTING GO OF.

My hands hold on to going out with friends to have fun. My hands hold on to my girl best friend so she can help me pick out my outfit. My hands hold on to my boy best friend so I can talk to him when I am bored. My hands hold on to my mom so she teach me how to cook and she take me to go get the things I need to for myself. My hands hold on to my goofy self so i can make people laugh.

My hands reach for the future and going to see other people in my family. My hands reach for that one graduation day when i go to the 7th grade. My hands reach for the day when i start my own job. My hands reach for going in to the hot day in miami florida. My hands reach for seeing people without a mask and being free.

MY HANDS, By Zaire F.

My hands let go of...
Biting my nails

Grabbing anything I see. Biting on random stuff I found In my room.
Breaking up popcorns

Watching tv with my family

My hands hold...
Playing video games
Watching anime
Taking my dog on walks
Petting my dog a lot
Keeping up with my friends

My hands reach for...

Winning a lot of money from video games
Winning the lottery
Going back to school
Moving out my parents house
Seeing my older brother go to college

MY HANDS, a poem by Dakala S.

My hands let go of my old stuffed animal named teddy rexvin that I used to sleep with, hugging and cling onto like now tomorrow, A lot of my old toys that I use to play with, all the old houses I use to live in, my singing phase I went through, when I was 10, And my favorite shoes that I grow out of.

My hands hold onto my phone that I can't live without, my pictures of my friends and family, learning how to dance better, to getting new clothes, And to hold memories of my family.

My hands reach for New ways of making friends, Moving out of my parents house and going to college, getting a professional job, Moving somewhere out in New York or Las Angeles, And finding a way to make my job and life better.

MY HANDS, a poem by Destiny P.

My hands let go of jumpyard, where me and my siblings used to go to jump around on trampolines and bounce houses, drawing pictures, when I was bored, having a nasty attitude about every little thing, giving up on my work because it was way too hard, stumping up the stairs because my mom made me mad.

My hands hold roller skating so that I can have a little fun, doing nails so that I can get better, doing hair so that I don't have to pay to get my hair done—I can do it by myself, dancing because I be bored and because i wanna be a dancer, Najah because she is my best friend and we are great to each other and around each other.

My hands reach for becoming a dancer because that is what I would really love to do, having my own hair and nails business so that I can make a little extra money, getting braces because I know that I really need them, going to college, I would like to study law, I would like to be a lawyer, getting the best job that I could have because I don't want to be broke.

MY HANDS, By Edward S.

My hands let go of... The xbox 360 that i had for a very long time but i never plates that console never again in that time of the past. Playing all day and night until i let go of it for good. And i had a good time on sister wii-me and my sister played that one game called michael jackson game where we dance with two players or a one player.

My hands hold... To my xbox, ps4, and nintendo switch because i had funny times playing those two consoles - the nintendo switch and ps4, i play those games all day and night, like on my nintendo switch i used to play cuphead and super mario odyssey. And on my ps4 i used to play a lot games like just cause 3 and many more. Also i got my xbox one S last year when christmas was over when i went to my dad's house to spend a night then when i came home i saw my xbox in a box i open the box and there i was my xbox one s that i wanted.

My hands reach for... Being a youtuber so i can make videos about vr, video games, reaction videos, and challenges. And i will be making a second channel - i will be doing challenges on games that i play and my first where i be live streaming. Also my third where i do reaction videos. Then my fourth channel where ill be doing VR videos.

MY HANDS, a poem by Michael v.

My hands let go of... smooth but rough streets where i lived in a big house with my step brother back when i was 8 years old. i used to have this teddy bear-- i loved the teddy bear so much and would not let it go. when the summer time came around i would go to the park and do gymnastics and try to show off my flipping skills.

My hands hold... how i learned to play with my action figures that i soon will be letting go of. i remember back in the old house how i would always pull a prank on someone and get in trouble for it. back in the old house i use to draw batman comics and marvel comics.

My hands reach for... A happy life and a good job. when i grow older i want to be an architect and maybe even a business owner. i see myself having a big house and with a 3 car garage. i want to be on a tv show to be picked for the jimmy kimmel show. i see myself having a network of 3 million and having a happy family with 1 son.

MY HANDS, a poem by Najah

My hands let go of
the blazing
imagination that took
me away while
reading a book
and they let go of
my old clothes, my
old house, and
yogurt.
My hands let go of
being childish.

My hands hold onto
my best friend and
my family, my school
and my style, and my
house

My hands reach, The
smooth,
thin, leafy,
blue/green
rectangular
pieces of
paper
which can
come with
a new
house and
New
beginnings

MY HANDS, a poem by Tashyra

My hands let go of... a lot of
things i've did in my past,
like i used to always ride
bikes a lot but now i don't
anymore because i grew up
out of that i want to now
ride a car because im
nearly 15 years old and i
want to get my permit i
want to drive when im 16
years old and also i want to
let go of my old personality i
want to start over and be
more positive about my life.

My hands hold... a big future
ahead of me i want to be a
hard worker i want to work
for my family and have a lot
of me and be very
successful and be very
motivated and ignore the
haters and be happy and get
lots of money and i want to
work at a hospital and be a
very successful brain surgeon
when i get older.

My hands reach for... a better
future in my life a more
fresh positive life and to be
more better in the work
better and make new friends
in my life, be who i want to
be and more happier i really
can't wait to be an adult and
drive and make a family, get
good money, take care of the
people i care about, i want to
be a more successful
neurosurgeon and work at the
best hospital in the nation
that's the Goal for me.

Joke of the Day

By Dariyon B.

In second grade, I was sitting in class thinking about the clouds, the sun, and the sky. When the teacher saw I wasn't watching her teach, she called me out for it. She said, "He's in La La Land."

Then the whole class burst into laughter, as if it was the highlight of their day. Kids were name calling and pointing (the most annoying childish behavior). This turned me into the joke of the day.

I'm sure the teacher never intended on letting this happen. The students were being cruel. Cruelty in a second grade classroom from other students is the equivalent of bullying. I think it happened because everyone was seven or eight years old and found it funny when the teacher made a smart remark about me.

I didn't feel good about being in that room. People were mocking me for the rest of the day. I already disliked school at that time, but after that experience I felt like school was finally showing its true colors.

The reason this all happened was because I wasn't paying attention so I learned to stay focused on what I am supposed to do. The teacher wasn't too kind about it, and I felt embarrassed. It's possible that the teacher may have gone too far. But even if she did, I still caused her to do it. From now on, I will keep my eyes on the teacher when they're teaching.

I didn't do anything in response to these circumstances. I was just feeling bad about myself for a few minutes and then loathing both my class for the rest of the week, and school for the rest of the year.

I'm not sure if I will do anything in the future if something like this happens again. Mostly because I'm not sure if it will happen again. I do hope nobody else experiences what I have, especially people currently at the age I was when it happened to me. I hope most second and third graders aren't going to narrow down to one person to bully and make fun of. I don't want anyone bullying each other, but when one person is being bullied by the whole class, it will show most students at that age to just be cruel and mean, and it might give school in general a bad name for some kids.

When I am an adult, I will be sure not to be too hard on a kid or be too mean and cause them to be embarrassed by other kids. I might help adults understand how to approach a distracted kid and get them back on track without hurting them in any way. People should have a proper understanding of each kid, instead of resorting to their mean face.

The Peer Mediation Fix

By Breeyonna M.

One day in 6th grade we were on the way to the gym for recess. We were talking and playing in the line when kids started talking about my friend Brook's clothes and calling her names. They were saying things like, "You need to go buy clothes," and things like, "Your shoes are ugly," and, "We'll never be friends."

We were waiting to be allowed to play the games with others. We tried to ignore them, but they kept yelling every time they came next to us. We told them to stop, but they didn't so the girls went and told the teacher in the gym about it, but she didn't do anything.

The kids kept talking about Brook so the teacher let her leave the gym and go to the office. During the rest of the gym when we were playing they kept trying to hit us with balls and things. So we did it back until we went and sat down for the rest of recess.

Then when we went to the lunchroom, they started yelling more behind us in the line, but we didn't care. We just got our food and ate lunch at the table away from them with the other classmates. Afterwards, when our teacher came to get us, we went to our class.

When class was over the teacher in the gym came to us and told us to write a mediation slip and put it in the box. We did that, and a couple days later we had a mediation. We didn't become friends at first, but there were no more problems with us. Later we kinda started talking, but we were not really friends.

From that experience I learned to try and be friends with someone before going and judging them or saying you don't like them. I did learn to go to an adult when I'm having a problem with something I can't fix myself. I also learned that fighting and arguing with people will not help or solve anything.

Also I became a mediator so I can try and help other students with their problems. We had two days to learn about mediation. We learned to hear both sides of the story. As mediators, we tried to help the students come up with a solution to help and solve the problem so there wouldn't be anymore. At the end of the meeting we all signed our name to show we found a solution and that they agreed to stop fighting and arguing. By becoming a mediator, I am able to apply these strategies to real-life situations.

A Playground Problem

By Channan G.

It was a hot summer day at the school playground. There was this girl named Anaya. She was always getting bullied because she was very smart. So I thought why don't I just become her friend, and I did. I became her friend because she was a very nice girl, and she did not deserve all the mean comments she was getting.

The next day was bad. I was playing hopscotch with our other friend named Zhane. We were waiting for our parents to come, and Anaya was on the monkey bars when--Boom!!!

She fell. When I looked at her, I saw her braid missing. It had got stuck in the monkey bars. So I dropped all my stuff and hurried to hide her head, but everybody had already seen her. They started laughing and pointing and talking about her more. I felt so bad for her that I took her inside and put my coat over her head.

I think the little girls were laughing because she looked different. Some people get judged by their looks, and I think that's not fair. People should be judged by the way they act and the way their personality is. I really feel bad for Amaya. Me and her are still friends, and I still know the people that bullied her. I think they should have made sure she was comfortable first and ok with them laughing at her, but they didn't.

From now on, if it is my family or friend who is being bullied, I would especially help them. If it is a stranger I would probably tell their family member or another adult or other people around me or police if needed.

In the future I will most likely start a no bullying program. I think I would start this program because so many people need help with stuff like this. Everybody will be welcome no matter their race, their beliefs, or the way they look. I look forward to starting this program. Stay in touch so you can maybe join one of these days.

Standing up for Beth

By Cheyann M.

One day I was walking down the hallway of my school, and I witnessed a girl named Beth get bullied by these two girls named Angela and Terry . They were bullying her because of how she smelled. They said some mean things like how she smelled like fish. I thought that was really rude, but she did have an odor. I did not want to say anything because it is not nice to tell somebody that.

When the girl was done saying, “Eww, why Beth smell so fishy and ugly,” I decided to walk up to the girl to see how she felt.

She felt sad. When I walked up to the girl, she was crying so I told her let's go tell the teacher. A couple of minutes later we went to tell the teacher that Angela and Terry were bullying her, and they said some mean stuff that really hurt her feelings .

I learned from this experience that you should never let people make you feel sad, and you should stand up for yourself. If somebody says mean things like that to you or somebody else you should always tell a teacher so they can help because if you don't the bullying might not stop and it will keep happening.

The next time I see a girl getting bullied for something like how she smells or how she looks I will tell her to never let people make you sad or make you cry because it's ok how you look, and the next time somebody tries to bully you, go and tell a teacher.

Talking about Penny

By Da'Naria P.

One day I was in the school lunchroom with my friend Penny, when four other girls started talking about her. It was cold and noisy and smelled like pizza. Me, Brooklyn, Latasha, and Nadia were sitting together, talking about school work.

A couple minutes later, Brooklyn (the leader of the group) started talking to Nadia and Latasha about Penny. Brooklyn said, "We shouldn't be friends with Penny because she is always hanging out with other students in her class and not talking to us. She also stinks and she is very ugly."

I said, "Penny is actually pretty," because she was. Penny is brown skin, smart, and she always smelt good.

So I got upset and stopped them from talking about Penny. I told them, "You shouldn't be mean to her because she was friends with the other girls in our class." I also told them that they needed to apologize because that was so mean what they did to Penny.

Penny then started crying. I felt bad so I yelled at them really loudly. Almost the whole lunchroom heard me. I got from that table and went to make Penny feel better by comforting her and telling her it's going to be ok and that she doesn't have to be sad or worry about them because she had other friends that cared for her.

Her other friends helped comfort her as well. I told the mean girls to apologize to her once again, but they didn't. So, I went and told the teacher, and then they apologized.

After that they still were mean to her, but I was her friend, and most of the kids in my class were her friends also. So we kept standing up for her and making her feel better. She also learned how to ignore them and walk past them like she didn't hear them so she didn't have to worry about those girls no more.

A couple of months later one of the girls tried to be her friend, but Penny said no because she didn't want to turn into one of them, meaning she didn't want to start being mean to the other kids because they didn't deserve it. I respected that decision because I would have said no as well.

Something I learned from this experience is you should keep your circle small and never let anyone bully someone because you never know what they're going through. I grew stronger; I'll never let anyone bully another person.

Something I would do in the future is, I can teach people how to control their anger so they won't take it out on others or make others feel bad. For real, if you don't have anything nice to say, you should just keep it to yourself. Some people write in diaries if they have things they can't say out loud. In conclusion, I will try to stop hate because it could cause a war, violence, or suicide.

How to Stop a Bully

By Destiny P.

When I was in fourth grade, about to turn eleven, I witnessed an older girl bullying a little girl. I had just arrived at school. My teacher was tying her shoe. I felt the little girl's pain.

All of a sudden I started to hear a girl named Brianna talking teasing a girl named Tenisha. "You STUPID little girl! You STINK. You need to go sleep in the dumpster where you belong." Then Brianna went to class and Tenisha sat on the floor crying.

I asked Tenisha, "Are you okay?"

"Yes. Leave me alone," she said.

Then the next day Brianna saw Tenisha walking in the hallway with books in her hand so Brianna knocked the books out of Tenisha's hand and pushed Tenisha on the floor. Now I was feeling bad for her. So I told Brianna, "Stop messing with her before I tell the principal."

Then Lisa came up and said, "What you say you were gone do?"

"I said if she keeps on messing with Tenisha then I am going to tell on her."

So Lisa said, "If you wanna mess with her then you are going to have to go through me."

Then the Principal walked over and asked if there was a problem. When I told her what happened, she said, "Why haven't you come and told me, Tenisha?"

Tenisha said, "She said that she will start hitting me if I told."

Then the principal kicked Lisa and Brianna out of the school, and they could never return, and me and Tenisha became friends.

Out of this whole situation I learned that all people are not sweet. I learned that you should never judge anybody about anything--not their size, race, or age.

In the future I will do something before it gets out of hand. I will help the little girl out as soon as I see somebody bullying a little kid. I won't just stand there and watch. I would actually go and try to stop it or tell the principal or a teacher.

In the end, me and Tenisha became good friends. We were really close until she went to a different school. Now I don't wait to tell anybody. I want to tell everyone: don't just sit there and let somebody get bullied. Help them before it gets out of hand. Also, I don't think that anybody should be bullying someone because if they were in their shoes they wouldn't like it if they were getting bullied. Also remember that bullying may lead to someone losing their life to suicide.

The New Kid

By Edward S.

My cousin and I were walking to school on a very cold winter day. It was our first day at Mary Bethune. At school, we took off our backpacks so our backpacks could get checked. Then after our backpacks got checked, we went to the cafeteria where we have our breakfast and lunch. We waited a couple of seconds to get our breakfast. Once we got our breakfast, we sat down next to my cousin and my cousin's friends.

We was tired when we first got to the school. Then our teacher brought us to the class. I took off my stuff and put my phone in my locker when I took my stuff off.

I saw a new kid that came to the school, and he was looking sad. Then I came up to him to say, "Hey, how are you doing?" He never responded back, but I talked to him later.

All the classmates went into the classroom and my teacher told me and the rest of the class what we are doing. I saw the same kid that I saw from the hallway.

I went up to him again and said, "Hey are you ok?" and he responded for the first time and he responded no. I answered back, "Why?"

He answered back to me saying, "I get bullied all the time. They keep making it in front of me on my birthday when my mom accidentally invites them. I was bullied at my birthday party. I went and tried my new games, but my mom and dad had invited the bullies next door from me."

Then I responded saying, "That's sad though, even for you."

He responded saying, "Yeah but at the same time I stand up for myself and friends too."

"Oh that's awesome," I told him.

So then after we talked for a bit we became friends. He told some jokes that would make me laugh and we liked the same games and food. Then I told him what assignment that we needed to do. He didn't understand the few questions so I helped him with the couple of the answers.

I was very sad about what I had heard when the new kid got bullied and the bullies next door to him were saying in front of him that his games are lame and to play other games.

From now on, if I see someone get bullied I will defend the person then i will tell the bully to leave that person alone.

Witnessing a Police Stop

By Giovanni H.

“Blank. Blank. Blank,” said a strange man. I was looking from the back of my mom’s car. I was trying to figure out what was going on. I wasn’t really scared, I was intrigued. I noticed that a man in a cast was coming toward us. *Where was he coming from?* He was coming from behind the daycare. The expression on my mother’s face looked like she was scared and confused at the same time. We were on our way back from daycare. I think she was thinking that the whole family was scared and why did her children have to witness this.

“Could you confirm that this police car was following me and my brother home?” the man said. I think it happened because the man was trying to prove that the cops were being racist and following them because they were black, carrying drugs on them, or both.

She said she couldn’t, but as we were driving off I could see the police car in the alley way and one officer trying to pull the other (BLACK) guy off the ground.

This impacted me by showing me that not everyone is raised the same, some are nice, others are racist but I have to treat them with respect whether I like it or not.

Never Make Someone Feel Bad about Themselves

By Jordyn F.

It's a lot of bullying that I saw like fighting and stuff like that. This one time it was in the summer so it was sunny. I saw a little girl getting bullied, but just as I was about to stop the person that was bullying her, the person ran away.

Then I went up to the girl, not knowing that was my cousin. I asked her what happened, and she said the bully was hitting her and calling her names. So we went to tell my mom, and then my mom went to the bully’s house. My cousin had to go home, and then both of us were mad, but we had to get over it. I was 10 at the time.

The only reason I think this happened is because she has messed up teeth. Something I learned from this is that people should not judge a book by its cover, and never make someone feel bad about themselves.

I Just Dealt With It

By Travelle B.

A time when I felt like someone hated me was when I got bullied at school. It happened at school during spring time. I was 9 years old and in the 4th grade. I was sitting at the lunchroom table talking to my friend then somebody told me to shut up because I talked too much. What happened was I talked too much so the kid called me duck lips, and that made me sad. What I heard from adults was to ignore them, but that did not work. I felt sad and mad that they called me that name.

Why I think It happened is because I guess they did say that I was annoying. I was told that I talked too much. That made me feel injustice. Even though they were words, they hurt. My solution was to sit at a different table and try to ignore them. What worked was to sit at a different table. The thing that did not work was ignoring them. At the time I just dealt with it, and then it just went away, but that was after they went to a different school.



ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

We would like to thank Principal Melanie Nakonachny
for bringing Lake Erie Ink to Mary Bethune K-8 School.

Many thanks also to Ms. Uter, Ms. Inzana, Ms. Delavern, and Ms. McCorvey,, who were
always a pleasure to work with!

Bethune students--You are everything good!!!

We would also like to thank the Ohio Arts Council for making these programs possible.

