

The Mob is Not “In”

By

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6th Grade

There I was. Sitting on a swing. Surrounded by a mass of angry, screaming kids. Why, you ask? It all started with a well-intentioned person (me) and a stack of papers graded “wrong”.

What it feels like to be bullied, I can't fully describe. I guess just think of a hundred-pound weight being dropped on you when you're at your weakest.

Many people experience the effects of bullying. I know someone who was surrounded and screamed terrible things at. Two classmates went to the office immediately and told an adult. As soon as I learned of the situation, I stayed with the victim to protect her from further damage. She was quivering and literally clung to me. This victim could not handle this situation alone. She was overpowered, weakened and frightened, and needed people to step up on her behalf.

Back to my first story...The organizer of the mob around me had gathered literally half the class because they felt I had graded their papers wrong, when I thought I'd done exactly as my teacher had asked. Being mobbed was terrifying. I felt trapped and alone. I needed someone to come along side me. I needed another to feel the injustice of the situation and tell an adult, or to stand near me for me to “cling” to.

The worst part of being a victim is that feeling of powerlessness...that feeling of being hopelessly alone. It takes just one person to “stand up” to make bullies shrink back into their own cowardice, or at least get into a lot of trouble.