

Shared Stories

Shared by Morgan, 19

I was bullied in elementary school because I was short and different. Kids would spread rumors about me, tease me, and call me names. I told the teachers what was going on but nothing was being done and the bullying got worse. I started to come home from school crying and sometimes I would even be crying when my parents dropped me off at school. So I told my parents what was going on and they did something about it and things got better. No one deserves to be bullied. After experiencing being bullied I am taking a stand against bullying. I am on a mission to stop bullying.

Shared by Tan, 20

When I was in high school, I was a very quiet and shy girl. I was afraid of people getting too close to me, as a consequence I did not have any friends I thought I was mysterious in that way. It started with a boy who seated beside me. One day, when I was paying close attention to the teacher I realised that he could not keep his eyes off me. I admit I was delighted because I never had a guy mesmerised by my beauty before and I took it as a big compliment. Besides, I thought he was quite cute! As usual, the classroom teases typical of high school started. Everyone said that this guy had a big crush on a girl in our class, my heart stopped in my chest: I was waiting for him to say my name and admit. I really liked him... However, instead my whole class said he liked the beau in my class instead. I admit I wasn't very happy about it. One day, another boy from my class stared at me in a way that said he was entranced by my beauty, while I walked past him in the bus stop. I have no idea where this Rumour came about suddenly everyone said that I loved him! I denied it vehemently. His Girlfriend became very jealous and one day, he and his friends cornered me in class and called me "an ugly b@#\$%". I was very upset and that was the start of the bullying where every day in class... His friends would shout and proclaim loudly that the prettiest girl in the class was his Girlfriend and I was the ugliest girl! To be honest, I had never allowed such comments to hurt me. I didn't even like her Boyfriend! There was no need to Attack me in such a way. I really liked the boy who had sat beside me. I continued to flirt with him ignoring the jibes. Just when I was certain that this guy really liked me (from the way he smiled, flirted and touched me sometimes), one day I looked at him and he looked like he really really hated me. It was so sudden and like overnight, that day during class when I presented, he mocked me from behind, humiliating me and everyone said I deserved it. They said I should have stayed away from him and that he liked the beau of the class. I could not compare with her. I was heartbroken, he did that to me Everyday and everyone hated me even the Teachers who justified his actions as right. No one even stood up for me being humiliated in that way every day. I was afraid of going to school, afraid of hearing the mockery, the name-calling and the looks. Of course it's an episode behind me, but I'm always lagging somewhere behind there as much as I run away from that past, I'm reminded of what I'm afraid of: that girl was really ME. It's really depressing schools allow pupils to show disrespect to each other. It should change and I hope, soon.

Shared by Sean, 29

I have autism, and I am very proud of this fact. I think of my autism as a gift and super power! My autism has helped me understand others feelings. For example, since I am autistic I know what the pain of being bullied is. For the most part people who have disabilities are treated like freaks by others...and for immature, belligerent, and oppressive reasons such as feeling superior or for entertainment. The kind of disability you have will likely determine what people say to you and what actions people take towards you. Try to think how you would feel if you had autism? Try to think how you would feel

if you were blind or deaf? What would your behaviors be like? When you actually experience something first hand in your life you have a better chance of relating to those who have also experienced the same thing. Likewise, if you are willing to look at things from their perspective you will also understand. Unfortunately today's society makes it very hard for us to share our experiences and give advice to others. After doing a lot of research, I feel that the two main causes for this are: People instinctively do not want to listen to other people because they think that they have all the answers. I believe that the reason for this is pride. The second reason is most jobs that allow you to convey ideas to others require a whole of training and a whole lot of education. Since we are on the subject of education, the college and higher education system in the U.S.A has a one-size-fits-all approach. Often those of us with autism are the ones who need extra help. That extra help comes in the form of specialty teachers and therapists. There is some help for autistic individuals at younger ages but when they reach the age for higher education they fall through the holes and cracks of the spider's web. Based on my personal experience, grade school and higher learning institutions have differences and expectations that are world's apart. This is a very bad thing for anyone with any kind of cognitive learning and developmental disabilities. The first difference for me was that grade school was free, the books were free, and so was transportation. College is certainly not free in any sense of the word. Yes, community college has minimal to zero tuition, registration, and entrance fees but they do charge a lot for books. Transportation is not free. Grade school campus sizes are much smaller than even the smallest community college. For me, trying college out was very daunting not to mention overwhelming. Navigating my grade school was much easier than navigating a community college. When I was in grade school, there were no grade point average requirements at all but now I feel the pressure to have a super high g.p.a. in college. I don't feel as though I have the support, accommodations and professors who do not understand my special needs. I hope you can feel my frustration and understand my struggle. However, in no way am I saying I will give up. Far from it! I will learn to adapt and make my own path. If there is no way for me to get to the top of the mountain through traditional education, I will make my own way. If there is no solution to a problem I face then I will make a solution. Most importantly my negative feelings and emotions can either be alive or not alive inside me. Do I want to be strong or weak? My inner strength and will power will get me through my challenges. So what do I want to gain from sharing my story? My hope is that it will help others see the world from the perspective of people with disabilities. I want to raise awareness that people with disabilities are intelligent. We just have a different way of showing and expressing it! My goals are to get my name out into the community, get a job and do public speaking. I want to help people with disabilities.

Shared by Madi, 14

Megan's story touched my heart to the point where something inside told me that I needed to do something for her and for what she went through so I can inspire others with my story as there is hope (Hold On Pain Ends), In a brief description of what I went through I will share with you the rocky path along my journey and how the path is starting to be smoother. So basically I was abused at a young age while having the diagnosis of Bipolar Disorder. I've had extreme depression and anxiety due to the trauma and have attempted suicide three times and ran away once. During those dark times I lost hope and motivation to move on with my life as it was crashing down. My last resort was residential care, I tried everything and if this didn't work I'd be screwed. Luckily after three weeks it was a 360, my scars were faded and I began to see the light. All my life I've had a love in mental health, I've always advocated but wasn't able to advocate for awhile because I wasn't stable. Now that I'm stable I have found my mission: my mission is to speak up against the stigma of mental illness and having mental health classes starting in kindergarten. I believe if we start that young the suicide rates in teens will go down, bullying will have lessened, and we will not be afraid to speak of our illnesses as its only a part of us just like diabetes, braces, or a broken leg. Kindergardeners will learn how to treat others and respect property by practicing it, and be given the skills to stand up to bullying. Every year the kids will learn more in more and leading to suicide prevention, eating disorder and self harm substitutes. They will learn about how physical health affects mental health, drinking responsibly and keeping their mental health and physical health on track while learning how to stand up for what you need mentally and physically wise. I wrote this to try and inspire others to find their vision as their is a reason you were

sent her. Find something you have a strong passion in and reach for the stars because even if you have helped one person than you have made a difference. That one person will send the love to others in need because you spent your time to help them. Go out there and make a difference!♥♥♥♥

Shared by lyanna, 12

Hi, My name is lyanna. I have been bullied from kindergarten to fifth grade. I am now in sixth grade so the bullying stopped recently, last year. Growing up, I was very different. My mother had to raise 3 kids so, we didn't have all the expensive clothes, shoes, jewelry, and etc. I met a girl when I was 4, she was 5 about to turn 6. I looked up to her, I always told her secrets and since she was "popular" everybody did what she said so nobody picked on me or said something I didn't like, since she was my best friend. When I turned 5, I thought she would have my back... I learned otherwise. The girl failed so when I was in kindergarten, she was in First but she was supposed to be in second. I started realizing she was a bully when, one time we got in a petty unimportant argument and she turned EVERY grade against me, literally. On to the years when I really got bullied. In third grade, My "friend" (the same female) had friends in higher grades. A new student came, she was me and the other girl's friend. I always was their puppet and I noticed but never spoke up which... I regret til this day. One day, my bully decided she wanted to hurt my feelings for no reason so she turned the new girl against me and people in higher grades. There was a online/app we used called kik. All types of people that I barely knew called me "ugly", "fat", "stupid", "retarded", "wanna be", and more I am not aloud to mention here. In fourth grade, My family and I got evicted from our apartment. Even though we moved out while kids were in school, I had a feeling that they knew at school already. Since second grade I had been trying to take my life, so when they bullied me, calling me "poor" and pushing me around and fighting me physically in a group.... I really had enough. When fifth grade hit, I got bullied by females and males. They picked on my shoes and my short hair because I cut my hair when I was 9. Being bullied wasn't fun, especially when you suffer anger issues and depression disorder, having to see a therapist since 3 wasn't fun. Now I live somewhere new and I am greater. I spoke up and made a summer bully truck program. I went to neighborhoods and shared my story to about 40 people a weekend and we did fun activities. I am happy and my bullies try to talk to me now. There's my story.

Shared by Mary, 16

Hi my name is Mary and I'm in year 12 at an all-girls school, Three weeks ago I was accused of showing an inappropriate post on Facebook to a teacher, I was not the one to report this to the teacher however the post was inappropriate as it was slandering a teacher. I completely agree with whoever showed this post to the teacher because things like that should never be said let alone posted on Facebook. I also understand why whoever did 'snitch' hasn't come forward after seeing the way that I have been treated by people who I thought were my friends. Since I was first accused of 'snitching' (as the girls like to put it) I have been verbally harassed with girls walking past me chanting snitch at me, girls telling me to go kill myself and also telling me that they would bash me. I have also been physically abused with girls pushing me over. I was pushed onto the busy road beside the school and also got pushed over at the train station where I could have been pushed onto the tracks. I have received snapchats with girls telling me to kill myself, and I have also been receiving notes shoved into my locker with the same thing, the teachers at my school have tried their best to help by moving my locker and having a chat to the girls but it hasn't seemed to have worked. Today someone posed a like for a like on Facebook which resulted in someone saying that 'I @&#!ing snitched' and that I had no friends left and they don't understand why I haven't killed myself yet. These girls are about to legally become adults and the maturity that they show is not what you would expect from people who should know better. These girls keep pushing and pushing hoping to get a reaction from me but I refuse to give one. I'm not sure whether they are waiting for it to get to a point

where I get pushed onto the road and killed. I'm at the point where I am done with their behaviour and I do not understand how they think this is even slightly acceptable. Girls always talk about being so close nit and how they back up their friends but through this event I have realised that most girls are not like this at all. I have ended up having to cancel my birthday party and I have also deleted Instagram, snapchat and removed all girls off my Facebook friend list. I thought I would share this not just so that people go oh she's the girl who got bullied but so that people understand that they shouldn't listen to rumours because those can ruin a person's life and leave them in what is supposed to be the best year of their life as the worst. I'm not going to give in to these girls, they are not what makes me, me. My choices and how I feel about myself is what matters, not what these girls think of me. My dream would be for people to think about their actions and for them to realise that what they say does hurt.

Shared by Riley, 13

During the second grade I developed a tick disorder similar to Tourette's syndrome. I was confused and embarrassed by my involuntary blinks and twitches and the ridicule of my classmates made me feel less than worthless. Because of which, I began suffering from anxiety attacks that made me wished that I was invisible. I chose not to participate in class and kept to myself during lunch and recess. This reclusive behavior only made me seem weirder and gave the bullies another reason to taunt me. It was only with the help of my parents and two very special teachers that I became more accepting of my condition. Once they convinced me that I had more to offer in life, I transformed into a totally different person. Every year when I start a new school grade, I still get teased about my twitches, but I can handle it. It is no big thing because I refuse to let anyone define me because of something I cannot control. Through the years I have worked very hard to maintain an A average (and won President Obama's Academic Excellence Award), earned a green belt in Tiger Schulman's Karate and I am very active in the Elk's charity events that raise money for disabled children and veterans. The more interests I developed, the more friends I made who liked me for my values and personality. The most important lesson I learned though out the years is: people can only hurt you if you let them. Don't let ignorant people affect your life! Be the best you can be, work hard and trust the people that love and care about you when they tell you things will get better. If you do good things and try to make the world a better place good people will gravitate towards you. I promise.

Shared by Marilyn, 57

When I was growing up bullying was referred to as being picked on. Let me begin by saying that bullying isn't exclusive to schools it occurs at home as well. I grew up in a home with an abusive mom who allowed my siblings to bully me, in fact it was almost encouraged, so my experience with bullying began before I reached school age. Bullying from my siblings was a daily experience, with the added physical abuse of daily beatings from my mom. Starting school was something I looked forward to in order to have a break from the nightmare that was home. I suffered bulling at school beginning in the 3rd grade. I was shunned and made fun of for my clothes, my hair, and numerous other reasons. I had 2 friends who did not tease me. As bad as school was it was still better than home. By the seventh grade I learned to fly under the radar at school but home remained the same horror. In doing so the bullying was not as constant. I have carried the wounds of my bulling my entire life and for many years wondered if it was my fault that I was a target. My self esteem was zero. In recent years I have come to terms with it all. In fact I am full time caretaker for my elderly mom (because none of the favorite children wanted her) I have also reconnected with some of the people who bullied me at school. Without any prompting they have all told me that they have felt bad all of their lives for the things they did and said to me and have asked my forgiveness which I gave. My entire life before adulthood was a nightmare and almost every night before bed I considered suicide, but a voice inside me told me it wouldnt last forever. I held on because

although I knew that at the time there was nothing I could do about my situation someday I could. For me there really was no place to turn, not my mom, and not my teachers. Bullying is not just hurtful, bullying is mental torture and abuse. Do not allow others decide your future. By giving in to the despair and taking your own life you are allowing others to take all future hope and happiness from you.

Shared by Barbara, 19 (translated from Italian)

Hello! My name is Barbara, I am a girl of 19 years old and I'm Italian. The story of Megan strikes me a lot, and it reminds me of what I've been not long ago .. I was only 12 when I moved to town, and I was sorry to leave my friends. I started the seventh grade: new school and new knowledge, it was all new to me! The first few days I found me well in my class. But one day, do not know why everything changed .. At that time I and my family had serious economic problems, I was not living in a house of my own, she supported us social assistance, and perhaps because of this my classmates are they are attached. They began yelling back, looking at me with contempt, to stay away from me and say that I smelled, not washed my ... And so every day. I started making days of absence, not to say anything to Mom of the situation, what was going on, I was to suffer in silence, I began to not study, if I was at school my classmates did not want to put you next to me, I then put always alone. Once I did not go to school for two or three months, but all unbeknownst to mom, instead of going to school I would go out alone. Mom knew that I did not go to school thanks to the teachers who sent a message of my absences. I had always known that not study ... I felt so alone at that time, so teasing, I began to gain weight, I found comfort in food, desserts ... I was always sad, I cried, I felt like a monster, I thought it was better that I did not exist. One day I went to school my classmate said he had lice because I had attacked them myself, but it was not true because I did not have them. And everyone yelling ... I just wanted to cry, get out of there, I was so angry with them and especially with myself that I did not react, I was just silent to suffer all these lies, these mockeries ... And so it went on for 3 years. I reached the point of wanting to commit suicide and was there almost! But fortunately I did not, I had been strong enough to think to myself that even I had to live, do not know who saved me that day if I was the one to save me or if someone bigger in the sky blocked me. Although I was by myself, though I had no support from anyone (except to my mother, even though I was silent she knew what I was going), I changed from that moment. I wondered why I have to kill myself if I actually still want to live? And then I became gradually to be more secure, create me a circle of friends and do not let me down the most. He wanted to come back safe to me, now I study and honors. I learned to be happier and to realize that in the end are not alone, and even that time I was alone, that happiness is within me, I'm myself I impose myself a thousand goals ,. I realized that after all they are not a bad person and others who nowadays suffer bullying or cyberbullying, even they are bad. We are all equal, we are human. I strongly hope that those who suffer bullying and cyberbullying understand that it is really important for the family, close friends, but above all for himself !! I hope they have the strength to stand up and say NO to these verbal abuse. Happiness is in yourself, you are unique, and no one can put a spoke in the wheels!

Shared by Alex, 26

I have always been different. I knew I was not one of the popular guys, nor was I one of the sporty guys, or the geeky guys. I was me, and I was from a young age rejected by most of my peers. I would like to point out here that there is nothing wrong with being yourself. You are you. Don't ever try and be someone else, or to just fit in with your peers. In the long run, strength is not who can call someone the worse names, or hit the weakest in the class. Strength is having the ability to overcome adversity, to get up when you are at your lowest, and to come back stronger. I hope that whilst my experience of bullying has been extremely negative, that you will find inspiration from the way I have overcome it. Primary school, I was identified by those of a similar age as a target of victimisation, because of physical appearance and

shy manner. This was led by a handful of children. I felt secluded from my peers even at this young age and I had one friend. One good friend is better, than thirty fake friends. When we are young, we want to be popular. However, when you get older, you want loyalty from your friends. You want a friend to be there. Remember, your true friends may also not be in school. They can be found in places outside of school. All that links you to your peers is your age. A piece of advice here is that whatever your age is (even for adults!), don't just think you have to fit into what they want! Those in school who were supposed to help me, failed in their duty of care. As a child I had messy handwriting. However, rather than helping me, one teacher decided that she would make an example of me in front of the whole group. This was followed by a trip to see the head teacher. The school did not want to help me; except schools have a reasonability. Adults are just the same as children and bullying from a teacher can be worse than that from a child. I wish I had told my parents about the victimisation I encountered in primary school when I was in the care of that school. There are a variety of external agencies out there, such as local education authorities, charities and government. I want more victims of bullying to be aware of these agencies and to contact these. The bullying intensified as I entered high school. In high school, I was suddenly in a year full of 240 other children of the same age. It was clear things were about to get worse. At that time, I would have failed to comprehend the degree to which this would be true throughout my time there. In the first year, a number of bullies had turned my class, and later the whole year, against me. I was also aware that outside school people would recognise me, even if I did not know who they were. The bullies picked on all aspects of myself: my ginger hair, my glasses, my surname, and me not using my first name, amongst other issues. Later in school, I was also bullied for my sexuality. Years later I realised that it was not any of these things on their own. The bullies did not like me: even if I did not have these physical traits, they would have found other things to bully me. However, here is the thing with any type of bullying. It's not your problem: it's the bullies. Bullies are weak themselves. By telling people, a cycle of abuse can be broken. If the adult does not listen, tell another, and demand that your voice is listened to. One of the most shocking incidents happened in a drama lesson. It was a game we played every week. This week however we had a different drama teacher, as our drama teacher was absent. The game was that there would be enough chairs for everyone, except for who was on. That person would have to say something that everyone who liked/disliked, or had in common (for example: all those with red socks). People would have to get up, and go to another chair. Except this boy decided to say out loud, "everyone who dislikes Alex". To which my whole form stood up. Bullies rarely act alone, and the individuals who support bullying (or as I call them the "sheep") are supporting the bullies behaviour. This is the schools responsibility, as a positive school should encourage students to disable rather than enable bullying. Victims of bullying need to tell adults, who in turn need to press for wider change within the schools ethos towards bullying. This starts with victims of bullying telling those who can help them about their experience, which includes instances of cyber bullying. The school did not want to know about my bullying. Despite claiming they had an anti-bullying policy, the school was not interested in stopping bullying from occurring. Instead of actively promoting a healthy school environment, all the leadership in the school were concerned about was the reputation of the institution. That said, there were a number of teachers who provided support and help to me. I should have told more people outside of the school environment at the time. Schools have a responsibility of care (they are in loco parentis). In other words, they are acting as your legal guardian whilst you are in their care. Whilst schools state that you have a responsibility to them to act in a particular way, I would argue that the school has the greater responsibility to you, to protect you. Don't let any school pretend that bullying does not happen, or even worse, that the bullying is somehow your fault. Demand more is done to. A lot has changed in the years since I left school. There is now more support out there for victims of bullying, but also more agencies and charities who are able to support victims of bullying and demand change. What did school teach me? I achieved reasonably in my exams, but I learnt three value life lessons as well. First, that some people are cruel and nasty. Second, I was stronger than I realised. Last, that I will make it my life aim to change education for the better. After leaving school, I went on to achieve a degree, master's degree, and teaching qualifications in adult education and English to speakers of other languages. I also have a good CV, for a person of my age, with paid and voluntary work experience. I have also become myself, become more confident in myself, and learned that there is nothing wrong with myself. In a few months I shall be going back to University to continue my studies, studying for a

research degree. It is quite ironic that my specialist subject in the social sciences is education. My experiences have made me believe in education, and how the sort of experiences which I went through should never be experienced by anyone. I firmly believe that education is valuable and no-one should disrupt your experience of it. Bullying is wrong, full stop. Tell someone, you are not the first person to be bullied. What are you waiting for?

Shared by Robin, 18

I was 14 in middle school and was bullied to point that I tried to kill myself. I was admitted to a day treatment hospital. For myself and cutting. This was do to the fact of bullying. my best friend killed herself do to bullying. she was twelve the first time she tried to selfharm. It made her feel better. this inspired me to start an anti-bullying club at my form high school

Shared by Meagan

My story is quite different from Megan's but similar in its own way.. I was molested for many years by my biological father. When I finally stood up about it and told someone, things only got worse. I was ridiculed at school, online, by people I thought were my friends. I suffered from severe PTSD, still do, and attempted suicide on multiple occasions. I lost the respect of a community that didnt understand me or what I was foing through. I lost friends. It started an all out war between different members of my family. I was called many things. My family ended up moving around a great deal to stay hidden from what had happened, feeling like we could never go home. I lost 2 of my siblings. I eventually cut off any ties to social media (which is ironic as I now work as an aspiring actress) and I did get my GED and am currently in college for psychology with a specialization in behavioral analysis, so that maybe I can better understand people that both do the humiliating and to help its victims better cope.

Shared by Marion, 37

My name is Marion and I reside in Australia I wanted to share my story with your viewers. I experienced bullying online many times from people who I didn't know and maybe there was some that did know me as I do believe it's possible they used fake names and fake profiles. My story begins in July of 2009 I started to receive some very unusual and strange messages online via social networking sites and via email person/s were trying to befriend me. Back then I use to be just friendly and polite to everyone as I thought its harmless your just having a chat online I thought people are probably just lonely and needed a friend to talk to. At first things seemed okay but after awhile persons began to get nasty and started to threaten me it was scary and frightening as this person/s were saying they were/are planning to harm me. I thought it would be okay I could just cancel the email account and close down profiles on social media. But these days we need the internet to do pretty much everything so somehow person/s would find me again and the bullying would continue. It made me very angry and upset I thought to myself these person/s are just being so horrible it made me dislike them even though I didn't know them or maybe I did and they did hide behind a fake profile. Overtime I just kept changing accounts online and/or getting new accounts so I can avoid this cyber bullying online but it wasn't easy it made me worried and I was very concerned so I went to the police. As I thought its possible they could be watching me near my home these days people can find people through various sources and places. What I do to try and ignore it and move forward? I think of things that make me happy and do things that I enjoy and if they try to contact me I don't reply and/or I just delete it. Going to the police was a good idea and handing over evidence to prove person/s were harassing me this way they can investigate things further I don't feel scared though now as overtime I did heal and

got on with life. Some police stations weren't helpful at first which made things difficult however later on the help did come so things were okay. My advice to people being bullied/stalked/victimized? tell someone a family member a friend a work colleague the police and/or places that can help you. If people want to waste their time on being silly and childish doing these nasty games they aren't worth it you shouldn't communicate with them ignore them and get on with your life. For me things were/are hard someday's people might hack into my accounts and/or use my identity and/or might not stop bullying me online but I have faith and hope that even though they say bad things to me I know in my mind and heart I am a better person and I look forward to a brighter future knowing I can overcome any challenges and deal with any issues that I am faced with. Be strong, brave and have courage the fear, anger and sadness will soon fade away you are not alone.

Shared by Stephanie, 25

I heard this story on a show tonight and was absolutely horrified by what happened, and first would like to extend my and my mother's condolences to the Meier family for the loss of their daughter who would be close to my age if those events had not happened. I, while living and growing up in BC, was a victim of bullying. It started with one girl named Sahara, which was followed by other girls and even boys as a result. I dealt with this for at least eight long years. I was called bad names by a lot of the girls who thought that they were better than everybody else, that thought they were just such "hot stuff", so to speak. The worst was Sahara, the other kids were just followers it seems. Years later, I found out information from a childhood friend that nobody knows where Sahara is. he also informed me that one girl who called me "fat" way back then, has now become the very thing she called me: "fat". I am not one for revenge mind you, but if I was....revenge is sweet as candy. I will end this story with another mention of extending our condolences to the Meier family, and this little thought.....I would have loved to be Megan's friend, and I never would have hurt her.....never. :)

Shared by Caleb, 12

I'm in 7th grade. And I'm almost constantly pushed around by really annoying kids, and they take up about half the population of 7th graders. Even some of my friends have fallen onto their side. Although, most kids that are mean are trying to act cool, but highly fail, and become just plain out rude. All of my friends have their own stories to tell, and all would say the same. Bullying has been a problem for all of us for a long time. I've been bullied since I started going to public school. On the first day, I wasn't bullied right away. It took at least a week for them to start, but I almost instantly made friends. After about a week, they started. And then I didn't really know how to deal with them since I was home schooled the years before, and mainly shut down when I was getting bullied. I barely asked for help, because I was shy, and because I had a fear that the bullies were going to get me in trouble. But then after about a month, I was being bullied way too much, and finally asked my parents what to do. And they gave me lots of different options: ignore them, get a teacher, stand up in front of them or tell the principle. I started with trying to ignore them, but they just got worse and worse, and eventually started going physically along with mentally. So then I started getting help from teachers, and it seemed to help it die down a little bit, but then they started getting on me more. But then I sort of stopped trying, because the next step, standing up to them, wasn't something I could really do, since I was REALLY shy. So I mainly just ignored them for a while, until I had enough. I told my parents that I needed HUGE help. So then I told my parents everything I knew about the kids bullying me, and then they told almost all of that to the principle. After that, they stopped, except for one kid, who was shorter than me. Which I think was the reason why he was bullying me. But soon after that, I got less shy, and I was able to deal with him fairly quickly. And then we had an assignment in English, where we read Megan's story, and then highlight things on it that we think should be highlighted on Skitch. And that article

kinda drove me mad for the rest of the night. To me, it's basically committing homicide when you cyberbullying someone and then they commit suicide, you're the trigger of the whole incident. And that's my story about bullying.

Shared by Faith, 18

I remember, I was doing homework; biology to be specific. And I just started to bawl my eyes out, and to this day... I'm not really sure why. I went downstairs to talk to my mom, where she only saw my beat red face and the pain in my eyes. I asked her if she could take me somewhere to get help because I couldn't wait until my next therapy session. Of course she complied and drove me to one of our local hospitals. I remember texting my boyfriend at the time, to which we were fighting at the moment, telling him I was going to the hospital and he didn't believe me; probably thinking I was doing it to make him feel bad or something of the sort. When I arrived, they asked me a series of questions then deemed me suicidal. I stayed in their waiting room for what felt like ages. The head doctor of the E.R. kept telling me how proud he was of me for not acting on what I was feeling. I got asked some more questions, and they decided it would be best if I didn't go home that night. So I was then sent over to Children's Hospital and put on suicide watch for 6 days. During those six days, I was stripped clean from the outside world. No jewelry, no clothes from home, no phone. I only had a T.V. and a person watching me 24/7 with occasional visits from other people that had to get approved first in order to see me. Once all the psychiatrists, therapists, and social workers realized that I was making no progress, it was decided it would be best to go to a psychiatric unit. Finally getting my phone back for the transport from the hospital to the psych unit, there were text messages on texts messages of people wondering where I was and what happened. I replied as fast as I could before they took my phone once again. Pulling up to the psychiatric unit, I was scared. I was the new kid, so I had "the new kid" feel. Not knowing anyone, confused on what I was supposed to be doing, and just feeling isolated. When I first stepped into my bedroom, I immediately had a flashback of when I was moving out of my house in 3rd grade; it just felt so empty. There was a wardrobe and a single mattress sitting on the floor, and a bathroom with a tear proof shower curtain. They were very strict on what was in our rooms and on our bodies. All of our necessities were kept in a box in an office down the hallway. We couldn't have hair ties, shoelaces had to be taken out of our shoes, no belts, no underwire bras, anything that could in anyway be harmful to yourself or others. After 10 days spent in that room, doing group and single therapies, family counseling sessions, and eating horrible food; I was finally discharged. During my stay, I had found out my boyfriend broke up with me. But since I was fresh out of intense therapy, I had coping skills to get me through. And I got home two days before Christmas, surrounded by so many friends and family. I felt happy. I had all I needed right in front of me. A couple months goes by, I got into a new relationship. It was amazing at first. I felt like a hole inside of me got filled. But as it went by, I somehow managed to get my friends at the time to hate me while my significant other would side with them occasionally. I got bullied, cyberbullied, physically and emotionally hurt. Mean and hateful posts flooded my Twitter page, anonymous posts coming from Ask.fm basically telling me the world would be a better place without me, and the dirty looks I would receive at school. That's when I started to relieve myself through self harm. All down my left wrist were cut marks which became visible when I would get hot in dance class and decided to remove my long sleeve clothing. So, of course, everyone thought it was for attention. Which made me want to hurt myself even more. This led me to get sent over to the hospital again, which then sent me back to the same psych unit I was in before. This time though, I had made so many friends that I still keep in close contact with now. I'd honestly say it was a blessing to of been there when I was, because we've done nothing but make sure to check on each other every chance we get since then. When I left the unit once more, I felt better than the last time I had left. I felt ready to take on any issues that came my way and I was taught many more coping skills and calming techniques if another issue arose again. Two weeks later, I proved myself wrong. On March 26, 2013, I found myself sitting on the bathroom floor with my medicine scattered around me. I got very nauseous. I wake up on the couch with medics all around me, one taking my blood pressure - which got to a very concerning number, as I could tell from the look on his face. I kept falling asleep and waking up and falling asleep and waking up. But every single time I woke up, my parents were always there

by my bedside. I then realized what I had done. Not only could I have given myself some lifelong health issues but most importantly, my parents would've been crushed. They would've had to wake up every morning wondering what went wrong. They'd see our family pictures hanging up around the house, probably thinking, "What happened? She looks so happy here," pointing out my big smile that I always flashed to the camera. I couldn't do that to them. I couldn't. I had already hurt them enough with my previous actions I took out on myself that they were forced to witness everyday. So, once again being sent to the psychiatric unit for the third time, the leaders and doctors there knew me a bit too well. During one of my therapy sessions, I recovered something that I had been hiding. While this event will remain unsaid, I can say that I finally felt a weight come off of my shoulders. Something clicked. I went home that day, realizing that I really am ready to move along with my life and take all the problems as they came, but for real this time. Later on in the summer, out of nowhere, a rush of sadness just smacked me in the face. This time though, I refused to go to the hospital. I refused to stay another night in that sad, empty room. I had no one to talk to, since my boyfriend and I were in another fight. And so, I decided to self harm once more. But I made sure it would be somewhere not visible. So on the inside of my left ankle, underneath a bandana I covered it up with, were more cut marks. It was hard to go swimming and still try to hide the scars from everyone else and their judgments. July 25, 2013 was the last time I had self harmed. It came to the end of summer and my boyfriend broke up with me. Of course, I was very distraught and sad because I had no one else to go to but I finally came to the conclusion that it was for the best, and that I was much better without him (But I will give him credit, he worried a lot about me in and out of my hospital visits). Junior year came around, and I was then left to find a new set of friends, which ended up being a lot easier than I thought it would be. Instead of replacing the two friends that I had earlier on in the year, I replaced them with 6. Six of the best, most motivating people I've ever had the chance of knowing. With them along with the help of my extremely supportive family, I no longer had any suicidal thoughts, I stopped my self harm, and I was always occupied on the weekends. They may never know the impact they had on my life, but it made all of the difference for me to live a positive lifestyle. I'm so thankful to be alive today, because I would never want to put my family through the pain of having to plan out my funeral. 2 very hard years later, I find myself crying endlessly once more. But this time, it was because I made it. It was my graduation day. I stayed alive long enough to take a huge step in my life. Let me tell you... Nothing felt more rewarding than to sweat in my purple graduation gown, nervous to walk across the stage to receive my diploma - to actually do something I never thought I'd get the day to see. I'm now at my dream school in college, working to get a degree in psychology and hope to become a crisis counselor in a hospital like the one I visited 3 times. I wrote this story to be proof that, yes, everything really does get better. You've heard the saying over and over again, but I'm here to tell you that it's true and possible. You need to believe in yourself and not be afraid to ask for help. Get rid of all of the toxic people in your life, because I promise it makes such a difference. And soon enough you will discover that you are loved and so worthy of being loved.

Shared by Tatiana, 17

You are special. You are smart. You are beautiful. You deserve to be loved and to feel loved. You are original. You are the only you that exist. You can't be replaced. I know it is hard. But please, don't stop fighting. Please, just don't. You are not alone. You are much better than them, and they don't deserve a tear yours. Don't you ever feel like you are a waste of space, because you are not and I promise you that you are not. Keep struggling. Ask for help. I love you.

Shared by Kristina, 14

Tennessee isn't very open to much and you get judgment for most everything. I honestly hate it here. In 6th grade my mother got custody of me after 7 years of abuse and bullying from my grandmother. I thought things would get better but to my surprise it got worse. I had a loving mother but starting a new school made things even worse. 6th grade was pretty simple and I made a lot of friends who in 7th grade ditched me. I began getting bullied for my weight, appearance, interest, and my recurring panic attacks. Classes began getting harder and life in general. I started getting depressed and I didn't know myself and still don't. At the age of nearly 13 I tried to commit suicide but thankfully did not succeed. I refused to go to school for nearly a whole year getting me and my mother in trouble. We got out of it and I was forced back to school just to be mostly avoided by everyone. I have started my first year of high school and not much is different but I am used to being alone. I'm trying to find myself, I know I want to study abroad in Korea and learn a new culture and language. I can't afford it but I like to dream about it :). It's the one thing that makes me truly happy. Does anyone else feel this way?

Shared by Jeffrey, 21

Hello For the people who are willing to read this, thank you so much. Getting the opportunity myself to share my story is a pleasure. So many times I felt lonely in the years I've been bullied but having seen the documentary of Megan changed my thought on that. This problem of bullying is so misunderstood. I think people still don't get how serious this problem is. Your life is changed from the rest of your life. You can never fully trust people anymore. Of course you can always better it but never it will be the same again. From this place I want to say that I was so, so sad when I saw Megan's story. I will never ever forget who Megan was. She seemed such a kind girl and I wished that I knew her. The bravest girl I've ever heard about! Anyway now I am going to tell my story. I don't pretend it was worse than other bullying experiences. I just share it for people to understand how serious the problem is. Why do I think bullying should be against the law? Victims of bullying must live with the damage the rest of their lives. My bullying took place from 2008 until 2011, well actually it takes place up until this very day. I was at secondary school, I believe they call it in USA. In second class it all started. I remember it was break and three guys and me were waiting outside the classroom. The first guy never liked me, and always was up to bad things against me. I see him as the leading figure of my bullying. Then there was guy number two whom I thought of as a friend. We did great things outside school and I trusted him like a friend. Guy number three was new in our school, I guess started to trust him. Soon they guys found out our classroom door was open and they ran inside into the dark classroom sitting there on tables and laughing. The next moment they asked me if I were coming too - I obviously didn't trust the whole situation. But eventually I went inside sitting next to them. It lasted a few seconds and they ran off. Out of the classroom they went and immediately were standing against the door. There were two classroom doors, guy number 2 my so called friend guarded a door and the new guy, number 3 guarded the other. Number 1 just stood there laughing and kept continually saying "Keep the door closed". The break lasted 15 minutes. I was so angry and sad and asked my "Friend" why he did this, no answer came. I kept pushing the door with all my power, nothing happened. I realised it wasn't making any sense. I gave up. After that guy number 1, the leading figure went opposite to a classroom where a teacher was apparent. He asked for a key to close the classroom, and the teacher gave it to him. Guy 1 closed the doors and all laughing they ran away out of sight. I only could wait in the dark until my teacher and all my classmates came. But from that moment on I lost trust in people, I lost self-confidence. When my teacher came, he gave a speech. I had to spend 1 extra hour as punishment because I was somewhere I was not allowed to be. I tried explaining to him the situation. But I remember the answer I got "You should tell me all those fairy tales, there was no one here beside you". After this day I spend a week home because I told all the other teachers. They asked my bully's when I was home, but my bully's told they didn't do anything. The teachers believed them, but

already believed them , I think before telling them. I always heard from my teachers " Some of your classmates have problems at home. They can't be punished". I figured that I stood all alone, very lonely day, months and years continued. At times ignored me completely walking against me. " Oh I'm walking against an invisible wall". After my week home I had the whole class against me all complaining I needed help of my "mommy" and the teachers. I was a coward! Maybe I was. Maybe I should have walk out of the classroom and go home, but I'm not The Flash. At the end of Class 2 we had to chose a direction. Meaning : What do you want to do in the future. Everyone chose what he liked, I didn't had that luxury. I chose for safety and a good time. I chose the direction with health and care. Remember guy 2 and 3 ? They were in my class again. Guy 1 left, never saw him again. I must say I had hope , truly, for things to go better. But it all went on and on. I came back from Summer holiday and when the class gathered it started again. " I heard you have had an accident, sad you are still alive". I did had a car accident and I could have died there. After they said that a question came up in myself " Do I deserve to live?" That question came back a lot of times. So what happened the last two years ? ignoring , with a pen the scratched on my arm and more often my neck. But never did a teacher do anything. At sports subjects I was told often " He can train whatever he wants, but he never gets a girlfriend. No girl likes him!" I believed that, and still do because I simply never had a girlfriend yet. Maybe they were right. Another thing happened was a presentation. it actually should have been in groups but I was ill. I had to do it alone about smoking. My whole class was smoking so basically I had to tell everybody what is bad about smoking. The whole class laughed and had a great time and the teacher didn't say anything! A lot of things happened more where I am not able yet to talk about. To anyone who read this. When you see bullying happening, do always something! Never let it happen, it ruins lives! Nobody should be alone. Respect everybody as he or she is. I loved books, I am a Cinephile and a massive Harry Potter fan. Those where the reasons I was bullied.

Shared by Angelica, 22

I lost my brother because of bullying. It has been a struggle with the school and parts of the community to have them recognized that this is a problem in our community that needs to be taken seriously. Some moments my life feels almost normal. I'll listen to a song and think, oh, Jonny would love this one. But that moment is soon ruined with the painful realization that he won't. It hurts to think of how much he wasn't able to experience. He had his life mapped out, but the burden of what was going on currently completely overshadowed it, and he could not see any way of making it that far out into the future. Home was his only safe zone. And it pains me to know that it wasn't enough. Our love wasn't enough to save him. To read comments on how we should be focusing on his family and home life as the issue is just a knife to the heart. Many days, my brother would come home a little worked up and irritated, but we thought it was just normal, 16 year old stuff. He would go to his room for about 15 minutes, and come out his normal, happy self. There were no signs of suicidal thoughts and he was not depressed. He was happy when he was with us, and always loving and caring. The bullying he endured occurred primarily on school grounds, mainly verbally. There was some cyber bullying, but it was minimal compared to what happened at school. How are we supposed to protect my brother, when he is being taunted at school? To a group of kids chanting derogatory terms at him on a regular basis, to purposefully tampering with his shop project, glasses, and other possessions. I suppose you're wondering how we didn't know. My brother saw what bullying did to my sister and I. He knew that if he told our parents, they would march into school and persistently demand that the situation be fixed. He also knew, that if they did that, it would only paint a bigger target on his back. There are serious flaws with the reporting process of the bullying policy that he saw firsthand. How was he supposed to have faith in an adult, when so few had helped us when we were being bullied? When I moved here in 7th grade, I came to hate Edgar. My parents thought it was because of moving from a bigger to smaller school, but for me, it was because I was being bullied. I was not accepted and it was extremely difficult to make friends. For me, it was the rumors. Girls talking about how I would sleep with anyone, was on drugs, never showered, smelled bad because I defecated myself, and there was a lot of body shaming. The list goes on, and it only got worse. I reached out to a

teacher, told her what was going on, and you know what she told me? Since I was new, it was EXPECTED. That I should shower and take care of myself. Another girl in my class was a victim of the same thing. This same teacher had us write on a piece of paper what we would say to her if we could go up to her in a judgement free zone. That quickly turned into writing what people hated about her anonymously and the teacher gave all the slips to her to read. That teacher is still employed, in case you were wondering. I think it was around 8th grade when I started self-harm. It went on for a while because I always wore baggy clothes because I had grown to be ashamed of myself and my body. It wasn't until my little sister, Allison, told my parents did it eventually come to a stop. I took the time to figure out who I was, accept my individuality, and accept that it was okay to be different. I worked hard, to make sure others felt welcome, even though I wasn't accepted. New students from the Catholic School weren't always given a warm welcome. I made sure to become friends with them. When a foreign exchange student came, I made sure to become friends with her, and we still are, to this day. My little sister, Allison, faced bullying with the edge of technology. Her situation upsets me so much, and since it was only a year ago, I'm assuming it is what discouraged Jonathan from reaching out for help. Sometime in October her Junior year, she was chosen by a group of girls. It started with things being thrown at her car at lunchtime. Then, our house getting toilet papered with some very derogatory terms written in our grass. But that wasn't enough for these girls. Allison worked hard to not sink down to their level. They started showing up at her workplace, McDonald's, to taunt her. One girl took it so far as to LITERALLY THROW a shamrock shake in her face, because she "made it wrong". They started a Twitter campaign against her, in an attempt to get her fired. Around that time my parents found out how far it had gotten because she had broke down. They took screenshots of the tweets before they all got deleted, and reached out to the guidance counselor. The guidance counselor did nothing. They reached out to the principal and they had a meeting. The outcome? Allison had to WRITE an APOLOGY to HER BULLIES. My parents watched Allison for awhile because they feared she would make an attempt on her life. The flaw is, there is no report at school of any of this happening. There is no system or chain of how events get reported and resolved. When Jonny's peers were being dumped in a dumpster, purposefully tripped in PE, or peed on in the locker room, with minimal resolve, how was he supposed to have faith in the system? It pains me, that my brother will never meet my children. I hope that I have a son, so I can name him after Jonny. As much as I want to protect my future children, they will know what happened to their Uncle, and understand the hard struggle our family has faced. I wish it didn't have to be this way, but I will continue to be Jonny's voice. Change NEEDS to happen.

Shared by Kerra, 15

All through elementary I was bullied because I didnt physically mature like the other girls did. I always and still do hang out with boys because I feel they are easier to handle. Now in high school I still talk to a lot of guys. My best friend and some other people say that im a slut or a whore for it but honestly i just don't want to deal with the drama so once I finally had my first kiss in texas everyone found out because my mom caught us. Once everyone knew a lot of people hated me because he was "dating" a girl at the time, and I didn't know that. So I started cutting for months until my stepdad found out and I stopped because he begged and begged it hurt him to know it happend. One day he said what can I do to help you. I said nothing can help I don't need help. I thought about it all day and said fine I'll stop If you promise to start eating healthy and that was a month and a half ago. He's eating healthier and Ive stopped. I still have bad depression and issues with other things but I made a promise and I won't break it. Ever since I was little I hated bullying Ive always wanted to do something.

Shared by Maggie, 14

Hi! My name is Maggie! I was 13 when this all happened. I was very depressed I had problems with how i looked and I also struggled with a perfectionist issue along with anxiety. I felt like I didn't belong anymore, like I wasn't good enough. I felt like nobody cared. I didn't tell my parents because I didn't want them to worry, but things started to get worse. I started cutting myself. For just one moment I thought about that pain and not any other pain, I didn't think about all my other negativities in my life. So it became a regular thing...I thought it would actually help..obviously it didn't but that is how I felt at the time. I have an older sister, her name is Anna; she is 18 years old. She can be a bratty girl, but she's different. My sister criticizes people like you have no idea. I thought wow I really need to toughen up. But when you are being criticized for the same things since you were about 5 years old, its hard to get tough. I looked up to my sister when I was younger I wanted to be like her. But now that I have gotten older and seen what words can do, I want to be the exact opposite of her. My sister drove me into thinking I was worthless. She didn't think it was bad what she was doing I guess because I held everything in. I told nobody about anything. Since I didn't speak up my sister continued with her bullying...okay I know what your thinking she's your sister she's gonna act like this..well you don't get my sister. So I almost committed suicide, but then something hit me..my family.. I thought about what I would be putting my family through if I took my life. So I stopped and sat down at the bottom of my shower and sobbed and sobbed and sobbed. I told my parents eventually. They were worried like all parents were but they were also happy I told them. I went to a therapist and it helped..but the only thing is..I didn't tell my sister. I was afraid to. I didn't want to tell my sister that I almost committed suicide and parts of it were her fault. I couldn't bare to say that, so I didn't tell her. But like a secrets they come to the surface. She found out she was hurt, she realized what she did hurt people. Now she's like your normal sister, she's still mean sometimes but she's also VERY loving! During Language arts we had to look up Poetry Slams on Youtube. I was scrolling through and found one entitled "Cyber bully" it was about Megan, my teacher told me later on it was a true story, and I almost started crying, because i know how it feels. I was bullied from Kindergarten to about 6th grade for being to weird or to quiet. So i got bullied a lot. I don't think suicide from bullying is suicide i think its murder.

Shared by Anonymous

I always wanted to be the "popular girl," I wanted to be well-liked by everyone, I wanted to have the boyfriend that all the girls vied for, I wanted to have the perfect life that all the "popular girls" had. I've struggled with my weight my entire life. It's always given me self-esteem issues and made me feel small on the inside. I remember a girl who was mad that I wasn't attending her birthday party say, "who cares, she's fat and ugly anyway." I hated who I saw in the mirror. I still do from time to time. But this isn't about me. In 7th grade, I got into a petty argument with a friend that spiraled out of control. After feeling so small on the inside for so long, this seemed like my opportunity to stand tall. I began bullying her, both online and in person, and to this day, it's my biggest regret. I was a 12 year old girl who was attacking a girl who was my friend for something absolutely meaningless. I turned all of her friends against her, attacked her in group messages online, and called her every nasty name in the book. After our fight, she told me how alone she felt... how she felt like she had nobody to turn to, and my heart instantly shattered with a pang of regret. I couldn't believe that I could do this to someone, simply because it made me feel better about myself. In that instant, the shrinking feeling I felt inside because of my weight insecurities shied in comparison to how I felt now. I felt disgusting. I felt like an absolutely vile human being, I couldn't believe how evil I could have been. I can blame it on my weight, or the family problems I was experiencing at the time, but I am responsible for what I did, even if I was 12 years old, and 6 years later, it's one of my biggest regrets. We've since patched up and become friends again, but I will never be able to forgive myself for what I did. I became the very thing that tormented me- the bullied became the bully. And it's something I will never be able to take back. I know that what I did was wrong. I can talk and preach all I want about learning and growing from the experience, but all I can take from it is that there is no reason for anyone to treat any human being that way. As cliché as it is, nobody deserves to be bullied, regardless of weight, color, social class, or anything in between. I can never change

my actions, but I can invest my life into influencing and changing the attitudes and actions of others so that nobody feels the way my friend did, and nobody does what I did, ever again.

Shared by Melinda, 50

I am writing on behalf of the incident that happened to my son Randy when he was 13 years old and encountered being bullied by kids at the school bus stop. Randy was diagnosed when he was 5 with ADHD, Bipolar and OCD so life was always a daily struggle to keep him on a happy medium. When he started school is when he started to have problems with the kids teasing and picking on him. He would always tell me what was going on and I would talk to the school about the incidents but nothing would ever get done about it. One day when he was 13, he came home from school upset and he clearly stated to me that he didn't want to live anymore and felt he would be better off dead. As a parent, your first instinct is to protect your child and in doing so, I finally found out what triggered these feelings in him. He stated that the kids on the bus were teasing him again and this time they videotaped him and posted it on You Tube for the world to see. I immediately called his therapist to get him seen as soon as possible since I was in fear that something bad would happen to my son. In the meantime, Randy got ready for bed and went to sleep. I proceeded to search You Tube for this video and to my disbelief, it was posted. I watched it in horror and screamed and cried in anger for what I was seeing. My world fell apart!! I immediately called the police to see what my rights were and what can be done. The police officer proceeded to watch the video but could not watch the entire video since it was so horrific. He immediately forwarded it my sons school resource officer and to the principal. I went to the school first thing the next morning and demanded that it be taken down and I wanted to know how posted it and how many kids were involved since Randy had already told me who was involved. The proceeded to tell me that it was taken down immediately off You Tube and the kids involved will be disciplined. They would not let me talk to the kids or their parents at all since they stated it violated their rights. That's fine but what about my kids rights that had been violated. My sons father called the local TV station who definitely wanted to do a story about it. Randy was not sure he wanted to have his story on the news since he was devastated by what happened but after talking to him in lengths, he finally agreed under the condition that if it could possibly help someone else out. In the meantime we went to Virginia commonwealth state attorney to find out what our legal rights were since we wanted to pursue legal action against the parents for allowing their children to do such a horrific act but unfortunately we were told we had no legal rights and that we could not pursue legal action. The kids that did this to Randy all the discipline they received was 2 weeks of bus suspension but in the meantime my son had to be taken out of that school and placed in another school. I was hesitant to do this since I didn't want to disrupt Randy's routine but I had no choice to do so. Randy changed schools and was accepted into an excellent program for children with his condition and he went from failing all his classes to getting on the principals list. He has just finished up his junior year in high school and doing absolutely wonderful. From one parent to another, always take the time to listen to your child and don't ever dismiss anything they are saying as being nothing since it is something.

Shared by Ralph, 18

I have just watched your story on television. I must say I am deeply sorry for your loss. I can't even begin to understand the way you guys must feel. It is quite unfortunate that there are such deranged people in this world. I've been bullied growing up and your story has affected me very much. I am glad that you have shared this story because only when atrocities occur, change will take place. Keep fighting for whoever did such a thing to your daughter and I hope that someday that the person who led your daughter to act that certain way will be punished for what she has done. God bless your family and never stop fighting as you may have lost one, but today I have been very inspired and this will help keep many more on this earth.

Shared by Kati, 22

In the seventh grade I moved to a small town, I can distinctly remember my first day attending my new middle school. I received a lot of attention from the boys of the 7th grade but very little from the girls. Before I knew it there were rumors being spread about how I was a "slut", "whore", "slept around". At this time in my life I had never even kissed a boy, I had no idea how these were being spread. Later I found out it was because a "boyfriend" of one of the popular girls in school thought I was "cute" and she was angry about it. I remember being pushed from behind when I was on the stairs and falling down, notes being stuck in my locker calling me whore and telling me to go back to where I came from. I went home crying from school every single day begging my dad to let me go to a boarding school. When AIM instant messenger became really popular I started to talk to one of the boys I thought was cute in my class and he ended up sending our conversation to every one in school, before I knew it girls were posting how ugly, slutty, and terrible I was on my profile. Things started to slow down when I entered the ninth grade and became friends with the older kids. But once they graduated things returned. A group of girls typed up a list about me, saying things about what I wore, how I looked. I specifically remember a few things "you smell like cabbage", "you look like a rat", "nobody like you, the only reason you have friends is because they feel bad for you". They posted this list all over school, I confronted the girls about it and they started to push me and threaten to slash my tires. I had never done anything to these girls, I never said bad things or purposely made them mad at me. I never understood how someone can hate somebody so bad that they don't even know. Till the day I graduate I had girls accusing me of sleeping around and harassing me. During my academic years I had only been with one guy. Since then it has been more than difficult for me to make friends with girls, but I have decided to take my experience and always treat people with the respect they deserve. Every one is fighting inner battles, even the people who do the bullying. I can only hope to help someone who is experiencing the pain I did, and let them know that it does get better. The people who see the greatness inside of you will save you. I promise.

Shared by Halle, 12

Hi, my name is Halle. I'm trying to share my story across the U.S. About bullying. Here it is, if you could please share it. When I was in fifth grade I met a group of girls. All nice and pretty. We started to hang out we each other, sit together at lunch, and talk to each other. We would go to crazy places at night and get home super late. Life was ok with them. We started hanging out with boys too. Just for fun though, nothing big. When the year started to go on, I started to forget my best friends that I had known for a very long time. I wouldn't even notice them. We started going out more and more and two girls in the group got in fights every now and then causing just a little drama. That was no compare to what happened to all of us that changed our lives. A person had found my number and started texting it anonymously. They would tell me that no one likes me and that they were just pretending to be my friend. They told me that no boy would ever like me. Then it got to a point where they would just tell me to go and kill myself. That I was ugly and fat and that no one had wanted me. And my life at home, my sister was dealing with depression. I knew that I had no one to talk to me. It was obviously one of the girls texting me because they knew everything we talked about. The girls that we would talk about as we sat in a circle and just talked crap about them. I cried for days. I knew that of course, even though I turned away from my best friends, they came and supported me even after I ignored them. I felt like if they were telling me to die then maybe I should. But then I realized that I was letting this persons words affect me. If I died, I would be throwing away a life would never want to give up. After that, the meanest girl in the group decided to cut the word victim in her arm for attention. I was so angry because I knew how it felt to be truly upset. I saw my sister go through it. I knew she wanted everyone back in the palm of her hand. I didn't let it happen. I finally decided to go up to the meanest girl in the group. Her name was Natalie. I told her that I was sorry. I was sorry I yelled at her and called names that I could never take back. That I let myself get caught up in this mess. I told her I was sorry that I had let this wonderful friendship slip through my hands all because of this drama. I told her that most of all, I was sorry that I had put myself in

a place i wasn't happy and I knew it. I told her that we could never be the same friends again. But I'm willing to accept her as she is. That is one thing that truly changed my life. She knew I was right because she gave me a big hug and thanked me. By the end of that year we were all crying. We would have to go to separate middle schools. Natalie and I plus that whole group was split up. The group and Natalie both ended up at the same school while I went to a different school with my two best friends. I knew that this was a terrible year but I would never take a thing back because I wouldn't be where I am today. I still have two amazing best friends, I'm on a swim team, and I'm happier than ever. Natalie of course is still stuck in one of those groups at her school but I'm happy that that's not my problem anymore.

Shared by Rose May, 16

My brother met up with an old friend who told him that he was planning to kill himself therefore my brother being the kind person he stayed with his friend for hours talking to him. He then drove home but a dog who was not on a lead ran out in front of his car so he stopped for ages and spoke to the owners and left his details however the person wrote his number down wrong. My brother went looking for the dog and was very worried and under the law he did not do anything wrong as the dog wasn't on a lead. On Facebook there is a page about my town that has been set up where people write about the town etc. The owner of the dog wrote a post on this page about my brother and twisted everything that had happened which led to people who didn't even know my brother or saw what happened bully him even to the extent of sending death threats and saying vile things. My brother sorted it with the owner however he refused to remove the post and the owner of the page refused to remove it and was very rude so she has kept it up for everyone to continue to bully my brother. Although my brother is a lot older than me and an adult it still affected me majorly to see such horrible things being said and death threats from people who didn't even know him or what happened and my mum was very upset and stressed that people were saying such horrible things about my brother. The post is still up for everyone to abuse and bully him but I just want people to know that they need to be careful at what they say to people as my brother is a kind and gentle person and he is now the victim of bullying and death threats.

Shared by April, 16

Hello Everyone, My name is April and fashion is my passion. My love for fashion started off as an escape from my depression but it is now who I am, and what I wish to pursue as a career. I am now blessed to be at a place where I love myself enormously but it wasn't always like this. I was bullied my entire life. I never fit in and the more I tried to fit in, the more I was bullied. I was known as the "weird" kid, or the kid "everyone secretly hates". There wouldn't be a day that I would not get made fun of or laughed at. One day I decided to stand up for myself by responding to the people that constantly dehumanized my being with words; I've never been one to be good at arguing so when I responded to their words about me, the whole class started to laugh at me including the people that made fun of me, so I walked out of the classroom to stop myself from doing anything. It was everywhere that I did this, "wow she can't even fight for herself", "she's a coward", "this is why everyone hates her" were the words of majority of the school. I lost people because they did not want to be seen around me, I lost my academic drive, began to have terrible grades, and lastly lost my identity. I ate in the school bathroom most of the time and found myself crying every day. I did not even know who I was anymore and that was the moment I realized that my life was slipping away. I was filled with darkness and needed to be filled with light. Finally, I decided to remove negativity from my life because it was getting to the point where I could have committed suicide and I wanted to help myself from this terrible depression. I started off by deleting all my social media accounts simply because I couldn't escape. Bullying followed me everywhere in school, outside of school, through the internet. I knew I had no control to stop the in-school and out-of-school bullying, but I could stop the cyber bullying by deleting all of my social media and that was what I did. I also began to embrace my weirdness and started

reading articles of famous people who were once bullied and overcame their depression. I was inspired to work on myself for myself and I am blessed eternally. The only thing that made me happy when I was depressed was clothes, I would constantly watch fashion shows online to feel better and now what was once an escape is now something I want to be. I knew that fashion was what I wanted to do with my life and now that I am better mentally, physically, and spiritually I started to work on my business. I always knew that starting a business would take time and money but I didn't realize the dedication; one has to live and breathe the thing they want to do with their life for success to come. My parents support me and are soooo happy I was able to overcome the terrible sickness of depression but my parents have done everything they can and simply cannot afford to bring my fashion career to life. I basically applied to every job I could and I haven't gotten any response in the course of months! If everything works out and I make money from my business, I plan to help young kids who are being bullied because everyone holds the power to their own destiny, but the obstacles that happen in their lives can affect them forever. Words do hurt and it's time to put an end to this; many lives have been lost because of bullying and it makes me sick to my stomach. I want to touch a lost soul because one act of kindness can change a person's life.

Shared by Brandi, 15

Honestly, I have no idea where to start. I just want to share my brother's story. He was only 12 and he was crazy about this girl (she happened to be my best friend at the time), they were dating awhile and she broke up with him for his friend. Well my brother asked what he could do to get her back and instead of answering, she added him in a group chat with her new boyfriend. Well my brother was being so nice and her boyfriend kept saying "nobody likes you" "leave her alone freak" etc. My brother told her he was gonna kill himself and she said "send me a picture" and when he told her boyfriend he said "go ahead and do it you're not my kid." My brother was the happiest kid I've ever known and was a sweetheart. Well my brother was trying to send a picture and he slipped and fell.. we have evidence of what they both said but lawyers said it wasn't bullying. And then I asked my school if they'd give him a page in the year book and they said no because it influenced suicide! My 12 year old brother never got justice, he's gone and the girl who did this is living her life like nothing happened. It's been almost two years, July 27th will be. My brother never got to turn 13, he never got experience 7th grade, or 8th grade. He won't graduate, or get married and have a family all because of bullying. I want to get justice but I don't know where to go to, or where to even start.. He was a genius and was gonna do so much with his life and now he can't. I want to help get justice.

Shared by Monet, 14

I had a friend named Macklin, he was very nice and handsome. We talked sometimes at games. 9/12/14 was the last time I saw him that Friday when I got up to go to school on the following week Thursday I didn't notice anything strange my friend was crying I said what's wrong she said I'll tell you later so when I went to my locker she said that Macklin killed himself last night, I didn't believe it at first then other people told me I dropped everything and was sobbing loud everyone held me later that day I decided to go home I couldn't handle it I cried with my parents my sister had known before me about his death. The Monday of his memorial I went it was depressing I found out about the bullying and problems at home I found out that I knew the bully I kinda grew up w him at daycare a long time ago it was horrifying I saw him there he felt guilty that's my story. Rest In Peace Macklin 11/12/98-9/17/14.

Shared by Ashton, 17

My story is probably like everyone else's... Being bullied.. I am a senior now but my 8th grade year has followed me forever.. During 8th grade we were required to do a report on our family heritage I am a Romanian gypsy and of course when people hear gypsies they think witch... I was constantly tortured bibles were thrown at me crosses were drawn on my things desks lockers books etc. no matter who I told I never got help..my school kept doing nothing and nothing and nothing I finally ended up having to defend myself which ended up getting me in countless office and counseled visits... No one would stop I didn't know what I did to deserve it... I attempted suicide after a couple of months... My attempt wasn't successful thank god.. I hated myself and my life I hated that school and because of that school I am now a supposed danger to myself and classmates and my teachers... I was put on IEP for behavior issue but they were only cause by the reaction that I would give from the bullying... It never stopped it wouldn't stop... The only way it did was when I switched schools... It died down and everything was forgotten when I left that school the fighting the words and the hurt were done finally done..

Shared by Amy, 45

I was terribly bullied from 7th grade up until I graduated from high school. This was before cyberbullying, of course. I got to the point where the anxiety of going to school was taking over my life. I was too embarrassed to tell my parents because I thought it would make me look bad. I never used the bathroom at school for fear of what would happen. I could not even walk home after school without being followed and picked on. I would be drenched in sweat after a day at school because I was so afraid of the bullying. I am a huge advocate for anti bullying. I am now married with 3 children. I talk to my children about being a bully or being bullied and to let them know they can always come to me. Even though that was several years ago, it still hurts. I still have some after effects of the bullying but I work very hard to put it behind me. I did consider suicide more than once but I just never could go through with it. Thank you for all you do.

Shared by Shanice, 15

For severely bullied people: I just wanna say something. I just want to say how mean and cruel society can be. I have been constantly bullied every single day of my life since grade 4 because I was the shy girl that didn't fit into a group. I was the girl that didn't mind being alone but hoped to interact with someone. So I had lots of things happen to me, I had sauce been poured down my hair, I had people throwing basketballs at me, people throwing my jumper and lunchbox on to the roof and in the bin and the cleaners used to come up in class and say that they found my lunchbox or jumper on the roof or in the bin. Believe me when I say this: the teachers used to slightly smirk along with the class.. I was then called names, being constantly teased etc. I then refused to go to school and then therefore was forced to go on tablets because of society. Because of society I went into depression! I was then classified as 'having social problems'! How annoying! Every day for 7yrs I went to people and said "hey can I sit with you" some said yes some said no. The people who said yes would suddenly play tiggy.. they used to run away from me and as soon as they lost me they continued there chat.. I used to eventually cry and BEG for them to allow me to play with them. They still said no. If they ever actually said yes then they wouldn't include me in the convos, they wouldn't ever talk to me and I used to follow them like a puppy dog and then other people used to look at me wierd... They always used to insult me. Its only the long dressed people, the people who don't kiss boys and wear crop tops, the people who don't mind being themselves that don't belong in my school society (mean schools)its only the people that have been through the bad stuff that I've been through UNDERSTAND FULLY how I feel. They understand because they have been through the same bad stuff that society did to me. In some cases even worse! Society can be so cruel. Its unbelievable. Its only the people the bullied and

depressed people that know how cruel some people can be understand. To all the people that have been bullied like me or more severe than me: WELL DONE!!!! ITS A HARD HARD JOURNEY!!!! Its extremely hard to cope!! I know how you feel! Its sooo hard! Your heart just aches! In this world, its hard to be yourself but its US THAT STOOD UP FOR WHATS RIGHT AND WAS OURSELVES THE WHOLE WAY THROUGH. WE ARE STRONG. Maybe we weren't good enough for society but WE WERE GOOD ENOUGH FOR OURSELVES AND THATS WHAT REALLY MATTERS. Why should we change?? Being yourself is the best thing you can be. I've had quite a few people that are ACTUALLY NICE and will include me in there group (outside of school) and THAT'S my best therapy :). I'm learning to trust people again and be happy, so I just want to say STAY STRONG <3

Shared by Danielle, 25

I have been bullied since elementary school. In elementary school, I was bullied because of my learning disability, however, I had best friends in elementary school. The other classes bullied my friends and me. For 8th grade, I moved to South America, I was bullied a lot in school there. I was also bullied in 9th grade. I was also sexually harassed by a classmate through the cell phone. My family was in shock. They found out by the end of 8th grade year that I was being bullied. It was a hard time for me to go through school and I was suffering a lot. Bullying and cyberbullying are not good at all. My strategy to help me get over these terrible things is that I went to go see a therapist and she helped me overcome these bad things.

Shared by Anna Mae, 22

My name is Anna Mae and I'm 22 years old. I was a victim of being bullied in middle school and high school. At a young age while being in elementary school, I was diagnosed with ADD. I had to repeat first grade over because my parents and teacher didn't think I was ready for 2nd grade. I was placed in special education classes through out elementary and middle school so I could get extra help. This helped me a lot because I was able to pass all my classes. My pediatrician at the time didn't want me on medicine for my ADD so these classes were my only option. I'm also hard of hearing so that made school a little harder for me. When I started middle school, the kids found out I was in those special education classes and they made fun of me. I was called mentally challenged by other students because of being in these classes. They also called me that because I couldn't hear very well. All the girls I went to school with called me every name in the book you could think of. I struggled with my weight in middle school and high school. People would call me fat and spread rumors about me saying I was pregnant. I was told all the time that no one liked me, I was worthless, and that I should kill myself. I struggled with an eating disorder and self-harm in 7th grade through 8th grade. All of the girls I went to middle school with went to my high school as well. When I started high school, the bullying followed me. I didn't stop until my senior year. I wasn't in these special education classes in high school because I was older and able to take medicine for my ADD so passing my classes became easier. I still had some extra help because I knew I could still use that help. The bullying just got worse from freshman year and then on. In high school things got very serious for me. My sophomore year I was diagnosed with depression. I struggled with suicide thoughts and I attempted suicide 5 times within 2 years. I've been in the mental hospital twice because of the fact I thought about killing myself and I tried to do it. I was 16 or 17 at this time and my brother Michael saw how depressed I was and saw my struggle. He invited me to go back to church. Before going back, I haven't set foot in a church since 11 or 12 years old. It was easter Sunday of 2009 and that day I accepted Jesus into my heart. I told a leader there my story and they told me that God loved me and thought I was beautiful. They told me that God thought I was worth it. Hearing those words made me cry my eyes out like a little baby. I felt so much peace and love in my life right then and there. From there on life just went up on the charts. I became a leader at my youth church to lead young girls that were going through what I did. I was on the youth

church worship team singing my heart out to God. After inviting Jesus into my life, I finally was able to strike up the courage and say NO MORE BULLYING. I was done with being bullied and made sure those girls knew that what they would say to me did not mean a thing. I am worth it, loved, smart, and beautiful. I'm all those things because my God said I am. I went through the exact same thing Megan did so I can truly relate how she felt while being bullied and in her final moments. I really wish she survived because from what I know she was a great girl and did not deserve to go through what she did. No deserves to be bullied. I would have been her friend if I got the opportunity to meet her. She was beautiful and so worth it! To the Meier family: I just wanted to say that I'm sorry for your loss. I can't imagine the pain you guys feel. I'm sorry you guys had to go through this. I hope that there is justice served because the lady who did this to your daughter deserves the consequences. I pray that God continues to give you peace and strength while you continue to deal with the pain of losing your daughter. I pray for peace, love, strength, and joy. I hope that one day I can meet you guys. I would be honored to shake your hand or give you a hug! Have a blessed year! Anna Mae

Shared by Regina, 52

I watched this story on the ID channel today on January 31, 2015. I didn't realize how loud that I was screaming and crying until my 15 year old daughter ran into the room with a bat saying that she thought that someone was attacking me. I was screaming because I couldn't believe the audacity of this CRIME. It took me back to the 70's when I was bullied. It is an awful feeling to have people talk about you and not have a reason to hate you. As a teenager, I had begin to plan my bullies demise after attempting suicide myself. I know nothing can take away your pain, but know that "It was not your fault and you have nothing to feel guilty of". My prayer is "that everyone that is bullied to know that your bullies are only doing that because they don't like themselves and find a weakness in anyone to make themselves feel better". I am so saddened, Tina that you and your family went through this. I was going to talk about the other mother, but if she cannot be prosecuted, she deserves no mention.

Shared by Tatiana, 23

I found Megan's story to be devastating and I cried when I seen a show about it. The first time I was bullied was in kindergarten right when I started school. I always knew that I was different from other children meaning more mature for my age and all I focused on was learning. Kids would call me fat and ugly. Sometimes they would laugh at me too as they said it. I hated going to school, but knew that if I didn't then I couldn't get the education I needed in order to help my family later on in life. This would be on a daily basis pretty much and I would get made fun of for even being friends with certain people as well. I'm the type of person that if you treat me with respect I will treat you with respect. Even my best friend would say awful comments to me, but I still remained her friend because my mom always said to keep your enemies close. She would tell me that I have a big nose or how I didn't dress nice. When we were in 5th grade she even told me that she was jealous of me because I was smart. I would even see how she treated other people and I didn't approve of it at all. In middle school, bullying was still the same until 8th grade. People that I knew that had bullied me in the past said I was so pretty and smart. Well where were they when I had thoughts of suicide or depression? In 7th grade I took a knife and looked at it thinking it could all be over soon. But then thought that I was stronger than this and had to keep going. I have a lot of people who love me and would be devastated if I committed suicide. My parents had divorced also when I was 11, so my life was in a whirlwind of hurt at this point. I felt as if nobody understood me. Everything was taken away from me in an instant and I couldn't do anything to fix it. In 8th grade I met this boy who was a couple years older and told my best friend about him. She told her friend who went to the same highschool as him and that friend started saying things about me to him. He told me that he would receive phone calls from these girls saying, "How could you like her, she's so ugly" and "Be with me instead of her, she's no good". One night my friend called me

and said "I'm sorry". So I asked her "What exactly are you sorry for?" She knew that I knew what she was doing, but nothing was ever confirmed. I just knew what kind of person she was. In high school things started to shift in my favor. However, one night at a football game my friend called me and said she was with that other friend at her highschool's football game. Anyways we started talking and then all of a sudden this voice comes on and says, "You know Jesse? Well he doesn't like you and never will. You're so ugly". Pretty soon I found myself saying, "Then come over here and say those things to my face". After I said that my friend got on the phone and I told her I had to go. Nothing was ever said again after that night about the situation. It upset me because I always treated her nicely. People get so jealous of others because they always want something that they don't see in themselves whether being beautiful, smart, funny or having money. I think what really kept me going all these years is that I will be successful and I will do good for people. Always remember to keep your head high and worry about yourself. If you feel like you can't fix your life please talk to someone. Someone will be listening to you and will try to help you in the difficult times.

Shared by Kerry, 36

Back in 1991 I came from Barbados to America and I was often made fun of because of my accent and my cultural background. Yeah I had a bully. He beat my a** everyday and I told no one. But forget that, that was years ago. I was watching Discovery ID today and saw the case with your daughter Megan. I cried and cried secretly. I hope you and your family are ok and please be strong for Megan, take care.

Shared by Lily, 16

I was in 7th grade and there was this girl in my grade named Brandi, she was the alpha B on the bus. There was a girl named Jenna she was really popular and she asked me about what it was like in foster care, because I was in foster care year or so ago. So I told her because I was really glad that someone like her wanted to know about foster care. Little did I know that she was going to use this against me. I wasn't allowed to have a Facebook but I kept making new ones behind my parents back, I didn't have a camera on the device that I had. One of Brandi's friends named Becky made a post and I commented and it wasn't a bad or rude comment and then Becky commented I hate you b****. I replied who me? And then Brandi commented saying "Lily get off this status right now before I embarrass the hell out of you" I wasn't going to let her control me on the Internet so I said "no I'm staying you can't make me leave." She then responded "Lily get your ugly a** off Facebook, nobody likes you and nobody will every like you, that's why all your foster homes gave you back because they didn't want your ugly a**." And as soon as I saw that I wanted to kill myself even though I knew it wasn't true what she said it still hurt, I had told only Jenna about my foster care life and she told the biggest B at school, who hated me for no reason. After that I cyber bullying got worse for me people I didn't even know harassed me and I couldn't even get on Xbox Live to play games without being called things I wasn't. I tried committing suicide more than once... My parents finally sent me to the hospital then I was sent to a hospital called Holly Hill it was hell there it didn't help I was only there for 11 days and I was scared for my life there. The staff let kids fight and everything, after I left there two days after I tried to hurt myself again and got admitted at the hospital again, this time I went to UNC Adolescent Pych ward. I was there for 7 weeks I got the news that I wasn't going home that I was to a residential treatment facility and I stayed there for 9 months it was not the best experience. I am finally home and better than I was before but I strongly hate cyber bullying, because of what it did to me and also what it did to Megan.

Shared by Belinda, 34

When I was in school I dealt with a lot of bullying. I even had to leave school because of a guy threatening to kill me. I then began home schooling. At that time the internet was getting bigger and I used to frequent a locally based chatroom. I met a guy on there who I quickly figured out who he was in "real life". He was a guy that went to the school I had left. He was a preppy jock guy. He talked to me a while and then he finally asked who I was (i didn't volunteer it earlier because I figured he wouldn't talk to me.) When I revealed who I was he went on a rant calling me fat, ugly, and then the nail in the coffin, he told me to do the world a favor and just go kill myself. Megan's story really hit home with me because I went through a similar situation. It took all I could not to do just as Megan did and kill myself but I just felt that I couldn't let the bullies win. I had already let them win by leaving school. Although I didn't follow through with what my bully told me to do, those words he said to me have stayed with me always. I've cried a many of nights over those hurtful words. I just couldn't understand how anyone could be so mean. I'm so glad Megan's story is being shared. I don't have kids of my own, but I share my story with my friends who have kids in hopes they will monitor all their kids online activity and if they see bullying happening to have their child immediately to report back to the parent. And if a person continues to bully online they need to be brought to justice! We need to stop bullying! Both online and offline!

Shared by Anonymous, 48

I saw your story on Web of Lies last night but I remember hearing your story back in 2006. I don't know anyone that hasn't been bullied in their lifetime. I have growing up, both of my children have as well. They are full grown adults now. Suicide has always been on my mind with my children and while raising them I instilled in them that Suicide is NEVER the answer. What is bothering you today will not bother you next week. Its Permanent. You get no second chance, you will be gone. The Sadness you feel today will be Gone in 5 years from now. You will reflect back to your teenage years and think wow I worried over the dumbest things as a teen. Trust me I know this and my children know this. I am sorry if you are a victim of bullying but it is not worth Your Life! Don't let them win. Someday you will be an adult and None of those people will matter in your world. With Love from a Mom and Grandmother....

Shared by Alicia, 18

When i was in 6th grade, i met a friend that was from France. I remember thinking she was really cool. She spoke three languages because one of her parents were Vietnamese and the other French. Alot of people liked her, including me, and we would hang out fairly often at school. We talked about crushes and became closer. Eventually Sabine and I were good enough friends where she would come over to my house. I even invited her to my birthday party. As time went on, she seemed less interested in me. She had her other friends which were mainly other kids in our class who did not like me at all(all of my other friends were a year younger than me and nobody else my age really liked me at all and made fun of me). She was overall my only friend in the class. At some point she told me to make a Myspace, so i did of course because she was my friend and i believe a part of me at that age wanted to please anyone that would talk to me (i really felt awkward and insecure). Now after years, i see this as a beginning of her trying to change me and make me into someone I'm not--maybe someone cool enough for her to hang out with or maybe the other kids that were in the class. There were times where I could tell noticeably that she was annoyed by me. After a while she would just stop answering me. And I'd be confused. She'd tell me to go away or flat at tell me she didn't want to talk to me because I'm annoying. At the time, she was also friends with my best friend, Jaclyn, a year younger than me. (Now that I think of it, why was it that she could have friends younger than her and not be looked at like a freak for it?) She would complain to Jaclyn about me. At some point in our friendship, Sabine had called me and told me she had bad news. She told me my crush actually asked her out and said he loved her and I THINK they started dating (its been a while so I dont remember for

sure) but I felt so hurt as a girl knowing that the person didnt like me back). I asked her if he ever said anything about me at all or thought anything of me and basically he didnt. After a while, our friendship went from a friendship to me being her enemy. She eventually started calling me a b****. Told other people that too, online as well. Any time i tried talking to her she treated me like complete s*** saying nobody likes me and that I'm stupid amd that I'm a b****. She made me feel so horrible about myself. I had already been so insecure and to have all of my insecurities suddenly be said to my face was almost unbearable to me. Not only thag, but by someone who had enough time to know me, someone i had at a time trusted, someone i once called a friend. At the end of the year, there was a end-of-the-year party thing that my class put together. I was not invited. Sabine invited Jaclyn even though she was a year youngger and therefor it really didnt make sense because it was for our class. I was with Jackie when she told me about that and we had walked up to them and Sabine came up before i got to the group and told me nobody wants me there. I wasnt invited for a reason. She hates me. They hate me. I'm stupid, a b****, and wasnt worth any of their time. I think that was the first time I ever felt utterly crushed and defeated by life. Defeated and without any control to make anything better, for I myself wa the problem, and i couldnt delete myself from the situation. What helped me through feeling worthless was my friends being by my side, but not everyone has a friend to turn to. I also had caring parents to help me through it as best they could. A tip i would give to anyone going through bullying is to not give up and not let it get to the point where it seems everyone is getting at you. BE YOU. AND LOVE IT. You are the only you you've got and there is always SOMEONE who loves amd appreciates you being in existence, being alive. No matter how many people turn on you or try to make you feel like you are better off dead, you arent.

Shared by Kristy, 33

As a young girl 1st grade all the way til 4 th grade i was so bullied 2 gorls would wa Wait for me everyay id have my favorite things stolen in elementary school I remember my mom had bought me this Levi brand pink denim jacket i loved it They stole it i wore glasses i was teased told i was ugly they would steal my lunch every Day or throw it step on it kick my lunch box into the classroom wall shatter it i dont even remember how many lunch boxes i went through funny how back then teachers and principles didnt even care it really got good in fourth grade standing in lunch line the one mean girl Angelica pulled lice out of her hair and put in mine that was fun in my long hair When i got to Junior high moved to Idaho 9th grade girls would wait by the bus everyday threatening to beat the crap out of me because i was from California well that got even better there was a week where i couldnt go to school its a hour and 15 min drive to the town i went to town where my family lived we were snowed in for a week the next week i went to school the gorls were waiting to taunt me this time had threatened to really hurt me after school because i had to talked to one of there boyfriends (which i never did didnt even know who he was) and i walked up to her i said oh really when she says to me all last week saw you i looked at ger i said thats funny i couldnt even get to school last week. Even though i wasnt there they still threatened me til finally one day my mom and i were on our way to school and i started crying i told her what was wrong and she pulled me out of school and i home schooled from 5th grade till i left california halfway through 9th grade i went to private school loved it so it was more the less a blessing home schooling. I think this foundation is wonderful for getting awareness out people just dont understand i used to hate school those girls that bullied me gave me such low self esteem just awful

Shared by Paulina, 12

In the beginning of my fifth grade year, I was the most caring girl. But at the end, I left with cuts. This is my story. One night, I was talking to one of my best friends. And he asked if I wanted to go see a movie with him, I couldn't go because the next day I was going to Niagra Falls. I texted my friend who was my best friend at the time. And I was like, "Hey, (boys name) wanted to go to a movie." and she said to me "add me and (her current "boyfriend") into the conversation. So I did. I didn't sleep that night considering the fact that I was getting a lot of hate because of my friend then and the boy who asked me to a movie. The only person who stood beside me the whole time was my best friend Sam. If you think it ends here, think again. About a week later, (keeping in mind we are in fifth grade) the girl messaged me saying "Your a pig, don't come back to school or else." Normally I wouldn't be scared, considering I'm 5"10' and she was a small 4"7'. I walked into school the next day with Sam and my real best friend, Zoe. And the girl and her best friend came up to me, and said "She told you not to come here today, watch your back." and I said, "whatever, your like half my size you can't do anything to me." But there was more to her. At lunch that day, I sat alone, without Zoe or Sam because they now hated me, along with everyone else in the grade. Because the girl and her friend were making up rumors that weren't true, like how I was dating a 17 year old while I was 11. or that I kissed every guy I knew. I went home, rushed into my room, grabbed a razor, and cut myself, sure I read all the story's about suicidal girls. And I turned into one of them. But it did get better for me, I stood up for myself, Zoe and Sam became my friends again, I talked to BOTH of the girls parents, and I was happy again, and I've been clean since. Thank You.

Shared by Sonya, 14

Hi my name is Sonya I am 14 I have been bullied since I was 10 by someone who I thought was a friend. I'd go to her house maybe have a sleepover I never saw trough who she was really. One day at school I was in art class with my group of "friends" and I was so caught up in my art work that I didn't notice them talking bad things about me. The next class kids will trow papers at me I was pushed around some kids will tell me to go kill myself that I'm worthless and a wh**e. I always tried my best to ignore them but it was hard ignoring them when you're niece is apart of it. I met someone a friend she helped me in 2013 I told her I was suicidal because I never stopped thinking about what my classmates did to me. I tried a few times to commit suicide but I failed my 1st attempt was in 2012 but I met 3 really close friends online 2012 till death is how close we are they knew what I was going trough and they talked me out of attempting it a lot one of them is like an older sister she got mad and upset at me for overdosing she set me straight I still think about suicide a lot I told my mother I was suicidal but she didn't believe me and she never will. I can't tell anyone else cause I have no one else to talk to about it. I wanna live my life but this entire year so much went wrong. I don't know what to do anymore I don't even know who I am anymore I still ask myself "Am I still the happy kid I was before all this or did I loose myself"

Shared by Shiree's, 14

Hi, my name is Shiree's I am 14 and I have a lot of cyber bullies. Recently online at the start of the year I logged onto a website where I have been on since 2012 the admin of the site choose me to be an assistant in the chatroom to keep it save for everyone but ever since my 4th day as an assistant I started getting mean comments and messages I recall one user kept on calling me names being racist toward me and also telling me I am worthless. I spammed his account but he made over 100 accounts and the hate kept coming I told on the site admin about what he has done and she had deleted most of his accounts some that have not been deleted were spammed as well I was happy that I didn't have to deal with him any longer. Then this other user came along she also told me I was worthless that she will spread bad things about me if I did not obey her I ignored her and told on her she only got banned a month. But that wasn't where I lost myself in

2010 a girl whom I thought was my friend made up really bad lies about me and most kids in school believed it and started to bully me laugh at me I only had my niece and one friend who helped me through it. In 2012 when I left school I was happy and even before I was an assistant there were users that bullied me I tried to commit suicide a few times by overdosing but friends I met online who I trust a lot helped me they understood how I felt. I told my mom I was suicidal but she didn't believe me at all and I don't want to tell her how bad it is. I was in my room one day watching "Frenemies" I heard the story of what you had to go through I don't want my mom being so upset. If it weren't for close friends and this foundation I wouldn't be sitting here typing my personal story. A few tips : always make sure that your parents know on what website you are on and what goes on if you're suicidal please tell your parents get help. If anyone bugs you online report them because you never know how far they might push you.

Shared by Morgan, 13

I'm 13 years old. I have been bullied all of my friends have left me at a point. On Snap Chat one night I was at my friend's house Madelyn I looked on there someone hacked it. They posted mean stories about me that were fake. It really hurt my feelings. I'm so depressed I feel like I'm worthless I have low self-esteem. My friends even bully me sometimes they call me ugly and all. I love it though I try to keep my head held high. I cry every night almost I feel like I can do better. I have a boyfriend we've been dating for almost 9 months well his ex tries to ruin my life she text me now and then saying she wants to fight me. She said I have STD and AIDS and I'm a slut. I don't know what to do. She goes to my school and everyday I pass her she calls me a hoe slut b**** or whore. please help me.

Shared by Alyssa, 15

In the beginning of my 8th grade year I was an excited 13 year old girl. everything was going really well, I was happy, had friends, was involved in a lot of sports, etc. my best friend had been taking pictures of me and uploading them on Facebook using sexual comments trying to expose me, saying she was just telling the truth and "letting me know." I came to school with the mindset of stay away. the teachers were noticing a change in my attitude, the hostility in the room, the hatred we had for one another. We had to go through peer mediation. this didn't help. it sparked lots of emotion. when we confronted her and asked why? She only had to say she was bored or didn't know. but how do you do that to your best friend? I was attending a small school. I couldn't change my classes. I was with the girl who tormented me 8 hours a day. things never got better. I was afraid to change in the locker room, was really insecure about my body, developed an eating disorder, and depression. my freshman year of high school I was in my first serious relationship. he knew I had problems with kids at school. he didn't care. he started telling me what I could and couldn't wear, what I was allowed to post online, who I could and couldn't talk to, asking with a lot more. I had nothing to compare it to. this seemed normal to me. when we broke up I was getting hateful phone calls, messages, posts online, threats, and anything possible to put me down. everyone seemed to hate me. being upset all the time, I lost a lot of weight. many months passed by before I started feeling happy, eating, and sleeping properly. I then started having a rough time at home. both of my parents were sick and my sister moved out. then an unexpected death in the family occurred. we were all very devastated. I then sank into a lower hole than I had been in before. at the beginning of my sophomore year, things seemed to be going well. I transferred schools and I started making lots of new friends. as sports progressed the girls seemed to get more hateful with the days passing. I wasn't too affected by it. I was asked to homecoming 4 times, which caused a lot of problems. I then got a boyfriend. this new school was super to be a new start for me so I didn't want to mention my problems with any of the people. things were starting to look up! I had lots of friends, and I felt happy. slowly, the relationship disintegrated into nothing. within the next few weeks, the unexpected happened. I was in a very bad car accident. I missed a week of school, and in the week my dad ended up in the hospital.

my first day back at school, everyone greeted me. telling me how great it was to see me, wishing I got better soon. I just wish it were the truth. I found out that one of the guys that asked me to homecoming had a girlfriend. she stole my phone during school and saw her boyfriend was taking to me. she was furious. she then started calling me out in the middle of class yelling at me, saying stuff under her breath, but the worst part was her friends got involved. once I thought I couldn't handle the situation got out of hand I went to the principal. while I was doing that they spit and smeared gum all over my stuff. the school said they couldn't do anything for me because there was no proof. they then thought it would help if I was taken out of sight. my schedule was changed and I wasn't allowed to walk the halls alone. but it still happened, she still says bad awful things, I still went home and cried everyday. I then started pushing my old friends away. I didn't want pity or to feel like everyone felt bad for me. I didn't want it. I'm now still experiencing things at school. waiting for the day where I won't have to be tormented everyday to enjoy my life. I feel I have learned from the situations that I have to have an open mind about everyone. because I would never want to make someone feel as bad as people make me feel everyday. im now involved in school clubs, trying to make new friends and encourage Billy prevention. im making lots of new friends. even though the bullying hasn't stopped, I don't feel so alone. which is exactly what I need to see the light at the end of the tunnel. my health is increasingly getting better. my appetite had increased and I'm starting to sleep more regularly. and I cannot be happier to grow up and spread my hopes to everyone and show that it didn't hurt to be nice to people. and maybe things will get better and no child will have to go through what I did.

Shared by Maya, 14

I had just moved to Olathe, Kansas... I had just gotten out of a really bad situation. My sister and I were abused by our stepmom. Then my father divorced her. So we moved in with my grandmother. I walked into the class room. Everyone looked at me and laughed. I would go and sit at a table and everyone there would leave. I'm still being bullied to this day. I was abused during most of my childhood. My father was never there. My mother wasn't allowed to see us because my father wouldn't let her. I had a really hard childhood. I used to cut. I was bullied on social media at school and at home. Music can always help. Don't try suicide... Death is forever your situation isn't. I always thought that nobody cared about me. I was wrong... A lot of people cared. I just didn't know it.

Shared by Clerra, 14

My story began when I was 8. I moved from Florida to Tennessee and when I started school I was immediately bullied. I was not the skinniest kid in 3rd grade, nor was I the prettiest. I wasn't sure how to deal with it but my whole 3rd and part of 4th grade year I managed to stick through it. When the middle of 4th grade came around, one of my best friends told everyone I was pregnant(In 4th grade? Really? I know) I was taking care of my siblings at the time and things were getting harder and harder on me.. I found a way to cope. An unhealthy way. I began self-harming at age 11 and I also started benging and purging to lose weight. I benged and purged for about 3 weeks but I couldn't do it anymore. It was too much so I just stopped eating. I kept self-harming and when 5th grade came around I switched schools. It was still hard and that year I had my first suicide attempt. I kept self-harming after that but it was becoming more and more consistent. The summer before my 6th grade year started my great grandfather was diagnosed with lung, liver, and colon cancer. He died shortly after. It was hard because he was always there for me. After he died I didn't want to talk, eat, sleep, etc. I felt like a walking zombie. Soon after I attempted suicide again. I found out my step mom was cheating on my dad and I was forced to keep it a secret for 2 weeks until he found out. As you would guess, I got worse. More and more cuts, constantly thinking about suicide, not eating, not sleeping. The school concelor found out and I was sent to another campus. When I got out nothing changed. I kept cutting. I was sent back. When I got out the 2nd time My family began turning on me.. I overdosed on the medication my doctor put me on. They didn't send me back. They gave me a

therapist but she was crap! I learned to get better on my own.. I realized nothing lasts forever. Not even pain. I'm okay now. Some days are harder than others and there are a few personal things I left out along the lines of sexual abuse, drugs(being done around me; I did not do them!), etc. but I hope this helps you guys. I promise, it won't be like this forever. It DOES get better! I'm here for you guys. Just hang in there<3 you're worth it

Shared by Shaina, 15

in middle school a group of girls who I had called my friends verbally and physically bullied me. in sixth grade I was having fun joking around with them one day and the next I was ignored pushed out of the group and had no idea why this went on for a year notes were put in my locker people were slamming into me in the halls. in 7th grade it got worse I was isolated and terrified of what they might do I made new friends though but after a couple of weeks those friends were gone I cried almost every day after school I told the teachers and principals but no one was punished. in 8th grade it got worse I was being physically bullied I was slammed in to metal doors, walls and on several occasions I was pushed down the stairs I had become so terrified I never wanted to be in school. when I started high school I took a different approach I became tougher I built a persona around me that was nothing like me I was no longer bullied but I was also not myself. this year I still have some of that persona to keep people at a safe distance but I have more of me.

Shared by Holly, 12

I liked this boy named Noah, I told the crew that I hung out with at lunch that I liked him. I knew that him and one of my really close friends Desaray, had a long history because he liked her in elementary school but she didn't like him, and he ended up trying to kill himself because she didn't like him. Anyway being the not knowing sixth grader that I was I liked him for the way he looked, he had never had a "girlfriend" before so he got one of our mutual friends Ethan to ask my to be his "girlfriend" for him. I liked him but I wasn't sure so I was like I don't know and Ethan said just come on and say yes so I said fine yes I will be his "girlfriend" so my parents but mostly my mama didn't want me to text him so for a while we just talked over the phone. Then one day I thought I will text him and my parents will never find out, so we texted and My aunt had died a year or two before Noah and I started talking and I had been having a hard time dealing with it, so I thought I'm going to make up something that he might can relate to. I told him I cut myself even though I didn't. We would text and talk about me missing my aunt and he would be like don't cut yourself anymore and I would say okay. One day I felt really said so I told him I had cut myself again and he said please don't, he had been promising me he wasn't telling anyone that I cut myself. But one day before gym my science teacher said Holly, the principal needs to talk to you so just go after you leave my class which gym is right after her class. I was very scared because I knew I had lied to Noah. I walked in and she said please sit down so I did and she said someone has come to us saying they think your harming yourself I said I'm not and then I started crying and I just told her about my aunt dying I didn't tell her that I had lied to Noah. So after that I went back to gym and I had 3 people that could have told the school they were my friend Yasmin, Kinley, and Noah. I went into gym and asked Kinley if she told and she said no she only told her sister Payton and I said I know that Yasmin didn't tell so then after school I texted Noah and asked him he said Holly I told my mom and she told the school. I was so scared and felt so alone. So I just forgot it ever happened and I think that day in gym I told way to many people and had texted to many people about it. The next day I went to school and it was a Friday I think and a lot of people were looking at me weird and I was like what in the world and then finally someone in my class said why do you cut yourself that's creepy so I just said I don't and they walked off. That night my friends Kinley and Desaray were suppose to spin the night with me but Desaray saw me in the hall and said I can't come to your house I said why and she said my mom read our texts and she thinks you cut yourself. That afternoon I was staying for a club after school and I walked in the room and asked to go to the bathroom and I told my bestfriend Carlee who was also

staying to come to the bathroom with me so she did then I started crying and I explained the whole story then she said well now you can't tell Noah that you made all this up so I sent him a video text that said what am I going to do now that you told everyone that I cut myself and then my grandma had to come pick me up and told my grandma and mama that he made up a rumor and Desaray's mom thinks I cut myself and then I called my dad and he said it would all be okay. Then he told me his mom didn't think we should talk anymore so I got mad and called him and I couldn't talk so I told my mom to talk to him and he told her I sent him a video and then she gave the phone back to me and I told him never to talk to me again and not even to look at me again. My mom said what did he mean by a video and I said he was lying and she said okay. So I got so mad at myself for lying and I did cut myself once and told my family and friends that I fell. I just couldn't get up the nerve to cut myself again so I didn't. My school consular put me in a support group for people who have lost loved ones and it helped, but for the rest of sixth grade I had to live with people thinking I cut myself. I've been in seventh grade for a few months and no one has said anything about last year, but I still have to live with the fact that no one knows the full story and the fact that I lied and I can't stand that but I think I'm going to show this to my school consular and see what she thinks! Please email be back!

Shared by Lindsie, 15

so my story began when I was just just starting in middle school since social media wasn't as big of a thing I was getting bullied at school through many people as being called names of being shoved and tripped and pushsx than just called me and I never and I thought I was going to get better 14 years old when the first ask fm came out I really really wanted it so I decided to get one shortly after that I was getting much hate letter such as Lindsay you're a s*** you're just a w**** go kill your self choose a knife and kill yourself you should not be living your parents should have dropped you in the trash can right when you were born and now is just the start of it and I was not used to it I live in this world of hattered 9th grade and things just was not going well for me family life was doing okay my friend live with friends was okay until some friends became complete b***** to me then ask fm things started getting worse and I just kept getting more more more MORE it would have 25 different and I'll miss questions they weren't any questions hate letters I'll go to school and get tgeses letters on my locker about 6 times a day after each passing. And things then we got worse my friends are leaving because they wanted to keep the reputation well and I felt alone I didn't talk to anyone and I should have I still don't know who it was and I still get people who hate me and I still get called the same words people attack me for no reason and they don't even take the full steps to know me I've been done since day one since of 9th grade and I will never stop I've been inspired by the cyber bullying movie I watch it all the time and it's inspired me to make a change in Colorado because no one ever does anything in my school is afraid to talk about what's going on and how to make a change and I'm that person that wants to make a change I'm sick of being called names and I'm sick of having the looks of who is that girl she shouldnt have be here I want to be the change just like Megan did.

Shared by Laura Lee, 11

Many of u know that a few days ago I posted a picture about being bullied. This was a different kind of bully cuz I had never met her before but for about a year she has secretly been texting of Dm me. I knew she was not my being a friend but I always tried to be nice. her messages always somehow made me feel nervous

Shared by Andy I, 27

When I was in Middle school, I thought that another student had violated my brothers trust when he came out to her, I was furious. I got into fights at school that day, and ended up making a Myspace group, attacking this young lady who I felt had hurt my brother. I poured all my anger into attacking her verbally, I felt she betrayed my brother. My brother never needed my protection, but I used it to justify my anger and my actions. I am not sure if she ever saw the group I had made, or read any of it. but I hope she never did, the effects of our words in this modern society have never been deadlier. I never want to use my words for harm again. I am trying to change my ways, and regret acting this way. I am working a program now, that is a spiritual design for living through the 12 steps.

Shared by Dinesh,

One day my son was a happy 8th grader and over summer instead of looking forward to starting 9th grade he said he wanted to be home schooled. One day when my son was out with me, my wife when cleaning my son's room happened to move the mouse of his PC and when she did the screen saver vanished and the nasty messages presented itself. "Why does he not kill himself" several from kids he knew since kindergarten. When we asked our son about it, he revealed the true extent of his hurt, the tears that flowed were constant and I dare say - I do not recall him smiling during the dawn of his high school days. When we approached the school the solution they recommended was a little more than a slap on the wrist of the bullies. Having discovered that the external world did not offer a viable solution we had to focus on ourselves. My son ended up taking up debate and he is one of the top debaters in Oregon. The fire in the belly coming from the injustice he faced and ultimately shaping his passion to advocate for social justice. As he started his Senior year, his world was once again rocked by the killing of George Floyd in Minneapolis, and he started an advocacy group focusing on giving voice to those who have not been heard.
