

Curtia Fenner

Jackie Mohan

English 110C

31 Jan. 2018

I've been an only child my whole life. I never had people who I could genuinely call friends until the end of middle school. I was always the black sheep wherever I went. I was that one kid who everyone laughed at. I was the kid who got picked on at the playground, and sat at the edge of the lunch table by myself in elementary school. I was picked on for half of my life but I feel like it helped make me stronger in the long run.

I was about six going on seven when my mom signed me up for an afterschool program at the boys and girl club. She thought it would be a good way for me to make friends, also so that I didn't have to go to work with her every day. I was involved with this program throughout elementary school. I remember there were these two guys who constantly picked with me until the point that I was crying somewhere until my mom came to get me. I don't remember their names mainly because I never knew them personally, also leaving me confused on why I was messed with. These guys were at least ten years older than me. This went on for some years, I would get sent home early because I would end up crying the entire time I was there. I also never told anyone what was going on. As an only child, I never knew what I was supposed to do in a situation like that. I just thought it was one of those things that was supposed to happen because I didn't have anyone around to tell me what was wrong from right.

Being bullied seemed like a normal thing that was supposed to happen in my life because the fact that my cousins did the same thing to me, and they were the closest family

members I had. My older cousin would always gang up on my cousin, who is around the same age as me, and I with her friends. They would call us names and do little hurtful things to us. When we would go in public the names got worse and so did the words. They were just mean to us and we couldn't do anything about it because they were older and bigger than us, and there were more of them than was us. This happened about every other weekend when I would go over to their house to play with my cousin, and it wasn't like I could say no to going over there it was my mother's decision.

I had made one friend name Kassidi, but when we got switched into different classes for second grade we didn't really talk much after that. I tried making more friends, but that didn't go to well either. The group of friends I came about were what you call "the popular girls" and I didn't go looking for them they kind of came to me. I wanted to be friends with one of them Charnae, and I did become her friend but with her came her friends as well. Charnae was friends with Alexis, Tamara, Wendy, and Chyna they were a group, and for me to get into their group I had to do whatever it is that the little one who was "in charge" said. Alexis was the HBIC and she was mean. They came up with this nickname for me (that they called me even into high school). I can still remember having moments where I couldn't go play on the playground with all the other kids cause I had to do things to be a part of their friend group. I basically got hazed into a "friend" group in second grade. The thing is these new friends started to run my little life that I had. They would talk about me right in front of my face and laugh at me like I wasn't there hearing them, so I just learned to laugh along.

I made a friend during the summer, her name was Jamaica. She brought out a side of me I didn't like. I got into a lot of trouble with Jamaica. She stuck up for me though people didn't

really associate with me when I was with her. I thought that was a good thing. Jamaica herself was a bully, I became friends with a bully and I started to turn into one. I won't lie and say it didn't feel nice to be the person not being picked on. But it didn't feel good to be the person picking on others either. I knew how it felt to be bullied and I did the same things others did to me to someone else. Only thing different about my bullies and I is that I got in trouble for it. I ended up getting suspended from the boys and girls club, and decided to never go back after that. I did end up going back to that kid being picked on; I didn't like it but I didn't want to be the one doing the picking, but I also still didn't know how to stand up for myself.

My middle school was a connection of three schools, an elementary school, a middle school, and a high school. Almost all of the students there had been together since first grade. I was the new kid, I was the odd ball, I was a target. Shamonique was her name. It started off as she thought I didn't like her, because that's what someone had told her. I was new and didn't know anybody so I had no way of not liking this girl because I didn't know her. Once I cleared up the fact that I didn't have a problem with her, she had a problem with me. I sat in front of her in class, so she would talk about me as if I couldn't hear her knowing that I was hearing everything she said. I was still hurt by what she said even if it wasn't to my face, but from there is when people talking about me behind my back became a reality.

From there I have always had the feeling and idea that everyone is going to be talking about me no matter what. People who I know and people who I don't know. My point is I've grown used to the idea of people talking about me; that doesn't mean that I'm okay with the idea of people talking about me, or that what people say about me doesn't hurt because some of it does. People are going to talk about me regardless of what I do, so I've always gone by a

quote I heard from my old friend Kassidi "Love me or hate me, either way you're thinking of me."