

# Bulling beaver

Business



**ASSIGN  
BUSTER**

There is this boy in my class, let's call him, Beaver, and everyday a small group of guys finds a way to put him down. I don't know if they do it meanly or without much purpose but it always makes me wonder; what kind of world do I live in? This poor kid is being cut down, basically ALL the time.

The guys will call him names, make fun of the way he looks, the way he talks, and he will take it without much complaint. I felt so sick about it.

Everyday I would sit in class and wonder why no one ever did anything, why Beaver never stood up, flipped a desk, and walked out. It really bothered me that no one was doing anything, except laughing when they thought it was funny. One day I told them to stop, and it wasn't like in the movies where everyone gets quiet and the boys walked away with their tails between their legs, shamed into developing a conscience.

No, they started making fun of me! I'm not so popular that I've never received a dirty look, or a snide comment, but there I was being bullied. I wasn't going to be bullied, and I wasn't going to let Beaver be bullied either, so I stood up to them everyday until they finally stopped. That experience just made me think, why do people feel the need to bully? How does inflicting pain on a poor guy like Beaver, or a girl like me, make someone feel good? And why are people so reluctant to put a stop to it?