

# Letters about literature contest- please stop laughing at me

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Dear Jodee Blanco, Everyday at 3: 30 pm the end of school bell would ring, and my heart dropped to its stomach, my palms filled with sweat, and my head would pound so hard it split.

I dreaded the globs of spit that hit my hair and face and the trashes to my legs I endured day after day. My heart had become numb to the words of anger and hatred aimed at me. I hated boarding the bright yellow prison that I was forced to endure day after day — otherwise known as School Bus #27. The hateful words hit me hard like a slap in the face that I couldn't fight off. I refused to stoop down to their level and throw the words back at them. That was not my way of defending myself.

Instead I did what my parents told me to, I tried to ignore them. Ignore the pain, ignore the kicks, and ignore the words that pierced my heart. That only fueled their fire. The terrors and tortures become worse and soon I began to believe those terrible words that poured out of their mouths. Maybe I really was stupid. Maybe I really was worthless.

Maybe my parents didn't love me. My grades plummeted from A's to F's in a matter of days. I'm stupid right? Why should I even try? I came home in terrible moods. I would scream at the ones who loved me most: my parents. I didn't want to tell them; I thought they would take me to see some shrink, and that was not what I wanted. I stopped eating, not because I was anorexic but because I just didn't care anymore.

You know what it's like: to feel like nobody cares about you, that you are alone in the world. You know what it's like to wake up screaming in the middle of the night. One day the terrors become too much to handle  
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anymore. My mom picked me up from school because I had “ missed the bus.” I got this text message from the bullies with the most nasty cuss words you could imagine. At that point, I lost control of my emotions.

I dealt with the piercing words for too long, so I went on Facebook and I threw the words back at them. Every snide comment they had ever said was lying there on the screen. The next day I went and I showed the text message to the principal of our grade. They were both given immediately was given in school suspension. Then, my plan backfired.

She too turned in what I wrote. My mom was called down to school, and she was revealed everything. I was written ISS too. Why? I was the victim! I was the one who's self esteem was slowly disintegrating into nothingness. The principal wouldn't listen.

He didn't believe me when I said they had been doing this all year. He just sat there with a heart of ice. You, Mrs. Blanco, know what it's like: to be the outcast, the one with bruises that swallow your body. You know how it feels to think it's better to be sick with cancer than to endure the painful school days.

Until I read your book, I felt alone. Nobody could understand how I felt and what I was going through. Then you came to my school, and all your words, your stories, I could relate too. You spoke directly to me. There was finally a partner in my miserable world, and you survived. You survived, the terrible blood bath, and you persevered.

I too, have overcome the war that tore apart my life, by placing my faith and God. I wanted to thank you for being there at night when the voices rang in my ears. I would roll over and grab your book from my bedside table and read Please Stop Laughing at Me until early in the morning when the voices silenced. Your words comforted me, and helped me to settle my terrors.

Sincerely, Rachel M.