

# [Hollywood vs. real life](https://assignbuster.com/hollywood-vs-real-life/)

[Business](https://assignbuster.com/essay-subjects/business/)

I think we’ve all seen those anti-bullying campaigns. The ones with the tear-stained students and watch them as they watch the popular kids rear the evil heads and walk off, laughing at their victory. As well as heard of big names such as Rebecca Sedwick, Ciara Pugsley, and Daniel Perry. We cry for their sacrifice and the loss of their lives but I don’t think anyone truly knows the full extent of bullying until they see it happen to a loved one, a friend, or even experience it first hand. Life isn’t a Hollywood movie.

They don’t always rise up against the bullies, even though you beg them to. Bullied victims don’t always know their victims either. In a world such as this one, any bullying comment can be passed off as simply that, a comment. Girls are more likely to talk bad about you behind your back than to your face. I’ve heard girls badmouth their best friends and act like nothing was wrong, that nothing was the matter.

I’ve watched as guys verbally abuse each other, calling them names such as stupid and ugly and retarded, treating the whole affair as if it is nothing but a joke. When did this become okay? When did a society full of fake people with shiny smiles and lie rimmed mouths become acceptable? It isn’t just in the other schools that bullying happens either, it’s right here, in my county, in my school, in my classrooms that this is happening. I watch as boys tear each other down with words and listened as girls went on a rant about something that didn’t even matter. And, the worst part is is that nobody seems to be listening! People shout and scream and burst with anger, yelling to the world, “ SOMEONE, HEAR ME! PLEASE, ANYONE!” But no one is. Not even the schools that boast with pride saying this is a bully-free school, a bully-free zone yet kids still feel unsafe.

Kids still want to skip school to avoid their taunters, their torturers, their walking nightmares. The teachers don’t do much to help either. They say they’ll listen, they say they’ll try to put a stop to it. But their false promises and empty words didn’t stop my brother from almost committing suicide.