Dealing With Little Monsters

When I was four, I was enrolled in a kindergarten class at a small academy. It was located 3 blocks away from our house and we have to cross the road to get there. Anyway the academy wasn't only small but it was dingy as well. There were only two classrooms with few small tables and chairs and book shelves. The classrooms were painted shabbily with its pastel green paint covering the walls and since it was dark, they have to turn on the fluorescent lights which made us squint a lot. The floor was dirty too, but not the kind of dirty that will disappear if someone will mop it but it was like the dirt was stuck there forever.

Anyway, my classes started early in the morning so I have to wake up early, take a bath, halfheartedly eat my breakfast, brush my teeth and then change into my uniform. I didn't think about this back then, but looking back, it was the most awful uniform I ever wore. My uniform was a white baby collared shirt with buttons at the front and black and white checkered jumper skirt. To make up for it, I wore white socks with lace ribbons at the scruff and shiny black shoes with straps around my ankles. I was never late for school, either my mom or a babysitter would accompany me in going there and left me when I arrived at my classroom. Little kids usually gives their parents a hard time since they cry when their parents leave them in a strange new place for the first time. I was one of the few exceptions. I never cried when my mom or my baby sitter left me. I just feel sort of sad but i brush that feeling aside and tried to be courageous. I was also the shy and reserved type and making new friends at that time wasn't easy. It turns out i wasn't going to be able to make any friends. All thanks to this group of kids who made my life miserable.

During the first few days of school, no one has bothered me yet. Our teacher assigned permanent seats for us right away. Since the classroom was small, there were less tables than the number of pupils there were and we have to share one table for two people. I was sandwiched between this girl with sharp features and a perky sneer and a boy with a crew cut and wide dark eyes with bushy brows. He was quite taller than me or anyone else. I'm not ashamed of the fact that I couldn't remember their names. Anyway, these two were recipe for danger... For me that is. At first, they ignored me and when I try to talk to them they wouldn't even glance at my direction. Instead they

keep on talking to the kids sitting in front of us. Pretty soon, they were best buddies and they get rowdy and they keep on making noises like screaming loudly or throwing their things everywhere and running around in circles. They also taunt and tease other children as well. This was my first glimpse in bullying. As I watched other kids helplessly getting picked on, I feel like I was in a dark cinema and I'm watching a scene from a film that feels so vivid as if I was there. And indeed I was. And it was a matter of time that I will be their next victim.

As months go by since the first day of school, these bullies take notice of me but not in a way I wanted to be noticed. As luck would have it, I was surrounded by these little monsters as if they were big waves of the ocean and I was a small boat trapped in the storm and tried to hold on without drowning. First they called me names. They taunt me, teased me and laughed at me. At first, I didn't fight back, I ignored them and tried to shut them out with my mind and focused on what the teacher was trying to teach us. Most people would say bullies get tired if you don't reciprocate their actions but this wasn't the case for me. Instead, it made them angry and started hitting me.

The girl who sat beside me spank my right shoulder when I wouldn't lent her my pencil. The reason I didn't lent her mine was because she had 5 new pencils in her new shiny pencil box and they were sharpened as well. She complained really loud why I was mean to her and of course they hit me as well. When I couldn't take it anymore, I told my teacher what they did to me, she asked them if they hit me and of course they lied. (Whoever said children couldn't lie is deluding themselves). The teacher believed them and instead reprimanded me harshly for lying. I couldn't believe it. I feel like someone knocked the back of my knees behind me and I wobbled slightly almost losing my balance. When the bullies saw that the teacher didn't believe me, they were watching each other in glee as if they have a mutual understanding between them that they can harass me without getting caught.

The tormenting became worse after that incident. They grabbed my hair, pulled my chair when I'm standing so when I sit down, I landed on my butt on the cold hard ground. It was getting out of hand. When the boy beside me, pinched my arm one

time while we were supposed to be coloring, I got so irritated I shove him. Unfortunately, the teacher saw the latter part of the incident and pinched my ear so bad, I went home with a blushing ear. They would also fabricate lies to my teacher that I stole their erasers, pencils, snacks and I defending myself but instead I get shouted at or pinched my ear. From that time on, I started hating my teacher as well. She wouldn't even care to listen to me and would punish me more than my parents do.

One day, while we were coloring and drawing figures in our paper when all of a sudden, the girl sitting beside me snatched my crayon box and put it in a place where I couldn't reach it. I tried to grabbed it from her but no such luck. Then grabbing my crayons one by one from the box she broke them in half. It felt like someone knocked the wind out of me. It felt like someone was slowly dimming the lights in the room and my skin crawling up with goosebumps. I didn't realize it then but this was the first time I can remember feeling very angry. Angry enough that I charge towards her, grabbed her blouse and punched her face. I kept hitting her and no one stopped me until the teacher grabbed my arms and I was flailing around trying to hit her more. It felt like all the fear, disappointment and rage that I tried to suppress were freed and I want her to feel what I felt when she tormented me so many times.

My teacher of course punished me and oddly she didn't call my parents. I decided that at that moment I had enough with having to deal with these bullies and the scary old mean teacher everyday. So the next day, I stopped going to school. My parents thought I was ill at first but then they realized that I wasn't when I persisted hard enough not to bring me again to that horrible place. I told them someone was bothering me when they asked why I wouldn't go back to school again. They asked me more questions but I refuse to answer more. Since I was still young, they didn't pushed me to continue to go back to school. From then on, I tried to suppress these bad memories but every now and then they always come back to my mind reminding me how I learned to stand up for myself the hard way. I never forgave the bullies for what they have done, neither does my teacher, who I recently learned that she died years ago but I'm at peace with this memory. In an odd way, I'm thankful I had this experience since it helped me become a tougher person.