Carrie

"It started in Year 7, which I think is like 6th Grade in America or something. There was this one boy; he was my tormentor, my intimidator and my oppressor. He considered me to be nothing more than a fat, ugly, mentally unstable child. I would go home, and I would cry myself to sleep every night without fail. He lived not to far away from me, and some nights he would follow me home. He would torment me and call me names the whole journey. I kept to myself about the bullying for SEVEN months.

But by the time I finally opened up about it, I was already diagnosed clinically depressed and I was already diagnosed with Trichotillomania - which was triggered through the bullying. Trichotillomania is a form of self abuse, and basically where you pull out your own hair constantly and uncontrollably. You cant help it and it is very difficult to stop. So now, I'm left eyelash-less, I don't have eyebrows, and I have bald patches in my hair.

The worst thing is, it wont stop. There have been cases where people have stopped it, and there hair has grown back like the disorder never even existed in their lives. But me? No. That wont happen. Most of my hair wont grow back, and the hairs/eyebrow hairs/eyelashes that do grow back blonde (I have naturally dark brown hair). They wont grow back because I have damaged the hair follicles. The bald patches are so bad, that I have to put eye shadow in my hair that is the same color as my natural hair color, to cover it up. Even though it's still noticeable. I have to draw my eyebrows on, but you can tell they're drawn on so it's still noticeable. I have to wear eyeliner to try and hide it, but still, from the side it's noticeable.

This only give people another reason to bully me and more people joined in with the torment because it was 'abnormal' to them. Since Year 7 (6th Grade), I've started cutting myself, burning myself, and starving myself. I'm now 14, in Year 10 (9th Grade), and I am covered from head to toe in scars, I've tried several times to end my life and I weigh just over 6 stone, which in proportion with my height and age is awfully underweight. Yet they still don't stop.

I've been having counseling and support from CAMHS (Child and Adolescent Mental Health Service) for almost 4 years now. Everyone knows, but not many care.

The bullying has decreased now, but I'm still left with the physical and mental scars. If you're being bullied, PLEASE speak out! You don't have to suffer alone x"

Ruby

{this story was edited due to grammar}

When I first started 5th grade I didn't know anyone because I failed and everyone knew i failed 5th grade. Everybody thought it was funny to call me a "loser", a "failure in life", and lots of other mean things but I didn't really care. It started growing more and more; the name calling, the pushing.. Years passed and I was in

 the 8th grade. I was some what "popular" not because I was a mean girl or that I was the cheerleader captain, in fact, I wasn't in sports at all. I was popular because mainly I was nice, I gave people advice and did nice things for them. This girl thought it would be really cool if she made my life miserable. She started rumors about me and wrote things in the restrooms threatening me that she was going to beat me up. Even though she never did, she pushed me around told me things. I entered through this stage of

depression and I started cutting myself and other things that made me feel bad. I did it to "to get rid of pain". I wanted school to finish so I can go to 9th and "start all over ", but I was wrong. When I started 9th grade, right away it was awful. I started cutting myself; I was in depression, anxiety and I had suicidal thoughts. There was a point where I just didn't wanted to to my English class because that's where everything happened. So instead I went to my friends class and I told her that I didn't want to go but she said "Look Ruby, I cant really do much but what I can do is be here for you we talk." I decided I would go to the counselor only if she went with me, so we did and the problem stopped. Thanks to my friend who now graduated and to GOD for giving me the strength I needed. Now I surrendered and I gave Him all my problems and he set me free of depression, anxiety, suicidal thoughts and everything else I was struggling with. Now I will wear my scars like badges of honor.

-Ruby <3

Curtis

Hey my name is William but I go by Curtis. My dad is active military and was deployed for most of my younger years. We moved about every 2-3 years so making friends was more an more difficult and people seemed to think the new kid was an easy target to pick on. So from 3rd grade and on I was bullied for any an every reason. I was small, skinny, had big teeth, had a military style backpack, had a high voice, etc. Life was an awful thing to love everyday and there are so many time I wanted to quit. Just end it all. I cried

everyday and tried to do anything I could to just fit in. I tried laying low, I tried hiding, and even football because football players are popular. I got -2 yards and a concussion because they put me, an 87 pound freshman at fullback against a 280 pound Samoan. He then told me "you are too small to ever amount to anything in sports". Here comes the best part. I moved to Arizona as a sophomore in HS. clean slate. No one knew me. Perfect. I saw a quote online saying how wrestling is the only sport where you can be a champion no matter how small you are. I was Hooked. I laid low and let my actions in the sport speak for themselves. I worked hard everyday spilling blood, sweat an tears with a smile. Kids at my school pointed at me "that's the kid that's the state champ" or "that's the national champion" and "he broke the _____ record." I loved it. People looked up to me. Spoke highly of me. It was an addiction. Now, I wrestle NCAA d2 with my college paid for and the last kid who bullied me served me my burger at in-and-out.