



# 2017 Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr. Art, Writing, & Multimedia Contest

Everyone has his or her own story. This is mine. My story about the hate I received and what I did to drive out the hate. Be strong and share your own story.

I've always received hate. I have throughout my whole life. The farthest I can remember is when I was in second grade. I'm doing my work like I'm supposed to and my peers begin making fun of me for no apparent reason. My teacher, Mrs. Mark, asks a question. I know the answer so I raise my hand. When answering the question, I come across a word that has the letter "r" in it. Oh no. I can't say words with an "r" in it. Oh well though.

I then answer the question. My peers begin laughing. I ask what they're laughing about but I continue to hear laughter and laughter only. No words were spoken. It was in that moment that I realize what they're laughing at. It was I.

I didn't know exactly what about me was so funny though. Does my outfit look dumb? Is my hair messed up? Maybe there is a stain on my shirt. Wait, is it the way I talk? I begin thinking about the answer I gave to my teacher. That's when I realize I said a word with an "r" in it. I've never been good with that.

Next thing I know, I'm running out of my classroom with tears rolling down my face. I'm in the bathroom now, just staring at my reflection in the mirror. I begin to wonder things now. Why are people so cruel? Why are they so judgmental? Those are a couple questions I ask myself.

I begin to dry my tears. I walk back to class. I'm almost there. Then I decide I don't want to go back in there. I just know for sure that they'll start laughing again. I was wrong. I walk in. I don't hear any laughter anymore. Just words. I hear the sound of seven and eight year olds talking. Talking to me. Apologizing to me. You can tell they feel bad. I forgive them.

Time passed. I'm now ten years old. I'm in fifth grade. I still get bullied to this very day. There's this one class, and all the guys in there bully me now. It's so terrible. I just don't know what to do anymore. They bully me about so many different things- the way I walk, the way I talk, the way I dress, etcetera. I just continue to ask myself one question- why? Why me? Why are they so cruel? Why are they so judgmental? Especially at just ten years old. They make me feel so bad about myself.

Luckily, I have so many great friends in their class they tell me everything that they say about me. They help me get through it all. They're always here for me. They help cheer me up when I'm feeling down.

At that time, I had had enough. I stood up for myself. I told all of them to stop bullying me. After I stood up for myself, they stopped. All of the guys apologize to me. What do I do? I accept the apologies.

Skip ahead some and now I'm in seventh grade. I am now 13 years old. There is now a whole group of girls who bully me. It's now because I'm not "cool" or "popular" enough. I'm too ugly. I'm too fat. I shouldn't wear leggings because of my weight. I'm a "nerd" because I get straight A's and do my homework. I can't handle it anymore. I talk to the teachers and the principals. "We'll take care of it" is all that they say. But do they? No. All the hate and bullying continues. The school still doesn't do anything about it.

I cry myself to sleep all the time because of them. They hurt me so much. They cause me so much pain. I finally decide not to let that show though. I was told that if they see that it hurts then they will continue but if they think it doesn't hurt you then they will stop. Therefore, I don't show the pain anymore. That's really hard though cause we're human. We have emotions.

I hope that hiding my pain will make them stop. But they don't. They continue to bully me. I tell the principal again but he still doesn't do anything about it. I finally get tired of it all. I now stick up for myself. After sticking up for myself, they finally stop. I no longer receive hate from them. They even apologize to me. Yet again, I accept the apology.

It was kind of hard to forgive them all but I knew I had to. Forgiving them was actually a really big step in my life. You may be wondering why. Since I accepted their apology, we actually became friends. That's surprising, right? Who knew you could eventually become friends with those who once hated on you? Never in a million years did I think that would happen. I ended up becoming friends with the guys and the girls who caused me so much pain at one point in time. The girls are now some of my best friends to this very day. We've become so close since then.

I think that forgiveness plays a big part in life. If you forgive people, you may have many more opportunities for things. You never know what may end up happening. I never knew we would become friends just because I forgave them. I guess what I'm trying to say is that you should always forgive people. Even though forgiveness isn't such an easy thing, it's a part of life.

So one way I drove out that I received is by acting like it didn't hurt me. You need to remember that we're humans and so we have fragile hearts. I know it really does hurt. Just try your best to act like it doesn't.

Another way I drove out all the hate I received is by sticking up for myself. You need to be brave. If you stand up for yourself then they'll realize that you're not somebody that they should mess with. By standing up for yourself, that means that you will no longer receive hate. You won't have all that pain anymore. It will still hurt some because you can never completely forget about everything. You won't be receiving anymore though.

Those are just two ways you can drive out hate. There are many other ways. Just find what works best for you.

I think hate is stronger than love is. That's why people have trouble driving out hate. When people get hated on, they just focus on it because they want to come up with ways to improve whatever they're getting hated on for so nobody else hates on them for it. This way they won't be caused even more pain. In my opinion, the world has too much hate and not enough love. People hate themselves so they hate on others in hopes of raising their self-esteem. They hate on others just to make themselves feel better. That's what this world has come too. It's terrible.

People receive hate for many different things. Whether it's age, race, religion, looks, the way you talk, etcetera. Everybody will get hated on eventually. No one is perfect. So why hate on others if you're not perfect yourself? Why hate on others for stuff they can't control? Nobody wants that to happen but there is no way to stop it.

One thing I hate the most is having to talk about how evil exists. The world already has so many problems and bullying/hate doesn't help anything at all. I think you should be the light, or happiness, to someone else's life full of darkness, or sadness.

I just hope eventually people will realize what they're doing. Hopefully they'll see that they need to stop. You should be the light to help make the world a better place. I know that not everybody in the world will stop hating on others but even just one person makes a difference.

**Kalila Wilson**  
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## Driving out Hate

