



Dealing with the School Bullies

The school corridor was busy with boys milling around their lockers. They were all wearing the school uniform of white shirt, bottle green jumper and grey shorts.

Alexander took the books he needed from his locker and walked off towards the classroom. He had been in the school for nearly three months and he hated it. He hated the uniforms and the insistence that he wear shorts even in winter. He hated being put in a class of nine year olds, even though he was ten. He hated being ignored because he wouldn't speak English. Lastly, he hated Dominic and Sebastian – the two school bullies. All the while Alexander was amongst other boys he knew that he was safe. He hoped there would be other boys already in the English classroom; that he would not be the first.

The classroom was empty. Alexander walked warily past the wooden desks and took a seat next to a chunky, old-fashioned radiator. The little heat it emitted warmed his cold legs and he closed his eyes.

"Hey, stupid!" shouted an upper-class voice.

Alexander opened his eyes and winced; it was Dominic and Sebastian.

"Yes, we're talking to you," Sebastian added.

They approached Alexander's desk and stood menacingly above him.

"Can't you speak?"

Dominic grabbed Alexander's neck and pushed him back against the radiator.

"Is that because you're dumb?" Sebastian asked and slapped Alexander's face.

"Or don't you understand the Queen's English?"

Alexander said nothing. The truth was that he could understand English but, until he felt confident enough using the language, he preferred to say nothing.

The two older boys waited for an answer. When none came, Dominic slammed Alexander's head against the radiator and then stormed off with Sebastian behind him. They left the room and Alexander repeated the conversation. As he said each word, he realised that he could mimic both bullies perfectly. It gave him an idea for revenge.

The other boys in Alexander's class entered the room noisily. They were followed by Mr. Barton, the English teacher, who roared at them to be quiet. Mr Barton had a very short temper and everyone was scared of him.

A few days later, Alexander was leaving a classroom when he spotted his chance. Day school was over and the corridor was almost empty. At one end Mr. Barton was pinning work to a display board; at the other end Dominic and Sebastian were rummaging through their lockers.

Alexander retreated back into the classroom and, in a perfect impression of Dominic, he shouted, "Hey, stupid!"

Mr. Barton flinched but did not turn around.

Alexander continued as Sebastian, "Yes, we're talking to you."

Mr. Barton's shoulder tensed while Dominic and Sebastian spun around, trying to find where their voices were coming from.

Alexander spoke quickly, alternating the voices as he did so, "Can't you speak? Is that because you're dumb?"



Mr. Barton breathed in deeply, turned around and looked down the corridor. He marched towards Dominic and Sebastian, who were standing with their mouths wide open.

“Or don’t you speak the Queen’s English?” Alexander finished.

Mr. Barton stamped past Alexander but didn’t see him. He reached the two bullies and took each of them by the ear.

“How dare you?” he roared in their faces and marched them back along the corridor.

Alexander stepped out of the classroom before Mr. Barton reached it. He stood and watched as the two bullies were dragged past him.

Alexander smiled.

Published only in Newsletter 12/11/13 on the VIP Area of www.winchad.com

