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## The Role Of Teachers In Preventing Bullying In Schools

Anxiety begins to consume me. The ear-splitting noise of the alarm wakes me up from the dead. As I wipe the saliva from my mouth and open my eyes, I see the silver sky. With nervousness in one hand and apprehension in the other, I stretch out a hand and bend over to turn off my alarm. As I lay in bed, disheartening memories of being bullied run through my head, wondering what surprises were going to happen today. When I finished doing my regular routine, I begin to leave my haven.

Many children are bullied in schools every day. Teachers need to pay more attention to the signs of bullying, in order to prevent students from becoming victims. As the hustling raindrops scatter diagonally, I burst across the road to my bus stop. The clouds were leaden, and the lightning crackled in the whistling wind. As I approach my stop, my stomach begins to boil with a mixture of stress and fear. A yellow-orange bus crowded with immature freshman students pulls up adjacent to me. I was not excited, but my only choices were the bus ride or walk to school in fourteen degree weather; so, I immediately chose the bus. As I got on the bus, I greeted the bus driver who looked like he had exhaustion running through his veins. I picked the seat directly in the middle of the chaotic bus, next to a medium size boy. The young man was wearing a baggy bright yellow raincoat, loose-fitting blue jeans, and jet-black boots. He had shaggy shoulder length hair with plastic black glasses sitting on his lifeless face. In the distance, a massive brown bricked figure that read "Indian River High School" appeared. As everyone on the bus passed through the aisles, I could smell what they ate for breakfast: Toast, eggs, Lucky Charms, and slightly overcooked bacon. As I got off the bus and enter the glass doors, hundreds of unfamiliar faces fill up the narrow hallways. The grid floors was painted in white and brown with people as its pieces. The freshman scurry up and down the halls, seniors lean on lockers. My heart starts to pound as I hesitantly walk into my classroom. A group of intimidating girls immediately laugh and make noises as I pass by them. My face flushes a rosy red as I tried not to look in their direction. There was no rescuing me from this nightmare. As I sit down in the squeaky wooden chair two rows behind the girls, a young boy with freckles and hair that looked like a scorching burnt orange sunset, passed me a note. As the teacher talks, I begin to open the note. It read "Nobody likes you in this class, why do you even come to school?" Sadness was a toxin to my soul, slaughtering all my emotions until it was the last one standing. And the smile that had been so contagious was now a disguise to shield me from embarrassment. As the class came to an end, I quickly packed my supplies beating the group of girls out of the classroom. As the long school day ended, I walked into my last period before going home. This was the worst class of all. I walk slowly to my assigned seat right next to my bullies. A tall slim girl with ripped blue jeans, a red blouse, and bright black and white checkered vans, sticks out a leg as I begin to sit. I fall to the ground making the whole floor shake like an earthquake. The earth speeds by in an instant. I feel my arm shift in a way it should not. I realize there is blood flowing from my cherry red skin. I get up from the ground as everyone begins to giggle. The teacher turns around and asks if I'm okay, and "What happened?". I ponder for a minute on if I should tell the truth or lie. I quickly tell her I tripped and took my seat. My body refuses to move a muscle. A burst of displeasure shielded me from agony. I found my way back to reality. I was humiliated and numbed to my fingertips. I could not believe I fell in front of the entire class. I sat there quietly bathing in all the chuckles.

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As the school day finally comes to an end, students pack up and walk out the door one by one to their buses. I immediately go to the principal office to tell the principle my situation. While entering the office, I instantly see an older woman at the front desk with a grin as she greets me. As, I tell the lady that I was being bullied a frown appeared, and she contacts my mom and principle. As the minutes pass, a nerdy middle-aged man with big old fashion glasses and greasy black hair that hung on the left side of his face approaches me. As I tell him what I was going through in class, his broad smile began to decline. My mom comes through the tall wooden doors, and the principle politely asks if we could speak about the issue privately and meet him in his office. My mom's eyes expand like a balloon before it pops. Her heart seems to have become super-glued, struggling to keep a constant rhythm. As we leave his office the principal decides that it would be best to have a parent-teacher conference tomorrow. The following morning, I turn down breakfast but took an orange juice with me to school. As we entered the principal office, I took my seat, and began to tap my foot furiously against the floor. My muscles of my eyes jerked spontaneously. As I take three deep breath, I tell them what was going on. The teachers apologized for not being aware of what was going on in their classroom and that the individuals would be punished.

Teachers need to have more knowledge on what happens in their classes. When teachers are more conscious of the signs of kids getting bullied and the behaviors of individuals bullying others in classes, it prevents mishaps. Overall, bullying can be prevented in schools as long as teachers are more observant of the signs of bullying in advanced.