



Ni'NOXSOLA

Elders in Residence Program
Indigenous Education Comox Valley Schools

Sheila Buchanan
Bullying Story



Since it is Pink Shirt Day on the 24th of February, I would like to share my story of being bullied when I was in school.

It started when I was about 12 years old, there were about 4 girls who did not like me. They were always picking on me at school and on the way home. Not one but two would resort to calling me names and pulling my hair while another would hit me. One would hold me down while another one or two would punch and hit me wherever they could access my body. I always tried to cover my face.

I used to stay after school, just to avoid leaving when they did. It didn't always work, but most times it did. These girls had an older brother who would kick me as I was walking home from school. He would follow me with them behind him. They didn't even live near my area, but they made it a point to walk my way just to bully me.

I never told the teachers because it would have made it worse. I didn't tell my grandparents either. My brother knew what was going on and he tried to protect me whenever he could, but the girl's brother was bigger and older than him and he would get beat up too, so we just endured it throughout our elementary years.

These girls were very jealous if you got better marks at any subject than they did and would haunt you for being smarter.

We used to play a game called jacks and I was the champion jacks player and they envied me for it. They would come over and kick my jacks over and grab the little ball and toss it away where I couldn't find it. If they came to join a game, I would lose so they wouldn't get upset with me for winning. I would let one of them win just to keep peace between us.

Another time they pretended to be my friends and asked me to walk home with them and I agreed. I thought for sure this was over between us, but I was wrong. They only did that so they could get me on the way home so they could beat me up.

As we got older, things improved some. They stopped being as aggressive and appeared to have matured. In Junior high the bullies did not follow me home or try to beat me up. They still called me names sometimes, but it was tolerable. I didn't know these girls were being bullied by some other girls. I found this out later. They picked on me because I was timid and shy. I was not aggressive and tried to be nice to everyone which is the way I was taught by my grandparents.

Bullying is not fun for anyone. It should be reported if it continues, because it can cause a lot of damage to children and some may have a problem coping with it. Luckily, I was a strong-willed child and endured.

Not all children have the capacity to endure such bullying, it can do a lot of damage and long-term effects if it goes unreported. As an adult now and having been bullied myself, I can relate to anyone who has gone through this.

I must point out that bullying is not only in schools but can also be in the workplace. It can be anywhere.

Sheila Buchanan (Kookum)