



turmair

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SPRACHLICHES, HUMANISTISCHES & NATURWISSENSCHAFTLICH-TECHNOLOGISCHES GYMNASIUM

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A young magician in an enchanted forest

In a magical and mystical forest, there is a house. Nobody knows who lives in this house, maybe a witch or somebody or something else. Everyone who passes the forest is scared. They go faster and faster. But one day a boy comes too close ... A student who is called Justin is a little bit different; He is smaller and not that sportive and he loves reading magical books, but he is smarter than the others. His parents are very rich and aren't really interested in him, so most of the time he is alone at home. His grandparents are caring and good-natured. If he feels alone, he can always visit them. His only friend is Benno. He is also an outsider and the only one who knows that Justin gets bullied. They live in a small city and Justin's house is in the area of the city where only rich people live and Benno and his parents live in a house outside the city. The two friends meet as often as possible, but not like other guys. They aren't interested in video games or stuff like that, so they go outside and play their own invented games. There is only one school in this city, so that means that rich and poor children get taught by the same teachers. But school is terrible for Justin and Benno because everyday they get called "Merlin", because they are so interested in magic. Sometimes they read in Justin's magic book during the lessons. But being called Merlin is nothing compared to what "THE IDIOTS", what Justin calls them, do. "The Idiots" consist of the meanest boy in his class, whose name is Kevin, and his gang. The whole school looks up to these guys and nobody dares to contradict this gang. They pull Justin's panties down sometimes. Today is even worse, because today Benno is ill, so Justin is alone with all the mean guys.

In the first lesson, Mr. Grey makes the students write a test and Justin sits in front of Kevin. After a few minutes, Justin hears already Kevin's voice in the background. He wants to know the solutions from him, but Justin doesn't say anything. Instead he reports this to his teacher and Kevin gets a 6. This makes Kevin angry and he whispers to Justin: "You're dead". After that "THE IDIOTS" tease Justin as always, until Kevin takes away Justin's new book about magic. Justin gets really angry and wants it back, but Kevin just calls him "Merlin" again. Justin stands in the middle of the hall and everyone is watching, but nobody wants to do anything. Suddenly Justin hits Kevin so hard that he drops his book. Justin quickly takes his book and flees through the pupils. He runs straight out of the school, but he doesn't know the way and "THE IDIOTS" come closer. They follow him down the street, and Justin turns into a dirty road, which leads him to the scary forest.

A few years ago, a young girl, who was his cousin, disappeared in this forest, which is magical. No one knows where the little girl is or if she's still alive or not. A legend says that anyone who gets too close to the forest will be drawn into its spell. Suddenly Justin stops, because he is standing in front of the forest, he turns around and sees that the gang comes closer and closer. He is terribly afraid of Kevin and the others taking his book away from him again. He looks ahead. In front of him, the trees, which seem huge to him, rear up. The trees are moving, swinging back and forth and they are making strange noises. Now he is even more afraid. But then he hears the boys screaming loudly behind him. But then he realizes they are afraid. The boy is drawn into the wood. He takes all his courage and runs with his feet as fast as he can into the forest. The forest screams with its creepy voices; It is dark and he is alone. Justin is alone in a huge and extremely dangerous forest. After running a while, he is exhausted and very tired, so he sits down next to a big tree. It gets colder and colder and ants and other insects crawl up on him. He panics - he looks in all directions - it's dark everywhere, but then he thinks that he has just seen a light far away. He clutches his book tightly, stands up and wonders whether he is just imagining it. Justin gets hopeful, so he runs, although he is very exhausted, as fast as he can in the direction, where the light is. He runs one minute, ten minutes and at least 30 minutes. On the floor are many branches and twigs, which make him stumble. His knees and everything else hurts so much and then he realizes that the light was just an illusion. He falls down. The scared student starts to panic and he screams so

loudly that the birds are scared and fly away, his body curls up on the dirty floor and finally he starts crying like little baby.

Justin remembers one saying from his grandfather. Hundreds of years before, an evil and cruel magician wanted to be the monarch. So he said that everybody who runs into this forest gets lucky and rich for the rest of his life. Most of the people believed him and ran in there. But nobody came back. The evil magician became the monarch and was the only one who knew how to cancel this spell. Then he died and nobody knew how to set free this forest and the people.

There are two ways out of this. One way is to lay further on the floor, something that would make him more crazy, the other way is to do what his heart tells him all the time, to stand up, try to get out of this forest and live his life as always. Justin is not the bravest boy, but this time he chooses a way he had never thought he would use. He chooses the second option, because it isn't the right time to die already. With big steps he follows the way, which seems to lead him out. But with every step the forest gets deeper and darker.

Ten minutes later his only thoughts are with Eveline. She is his first girlfriend and she is the only one apart from Benno who could save him. She is the reason why he is still alive. He ignores every single humiliation, just because he knows that this girl and his best friend are there for him. He forgets all the things that "THE IDIOTS" did to him and how they bullied him every day and since Justin knows that giving up isn't an option for him, he thinks a lot about what he could do. He knows the longer he is in this forest, the crazier and the more depressed he gets, because this forest is bewitched. The only things left are his book and the thoughts of his girlfriend Eveline.

Suddenly he remembers that there is a spell in this book that you can use to conjure yourself up somewhere else. His grandpa told him that he could use it only once. Then he sits down, opens his book and after Justin finds this spell, he closes his eyes, thinks of Eveline and all the good moments in his life and speaks it out loud. He is shaking, being thrown back and forth and then everything is quiet. He hears nothing anymore. He stands there with his eyes closed. Alone. After a while he dares to open his eyes. But what he sees is neither Eveline, her room nor anything else he knows. He is standing in a degenerated house. Justin feels a cold wind, which makes him shiver. Suddenly he hears voices all around. They come closer and closer and Justin closes his eyes.

But suddenly all voices stop. He feels that there is a person around who is looking at him. Justin opens his eyes slowly, and what he sees is incredible. The main character of his new book stands in front of him. He is sure that it is the witch Gundula. She looks like in his imagination: a dark cape, wrinkled green skin, a hat and a long nose. She looks like an old woman which is dressed up. Justin is so shocked from the sight that he doesn't notice that Gundula is talking to him. He winces at the word "Kevin and the idiots" and is surprised to find out that he has enchanted himself. The witch is talking and he doesn't understand a word. He looks around. The room isn't big. In front of him is a table and a fireplace with a large kettle and chimney. Next to the fireplace is a bed with shaky legs and behind him is a large cabinet. The house only has one window, nothing else, not even a door. Since he has just started to read his book and hasn't got very far, he doesn't know what Gundula's intentions are; whether they are good or bad. Justin sits with his mouth and eyes open and doesn't know what to do. The witch gives him a jar, which smells disgusting. He can't do anything else but drink from it. Maybe he is bewitched.

After drinking the strange-tasting drink, he almost passes out again. He is sick and just wants to go to Eveline, because at that moment he is sure that this witch isn't nice. No matter whether she really is the witch from his book or not, he is in extreme danger. He hopes that everything is only a dream. But it isn't a dream, no, it is very real. The witch asks him to stay with her until dinner, so she isn't alone.

Justin has only the beautiful girl Eveline in his mind, her beautiful face, her long red hair, her brown incredible eyes and the way her attitude is. She is way braver than him. He misses her very much and the thoughts which tell him that he won't see his girlfriend anymore, make him feel angry, sad and lonely. So he has to stay with Gundula because maybe she lets him go if he only sits there and does what she wants. He misses his girlfriend so much, but he knows that this green woman wouldn't let him go. He decides to have dinner with her, but just that one meal. He informs the witch about this and she is really happy and has a gleeful smile on her face. As fast as she can, she conjures up a big meal in her kettle and tells Justin to take a seat. They begin to eat, but Justin doesn't trust the witch and is afraid that he might pass out again. Then his stomach makes loud noises, but he takes another big bite and suddenly he feels unwell.

In the background, the boy hears a shivering voice and suddenly everything goes black. A black deep hole appears in front of his eyes. He is falling deeper and deeper and sees his worst moments in his life so far. His parents breaking up, hearing strange voices in his room, him talking to a snake, and one of the worst experiences was that "THE IDIOTS" pulled off his pants in the middle of the schoolyard and took away his book. He is still falling deeper and deeper. There isn't an end in sight. Where is he? And what is the witch doing to him?

Suddenly he is in his book. He is tiny and standing on the open magic book that his grandfather had given him for his last birthday. He doesn't know the open page of the book yet. He reads desperately. None of these spells seems familiar to him. There: "Avada Kedavra". That is the only thing he knows. His grandfather had forbidden him this spell, because it is the curse of death. That curse is the worst. You don't need a wand, you just have to be a magician. As soon as it is pronounced, the victim passes on all of his knowledge to the others and dissolves in millions of parts and disappears forever. Justin's thoughts are suddenly interrupted when he feels a slimy, disgusting mass on his feet. He looks around and sees that out of the slimy mass are coming many arms and want to grab the book. Strange things. He doesn't know how to get help and concentrates fully on the slime and shouts "Avada Kedavra". Then the whole slime disappears and everything goes black again.

His eyes are closed, he feels pain everywhere and his head roars. He slowly comes back to his senses and can remember everything. Then he opens his eyes and sees his room in front of him. Justin is completely confused and not yet there. After resting for a while and thinking, he calls his best friend Benno to tell him every detail. Benno brings him back to reality and explains that it is actually impossible to get out of this forest alive, and then the world breaks together for the second time, because his best friend reminds him that Eveline has moved away. For a while, Justin cries and Benno thinks about what to do next. Then, they come to the conclusion that they have to try to break this curse over the forest. The two have nothing to lose, because at school they get bullied and their parents aren't interested in them. Therefore, the best friends are determined to carry out their plan. After they have made all the preparations, they sneak out of their houses at night and walk together to the forest...

Written and developed by Franziska Bachinger, Leonie Mildenberger, Emina Sinanovic and Simon Kollmer

Daniel's blog about his traumatic childhood



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Yesterday I went shopping and I saw four kids. I think they were about 13 years old. But one of the four got bullied by the others and this made my thoughts go back to my childhood. I talked to my psychotherapist and she thinks it's a good idea to talk about my old problems. I thought it could help someone who is also treated badly, when I talk about it and I decided to tell everyone about my experiences.

Alright, first of all it's quite difficult for me to talk about some of these experiences because they were really traumatic, but I hope it works out and you guys stick with me until the end.

I'll just start off chronologically with the message that changed my whole life.

I was at my grandma's house and we enjoyed the evening watching a movie and everything until her phone went off. I still remember exactly the words she said: "I'll be right back honey, just enjoy the movie" ... but she wasn't coming back for a long time. The movie ended without her appearing again. I directly used this opportunity to watch a bit of the late night program which is normally prohibited to me.

Suddenly she was back and scared me to death because I didn't hear her coming. I tried to switch off the TV but she didn't care; she was just looking at me with a single tear drop running down her cheek. I was quite confused because I had never seen her crying before but I tried to comfort her which, as you can imagine, wasn't going that great since I was only 14 years old.

She sniffed and stuttered something that seemed like no sense to me: "God has earned two great angels today which will always watch over us " and she repeated one phrase all the time : "It'll be alright"

Then she sent me to bed.

It was a horrible night for me, because one question kept me awake: What would make my grandma, one of the toughest women in the world, cry that hard?

The next day she came to me and said: " Honey we have to talk... it's about your parents."

"Yes, when can I finally see them again? I can't wait to tell them about the fantastic stuff we did ", I replied.

"Look ", she said, " you got to know that they're already watching over you."

I asked: " I don't get that do they have security cameras around here?"

"No, it's not that... but they're watching you from heaven... they're dead! "

I couldn't get it, my world got shattered this day and it wouldn't build up again for a long time.

"They drowned yesterday after a car accident, in which they fell off a bridge ", she went on.

I still couldn't believe it, but I felt that she told the truth and tears came up and I started to cry for three days straight.

And I told myself again and again that the water was to blame, that the water alone had to carry the weight of the fault of two dead.

I died inside! I had to think about how to proceed right now because a big part of my psychological shelter just wasn't available anymore. The following year I never got into a car again. I only rode my bicycle.

Although since then I was living by my grandma, where it was very good until she passed away, I cried almost everyday and it did not get better. The fear of losing my grandma, my last person of trust, was enormous.

I remember what she said to me day after day: "Everything will be better and it won't be like this all the time!" But my only thoughts were about what I would do when she would also die.

First month without them

I never was a boy with many friends, but with the death of my parents I distanced myself even more! One day I came to school and everyone was looking at me. I didn't know why and I just felt so uncomfortable.

I keep all my old diaries because this is part of my history and inner growth. I wrote all my feelings in it and in this one year I needed three books because I wrote so much into it. This is the entry of the 23rd of september:

"Dear diary,

today I came to school and all of my classmates were staring at me. This was such a bad feeling and I just wanted to hide in my bed! I can't understand why they can't be nice to me. They made jokes like:"Oh, hey Daniel. Did your parents drive you to school by car?" I started to cry but the others just laughed at me. Do they have feelings? This isn't normal! In the break, I ran to my teacher and told him about all of this. He hugged me and comforted me. This felt good because I felt understood in this moment. He told me that his parents also died when he was younger and that this would be the worst feeling ever. Initially I didn't like my teacher but since this day I love him! He gave me a feeling of understanding and security. I greatly appreciate that. Today was just terrible and I will stay away from my class from now on because they don't seem to understand. The incident today was actual bullying! I hope tomorrow will be better."

I remember that day very well. The beginning of the social harassment.

Days went on and on, but the bullying didn't stop, and the others were breaking me.

On the same day I talked to my grandma and she asked me if I wanted to go to another school. In the first moment I didn't know, but then I decided to change my school.

My grandma informed me about everything, but it turned out that it wasn't working. I screamed:"Whyyyyy? I can't stand this anymore, it's too terrible." I looked in the face of my grandmother and saw that it is serious. "The other schools are too far away to go there by bike! You would have to cycle two hours but you're only 14 years old. This would be too risky!", she explained to me.

At this moment I broke inside because I knew I had to continue going to the class that I disliked.

One year later

One year later, it was the October 13th 1991, I went to the river that killed my parents for the first time. The time before I couldn't overcome myself to go there, because everytime I tried I thought of them and broke inside. Whenever I had to go to town and cross the bridge, I took another one six kilometers away.

On October 13th 1991 something strange happened.

"Dear diary:

Today is the first anniversary of my parents' death. It's one of the worst days in my life I ever had and I cried the whole day and I wasn't at school because I knew everyone would make stupid jokes. I can't describe my emotions because there's just emptiness in my head. It's a sting in my heart and in my nightmares I can hear the screams of my parents shortly before they died... I mean as cruel as my mind could imagine it. I have the feeling nobody believes me that I'm suffering such an enormous pain just "because two people died one year ago". I feel very misunderstood. My parents would be able to, but they aren't here. In spite of my feelings, I had the urge to go to the bridge where they died.

I cycled with my mum's bike to the bridge. The way there was so terrible. I had to think of them the whole time and about the perfect years with them. I always thought about the pictures of the book they gave me for my 8th birthday. I could've turned around, but it was like a magic beam that pulled me to the place because of last night's dream. I can't remember what the dream exactly was about, but I have the same feeling now. The dream reminded me of the perfect time with my parents, because there was something that understood me. As I saw the place for the first time, tears ran over my face. I didn't stop. I don't know how long I stood under the bridge and didn't notice anything around me. But I was pulled back as I had to throw up. In this moment I lost balance and dropped into the water. I never had swum so fast back to the shore before, because the water felt weird and abnormal. After a few tries I reached it. I pulled myself out. I felt so sick. My whole body trembled. I couldn't stand anymore on my feet so I laid down on the wet ground. My whole body was hot as fire and I sweated like an elephant that was running a marathon. My body felt very heavy, and I saw many colorful circles. I didn't know if it was just a dream, but my whole body was changing. I was pink with red circles and I didn't have any control over my body. It felt like a trip out of the pop culture. After ten minutes it stopped. My body transformed back. I was shocked by the fact that things that weird could happen to me. What was that? I looked around me, but nobody saw me. I took my things and rode home as fast as I could. The way to my grandma's house was scary, and I felt

watched. I tried to go even faster, but something heavy and warm held me back, but I didn't know what...

Now I'm at home and I can't put my feelings in order What happened at the lake? Did I just hallucinate? What is it? I'm desperate. What happened? I can't remember the situation at the lake. Now, every child knows that something like this is unreal, but I didn't dream that my T-shirt was still wet because of the fall in the lake, but the fact that my body changed its colour and trambled couldn't be real .I don't know, I can't even trust my own body anymore. Should I tell my grandma what happened..., but should I tell anybody about it at all? No, I can't. Everybody would laught at me. I don't know, why can't somebody help me... I wish I had a person who would listen without judgement..."

I can remember the day so well. That evening I was so desperate, but there was something in my body like a little shiny light.

I went to bed very late. But surprisingly I slept very well, better than the weeks before. Before I fell asleep, I felt a warm feeling in my chest, something I haven't felt for a long time. I felt it when I was close to my parents...

I woke up the next day and felt amazing. My grandma asked me why was so happy. I replied something like "I don't know - I'm happy and today it's the first day of holidays".

I really didn't know why, but it was the first day I felt great since my parents had died. On this day the 14th October, I wrote in my diary:

"Today was great. Yeah, I know it's strange but I was really happy. I forgot everything that had pushed me down on the floor these days ago. My grandma went to the forest with me and we had a wonderful day. But then the evening came fast, and I went to bed early. Since that moment I was alone and everything I forgot on that happy day pushed me in the infinite deep whole of sorrow again. I started to think about yesterday, but I didn't find any answer. I couldn't sleep so now I'm writing this. But I should go to bed. Tomorrow I`ll go to the lake again."

The next morning was really tough. I had to fight against my fears and my tears, while I was cycling to the lake.

I had decided that I would go into the water again. The weather was okay, but my mind...

I took off my shirt and my shoes. I was wearing swimming trunks.

But I felt like every single part of my body was fighting against me while I went into the water. But there was no other way...

I decided to jump from the edge. I flew through the air and then my foot touched the water. A short hard pain hit me. My body began to turn red. My skin looked like a drawing board. I started to tremble. It felt like my blood was boiling. I swam. I swam to save my life.

I was left behind with open questions which nobody could answer.... and fear.

The rest of the holidays were enjoyable, but not like the first day.

Next schoolbegin

Two weeks later school began and the whole shit started again.

The rest of the term was quite simple. I kept distance to water and every school day I got bullied and had to hear bad jokes about my life, but I guess that was a certain standard at that point of life.

I often tried to talk to the teachers or the principal, but in the end it didn't help, because I was not able to tell them about my experience with the water. I knew if I told them the story, everybody would think I'm weird. And they might think that I'm drug addicted.

During this time my classmates were worse than ever. I can not understand, how they can do this without thinking of themselves as bad people. Earlier they did just hurt me with words. But since spring they hurt me also physically. The whole school knew my name. I was labelled as a borderliner and a weirdo. Everywhere I went in school I got turned on, spit on or pushed away. These nights were sleepless and I just could write in my diary because only with the diary I felt helped:

"Dear diary,

I don't know how to describe my feelings. Since there was the incident with the water, I lost any selfconfidence. I have the feeling that the longer I'm alive the more I'm getting bullied. Today at school was the worst day. My classmates put me in the trash can. I had the feeling that everyone joked behind my back and looked at me. In the break I hid at the toilet because I couldn't endure the rumours. I don't know how people can be so dreadful. Just being more quiet than others doesn't make you a bad individual, I always thought this was a given fact, but as it seems it is not. As the bell rang, I went out of the room. Two boys of my class blocked the door, so I wasn't able to go out of the door. They said to me in a laughing and dangerous voice: "Ihhh the miserable loser pig doesn't wash his hands". They kicked me and took me towards the toilet and shouted at me:" This is the right place to wash your hands, wash your hands with the toilet water you pig, because this is the way how pigs wash themselves". They grabbed my head and tried to push it in the water. While they were doing that they always shouted "pig, pig, pig". I didn't stand a chance and I just screamed:" Helppppp". But then my head was under water. I felt lost. But then my body was trembling like the other times I touched water. My body turned slowly pink again, and I wanted to run away, and so I tried, but they just laughed at me and held me back. They said:" Look at this weirdo, his whole body is moving like he would have a fucking seizure you psycho."

But then I felt a weird force, which grabbed them and pushed them against the mirror, which shattered. In this moment, a teacher came in the restroom, because he heard my scream. I used this distraction, dodged the teacher, ran straight away out of the bathroom and left the school. I didn't know, where I was running. I just wanted to run away so nobody could see me, when I was changing completely pink. I didn't know for how long nor how far I ran, but when I stopped, I was in a forest. Here I fell down on the floor and my body trembled, and I couldn't see anything of the forest, just a lot of colors.

While this was happening, my feelings went crazy. I don't know in some ways I felt so terrible and despare. I don't know what it is, nobody would know what it is... But also, I felt like somebody was on me and said everything was going to be okay... After a long time I managed to stand up and saw my

pink body. Everything was pink, my arms, my legs, everything. I was shocked and waited when the color would change back. Hell, I didn't even know if this color was visible to anyone. I thought: "But what now? Should I stay here, should I go back to school or should I go home?". I decided to go home even though I was a bit scared to get punished because I had left school without any kind of permission. On the way home my right shoulder was so heavy and was hurting so badly. I tried to rearrange my thoughts, but I couldn't.

At home my grandma was waiting concerned in front of the door, I didn't want to see her or talk to her but she spoke to me: "I'm so glad to see you, are you okay?" I said yes, but I knew that she would detect that I was lying. My grandmother told me that I should sit down in the living room

She wanted to know what happened because my teacher had called her. So I told her the whole story, no, not the whole, but I informed her about the threats of my classmates and how the bullies had pushed me into the toilet. The whole time I hadn't had a chance to fight back, but then I had an opportunity and pushed them away from me. My grandmother didn't seem excited because the boys were brought to the hospital. She said: "I will always believe you and I know that you always tell the truth, but no one else will understand you in this situation. You don't have any proof of their harassment, but they do have some... the reason why they were brought to the hospital. I know it was self defense, but we can't prove it. So your teacher told me you got a reprimand, I'm sorry."

Then I ran in my room and closed the door. I was disappointed of everyone. I felt lost. How could I get a reprimand even though I was the innocent one. The bullies were always hurting me! I felt betrayed by.... just everybody!

The whole world was unfair in my opinion.

The last weeks in school until the summer break were terrible. Now I was the guy that really nobody liked, because everyone thought that I was not confident and that I was a dangerous guy. I had to go to a psychiatrist because everybody thought I was mentally ill, but I didn't want to go to a mental institution, so I couldn't tell him the truth.

My classmates chased me to my house, spat at me and hurt me, but I was strong, so I tried to ignore them. My teachers didn't like me neither, so I couldn't tell them my problems anymore. Now I know that this was the wrong decision. But that's life. At this time I didn't see any reason why I was still alive, but I always felt the little light in my heart...

Summer of 1993

After a long time, I finished 8th grade.

Then one day, I think one of the best things in my life happened. 8th of August 1993. I wrote in my diary:

"I'm so happy. I think I'm the happiest person alive at the moment. Today my grandma had a present for me.

We had breakfast in our garden and then she asked me something: 'Would you move to another town with me? I think you might be happier if you could get a new start'.

I agreed. I hugged my grandma. I shouted out my feelings. I feel so happy."

We planned and started to search. We found a flat in a town not far away from California. I can't wait to get over the paper stuff until we can finally move to our new flat and I can go to my new school. Everything went better and a month later, we were in the new town.

And then came the first day of 9th grade.

I went to school and came into the classroom with a grin. The others didn't stare at me. They just ignored me.

I didn't care. The main thing was that I wouldn't be laughed at again! I sat on the only free chair and next to me was sitting a boy who looked pretty sad. "What's your name? I am Daniel and new here.", I said. He didn't look like he wanted to answer but he did anyway: "I am Lucas. Nobody in the class talks to me because I'm the outsider. You should better leave me alone." I noticed that he felt the same

way I did at my old school. "I don't care! Do you have any plans for today?", I asked. He looked so happy and said no, so we decided to hang out. I thought that we could become good friends! After school we went to my flat by bike and I showed him everything. We had much fun and laughed a lot.

I was really happy to write my experiences from this day into my diary:

"Dear diary,

Today was the first day in my new school and it was so freaking good. I am the happiest boy alive because I think I got a new friend. His name is Lucas.

In class I was sitting next to him and I just spoke to him if he wanted to hang out today. Of course he wanted. During his company I had no other thoughts and it was just wonderful.

I hope we will be best friends because I think one good friend is all you need!"

After I had processed the day I ran to my grandma and hugged her. I just hugged her and I think she knew that it was very good for me to move to another city because she said to me: "It's so nice to see you happy! I said everything will be good and look, it is! I love you Daniel."

"I love you, too, grandma. Thank you!"

I will never forget this day because this changed my life. From then I wasn't the outsider anymore, I was the happy boy.

Lucas and I met almost everyday.

In summer, he asked me if I wanted to go swimming with him. I panicked and ran away from him. My only thoughts were: "Just don't go into the water and tell him nothing about what happens to you when you go swimming!"

He followed me and asked what was going on. "I have to tell him, otherwise he can't understand me", I thought. There was no other way, so I told him about it. He asked if I was allergic to water. I answered that I didn't know. I thought if we were already there, I could tell him about the other thing. "Since that water-thing happened to me, my right shoulder feels so heavy. I don't know why but it's like there is something sitting on there", I explained. He said: "Oh my god, I've the same feeling. This is so weird! I got this since my big brother died three years ago. My right shoulder is just so heavy!"

We both didn't know where that came from but from then we didn't feel alone anymore.

After that we went to a restaurant because swimming is just not possible for me.

While we were walking to the restaurant I had the best feeling ever. We talked about our story and our feelings. I don't know, I felt understood for a long time. We have a very similar story. We laughed the whole time and we were happy.

As we arrived at the restaurant, we sat down, and we talked so much. At this moment I was the happiest guy in the whole world. It felt like I was in a dream, everything was perfect...

I think it's difficult to describe the next situation, so I read out a part from my diary:

"Dear diary,

(...) We had a great time, but then the waitress of the restaurant came to our table. She asked what we wanted to order and said: "Our offer today is pork with potatoes. The pigs were raised in our own garden!", I don't know what happened with me but I had an anger in me, everything turned around and I couldn't control myself. I threw the chair on which I had been sitting on the floor and hit the waitress. Some people in the restaurant moved me away from the waitress and held me. A few minutes later

I could control myself again, and I saw the people holding me. Everybody was shocked of my actions especially myself and Lucas was behaving as if he didn't know me . As the police brought me home, my grandma also was shocked. Everybody was disappointed.

I don't know what was going on with my body. Everyone was disappointed of me, me included. I wish I could just sink into earth and never appear again"

I couldn't believe that I was able to do something like that.

The words from the waitress just reminded me of the incident in my old school and then I couldn't hold back anymore. I knew that the word "pig" was traumatic for me, because I had been hurt so much by it. I thought I was over it but I wasn't! It felt like the old depressed nobody was coming out of me again. But I didn't want this to happen.

I tried to forget about the incident, but I just couldn't be my old self then. Whatever I did, it didn't work until two weeks later. During the whole two weeks Lucas didn't speak to me because he thought that I was dangerous and uncontrollable, but then he asked me what was going on with me. I explained to him what happened to me at my old school and while I was talking I began to cry. He noticed that it was terrible for me and said: "Sorry, I didn't know that something like this bad thing has happened to you. I'm sorry, I wasn't a good friend during these two weeks. The main thing is that I should have asked you earlier!" "No problem, we understand each other again!", I said friendly.

Everything changed

In fall, Lucas was at my house and we were eating with my grandma. He accidentally said something about my water problem and then my grandma wanted to know what he was talking about.

Inside I was very angry that Lucas said something about it because we had decided that this would be a secret only between him and me. But I knew that I had to tell her at some point, and something told me that now was the point of no return. It was like a voice which was talking to me.

It was the time to tell her about my problem, my big problem, so I did.

After I had told her that I couldn't go swimming and that my body started to tremble when I was in water, she wanted to go to a doctor with me.

"Maybe you are allergic", she said. "But why can I drink water? This happens only when I touch it with my hands or feet. This would make no sense, it has to be some other reason", I explained.

She was really worried about me and didn't know what to do. I hadn't told her her about all of this because I hated it when she was worried about me!

On the same day, my shoulder was heavier than ever and again it felt like there was something sitting on it. It was really weird.

After dinner Lucas had to go home. Instead of watching TV this evening, my grandma and I talked a lot. We talked about my situation, my problems, my feelings, my behaviour and searched for solutions. I opened my heart to my grandma and told her everything and she listened. I think it was one of the most important steps in my life. It felt so good to talk about that. It felt like a very heavy stone fell from my heart."

This night I was so happy that I had a friend like Lucas. Without his "misbehavior" I probably would have not talked to my grandma. Without him I would still be the sad kid.

I was thinking for a long time this night, but not about the stuff I thought normally about. I thought positively and thought about my future.

I literally thought about everything that was happening to me. I said to myself: "Now a new chapter in my life has started, a better one!".

I tried to find answers to my questions. Why does my one shoulder feel so heavy? Why am I not able to swim in water? Why does Lucas feel the same?

These three questions kept me awake for long nights.

The next day:

"Dear diary, (...). Today my grandma told me that she couldn't sleep this night because of my problems, so we had to find a solution.

The first thing she has done, was calling the doctor and asking for an allergic test. He said we could come over this afternoon, so we did.

I was really scared of doing this, but I told myself that I had to do this because I couldn't live in uncertainty.

Then the moment came when the doctor called my name and my grandma left the waiting room. I started sweating. After that I got the syringe for the test if I was allergic to water or something like that. I hated the moment when the needle pierced in my skin. Then the doctor injected the fluid. It felt very strange, but nothing happened.

We had to wait ten minutes. Ten minutes of fear, because I didn't know what would happen next. Would I transform and my skin would be changing to pink?

But nothing like this happened. Good on the one hand, bad on the other. The answer: I'm not allergic to water. So what should I do next?

Later this day my grandma asked me if we could go to the lake so that she could see what was happening to me, if that was okay, and the first time I said no. I couldn't. I had so much fear and that feeling I didn't want to feel ever again.

But my grandma persuaded me. We had to find answers. I couldn't live my whole life like this, she said.

So half an hour later we were standing at the edge of the lake. I was afraid, but I said to myself that was strong and that it would be the right thing to do for my future.

And I jumped, and like I predicted, it happened again. My grandma also jumped into the water to rescue me. I never saw this fear before in her face.

She grabbed me and pulled me out of the water. She brought me a towel and something to drink.

Slowly I turned back into myself."

From this moment on my grandma knew what was going on, but we had no answers.

The next weeks, we went to many doctors, psychotherapists and everybody my grandma thought could know something or would be able to help in any way. The result was that everyone said it was only imagination...

The only one who had an idea was Lucas. He said that maybe I should visit the lake daily and go swimming, that maybe it will get better from time to time because my body would be getting used to water.

I thought about this a lot, but I threw it to my imaginary trashcan.

But one day I saw that there was no other option. So I asked Lucas if he would do this with me. Of course he agreed and tried to help me.

The first times were horrible, but I didn't give up. I did it two weeks and was about to say that it was nonsense, but then something changed a little bit. I didn't tremble as much as the times before. A big step for me and also for Lucas who helped me a lot this time and was there for me.

I kept on going swimming for like a half year and it went better and better. I did it, even though it was painful everytime. But I had to change something.

Then the 6th of July 1994:

"I'm so happy right now. I feel like I'm god. All the time I had to bear the pain is over. Today I jumped into the water and nothing happened!

One of the best days in my life: I overcame one of my biggest problems. I don't know how to write how happy I am."



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What happened after

This day changed my life again. **I learned not to give up.**

I've never talked about Lucas' fears here but that is a story for another time. The only thing I say about that is that some months later he overcame his fears, too.

Sometimes you have to face your fears. Even though it takes a lot of time.

From this point on our lives went better. We both were much more positive than before and made some new friends. I've made new friends!! I felt so great at this time.

We went out together and hung out. I nearly lived like every normal student.

I finished 10th grade and got my graduation.

Around this time I didn't write into my diary so often because I was just living life with my friends.

I lived like everyone else I guess, the only problem I couldn't solve was the one with my shoulder.

I got my first job as a mechanic and moved to a shared apartment with my friends.

Then on one very sad day I lost my grandma. I don't want to talk about that much because it was very hard for me... I think you understand me.

Later I travelled around the world and in California I found love.

I also found the answer to my heavy shoulder, but that I will keep it as a secret because I promised that to someone.

Today I live in California with my wife and my two little children. I enjoy my life.

I had to endure hard times in my life, but it made me to the person who I am today and I am happy, that's all that matters.

To be continued

So that's my story. My psychotherapist told me to do this and first I thought of it as a bad idea but it turned out really well so this is a good method in my opinion. I hope you all have found some advice in my story and maybe I could even help one or another.. you never know.

If anyone has something similar to go through let me know I'm always open for everybody with problems and maybe I'll be able to help you. So don't fear any kind of disrespect from my side, because I went through this and so can you. **Stay strong!**

Written and developed by Sophia Fuchs, Quirin Förch, Antonia Herpich and Maximilian Stutz



Sara's diary



Diary entry on Monday August 12, 2019

Dear diary, today was a special day:

Today was my first day at a new high school and I was able to get a lot of new impressions.



The school was so big that I found it very difficult to find my classroom: But with a delay of almost ten minutes I finally found it! My teachers are very nice and most of my classmates, too. But there are three boys who offended me all day long. They annoyed me from the start because they laughed when I was late. They said nasty things to me, like “go to hell”, “nobody needs you”, “you’re only a piece of shit”, and I don’t know why they did this to me. I did not speak a word to them the whole day. I haven’t told anyone yet because I hope they will stop. I don’t want to talk about the bad things anymore.

Today I went shopping with some new friends from my new school: Kathy, Mary and the person sitting next to me: Cloe. It was a lot of fun. First, we ate pizza in a restaurant which I will recommend to my parents and then we went in more than six clothing stores and we found many beautiful things. In the end, we had ice cream.



Afterwards, Cloe and I said goodbye to Kathy and Mary. I found out that Cloe and I live in the same street. Fantastic! At home I watched a romantic Netflix film.



OMG, I want such a cute boyfriend, too. Okay, I think it's enough for today because I want to get up early tomorrow, so I won't be late again. Bye

Diary entry on Tuesday August 13, 2019

Hello again, something exciting happened,

Today was the day I found out why Spencer, the leader of the "bullying group", hates me so much. It all started like this: Today we had physical education for the first time in the old school gym, which seemed familiar to me from somewhere, and we were divided into groups according to the surname. Unfortunately, I ended up with Spencer in a hockey team. When he got close to me shortly before the end of the lesson, I thought he was going to hit my leg with the bat, but he only said: "I know you better than you think!" I was shocked. What did he know? Where I live? In the afternoon, when I was thinking about the event, I remembered why the hall is so well known to me and I immediately called my older sister, who graduated a long time ago.



We talked for a long time, but in the end, everything was clear: my sister participated in a school exchange, which happened to be with the same school I am going to now. I knew that the gym looked familiar from pictures. But I have not told you the more shocking news yet, dear diary! Back then my sister caught a student who dealt with illegal drugs. This student happens to have the same last name as Spencer. Are they siblings? Will he take revenge on me now? Phew, that was a very long entry! See you tomorrow!

Diary entry on Wednesday August 14, 2019

Diary entry on Thursday August 15, 2019

Hey diary, sorry that I did not write anything yesterday as I promised on Tuesday, but I was just too tired.

Unfortunately, the day did not start well, because when I went to the bus this morning, Spencer, who goes to school by bike every day, crossed my way to the bus.



I fell down and hurt my knees and the bus left without me. He laughed and cycled away on his bike and shouted: "See you at school!" I was soooo angry and I wished that I could go home then, but I had to hurry. I arrived late at school again. I wanted to tell the reason for the delay to the teacher, but the teacher said that he didn't want to hear excuses. He told me if I was late one more time, I would have to talk to the principal. And all pupils were staring at me. That was so dreadful! The next lesson was P.E., of course in the same spooky gym as last time. I remembered it exactly. Usually I am good at sports and I also really like it, but due to my knees I was acting like a toddler who sees the world for the first time in his life. After sports, there was a break and I talked a bit to a few of my classmates, but I had the feeling that nobody really wanted to be seen with me. After five more lessons, in which I couldn't focus on the subject because of this feeling, was the big break, so I went to the canteen to eat something. I thought that would be my chance to find at least one potential friend besides Cloe, but that was not the case. When I got my plate, I looked for a table with nice-looking people from my class. I saw a group of three girls which looked friendly and went to their table. They allowed me to sit with them, but only after some hesitation. First I was pleased, but the problem was that they already knew each other for a long time, so they were talking about old stories and a lot of insiders and I couldn't add anything to that, so I just sat there and ate my lunch. After a while, they suddenly got up and walked away. I had not finished eating yet, so I couldn't follow them and then I was alone again. I observed all the people around me, and it felt like everybody knew each other already for a long time and I'm the only one who is new in this school. There are so many different groups, but I've got the feeling that I don't fit in any of these. The rest of the day felt like eternity and I was so glad when the bell rang for the last time and I could finally go home. In the bus, I chatted with Cloe.



She told me that she had found already two new friends and that the cheerleaders wanted to have her in their group in any case. On the one hand I felt happy for her, but on the other hand this made me feel even worse. When I finally arrived home, I just went to my bed and watched another film on Netflix to forget about this day.

Diary entry on Friday August 16,2019

Dear diary!

When my alarm woke me up this morning, I remembered all the shit from yesterday, so I just wanted to hide in bed. I turned the alarm off and laid back in my pillow.



Actually, I hadn't really planned to stay in bed the whole day, but then I fell asleep again. I awoke again 20 minutes later and remembered what happened. As a result, I was late again. I hate myself for that. Again, the teacher saw me. If this happens one more time I have to visit the principal for real. The rest of the day was like Thursday, only with different people. Just one thing was different: When I finished eating and wanted to take my plate back, one of the three boys, I think his name is Brandon, again one of Spencer's boy clique, pushed me and my plate fell down and broke. Suddenly everything was quiet, and everybody was looking at me.



I have to pay this plate now and I don't know how to tell this mum and dad. I hope they won't be too mad. I think I will do this now. Wish me good luck!

Diary entry on Saturday, August 17, 2019

My first weekend in the new town:

Today I woke up with a very good feeling, because today is Saturday and on Saturday there's no school. I made pancakes for breakfast. They were delicious. After that I didn't really know what to do, so I decided to visit Cloe.

We spent the whole morning talking. But then she had to leave, because her parents live separated and during the weekend she stays with her dad. That's very sad because during the week we haven't spent very much time together. So, the weekends are the only chance to do something together. First, I wanted to go surfing, but then I remembered that Cloe would come home tomorrow because her dad had to do something. So, we could go surfing together.

I decided to go to the local ice cream shop to get some ice cream. I ordered vanilla and strawberry. But when I wanted to sit down, Spencer and his friends appeared. They took away my ice cream and tossed it into the trash bin. That was a shock for me because I didn't expect to meet them here. I wanted to run away but they held me back. I was so afraid. They said I should go home because then they would know where I live. I went home and Spencer walked all the time next to me. "Is it because of what happened in the past?", I asked, but I did not get an answer. At home I stopped, and they pulled my hair and walked away. I ran into my house and laid down on my bed. I thought about finally telling my parents, but they might make everything worse. Even on the weekends I wasn't safe from them anymore. The rest of the day I spent watching TV and now I will go to bed. I won't forget this terrible day!! Bye.

Diary entry on Sunday August 18,2019

Good morning

Today I got up as early as never before, because a two-hour drive was waiting for us. Today we drove to my old home to go surfing. Even my sister found time and went with us. I was really happy, but it should not stay that way for long! The first two hours were nice, and everybody was happy and enjoyed it. My sister and I went surfing and the waves were perfect.



When we went out for the first time I felt home like nowhere else, it felt like nobody could take this moment from me until I saw somebody else coming towards us with his board and it was nobody else than Spencer. "Terrible! The day I have been looking forward to all week long will end terrible!", I thought. He went straight to me. I wanted to run away, but I was shocked. I prepared myself for the worst. But I've never expected him to say this: "I've been watching you from the beach restaurant for a while now. You surf really well!" I was speechless. I would never have avenged myself with a compliment. But then he said: "Now I'll give you an answer to your question: It is because of that time and I won't stop taking revenge for my brother. You have to know we have a good relationship, and nothing will drive us apart!" I turned around and left, Spencer went after me and tried to intimidate me, but I ignored him. The next

surprise was already waiting for us on our beach chairs. My sister was lying next to a guy I had previously seen with Spencer. "Is he his brother? Will he hit her?", I felt goose bumps on my back. But what we heard then astonished not only me. He talked about the past and that discovering his drug problems was the best thing that could have happened to him. We had a lot to talk about and Spencer even apologized for his actions. In the evening Spencer told me that he didn't know that his brother was happy about that he got caught. Two years ago, he had to go to jail for three months and then he was twenty-one and moved out to study where he met my sister again and they became friends. So he didn't see his brother for a long time and when they met they didn't talk about this story. This evening he apologized three more times and said that he was so sorry, because that was a misunderstanding between him and his brother and of course he should have taken revenge on my sister and not on me. Therefore, it was a very big mistake. The parents also got to know each other, and I found them to be really likeable. In the end it was a really nice day with ice cream and surfing.

Diary entry on Wednesday September 18,2019

Diary, you know it has been exactly one month now:

About one month ago I was bullied by Spencer. But that's past. I forgave him and now we're good friends. Today we went swimming with Cloe and one friend of Spencer. It was a lot of fun and we're happy to have each other. I think it was terrible to get to this friendship in this way, but it was worth it. I hope this misunderstanding will never happen again. After swimming, we ate ice cream and then we were just sitting there and were talking. At home Cloe stayed with me and we had a fantastic girls' evening. It couldn't be better.



Written and developed by Viktoria Eckl, Aurelius Reißmüller, Anna Schöberl and Ferdinand Echinger

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COLLAPSE

It was our last day in Savannah with my family. We rented a beach house with a big pool and a wonderful view of the ocean. We were in the city to buy some souvenirs and I bought nice sneakers for my best friend Michael, because there was a Nike outlet and my good friend Ben will get a cap from me. Right now we were going home from the mall so we had enough time to pack our stuff for driving back to Atlanta after dinner.

A few hours later I was walking on the beach. The time here was wonderful, but I had been looking forward to this day because I wanted to see my friends and play soccer with them. I didn't have many friends in the Decatur High School, but these were real friends: Michael was a very strong and funny boy. He had blonde hair and blue eyes and was very tall. His hobby was boxing and he was really good at this. Furthermore he also played soccer and was one of the best in his team. I played soccer with him and it was a lot of fun. Ben on the other hand was really good at school and he was interested in IT. He had black hair and glasses. I liked hanging out with them and somehow, they liked hanging out with me too. Michael was one of the most popular boys at our school, but he wasn't interested in spending time with the other cool boys and girls. Ben was a nerd and also didn't have many friends. We knew each other very well, because we met the first time at the kindergarten. In addition, our parents had also been friends for a long time.

A few hours later, after dinner, I and my parents started our way home back to our house in Atlanta. We were on the Highway 16 in our Cadillac and I was playing "Minecraft" on my phone, when suddenly a thunderstorm started. We were between the cities Metter and Dublin and I was glad to be in the safe, warm car. It was thundering and raining a lot and it seemed like it wouldn't stop. Suddenly there was a big flash and a loud noise. The car stopped. There was something lying on top of it. The car started to burn. I screamed for my parents: "Mom! Dad! Can you hear me? Get out of the car immediately!" They didn't answer. The fire came closer. I tried to open the door, but it was stuck. The flames were all around me. Finally I was able to get out of the car. I felt something hot on my face. Now I could see that a tree had fallen onto the car and it was right over the front seats. I needed to help my parents. I tried to open my dad's door, but it was stuck because of the tree. I felt two pairs of hands grabbing me and somebody said that I couldn't help my parents anymore. "No! I have to help them." As I was getting pulled away I saw a huge flame getting over the car and my parents, so I began to cry. Now I heard the sound of the ambulance and of the fire department. The last thing I saw were two paramedics running to me.

I felt strange. What happened? I opened my eyes and saw a white room, typical of a hospital. A nurse was bending over me and she asked: "How are you, David? Do you feel better?" "What happened? Where are my parents? Are they OK?" The nurse looked at me with a sad face and said: "I'm so sorry I have to tell you. You're parents died in the car'. But don't worry, they didn't feel any pain." What did she say? This couldn't be true. I didn't believe it. I flinched because of the pain I felt on my face. But it wasn't the pain I felt for having lost my parents. It was a different type of pain. I asked the nurse: "What happened to my face?" She said, that a part of my face was burnt. I asked her for a mirror so I could see it. She told me to go to the bathroom. I went to the bathroom and the first thing I saw in the mirror was my ugly, burned face. She said that everything was going to be ok. Then there was a doctor coming through the door. He greeted me and asked me how I felt. He said my grandparents were on the way to pick me up and that I would live at my grandparents' house.

Four weeks later I was at school the first time after the car crash.

"Michael, what's your problem? I'm the same guy as before the accident!!!" Michael was an idiot. He wasn't the only one who was disgusted because of my weird face. I didn't care about what the other students were thinking about me, but Michael was my friend. And that was really disappointing.

I was running to the bus and I looked onto the ground. I sat down on my usual seat next to Ben because he was the only one who was still talking with me. He asked me: "David, are you okay? The argument between you and Michael looked very serious." I answered: "No, I can't understand why he doesn't like me anymore because of my ugly face." "Don't care about him. He will come to his senses soon." "I really hope that, but I'm not sure about that."

Since the car crash Michael was completely different to me. He was hanging around with all these popular guys and treated me like shit. I couldn't understand the reason because my character hadn't changed at all. Only my face was a little bit strange. First, it was a shock for me that everyone looked at me, but now I've gotten used to it. The bus stopped in front of my grandparents' house. I got out of the bus quickly. I came into my grandparents' house. My grandma, a nice, warm-hearted old lady, asked me if I wanted to eat something. She cooked really well and today she made pizza. During dinner my grandfather, a hobby hunter and a really grumpy man, but to me he was really nice, asked me how my day was. I said, that it was good, even though I knew that it wasn't.

In the afternoon I had soccer training, but because Michael was also in my team, it wasn't fun anymore. He incited the other guys to bully me. During dinner I said to my grandparents that I didn't want to play soccer anymore. They asked me why and I said that it was no longer fun for me, but the real reason was Michael. He was always making fun of me and pushing me away. The others joined in and everyone bullied me. I just didn't want to have any contact to Michael anymore. He was so mean.

6th of October:

Dear Diary,

This day has been as bad as the other days. They said again things like "don't look at David, otherwise you'll get ugly, too!" or "watch out, Ugly is coming! Don't get near him!" This hurts a lot, because everybody says it and no one is on my side. Now Ben is my only friend. I don't know how long it will be like that. So most of the time I sit in my room and play online games with Ben. I don't want to tell it my grandparents because they have enough problems.

15th of November:

Dear Diary,

It's getting worse and worse. Today in PE we played dodge ball and they all threw the balls at me and not at the others. In the break, they threw bottles at me. As the break was over and we had to go inside, they bumped into me and pushed me very hard. I think nearly every day about how life would be without the car crash. I really miss my parents. I can't stand the pressure anymore. I have to find a way out, but I don't have a solution so far.

24th of November:

Dear Diary,

Today they even took my breakfast and threw it away. Everyone left when I sat down at the table in the canteen. Now even Ben doesn't want to be my friend anymore. For me, life doesn't make sense anymore. All the time I get bullied and I must fear that the others will do some more terrible things with me than before. In my life there is nothing that could make me happy. And that's all Michael's fault! He has to pay for that. I think I will do an assassination attempt to take revenge. I know that my grandpa has a weapon in the gun cabinet. I'm not sure if I will do it, but it would be a good revenge.

Now the day had come on which I carried out the assassination attempt. I got up early this morning to take the weapons from my grandfather's safe. Right now I was having breakfast and I was thinking about my plan. It was really simple, but it could do a lot of harm. I didn't eat much for breakfast, because I was very nervous. After a few minutes, it seemed like hours, finally the bus arrived. I entered the bus and sat down. For a few weeks I was sitting completely alone because even Ben didn't want to sit next to me.

I hoped that I wouldn't hurt Ben. Most of the time he has been a good friend to me and he has never bullied me. While the bus was driving to school I tried not to think too much about my plan. I attempted to think about all the good things in my life. I remembered our great victory in soccer. Me, holding the cup in the hands. Being with my parents in "Six Flags" a funny and very cool amusement park. But I also remembered all the bad things that had happened to me. Beginning with the terrible car crash and my parents dying in the car. All the nasty things Michael and his gang have ever done to me. The bus stopped in front of our school and I got off. I wasn't sure if I should really do it, but my decision was made. Luckily, my first lesson was PE, so I went to the changing room. Now I got my weapons out of my backpack. My hands were shaking but I would do it; there was no turning back. A classmate saw the weapon and asked me what I was going to do and told me that I should stop, but I just said, you are to blame for ever, and pulled the trigger. It was a loud shot and I felt refreshed but at the same time I didn't realize it at all. I was running out of the changing room and through the many corridors of Decatur High School to the canteen where I thought Michael was buying something. Normally he was there before the first lesson. While I was rushing through the corridors, I saw many other students who had bullied me and I shot at them, too. As I was in the canteen I saw Michael and his gang sitting at a table.

When I saw them laughing at a joke Michael made just a few seconds ago, I got really angry at them. I pointed my weapon at them and shot as fast as I could. It felt good to finally get redemption and revenge. I saw three police officers running in my direction and I was turning the weapon towards me. I felt good because of Michael's death. I breathed one last time and pulled the trigger.

But the shot didn't kill me. I was still alive, but traumatized. What have I done to all these people? Some of them live, but some of them are dead. And that was my fault. I don't know how to handle this burden at all. I have really killed people! They won't come back. I knew Michael and his gang had bullied me, but in retrospect I should have gone to a teacher or somebody else to tell them about my situation. But now it was too late. I am so sorry for what has happened.

Written and developed by Anna-Sophia Haban, Sophie Masur, Elias Roselieb and Luis Seidl



It's a hot summer-evening in an innocent town named Roseville. The holidays are going to end and school will be starting soon. But school is a bit different for the class 10c because they have a new schoolmate: Tobi.

First, they didn't notice him. He was a normal-sized and quiet guy with brown hair like a bear. His family is new in Roseville. First, they lived in Ohio but his dad got a job-offer, and so they had to move to their new home. At his first day at school Tobi was scared of being new in class and he felt lonely. He thought: "I miss my best friend Luca. Why isn't he here?", when the bell rang. Tobi sighed sadly and went in his new classroom. Nobody recognized him and he kept standing at the door. "Welcome", the teacher said loudly. One of the students named Tim laughed and shouted: "A grizzly bear!" The whole class started laughing. "Look at his funny hair." Tobi's eyes started to water and he felt that everyone in the room was staring at him. The teacher screamed: "Be quiet. Open your books at page twenty. Tobi, sit down over there." Tobi sneaked to the table where an ugly girl with pink hair was giggling. She stank of smoke. Tobi bowed his head and was silent.

Then the bell for the break rang. Tobi didn't know what he could do and so he was sitting on a table offside the playground. Then Tim and his friends came along and laughed: "Hey grizzly bear, can't you afford a hairdresser?"

Tobi wanted to get up and go away but a friend of Tim held him back. "I don't like it when someone doesn't answer me", griped Tim. "Can you leave me alone?" asked Tobi. The group laughed and one of them said: "No". Now the bells rang, and the break was over. Tim said "Lucky guy", and went with his group into the school building.

Day after day and week after week the same. Tim and his guys bullied Tobi and he couldn't understand why.

"Officer, there is a corpse in Habor street".

It was a rainy Saturday morning. Nobody was on the street. Officer Jack and his partner were on the way to a corpse.

Ten minutes later they were there. A policeman had locked everything. "The stairs up and then on the left side", the policeman said. "Hello Jack." "Hello, how old is he?", asked Jack. "16", answered the doctor. "Three stabbed in the abdomen. The third was fatal."

"Do we know who he is?" "Yes, Tim Westchester. He is known in the city. He goes to the Hole Highschool, two streets away." It was the bully of Tobi. He got murdered.

The police knocked on every door in the street and asked the people for proofs, but nobody knew anything. Now they were in Tobi's house and were talking to his parents when Tobi went downstairs. Hello Tobi ", his mom said, "we've got the police here. " "I see ", Tobi answered, "but why?"

"Hello Tobi. My name is officer Jack. We are here because Tim Westchester died yesterday morning. He was your schoolmate, wasn't he? "

The officer was tall and had black hair. He was wearing a black smoking and had a partner with him who wrote everything down that Tim and his parents said.

"Yes, we were schoolmates, but we were no friends." "Why? What's your opinion about Tim?", the officer wanted to know. "I don't like him." "Why?", asked Jack next. "He and his

group bullied me because of my hair. I was new at this school when it started. They were very rude with their words. They called me grizzly bear all the time."

They asked a few more questions and then they said "goodbye" and Tobi went upstairs. A few days later, Tobi still heard nothing more about the officers. School got normal, but one thing scared him. One guy of the group of Tim named Kyle was looking at him all the time. He looked scared and scary at the same time. One moment he came closer but the principal held him back because of a question. But it was not only a question. He brought him into his office where the police-officer Jack was waiting for him.

Tim's group was waiting in front of the office when the police officer left it with Kyle and brought him to the police car.

Twenty minutes later they were in a cold dark room with a running camera. It was a small room with only one table and three chairs in it. On one wall there was a big black window where Kyle could only see himself.

Suddenly the police officer came in, sat on the chair in front of Kyle and put a thing on the table. It was a transparency with a penny in it.

"We found this on the crime scene. There are your fingerprints on it. Why?"

"I don't know. Maybe he stole it", answered Kyle.

"Who would steal only a penny? I will ask differently. Where have you been on Saturday morning when Tim Westchester died? ", the officer asked.

"I don't know", Kyle said, "I think at home. "

"Could anyone proof this? Have you been alone? "

"No, not really..." Kyle said quietly, unable to look into the officer's eyes. Everything was really suspicious for the police.

"If you don't admit it, it's going to get you into even more trouble, you know that, right?" Jack sighed "Yes, I know, officer".

Jack asked many questions and Kyle tried to answer. Then he took a deep breath and burst out in tears. "I admit it. I killed Tim, but only because I couldn't stand it anymore. He was only my friend because I was scared of being bullied too. When Tobi came into class, he seemed like a really nice guy, but of course Tim had to pick on him again. I hated it... the feeling of being under so much pressure. I saw the faces of all the people he made feel miserable. I couldn't take it anymore... not for one more day. I decided just quitting our so called friendship wouldn't be enough. I wanted revenge for everyone. A knife was enough to end it all... so I did... I ended it all. Tim will never bully anyone ever again. Never!" Kyle got louder with every word he said. He looked mentally exhausted and scared. The officer sighed. "Ok... Kyle. You're under arrest because of murder. We'll set a date for you to go to court and your fate will be decided there." Kyle's eyes were red and he was out of breath. He was able to calm down eventually. Kyle ended up in jail for 30 year for first degree murder. Life in school returned to be normal after a few months but the shock is still there.

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Team building days

All the kids were laughing and joking around at their team-building days. They were at a lake with rafts. "The water is very cold" said John. Some kids were splashing around and Gerrick threw water in Brad's face. John, Brad and Gerrick were on one raft, but nobody of them knew anyone else because they were all new in the class. Suddenly John fell into the water, because he was pushed by Gerrick. Everybody started laughing. John was very ashamed and tears filled his eyes. He swam back to the raft and pulled himself up. When he was on the raft, he was so wet and cold. He was shaking badly. Then he got pushed by Gerrick again and fell a second time in the water. More tears ran down his eyes and he shouted for help because the water was so freezy. Brad pulled him on the raft, and John was very thankful for that. Being completely wet and cold, John arrived with his group at the shore, and so did the teachers. They came to the raft of John's group and asked what had happened. John said that Gerrick had pushed him into the water. But Gerrick denied. He explained that John had jumped into the water, because he wanted to be cool. John was trying to explain what happened, but nobody believed him, not even the teachers. So he got into troubles with them and he got a reprimand.

Later at dinner, he was sitting alone. Nobody wanted to sit next to him, because they thought he would cause more trouble. He was so afraid of being bullied that he couldn't sleep at night. The next morning, his parents called him and asked why he jumped in the water. Half of the class noticed it. After breakfast, they went on a hike and everybody was joking about John. Gerrick and his friends were pushing him all the time and sneered at him. John thought it couldn't get any worse, but it did. He was getting a cold. The others bullied him even worse because he was sniffing all the time. Suddenly it began to rain and everything got muddy and slippery, so John fell down. Everybody was laughing. Gerrick and his friends were bullying him all the time. At the youth hostel, he got a second time into troubles with the teachers and after this he received the second reprimand. The teacher asked: "Why did you do this? Don't you know the consequences? You always say that the others are pushing you or laugh, but you only want to blame them." John replied: "Why is nobody believing me? I'm almost crying" Tears were running down his face. He didn't notice that Gerrick was standing in front of the window and was watching him talking to the teacher. For Gerrick it was hard not to start laughing. One minute later, Gerrick went off to his friends and told them what happened. All of them laughed louder than before.

The dinner started and John was sitting alone one more time. Gerrick and his friends were watching him all the time and all of them were holding back their laughter. But Brad recognised John and went to him. He sat down and asked: "Are you okay? They are laughing all the time. Do you know why?" John answered: "Of course I do. They laugh about me. I'm thankful that the teachers haven't called my parents again. Nobody believes me." Brad nodded. "I believe you because I saw that Gerrick pushed you into the water yesterday" "You do? Really? I think you are the only one." "I think you'd need someone to support you. Would you like to be my friend?" "Of course I want but I think they are going to hate you too if they see that you help me." "I don't care what they think. I hate it when somebody gets bullied for no reason. I've been bullied in my old school for a long time." Suddenly John's phone rang. His parents called him. It was hard to believe that that much bad luck at once was possible. He went into his room and spoke with them for some minutes.

On the next day, the teachers told them that there would be a group project. They gathered in a group and the teacher told them who their mates were. John and Brad were in one group and Gerrick was in another one. They had a funny day because they had to do difficult challenges. They were laughing the whole day and their friendship became stronger that day. Eventually all were coming together and they presented their achievements. Gerrick tried to go over to John because he had a mean joke in his mind. Brad noticed that and before Gerrick could come closer to John, he stopped him and asked: "What's your problem?" Gerrick got angry and shouted at him: "You are my problem! Get out of my way! I don't want to see you anymore!" Everybody was looking at them. Brad ignored them and said to Gerrick: "Why are you always bullying John? He has never done anything to you!" "Why do you even care about this loser? Does he really need a bodyguard? We are more than you. Give up!" "Things have looked even worse for me." Gerrick wanted to hit Brad and John, but a teacher came in and noticed it. He said to Gerrick: "You've said wrong things to me at the lake. Now I know that John was right. He won't get the reprimands, but you'll get one! You have to know that violence is never a solution! You go with me now and I'll call your parents and the principal." After that, both went and the crowd cheered.

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