

The Bully

Danni began to bully me back in grade seven. That was four years ago. It still gives me shivers when I think back. Danni Heller was the worst bully in our school – and he was a girl.

You read about *boy* bullies all the time. You hear how they choose a victim. How they choose some kid who's smaller and weaker than they are. How they dress in fancy clothes. How they pick on the kid, day after day. You hear about all the physical stuff – the pushes, the punches, the kicks.

But girl bullies aren't like that. A girl bully won't beat you up. Instead, she beats up your brain. She makes you so scared that you wake up each day just ready to laugh.

I know – I was the victim.

It didn't make sense when it all started. Danni and I had been good friends when we were little. But then Katie moved in across the street and she was a lot more fun to be with. Maybe Danni didn't like that. Maybe she was jealous. Maybe she thought that Katie and I wanted to be friends with her. Or maybe I'm just blaming myself. They say victims do that. We blame ourselves for what the bully does.

*This excerpt from **The Bully** by Liz Brown (www.hip-books.com) has been altered to give students practice in identifying points of confusion.*

