

Bullying

There was a bully at our school,
His name was Albert Rye.
He bullied a boy in class 4c,
And often made him cry.

We'd watch him in the playground,
But pretend we hadn't heard,
As he called him names,
And ripped his coat,
No one ever said a word.

We just stayed away from them
We let him tease and punch
And taunt poor Tim for being small
As he stole and ate his lunch.

We knew that what he did was wrong,
It really wasn't fair.
We could have stopped it,
We should have told,
It wasn't that we didn't care...



But Albert was big and very mean,
And though I'm ashamed, you see,
Each of us was thinking the same thing -
At least he's bullying him and not me.

Then, in November, a new boy arrived,
And became our friend at school.
He was kind and strong,
And brave and bold,
Everyone thought that he was cool.

One day, while we were playing outside,
He saw Albert bullying poor Tim.
And he asked us what was going on,
And why no one was helping him.

He told us that bullies are cowards,
And that bullying is very wrong.
It's our job to stop them,
It's our job to tell,
And we knew he was right all along.

So we walked up to Albert and told him,
"This bullying we won't condone,
You can't bully anyone here anymore,
Our school is a bully free zone!"



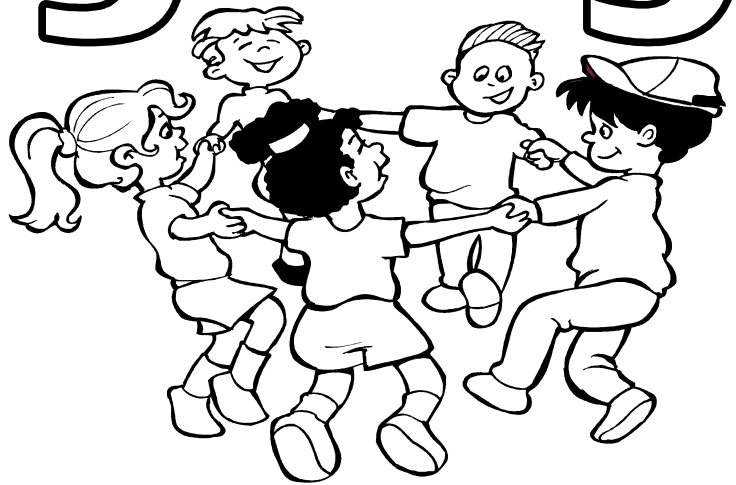
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