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Michael Laham

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Help ▾

⚙ ▾

Site Dashboard

Site Messages

▸ Search Appearance

▸ Search Traffic

▸ Google Index

▾ **Crawl**

   Crawl Errors

   Crawl Stats

   Fetch as Google

   Blocked URLs

   Sitemaps

   URL Parameters

Security Issues

Other Resources

▸ Labs

Fetch as Google

↩

This is how Googlebot fetched the page.

URL: http://www.bullcrapbusters.com/How-to-Fight-Back.html

Date: Thursday, January 23, 2014 at 11:09:10 AM PST

Googlebot Type: Web

Download Time (in milliseconds): 165

> The page content that is displayed here may have been truncated.
> Please check the Help Center article about Fetch as Google for details
> about fetch limits.

```
HTTP/1.1 200 OK
Content-Type: text/html
Server: Microsoft-IIS/7.5
Date: Thu, 23 Jan 2014 19:09:09 GMT
Content-Length: 32085
Vary: Accept-Encoding
Content-Encoding: gzip
Connection: Keep-Alive

<!DOCTYPE html>
<html>
        <head>
                <!-- <hs:metatags> -->
                <meta http-equiv="Content-Type" content="
text/html; charset=UTF-8">
                <meta name="description" content="The Bul
lCrap Busters anti-bullying website shows YOU, the victim
, bystander, and bully, how to let the bully know that wi
th bullying you are through.">
                <meta name="generator" content="Homestead
 SiteBuilder">
                <!-- </hs:metatags> --><!-- <hs:headinclu
de> -->
                <link rel="stylesheet" href="/~master/mas
ter_css.css">
                <style type="text/css">
                #footer
                {
                        font-family:Georgia;
                        font-size:11px;
                        color:#d0e3ff;
                        padding: 20px 0 10px;
```

```
                            }
                            #footer a
                            {
                                    color:#d0e3ff;
                                    text-decoration: underline;
                            }
                            </style>
                            <script src="/~site/javascript/jquery-1.4
.2.min.js" type="text/javascript">
                            </script>
                            <script type="text/javascript">
                                    <!--

                            var masterBottom = 938;
                            if (typeof jQuery != 'undefined') {
                            $(document).ready(function(){
                              try{var footerTop = 0;var curPageBottom
 = 0;
                                 if (typeof nPageBottom == 'undefined'
){
                                   $('div[id^="element"]').each(functi
on(i){
                                     var top = $(this).css('top');
                                     var height = $(this).css('height'
);
                                     top = parseInt(top.substring(0,to
p.length - 2));
                                     height = parseInt(height.substrin
g(0,height.length - 2));
                                     if ((top + height) > curPageBotto
m){curPageBottom = top + height;}
                                   });
                                 }else{curPageBottom = nPageBottom;}
                                 footerTop = masterBottom > curPageBot
tom ? masterBottom : curPageBottom;
                                 $('#footer').css('top', footerTop + '
px');
                              }catch (e){$('#footer').hide();}
                            });
                            }


                                                    //-->
                            </script>

                            <STYLE type="text/css">
                                    <!--
                                                                    .
navBackgroundQuickSiteMain { background-image:url('/~medi
a/elements/LayoutClipart/undefined'); background-position
: undefined; background-repeat:no-repeat }
                                                                    .
navBackgroundSelectedQuickSiteMain { background-image:url
('/~media/elements/LayoutClipart/undefined'); background-
position: undefined; background-repeat:no-repeat }
                                                                -->
                            </STYLE>
                            <script type="text/javascript" src="/~sit
```

```
e/Elements/HCUser_Forms_Submit/FormValidation.js">
            </script>
      <!-- </hs:headinclude> -->




            <!-- <hs:title> -->
            <title>Anti-Bullying Website | The BullCr
ap Busters</title>
            <!-- </hs:title> -->
            <script type="text/javascript">
                  <!--
                                          function
reDo() {
                                                t
op.location.reload();
                                          }
                                          if (navig
ator.appName == 'Netscape' && parseInt(navigator.appVersi
on) < 5) {
                                                t
op.onresize = reDo;
                                          }
                                          dom=docum
ent.getElementById
                              //-->
            </script>
            <script type="text/javascript">
                  <!--


  var strRelativePagePath = "How-to-Fight-Back.html".toLo
werCase();


  var strRelativePathToRoot = "";



                                          //-->
            </script>
            <link rel="stylesheet" href="/~media/elem
ents/Text/font_styles_ns4.css" type="text/css">
            <style type="text/css">
                  @import url(/~media/elements/Text
/font_styles.css);
                  div.lpxcenterpageouter { text-ali
gn: center; position: absolute; top: 0px; left: 0px; widt
h: 100% }
            </style>
            <script type="text/javascript">
                  <!--
                                          v
ar unique_id = new Array();
                  var form_name = new Array();
                  var required = new Array();
```

```
                                var req_message = new Array();

                                                                 //-->
                        </script>

                        <script type="text/javascript" src="/~sit
e/Elements/HCUser_Forms_Submit/FormValidation.js">
                        </script>
        </head>
        <body onload="" id="element1" onunload="" scroll=
"auto">
                        <noscript>
                                <img height="40" width="373" bord
er="0" alt="" src="/~media/elements/shared/javascript_dis
abled.gif">
                        </noscript>
                        <div class="lpxcenterpageouter"><div clas
s="lpxcenterpageinner"><!-- <hs:bodyinclude> --><!-- <hs:
master23> --><div id="master23" style="position: absolute
; left: 34px; width: 909px; height: 923px; z-index: 0;"><
div style="overflow: hidden; height: 923px; width: 909px;
 border: 0px solid #52A8EC; border-radius: 0px; box-shado
w: none;"><img height="923" width="909" style="display: b
lock; border-radius: 0px;" title="" alt="" src="/files/Ma
sterImages/body_shadow.png" /></div></div><!-- </hs:maste
r23> --><!-- <hs:master4> --><div id="master4" style="pos
ition: absolute; top: 39px; width: 985px; height: 899px;
z-index: 1;"><table cellspacing="0" border="0" cellpaddin
g="0"><tr><td height="899" bgcolor="#000000" width="985">
<img height="899" width="985" title="" alt="" style="disp
lay: block;" src="/~site/siteapps/shapes.action?CMD=GetRe
ctangleGif&r=0&g=0&b=0"></td></tr></table></div><!-- </hs
:master4> --><!-- <hs:master18> --><div id="master18" sty
le="position: absolute; top: 79px; left: 21px; width: 945
px; height: 44px; z-index: 2;"><div style="font-size: 1px
; line-height: 1px;" align="center"><font face="'Times Ne
w Roman', Times, serif" color="#d0e3ff" class="size26 Tim
esRoman26">THE BULLCRAP BUSTERS <br></font></div></div><!
-- </hs:master18> --><!-- <hs:master19> --><div id="maste
r19" style="position: absolute; top: 130px; left: 24px; w
idth: 946px; height: 39px; z-index: 3;"><div style="font-
size: 1px; line-height: 1px;" align="center"><font face="
'Times New Roman', Times, serif" color="#B91806" class="s
ize24 TimesRoman24">We</font><font face="'Times New Roman
', Times, serif" color="#d0e3ff" class="size24 TimesRoman
24"> </font><font face="'Times New Roman', Times, serif"
color="#D36100" class="size24 TimesRoman24">Take</font><f
ont face="'Times New Roman', Times, serif" color="#d0e3ff
" class="size24 TimesRoman24"> </font><font face="'Times
New Roman', Times, serif" color="#E8B900" class="size24 T
imesRoman24">The</font><font face="'Times New Roman', Tim
es, serif" color="#e8b900" class="size24 TimesRoman24"> <
/font><font face="'Times New Roman', Times, serif" color=
"#3F9C2D" class="size24 TimesRoman24">Bullying</font><fon
t face="'Times New Roman', Times, serif" color="#3f9c2d"
class="size24 TimesRoman24"> </font><font face="'Times Ne
w Roman', Times, serif" color="#406AB0" class="size24 Tim
esRoman24">By</font><font face="'Times New Roman', Times,
```

serif" color="#d0e3ff" class="size24 TimesRoman24"> The Horns
</div></div><!-- </hs:master19> --><!-- <hs:master17> --><div id="master17" style="position: absolute; top: 180px; left: 758px; width: 207px; height: 518px; z-index: 4;"><div align="left"><SCRIPT type="text/javascript">var nav_element_id="master17";</SCRIPT><div id="nav_version" style="display:none;">1</div><SCRIPT TYPE="text/javascript" SRC="/~navs/QuickSiteMain.js"></SCRIPT><TABLE ID="ntb" CELLSPACING="0" CELLPADDING="0" BORDER="0" ><TR id="vNavTR_Link_QuickSiteMain1"><TD ALIGN="left" VALIGN="MIDDLE" NOWRAP="NOWRAP" id="QuickSiteMain_Link1" style="cursor: pointer;cursor: hand;color:#FFFFFF;font-size: 1px; line-height: 1px;" onmouseover="doMouseChange(nav_QuickSiteMain,this,'1',true);" onmouseout="doMouseChange(nav_QuickSiteMain,this,'1',false);"><A HREF="/index.html" TARGET="_self" STYLE="text-decoration:none;" NAME="Home"><IMG style="display: block;" SRC="/tp.gif" WIDTH="1" HEIGHT="5.0" BORDER="0"><FONT ID="QuickSiteMain_f1" FACE="'Times New Roman', Times, serif" CLASS="size18 TimesRoman18" STYLE="color:#FFFFFF">Home</FONT><IMG style="display: block;" SRC="/tp.gif" WIDTH="1" HEIGHT="5.0" BORDER="0"></A></TD></TR><TR id="vNavTR_Link_QuickSiteMain2"><TD ALIGN="left" VALIGN="MIDDLE" NOWRAP="NOWRAP" id="QuickSiteMain_Link2" style="cursor: pointer;cursor: hand;color:#FFFFFF;font-size: 1px; line-height: 1px;" onmouseover="doMouseChange(nav_QuickSiteMain,this,'2',true);" onmouseout="doMouseChange(nav_QuickSiteMain,this,'2',false);"><A HREF="/Introduction.html" TARGET="_self" STYLE="text-decoration:none;" NAME="Introduction"><IMG style="display: block;" SRC="/tp.gif" WIDTH="1" HEIGHT="5.0" BORDER="0"><FONT ID="QuickSiteMain_f2" FACE="'Times New Roman', Times, serif" CLASS="size18 TimesRoman18" STYLE="color:#FFFFFF">Introduction</FONT><IMG style="display: block;" SRC="/tp.gif" WIDTH="1" HEIGHT="5.0" BORDER="0"></A></TD></TR><TR id="vNavTR_Link_QuickSiteMain3"><TD ALIGN="left" VALIGN="MIDDLE" NOWRAP="NOWRAP" id="QuickSiteMain_Link3" style="cursor: pointer;cursor: hand;color:#FFFFFF;font-size: 1px; line-height: 1px;" onmouseover="doMouseChange(nav_QuickSiteMain,this,'3',true);" onmouseout="doMouseChange(nav_QuickSiteMain,this,'3',false);"><A HREF="/Masks---Faces.html" TARGET="_self" STYLE="text-decoration:none;" NAME="Masks & Faces"><IMG style="display: block;" SRC="/tp.gif" WIDTH="1" HEIGHT="5.0" BORDER="0"><FONT ID="QuickSiteMain_f3" FACE="'Times New Roman', Times, serif" CLASS="size18 TimesRoman18" STYLE="color:#FFFFFF">Masks & Faces</FONT><IMG style="display: block;" SRC="/tp.gif" WIDTH="1" HEIGHT="5.0" BORDER="0"></A></TD></TR><TR id="vNavTR_Link_QuickSiteMain4"><TD ALIGN="left" VALIGN="MIDDLE" NOWRAP="NOWRAP" id="QuickSiteMain_Link4" style="cursor: pointer;cursor: hand;color:#FFFFFF;font-size: 1px; line-height: 1px;" onmouseover="doMouseChange(nav_QuickSiteMain,this,'4',true);" onmouseout="doMouseChange(nav_QuickSiteMain,this,'4',false);"><A HREF="/Society-s-Bully.html" TARGET="_self" STYLE="text-decoration:none;" NAME="Society's Bully"><IMG style="display: block;" SRC="/tp.

gif" WIDTH="1" HEIGHT="5.0" BORDER="0"><FONT ID="QuickSit
eMain_f4" FACE="'Times New Roman', Times, serif" CLASS="s
ize18 TimesRoman18" STYLE="color:#FFFFFF">Society's
Bully</FONT><IMG style="display: block;" SRC="/tp.gif" WI
DTH="1" HEIGHT="5.0" BORDER="0"></A></TD></TR><TR id="vNa
vTR_Link_QuickSiteMain5"><TD ALIGN="left" VALIGN="MIDDLE"
 NOWRAP="NOWRAP" id="QuickSiteMain_Link5" style="cursor:
pointer;cursor: hand;color:#FFFFFF;font-size: 1px; line-h
eight: 1px;" onmouseover="doMouseChange(nav_QuickSiteMain
,this,'5',true);" onmouseout="doMouseChange(nav_QuickSite
Main,this,'5',false);"><A HREF="/Playground-Bully.html" T
ARGET="_self" STYLE="text-decoration:none;" NAME="Playgro
und Bully"><IMG style="display: block;" SRC="/tp.gif" WID
TH="1" HEIGHT="5.0" BORDER="0"><FONT ID="QuickSiteMain_f5
" FACE="'Times New Roman', Times, serif" CLASS="size18 Ti
mesRoman18" STYLE="color:#FFFFFF">Playground Bully</
FONT><IMG style="display: block;" SRC="/tp.gif" WIDTH="1"
 HEIGHT="5.0" BORDER="0"></A></TD></TR><TR id="vNavTR_Lin
k_QuickSiteMain6"><TD ALIGN="left" VALIGN="MIDDLE" NOWRAP
="NOWRAP" id="QuickSiteMain_Link6" style="cursor: pointer
;cursor: hand;color:#FFFFFF;font-size: 1px; line-height:
1px;" onmouseover="doMouseChange(nav_QuickSiteMain,this,'
6',true);" onmouseout="doMouseChange(nav_QuickSiteMain,th
is,'6',false);"><A HREF="/Enforcer-Bully.html" TARGET="_s
elf" STYLE="text-decoration:none;" NAME="Enforcer Bully">
<IMG style="display: block;" SRC="/tp.gif" WIDTH="1" HEIG
HT="5.0" BORDER="0"><FONT ID="QuickSiteMain_f6" FACE="'Ti
mes New Roman', Times, serif" CLASS="size18 TimesRoman18"
 STYLE="color:#FFFFFF">Enforcer Bully</FONT><IMG sty
le="display: block;" SRC="/tp.gif" WIDTH="1" HEIGHT="5.0"
 BORDER="0"></A></TD></TR><TR id="vNavTR_Link_QuickSiteMa
in7"><TD ALIGN="left" VALIGN="MIDDLE" NOWRAP="NOWRAP" id=
"QuickSiteMain_Link7" style="cursor: pointer;cursor: hand
;color:#FFFFFF;font-size: 1px; line-height: 1px;" onmouse
over="doMouseChange(nav_QuickSiteMain,this,'7',true);" on
mouseout="doMouseChange(nav_QuickSiteMain,this,'7',false)
;"><A HREF="/Clergy-Bully.html" TARGET="_self" STYLE="tex
t-decoration:none;" NAME="Clergy Bully"><IMG style="displ
ay: block;" SRC="/tp.gif" WIDTH="1" HEIGHT="5.0" BORDER="
0"><FONT ID="QuickSiteMain_f7" FACE="'Times New Roman', T
imes, serif" CLASS="size18 TimesRoman18" STYLE="color:#FF
FFFF">Clergy Bully</FONT><IMG style="display: block;
" SRC="/tp.gif" WIDTH="1" HEIGHT="5.0" BORDER="0"></A></T
D></TR><TR id="vNavTR_Link_QuickSiteMain8"><TD ALIGN="lef
t" VALIGN="MIDDLE" NOWRAP="NOWRAP" id="QuickSiteMain_Link
8" style="cursor: pointer;cursor: hand;color:#FFFFFF;font
-size: 1px; line-height: 1px;" onmouseover="doMouseChange
(nav_QuickSiteMain,this,'8',true);" onmouseout="doMouseCh
ange(nav_QuickSiteMain,this,'8',false);"><A HREF="/Corpor
ate-Elite-Bully.html" TARGET="_self" STYLE="text-decorati
on:none;" NAME="Corporate Elite Bully"><IMG style="displa
y: block;" SRC="/tp.gif" WIDTH="1" HEIGHT="5.0" BORDER="0
"><FONT ID="QuickSiteMain_f8" FACE="'Times New Roman', Ti
mes, serif" CLASS="size18 TimesRoman18" STYLE="color:#FFF
FFF">Corporate Elite Bully</FONT><IMG style="di
splay: block;" SRC="/tp.gif" WIDTH="1" HEIGHT="5.0" BORDE
R="0"></A></TD></TR><TR id="vNavTR_Link_QuickSiteMain9"><
TD ALIGN="left" VALIGN="MIDDLE" NOWRAP="NOWRAP" id="Quick

SiteMain_Link9" style="cursor: pointer;cursor: hand;color
:#FFFFFF;font-size: 1px; line-height: 1px;" onmouseover="
doMouseChange(nav_QuickSiteMain,this,'9',true);" onmouseo
ut="doMouseChange(nav_QuickSiteMain,this,'9',false);"><A
HREF="/Elite-Bully.html" TARGET="_self" STYLE="text-decor
ation:none;" NAME="Elite Bully"><IMG style="display: bloc
k;" SRC="/tp.gif" WIDTH="1" HEIGHT="5.0" BORDER="0"><FONT
 ID="QuickSiteMain_f9" FACE="'Times New Roman', Times, se
rif" CLASS="size18 TimesRoman18" STYLE="color:#FFFFFF">El
ite Bully</FONT><IMG style="display: block;" SRC="/t
p.gif" WIDTH="1" HEIGHT="5.0" BORDER="0"></A></TD></TR><T
R id="vNavTR_Link_QuickSiteMain10"><TD ALIGN="left" VALIG
N="MIDDLE" NOWRAP="NOWRAP" id="QuickSiteMain_Link10" styl
e="cursor: pointer;cursor: hand;color:#FFFFFF;font-size:
1px; line-height: 1px;" onmouseover="doMouseChange(nav_Qu
ickSiteMain,this,'10',true);" onmouseout="doMouseChange(n
av_QuickSiteMain,this,'10',false);"><A HREF="/How-to-Figh
t-Back.html" TARGET="_self" STYLE="text-decoration:none;"
 NAME="How to Fight Back"><IMG style="display: block;" SR
C="/tp.gif" WIDTH="1" HEIGHT="5.0" BORDER="0"><FONT ID="Q
uickSiteMain_f10" FACE="'Times New Roman', Times, serif"
CLASS="size18 TimesRoman18" STYLE="color:#FFFFFF">How&nbs
p;to Fight Back</FONT><IMG style="display: bloc
k;" SRC="/tp.gif" WIDTH="1" HEIGHT="5.0" BORDER="0"></A><
/TD></TR><TR id="vNavTR_Link_QuickSiteMain11"><TD ALIGN="
left" VALIGN="MIDDLE" NOWRAP="NOWRAP" id="QuickSiteMain_L
ink11" style="cursor: pointer;cursor: hand;color:#FFFFFF;
font-size: 1px; line-height: 1px;" onmouseover="doMouseCh
ange(nav_QuickSiteMain,this,'11',true);" onmouseout="doMo
useChange(nav_QuickSiteMain,this,'11',false);"><A HREF="/
Physical-Bullying.html" TARGET="_self" STYLE="text-decora
tion:none;" NAME="Physical Bullying"><IMG style="display:
 block;" SRC="/tp.gif" WIDTH="1" HEIGHT="5.0" BORDER="0">
<FONT ID="QuickSiteMain_f11" FACE="'Times New Roman', Tim
es, serif" CLASS="size18 TimesRoman18" STYLE="color:#FFFF
FF">Physical Bullying</FONT><IMG style="display: blo
ck;" SRC="/tp.gif" WIDTH="1" HEIGHT="5.0" BORDER="0"></A>
</TD></TR><TR id="vNavTR_Link_QuickSiteMain12"><TD ALIGN=
"left" VALIGN="MIDDLE" NOWRAP="NOWRAP" id="QuickSiteMain_
Link12" style="cursor: pointer;cursor: hand;color:#FFFFFF
;font-size: 1px; line-height: 1px;" onmouseover="doMouseC
hange(nav_QuickSiteMain,this,'12',true);" onmouseout="doM
ouseChange(nav_QuickSiteMain,this,'12',false);"><A HREF="
/Emotional-Bullying.html" TARGET="_self" STYLE="text-deco
ration:none;" NAME="Emotional Bullying"><IMG style="displ
ay: block;" SRC="/tp.gif" WIDTH="1" HEIGHT="5.0" BORDER="
0"><FONT ID="QuickSiteMain_f12" FACE="'Times New Roman',
Times, serif" CLASS="size18 TimesRoman18" STYLE="color:#F
FFFFF">Emotional Bullying</FONT><IMG style="display:
 block;" SRC="/tp.gif" WIDTH="1" HEIGHT="5.0" BORDER="0">
</A></TD></TR><TR id="vNavTR_Link_QuickSiteMain13"><TD AL
IGN="left" VALIGN="MIDDLE" NOWRAP="NOWRAP" id="QuickSiteM
ain_Link13" style="cursor: pointer;cursor: hand;color:#FF
FFFF;font-size: 1px; line-height: 1px;" onmouseover="doMo
useChange(nav_QuickSiteMain,this,'13',true);" onmouseout=
"doMouseChange(nav_QuickSiteMain,this,'13',false);"><A HR
EF="/Mental-Bullying.html" TARGET="_self" STYLE="text-dec
oration:none;" NAME="Mental Bullying"><IMG style="display

```
: block;" SRC="/tp.gif" WIDTH="1" HEIGHT="5.0" BORDER="0"
><FONT ID="QuickSiteMain_f13" FACE="'Times New Roman', Ti
mes, serif" CLASS="size18 TimesRoman18" STYLE="color:#FFF
FFF">Mental Bullying</FONT><IMG style="display: bloc
k;" SRC="/tp.gif" WIDTH="1" HEIGHT="5.0" BORDER="0"></A><
/TD></TR><TR id="vNavTR_Link_QuickSiteMain14"><TD ALIGN="
left" VALIGN="MIDDLE" NOWRAP="NOWRAP" id="QuickSiteMain_L
ink14" style="cursor: pointer;cursor: hand;color:#FFFFFF;
font-size: 1px; line-height: 1px;" onmouseover="doMouseCh
ange(nav_QuickSiteMain,this,'14',true);" onmouseout="doMo
useChange(nav_QuickSiteMain,this,'14',false);"><A HREF="/
Conclusion.html" TARGET="_self" STYLE="text-decoration:no
ne;" NAME="Conclusion"><IMG style="display: block;" SRC="
/tp.gif" WIDTH="1" HEIGHT="5.0" BORDER="0"><FONT ID="Quic
kSiteMain_f14" FACE="'Times New Roman', Times, serif" CLA
SS="size18 TimesRoman18" STYLE="color:#FFFFFF">Conclusion
</FONT><IMG style="display: block;" SRC="/tp.gif" WIDTH="
1" HEIGHT="5.0" BORDER="0"></A></TD></TR></TABLE><BR/><sc
ript type="text/javascript">
        if(typeof(addMouseAndStyleSupportQuickSiteMain) =
= 'undefined' && typeof(nav_element_id) != 'undefined'){
                var elementDefnDiv = document.getElementB
yId(nav_element_id);
                var tbWasIdentified = 'false';
                for(var i=0;i<elementDefnDiv.childNodes.l
ength;i++){
                        if(elementDefnDiv.childNodes[i].t
agName == 'DIV') {
                                var childDiv = elementDef
nDiv.childNodes[i];
                                for(var j=0;j<childDiv.ch
ildNodes.length;j++){
                                        if(childDiv.child
Nodes[j].tagName == 'TABLE' && childDiv.childNodes[j].id
== 'ntb'){
                                                childDiv.
childNodes[j].style.display='none';
                                                tbWasIden
tified = 'true';
                                        }
                                        if(tbWasIdentifie
d == 'true'){
                                                break;
                                        }
                                }
                        }
                        if(tbWasIdentified == 'true'){
                                break;
                        }
                }
        } else {
                addMouseAndStyleSupportQuickSiteMain(nav_
QuickSiteMain);
        }
</script></div></div><!-- </hs:master17> --><!-- <hs:foot
er> --><div id="footer" style="position:absolute; top: 15
00px; left: 0px; width: 980px; text-align: center;"><span
>Website Designed<script src="/~globals/footer.js" type="
```

text/javascript"></script> at Homestead™ <a target="
_blank" href="http://www.homestead.com/">Design a Website
 and <a target="_blank" href="http://listings.homeste
ad.com">List Your Business</div><!-- </hs:foot
er> --><!-- </hs:bodyinclude> --><!-- <hs:element52> --><
div id="element52" style="position: absolute; top: 209px;
 left: 44px; width: 703px; height: 22977px; z-index: 1000
;"><div style="height: 22977px; padding: 0px; border-widt
h: 0px; border-color: #000000; border-style: solid; backg
round-color: #000000;"><div style="font-size: 1px; line-h
eight: 1px;" align="center"><font face="'Times New Roman'
, Times, serif" color="#ffffff" class="size18 TimesRoman1
8">
</div><div style="font-size: 1px; li
ne-height: 1px;" align="center"><font face="'Times New Ro
man', Times, serif" color="#ffffff" class="size18 TimesRo
man18">
</div><div style="font-size: 1px
; line-height: 1px;" align="center"><font face="'Times Ne
w Roman', Times, serif" color="#ffffff" class="size18 Tim
esRoman18">
</div><div style="font-size:
 1px; line-height: 1px;" align="center"><font face="'Time
s New Roman', Times, serif" color="#ffffff" class="size18
 TimesRoman18">
</div><div style="font-s
ize: 1px; line-height: 1px;" align="center"><font face="'
Times New Roman', Times, serif" color="#ffffff" class="si
ze18 TimesRoman18">
</div><div style="fo
nt-size: 1px; line-height: 1px;" align="center"><font fac
e="'Times New Roman', Times, serif" color="#ffffff" class
="size18 TimesRoman18">
</div><div style
="font-size: 1px; line-height: 1px;" align="center"><font
 face="'Times New Roman', Times, serif" color="#ffffff" c
lass="size18 TimesRoman18">
</div><div s
tyle="font-size: 1px; line-height: 1px;" align="center"><
font face="'Times New Roman', Times, serif" color="#fffff
f" class="size18 TimesRoman18">
</div><d
iv style="font-size: 1px; line-height: 1px;" align="cente
r"><font face="'Times New Roman', Times, serif" color="#f
fffff" class="size18 TimesRoman18">
</di
v><div style="font-size: 1px; line-height: 1px;" align="c
enter"><font face="'Times New Roman', Times, serif" color
="#ffffff" class="size18 TimesRoman18">

</div><div style="font-size: 1px; line-height: 1px;" alig
n="center"><font face="'Times New Roman', Times, serif" c
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man', Times, serif" color="#ffffff" class="size18 TimesRo
man18">By Elana Laham © 2013 Elana Laham
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iv style="font-size: 1px; line-height: 1px;"><font face="
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ize18 TimesRoman18">   I remember once hearing a story
 about how two black women, who lived in the seedy part o
f Los Angeles, California, decided to start helping the c
hildren who lived in their bad neighborhood resist the te
mptation to use drugs. Night after night, they continued
 to reach out to these kids, even though they received num

erous threatening phone calls from the leaders of street gangs warning them, that if they did not abandon their efforts they would be killed. In spite of this, they refused to give up their project of hope. Today, their project of hope is known as the nationwide outreach program called D.A.R.E.
</div><div style="font-size: 1px; line-height: 1px;">
</div><div style="font-size: 1px; line-height: 1px;"> Unless you, the individual, start the ball rolling by declaring that, "Enough is enough!" the Bully Culture will never be eradicated. Don't wait for an invitation to do so, as it will NEVER EVER come. No matter how infinitesimal you believe your contribution to making the world a better place may be, make it anyway. It will save lives, which is the most important thing that any human being can do on this earth. Let the heroes and heroines know that they are not fighting alone. After all, being that the earth is round not flat, we are all in this together, whether we like it or not. So if each one of us makes the choice to take a stand, then we will become a united force to be reckoned with and the Bully Culture will be no more. For who knows better then the elite bully that there is power in numbers and that our numbers are far greater than theirs.
</div><div style="font-size: 1px; line-height: 1px;">
</div><div style="font-size: 1px; line-height: 1px;"> Whether or not we are bullies, victims, or bystanders, we are all VICTIMS of the BULLY CULTURE.
</div><div style="font-size: 1px; line-height: 1px;">
</div><div style="font-size: 1px; line-height: 1px;"> If you are a bystander and you are holding back from extricating yourself from the Bully Culture's sick social roles because you believe that if you don't you will not get social approval, contrary to what the Bully Culture hopes that you will believe, IF YOU HAVE TO BE A GARBAGE CAN IN ORDER TO BE POPULAR THAN ALL YOU ARE IS A POPULAR GARBAGE CAN. You are not going to be loved and respected by others for being what I call a conformed ass (conformist). Instead, love and respect yourself for being an INDIVIDUAL. You were not born a bystander. The Bully Culture made you into one via your upbringing. In other words, you were trained by your significant others how the world is going to interact with you, and therefore how you are going to interact with the world. You behave like a bystander unaware that you are doing so until you become cognizant enough to realize that the society that we live, designates all of us into being, either, a bully, a victim, or a bystander. It is in that moment, that you have the personal choice to decide whether or not you will CHOOSE to remain a bystander. DARE TO STOP BEING A BYSTAN

DER. Stand up against the Bully Culture. Otherwise, you are putting yourself at risk for becoming a mediocre under achiever who supports a bully culture that, once it runs out of victims to victimize, will make you into its next bully target.
</div><div style="font-size: 1px; line-height: 1px;">
</div><div style="font-size: 1px; line-height: 1px;"> If you are a bully and you are holding back from extricating yourself from the Bully Culture's sick social roles because you believe that if you don't you will be bullied, contrary, to what the Bully Culture hopes that you will believe, A BULLY IS A BULLY BECAUSE THE BULLY LETS OTHER BULLIES BULLY THE BULLY. You are not going to be loved and respected by others by being a pathetic, pitiful coward. Instead love and respect yourself by refusing to be a bully since you confront the bully(s) who bully you. You were not born a bully. The Bully Culture made you into one via your upbringing. In other words, you were trained by your significant others how the world is going to interact with you, and therefore how you are going to interact with the world. To put it another way, you are a bully because another bully(s) bullied you. You behave like a bully unaware that you are doing so until you become cognizant enough to realize that the society that we live in, designates all of us into being, either, a bully, a victim, or a bystander. It is in that moment, that you have the personal choice as to whether or not you will CHOOSE to remain a bully. DARE TO STOP BEING A BULLY. Stand up against the Bully Culture. Otherwise, you are putting yourself at risk for becoming an addict who is addicted to bullying.
</div><div style="font-size: 1px; line-height: 1px;">
</div><div style="font-size: 1px; line-height: 1px;"> To expound upon my point, let me introduce you to a man named Herald Brown. He was the Secretary of Defense under the United State President Jimmy Carter. He is the founder of what is called "Brown's Law".
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</div><div style="font-size: 1px; line-height: 1px;"> The following is a classic example of how Brown's Law works: During the days when Russia was a World Class Power it involved itself in an arms race with the United States. When the United States decided to increase its production of weapons of war so did Russia. But, when the United States decided to decrease its production of weapons of war Russia continued to increase theirs. The escalation of this conflict was historically referred to as "The Cold War". From the Cold War Herald Brown observed that, "When we arm, they arm, and when we disarm, they arm", and so Herald Brown concluded that there is such a th

ing is Brown's Law. Brown's Law is both the assertion that one cannot be responsible for another's behavior, one can only be responsible for one's own, and it is the assertion that, if one refuses to be accountable for one's own actions it will bring about a lose-lose situation for all. The extermination of the human race by blowing up the whole planet with atom, hydrogen, and/or neutron bombs due to Russia's run away armament policy was now a very real possibility. However, because the United States recognized that they could not deactivate Russia's race to arm they made the decision to continue activating their own arm's race in order to protect America. Luckily, instead of humankind being destroyed by atom, hydrogen, or neutron bombs, Russia's socio-economic structure collapsed as a result of it having invested just about every Kopek that it had arming its military force.
</div><div style="font-size: 1px; line-height: 1px;">
</div><div style="font-size: 1px; line-height: 1px;"> When a Bully Culture overtakes society, Browns' Law becomes the rule of the day. And so for instance, while it may appear that the bully gets popular for disliking people, the bystander gets popular for being regarded as the people, and the victim stays unpopular for liking people, this is not the case. A bully is born out of significant others who either, spoil, neglect, or abuse their children. Result, a bully is incapable of doing anything for him self. Instead he expects or demands everyone else to cater to his every whim him. Thusly, not only does the bully develop an attitude that others must kiss his buttocks, but the bully is also unwilling to wipe his own buttocks. Hence, the bully beats up on others by having his followers do his dirty work for him. And so, when the bully appoints himself as leader of the pack, since he can't and won't do anything for himself, he stirs up resentment amongst his followers because they do not respect, only fear him. Such means that the bully better watch out! For any and every members of his group will always be looking for the chance to depose him from his throne by taking over his position as the leader of the group. Now this is where Brown's Law comes in. Knowing that other bullies are more than happy to dethrone him, the bully has to brown nose the butt(s) of any bully(s) who may pose as a threat to his dominion, whether or not they are part of the bully's pack. Hence, the bully is no better off than the victim, for the bully also has to be a lick butt — get beaten up by others — in order to uphold his role of being a kick butt — beating up others.
</div><div style="font-size: 1px; line-height: 1px;">
</div><div style="font-size: 1px; line-height: 1px;"> It does not matter which role you end up playing, for contrary to what the Bully Culture hopes that you will believe, the victim role, the bystander role, and the bully role make

VICTIMS out of all of us. The victim is one side of the c
oin, the bully is the other side of the coin, and the bys
tander is the rim of the coin. So we are all in this toge
ther. The lose-lose situation of Brown's Law with regard
to the Bully Culture is that the victim beats up on himse
lf because a bully bullied him; the bully beats up on oth
ers because a bully bullied him; and the bystander gets t
raumatized by standing by witnessing all of the bullying.
 But the other side of the coin of Brown's Law with regar
d to the Bully Culture is that, contrary to what the Bull
y Culture hopes that you will believe, being a victim, a
bystander, or a bully is not determined by the way in whi
ch one believes, thinks, feels, or acts. It is determined
 by one's FREE CHOICE factor. Therefore, even though we c
annot be responsible for other peoples' behavior, we can
be accountable for our own behavior, and thereby make a w
in-win scenario for us all. It is up to each individual o
ne of us who and what we are going to choose to be...the
bully, the victim, the bystander, or a self-actualized in
dividual. We all make this decision at one point in our l
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lass="size18 TimesRoman18">   People like Dr. Martin Luth
er King Jr., did. They decided to be advocates for social
 justice. They organized social movements. They staged pe
aceful protests. They educated the masses. They set up su
pport groups. They made demonstrations to give the power
back to the people. And they risked their lives to do it.
 They decided that they woulda, shoulda, coulda rather di
e standing up than live on their knees for they knew that
 life is not worth living without FREEDOM.
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re a victim and you are holding back from extricating you
rself from the Bully Culture's sick social roles because
you believe that you can do nothing to alter your victim
status, contrary, to what the Bully Culture hopes that yo
u will believe, YOU CAN LIBERATE YOURSELF FROM THE VICTIM

ROLE. We won't lie to you. It won't be easy. In fact, it will most probably be the most difficult journey that you will embark upon in your entire life. This is because many people will try to stop you every step of the way. They either think that they have a stake in the Bully Culture and thereby consider you a threat to their own existence, or they feel afraid that if you succeed in extricating yourself from the Bully Culture's sick social roles, then you will accomplish what they dare not even dream of doing...embrace the freedom to be WHO YOU ARE MEANT TO BE. There has never been, is not now, and never ever will be another YOU in the entire universe. You are here for a reason. It is your inalienable right to fulfill your potential and to experience the pure joy of living that comes from contributing to the world in the way that only you can. You deserve to be truly happy so don't let others hold you back. Don't let others dictate to you how to live your life. It is your life, no one else's.
</div><div style="font-size: 1px; line-height: 1px;">
</div><div style="font-size: 1px; line-height: 1px;"> This world belongs to ALL of US not just to some of us. What do we teach our children when we persecute the victim, tolerate the bystander, and glorify the bully? We teach them that we do NOT care about them!!! If we refuse to exercise our human rights today, we will not have any human rights to exercise tomorrow. Is this the legacy that we wish to manifest as our destiny? Are we going to continue to physically torture one another and psychologically torment each other so that we ALL can be a throw away commodity for the Bully Culture establishment to exploit? Or are we going to take back our lives by teaching our children to overcome the Bully Culture regime's sick social roles and thereby overthrow the elite bully's sick sovereign rule over us by declaring that, "ENOUGH is ENOUGH!!!" The choice is YOURS.
</div><div style="font-size: 1px; line-height: 1px;">
</div><div style="font-size: 1px; line-height: 1px;">PURSUE YOUR OWN DREAM
</div><div style="font-size: 1px; line-height: 1px;">
</div><div style="font-size: 1px; line-height: 1px;"> The elite bully's motto is, "It is not enough that I succeed, you must fail". The business bully's motto is, "I get rich by making you poor". The clergy bully's motto is, "I am a wolf in sheep's clothing". The enforcer bully's motto is, "Guilty until proven innocent". The playground bully's motto is, "I am normal therefore you are abnormal". Society's bully's motto is, "Exonerate the bully, tolerate the bystander, and blame the victim". What do all of these mottos have in common? Their common denominator is the Bully Culture's

motto of, "In order for there to be a winner there has t
o be a loser". The overall purpose of bullying is to make
 the bully "the winner" by making the victim "the loser".

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e="'Times New Roman', Times, serif" color="#ffffff" class
="size18 TimesRoman18"> One way that bullying labels the
 bully "the winner" and the victim "the loser" in so-call
ed society is by lowering the victim's dignity so that th
e bully's self esteem can be boosted. This is done throug
h social ostracizing. For instance, the bully calls the v
ictim names to the victim's face while spreading disparag
ing gossip and derogatory reports behind the victim's bac
k about the victim to others. Desperate to be included in
 the social scene, the lonely victim grovels for bully ap
proval so that the victim can be included in the social g
roup. The victim does not get social approval and falls i
nto a state of depression that puts the victim at risk fo
r committing suicide.
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 in which the bully establishes bully superiority and vic
tim inferiority is by making it seem that the bully is ac
tually a victim by making it appear that the victim is re
ally a bully. The bully will relentlessly bother the vict
im without provocation. Desperate to withdraw into social
 isolation the incensed victim retaliates against the bul
ly and the bully gets the victim into some sort of troubl
e for having the audacity to fight back. Result, the vict
im rises up into a state of out of control rage that puts
 the victim at risk for committing homicide.

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 Roman', Times, serif" color="#ffffff" class="size18 Time
sRoman18"> What can the victim do to prevent the worthle
ss bully from destroying the victim's sense of self worth
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="size18 TimesRoman18">   The greatest revenge that the v
ictim can take on the bully is to LIVE WELL in spite of t
he bully. What the bully dreads the most is for the victi
m to be successful. This is because the bully knows what
a failure he is since he is too pre-occupied with being a
 bully to make anything of him self. The victim must cult
ivate the attitude that, "The bully is not worth the devo
tion of my emotion" by removing himself from the bully's
presence and the bully's crowd for the bully is nothing b
ut poison to the victim's psyche.
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 What if the victim cannot avoid the bully and/or bully's
 associates? For instance they are the victim's parents.
 The victim must do his best to minimize his contact with
 the bully and the bully's world. At the same token the v
ictim has to do his utmost to accept the reality of the b
ullying situation without self-incrimination. This is cal
led ACCEPTING the bully circumstance. In other words, thi
ngs that are beyond the victim's control are NOT the vict
im's fault. So, if the victim cannot do anything about th
e bullying, or disengage from the bullying relationship,
the victim is NOT to feel bad about him self for not bein
g able to stop the bullying.
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rary to what the Bully Culture hopes that you will believ
e, accepting the bully circumstance does NOT mean that yo
u are to forgive the bully. The bully cannot be pardoned
if the bully is not sorry since the damage done to the vi
ctim cannot be reversed unless and until the bully gives
back to the victim what the bully took away from the vict
im.
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lture hopes that you will believe, accepting the bully ci
rcumstance does NOT mean that you are to ignore the bully
, or pretend the bully does not bother you. We must not l
et the bully get away with being a bully. We must not inv
alidate the victim's pain.
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ry to what the Bully Culture hopes that you will believe,
 accepting the bully circumstance does NOT mean that you
are to complain about the bully to some so called "truste
d adult" since he is most probably an authority figure wh
o is a bully him self. We must not let the enforcer bully
 escalate instead of de-escalate the bully-victim conflic
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ss="size18 TimesRoman18"> Contrary to what the Bully Cul
ture hopes that you will believe, accepting the bully cir
cumstance does NOT mean that you ought to try to "get alo

ng" with the bully by befriending the bully. For in order for the victim to "fit in" to the bully's criterion of what is socially acceptable, the victim will have to kiss bully butt. Such means that if the victim intends to socialize, the victim has to do so at the expense of the victim's own dignity. This is NOT acceptable. Fitting in is overrated. It requires that the victim subject himself to ongoing humiliation unless and until he gives up his authentic self by undergoing a) a rigorous physical makeover or b) personality overhaul or c) mental lobotomy so to speak so that he can forfeit his life's calling to become for instance the next scientist that discovers the cure for cancer in order to be for example the local party hardy dope head. As if there are not enough of those, already.
</div><div style="font-size: 1px; line-height: 1px;">
</div><div style="font-size: 1px; line-height: 1px;"> Contrary to what the Bully Culture hopes that you believe, accepting the bully circumstance does NOT mean that the victim will win a popularity contest. In fact, it will have the opposite effect. For not only will the bully continue to hate the victim and demand that every one else hate the victim, but most probably the bully will up the ante with his anti-victim hate campaign as the bully will feel ever the more so threatened by the victim for the victim daring to demonstrate a show of victim independence.
</div><div style="font-size: 1px; line-height: 1px;">
</div><div style="font-size: 1px; line-height: 1px;"> What accepting the bully circumstance does mean is that the victim accepts what he cannot change — the bullying — but does something about what he can change — NOT being preoccupied with being victimized — by engaging in positive interests that promote the victim's self respect.
</div><div style="font-size: 1px; line-height: 1px;">
</div><div style="font-size: 1px; line-height: 1px;">   The victim does this by finding interests, hobbies, and extracurricular activities that the victim likes to do, that the victim is good at doing, and most importantly that the victim has FUN doing, even if it means doing them alone. The more the victim does this, the less the bully's negative victim bashing will affect the victim's self esteem. What gives the victim PLEASURE and PURPOSE will take the place of the victim's dwelling upon the pain that the miserable, meaningless bully gives the victim for no reason. And you never know. One day one of those activities might turn into a life long career for the victim. But whether or not it does, just pursue your own dream if for no other reason than because it makes YOU feel good. Pursue your own dream for it will help you discove

r who you really are versus what the Bully Culture dictat
es that you ought to be. In the meantime, the bully, havi
ng invested all of his time, energy, and resources harmin
g and hurting innocent others, will end up as life's lose
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v><div style="font-size: 1px; line-height: 1px;"><font fa
ce="'Times New Roman', Times, serif" color="#ffffff" clas
s="size18 TimesRoman18">   One of the bully's masks of in
timidation and manipulation is the "Mister/Miss Popular"
ruse. The popular bully uses social status to intimidate
and manipulate the victim into being victimized. This bul
ly is the leader of the group who entices the "outsider"
victim into attempting to be part of the "insider" crowd
by perpetuating the Bully Culture myth that "The popular
people have more fun". However, in order for the victim t
o obtain social acceptance he must grovel for the popular
 bully's social approval by allowing himself to be humili
ated before the popular crowd. And he does so. But instea
d of getting social standing he is singled out by being m
ade to endure physical beatings and/or verbal berating. H
e does this before the so called "cool" people who are so
 hot tempered that they either cheer the bully on or join
 in with the bully to thoroughly punish the victim for ha
ving the audacity to, like any other human being, desire
to belong. Guess what? Being part of the popular bully an
d his minions is highly overrated. It demands that people
 do downright dangerous things like taking drugs, smoking
 cigarettes, drinking alcohol, or downright crazy things
like vandalizing or stealing property, having unprotected
 sex, or getting bad grades in school. What is so fun abo
ut endangering your own health or jeopardizing your own f
uture by contracting a fatal addiction, a sexually transm
itted incurable disease, having a child when you are stil
l a child, getting slapped with a criminal record for lif
e, or failing to get a proper education so that you can b
ecome a financially successful independent member of soci
ety? Mister/Miss Popular bully and his/her sidekicks don'
t have a clue as to how to have any FUN.
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eight: 1px;"><font face="'Times New Roman', Times, serif"
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ing is a real life scenario entitled, "I BELONG TO ME" ab
out how I overcame the Little Miss/Mister Popular bully b
y pursuing my own dreams:
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if" color="#ffffff" class="size18 TimesRoman18"> From th
e time that I attended elementary school until the time t
hat I graduated high school my peers picked on me. My mot
her told me to smile and be friendly. But no matter how h
ard I tried to make friends no one liked me. And so I had
 no friends, not even one. My father told me not to be so
 timid. But no matter how much I mustered up the courage
to walk to and from school alone, I was always afraid tha
t one day the kids were going to gang up on me and beat m
e up. So to calm myself I sang to myself. While I was at
school I was the target of every mean girl's rumor and ev
ery mean boy's joke. And so if the boy's weren't whistlin
g at me and calling me a "dog" and the girls weren't whis
pering, laughing, and spitting on me as I passed by, I wa
s completely ignored as the invalid, invisible phantom th
at I was...to them.
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t: 1px;"><font face="'Times New Roman', Times, serif" col
or="#ffffff" class="size18 TimesRoman18">   Until one fat
eful day when I could no longer endure the empty agony in
 the pit of my stomach nor silently uncontrollably sob an
y more smoldering tears down my face. Instead, I took the
 handle of the knife that I had been staring at for month
s in white knuckles, brought its blade to my chest and dr
ew back my left hand, which was wrapped in desperation ar
ound my right wrist, ready to thrust it. I closed my eyes
 and waited for the plunge. It never came. Filled with sh
ock and horror I realized that I was too frightened of DE
ATH to take my own life!
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height: 1px;"><font face="'Times New Roman', Times, serif
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t instant, I remembered how I started balling my eyes out
 when I was six years old. My mother ran over to me and i
n a demanding voice cried out, "What's the matter?!" I co
uld not tell her. She would think I was crazy. So I remai
ned silent and stopped crying. What had elicited my frant
ic outburst was a simple question that I was trying to an
swer for myself. "What is death?" I knew that we would al
l die one day, so I tried to imagine what death would be
like. I meditated on it for a few moments. I thought, "In
 death I will know nothing. I won't even know that I am d
ead. I will be nothing. I will see, hear, smell, taste, a
nd feel...nothing". In that moment my mind touched oblivi
on and the mere thought of it was so frightening that I s
tarted uncontrollably sobbing.
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 serif" color="#ffffff" class="size18 TimesRoman18">   No
w I was staring down at my only means of escape from an u
nbearable world, the knife that was now sitting limply in
 my lap, when I had an epiphany. It overturned my profoun

d loneliness and overcame my crippled self-esteem. Seeing as I was too much the coward to take my own life, I sudd enly realized that I was better off being my own best fri end than having no friends or hanging around my peers who relentlessly humiliated me, and whom I had nothing in co mmon with anyway. And so...I made a list of all of the th ings that I liked to do and then went out and did them.
</div><div style="font-size: 1px; line-height: 1px;">
</div>< div style="font-size: 1px; line-height: 1px;"> I wished that I were smarter. I st arted to flunk out of school in second grade. Whenever I got a report card from my teacher to take home to my pare nts, I ran home with it, my face streaked with tears of s hame. All it had in it were D's and F's. Not even one C. I tried my very best to be a good student, to no avail. < br></div><div style="font-size: 1px; line-height: 1px;">
</div><d iv style="font-size: 1px; line-height: 1px;">   So my father took it upon himsel f to tutor me. For an entire year every single night afte r supper the tutorial sessions took place. Half way throu gh the second grade I brought another progress report hom e. It was etched with D's and F's. Not even a single C. M y parents could not figure out what was the matter since I was doing very well with my tutelage. Then they discove red what was wrong. My neighbor and playmate, Julie Hilda brand, was deliberately confusing me. One of the things t hat she did was teach me that the letter G was really the letter J and that the letter J was really the letter G. She was the neighborhood bully who was always beating up on me without provocation. One time she pulled me into a cactus bush. Another time she pushed me in front of a mov ing car. Yet another time she tried to drown me in her sw imming pool. My father figured out all of the ways that s he was confounding me and took the necessary steps to cor rect my confusion. But, I still had to repeat the second grade because the principle of my school told me parents that I was retarded. Without telling a soul, not even my own parents, I promised myself, that I was going to excel in academics. By the end of fifth and sixth grades, I be came so proficient with my studies that I was given sever al awards from my teachers for academic excellence, good cooperation, and perfect attendance. While I was being pr esented with these certificates of achievement in front o f the entire school of parents, teachers, and students in the school auditorium, my mom and dad noticed that the g irl who had bullied me and who had deliberately confounde d me with my schoolwork was looking at me with seething e nvy. She had won nothing that year or any other school ye ar.
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</d iv><div style="font-size: 1px; line-height: 1px;"><font f

ace="'Times New Roman', Times, serif" color="#ffffff" class="size18 TimesRoman18">   Meanwhile, my grades slowly skyrocketed from D's and F's to B's and A's. When I was in Junior High School I got an A+ on an English paper that I wrote in seventh grade about horses. My English teacher, Mrs. Fields, was so impressed with it that she wrote a note to the Principal of Valley View Junior High School exclaiming that I was going to be a writer some day. My science teacher, Mr. Strong, at Valley View Junior High School, was so impressed with a Science paper that I wrote in seventh grade on physiology and anatomy that he gave me an A++ on it. That was the greatest grade that I have ever gotten. All of my classmates were so impressed with my one hundred and forty paged science report that, without the teacher's permission, after the teacher called my name to come up to get it, the entire class got up out of their chairs, surrounded the teacher's desk, and just stared at it in shock with eyes coming out of their sockets. I had to wait until every one sat back down at their seats before I was able to retrieve my own paper.
</div><div style="font-size: 1px; line-height: 1px;">
</div><div style="font-size: 1px; line-height: 1px;">   By the time I graduated High School, I was a permanent member of the scholarship society as a Silver Seal Bearer having earned an overall grade point average of 3.0. By the time I graduated two-year Community College I had earned an Associate of Arts Degree and was put on the Dean's List as a permanent member of the Alpha Gamma Sigma Honor Society as a Gold Seal Bearer having earned an overall grade point average of 3.5.
</div><div style="font-size: 1px; line-height: 1px;">
</div><div style="font-size: 1px; line-height: 1px;">If the reader is interested in viewing my High School Diploma along with Silver Seal Bearer Award & my College Associate of Arts Degree along with Gold Seal Bearer Award then please go to hyperlink e of High School Diploma and College Associate of Arts Degree at www.bullcrapbusters.com.
</div><div style="font-size: 1px; line-height: 1px;">
</div><div style="font-size: 1px; line-height: 1px;">   One of my favorite hobbies was art. While I was in elementary school, I took a pair of old jeans and embroide

red in every color of the rainbow all sorts of mythical c
reatures such as Pegasus the flying horse and Draco the d
ragon on them. No one even notice my artwork because I wa
s a "nobody" in school. In junior high school, I signed u
p for an art class. One of my assignments was to do a liq
uid embroidery project. I liquid embroidered the rainbow
with all of its six colors on a white tee shirt. Below th
e rainbow I liquid embroidered in various tones of green
a winding plant like vine with intertwining leaves. One o
f my classmates stole my tee shirt. Luckily, the art teac
her was able to persuade her to return it to me. How do y
ou like that? Another kid liked it! In high school, I met
 my mom's friend; she was a nurse named Patty who had wha
t I thought was a really nice looking haircut. When I tol
d her how much I liked it, she offered to cut my hair in
the same style she had cut hers. When she was finished wi
th the scissors, the front half of my hair was cut into a
 short hairdo with high bangs and wispy side tendrils tha
t framed my face. The back half of my hair was left in it
s natural long wavy locks. The next day, when I went to s
chool all of the kids noticed my hair. For the entire sch
ool year I was teased for having it. However, the followi
ng school year, all of the students were wearing my haird
o! It was the new rave since the most popular girl in sch
ool had adorned her head with it. Here I was a misfit and
 yet I had become the trendsetter of conformity!
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le="font-size: 1px; line-height: 1px;"><font face="'Times
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TimesRoman18"> I also enjoyed helping others. So while I
 was in high school I got involved in an extracurricular
activity in which I worked for six months as a volunteer
in a program called 'The Re-motivation Therapy Project".
The project had been created to help elderly patients at
the Sepulveda Veteran's Administration Hospital in Califo
rnia take a renewed interest in the community by sharing
their life experiences with students. At the end of the p
roject, I was given a Certificate of Appreciation for Hum
anitarian Service Award from James Monroe High School for
 being one of the Re-motivation Therapy Project's partici
pants as well as Letter of Appreciation signed by all of
the Veterans that I was involved in working with, and a P
in for volunteering fifty hours to the program. Also an a
rticle was written up in the Los Angeles Times and aired
on National Television about the program. I was one of th
e panelists that got interviewed on the television show a
bout the program.
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x;">
</div><div style="font-size: 1px; line-height: 1px;"> I had an interest in sports, too. So I joined the James Monroe High School's Varsity Track Team. I liked throwing the shot put so that became my field event. I practiced everyday during lunchtime and after school pushing that eight pound led ball as high and far as I was able to. At the beginning of eleventh grade I could only put the shot fourteen feet. By the end of my sophomore year I got my name put in the city newspaper because I had put the shot thirty-one feet six inches, which put me in third place at city finals. At the end of the track season there was an awards dinner for the track and field stars of my high school. My track coach Mr. Ballzeret presented me with a James Monroe High School Viking Athletic Varsity Letter in Track Award along with a Varsity Letter and Pin, and a Scholar-Athlete Award for Outstanding Scholarship and Citizenship. Then, he stood with me at the podium in front of the entire school of staff, parents, and students and said something that I will never forget for the rest of my life. He said that I was not afraid to run.
</div><div style="font-size: 1px; line-height: 1px;">
</div><div style="font-size: 1px; line-height: 1px;">If the reader is interested in viewing my Varsity Letter in Track Award & Scholar Athlete Award they were destroyed in a fire and cannot be replaced.
</div><div style="font-size: 1px; line-height: 1px;">
</div><div style="font-size: 1px; line-height: 1px;"> I enjoyed learning new things as well. So in my senior year in high school I decided to take a class in a subject that I knew nothing about: bookkeeping. I was terrible at math but what the heck. I worked very diligently in my accounting class, but I was only able to receive a B grade in it because as it turns out I did not have an aptitude for numbers. Nonetheless, at the end of the semester, the American Society of Women Accountants gave me an award for Outstanding Scholastic Achievement in the Field of Accounting. An article in the local newspaper was written up about me that said, "Each year every high school selects an outstanding senior who is enrolled in an accounting course and interested in pursuing an accounting career. (I) Competed against girls from twelve district areas and was selected by the Women's Club". The Ventura Santa Barbara Chapter of the Women's Club invited me to their award dinner and presented me with a Grant in Aid award. They also presented me with a Certificate of Achievement award that had written up on it, "To Recognize the Outstanding Scholastic Achievement of this student as well as demonstrated interest in the field of accounting".
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</div><div style="font-size: 1px; line-heigh
t: 1px;"><font face="'Times New Roman', Times, serif" col
or="#ffffff" class="size18 TimesRoman18"> I also loved t
o write. Even though I had horrible grammar structured se
ntences and was terrible at spelling words, I sent my wri
tten works off to magazines for consideration anyway. All
 I got were rejections. Then, one day, I entered three of
 what I thought were my best poems into a poetry contest.
 A few weeks later I received a letter from the National
Poetry Press. The National Poetry Press was established i
n 1937. Since 1947 they have published what is called "Th
e Review", which is a compilation of poems written by col
lege students who represent every state of the country. T
he letter said, "Selections were made from many thousands
 of manuscripts submitted. We take pleasure in informing
you that your work has been selected to be published in t
he College Poetry Review". Shortly after I received this
letter, I was sent a hot off the press free copy of the s
oftbound covered book called the "College Poetry Review"
with my poem called "The Children" in it. I was ecstatic.
 About a month later, I unexpectedly received another let
ter from the National Poetry Press. It said, "We receive
about 300,000 manuscripts from high schools and colleges
every year. Of those about 1,000 contributions from colle
ge students were accepted and published in the 'College P
oetry Review' during the last year. 'Pegasus' anthologize
s the better selections from the better 'Reviews' and inc
ludes them in a bound volume. This edition will be the 15
th annual edition. Your manuscript which appeared in the
'College Poetry Review' during the past year is among the
 poems we would like to publish in 'Pegasus'". Shortly af
ter I received this letter, I was sent a hot off the pres
s free copy of a hardbound covered book called "Pegasus"
with my poem entitled "The Children" in it.
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s/27_Awards_and_Honors/02_Letters_from_National_Poetry_Pr
ess___Poem__The_Children_.pdf">Letter from National Poetr
y Press College Poetry Review and Letter from National Po

etry Press Pegasus at www.bullcrapbusters.com.
</div><div style="font-size: 1px; line-height: 1px;">
</div><div style="font-size: 1px; line-height: 1px;"> I desired to travel. So, after I got my high school diploma I saved up my own money working as a salesclerk in a department store and traveled to a foreign country. There I had the opportunity to study its culture and learn its language by living and working on a farm. To my surprise the settlers loved my work ethic so much so that they begged me to stay there. But my savings ran out and so I moved to the city and applied for a job with a temporary employment agency. Not long after, I got hired as a data entry operator working for the State Government Office of Economics Building. When I began working for them they were getting ready for their annual economic convention and told me that they were months behind schedule in entering the necessary data into their computer base. After they trained me for the job, I worked as diligently and efficiently as I could. My efforts paid off. Three days before the convention I had entered into the computer all of the necessary information. They were so pleased with my work that the head boss of the entire government office organization came down in a three piece suit and tie with cigar in left hand, shock my hand with his right hand, and personally thanked me. After that, my boss, whose name was Uzzi Sella, wrote up a letter of recommendation for me that said, when translated into English, "Her work was performed perfectly to our complete desire and satisfaction. Whoever has an employee like this is blessed".
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</div><div style="font-size: 1px; line-height: 1px;"> I liked teaching, so, when I returned to the United States, I graduated four-year University with a Bachelor of Arts Degree in Child Development and Teaching Credentials in both Regular and Special Education. I had a 3.6 grade point average and was on the Dean's List. I also became an educator for the Learning Handicapped population of Special Education elementary school children in the Los Angeles Unified School District.
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imes New Roman', Times, serif" color="#ffffff" class="siz
e18 TimesRoman18"> What can I say about my decision to n
o longer be involved with the popular bully and to no lon
ger care that I did not "fit in" with the popular crowd?
I say I had more fun than I have ever imagined or thought
 possible just paling around with myself. And I discovere
d that I liked my own company! I really got to know mysel
f, too. It was an amazing journey. But, I would have neve
r had any of these experiences if I would have given up o
n myself or been too scared to just be myself. Instead, I
 allowed myself to be curious, enthusiastic, and adventur
ous about life. Instead, I took a chance on myself, and P
URSUED MY OWN DREAMS. Had I not, all I would have amounte
d to being was somebody's punching bag and someone's door
mat. Don't let little Miss/Mister so called Popular Bully

make you believe that you are a no body. Don't stifle yourself for the popular crowd. What the "in" crowd really stands for is "insignificant, insecure, idiotic, and all the other negative adjectives that start with the lower case letter "i". The outside world is waiting for you. So go discover who you really are inside, and most of all have fun!!!
</div><div style="font-size: 1px; line-height: 1px;">
</div><div style="font-size: 1px; line-height: 1px;">   If you pursue your own dream(s) but you cannot manifest their potential into a reality, don't worry: you are not a failure. Prepare yourself! The Bully Culture's agenda to do anything and everything within its power to dash the victim's dream(s) into pieces. All that matters is that you pursued your own dream. For the most important thing in life that you can achieve is to be true to your self. What the Bully Culture does to your aspirations is completely out of your control. What you choose to be — an inspiration — is completely within your grasp. It is NOT your fault if your aspirations - dream(s) - never receive any opportunity, support, or attention. In a Bully Culture, the only people who are given any opportunity, support, or attention are the CLAM (pretty) people. This is because success according to the Bully Culture has to do with "WHO" you know, not "WHAT" you know.
</div><div style="font-size: 1px; line-height: 1px;">
</div><div style="font-size: 1px; line-height: 1px;">   You can try not to put all of your eggs into one basket but if your dream crashes and burns, pursue another one, and another one, and another one, and so on and so forth. Never give up! Have as many dreams to look forward to as you desire. If none of them become part of the Bully Culture's manifest destiny, so what?! The most important achievement that you will accomplish is to take the journey of discovering who YOU really are by making the choice to live your own life in a way that will give you fulfillment. And as such it will also bring joy to others.
</div><div style="font-size: 1px; line-height: 1px;">
</div><div style="font-size: 1px; line-height: 1px;">   Perhaps you do not wish to pursue any dream. That's okay too. For in not pursuing any dream you are pursuing your own dream! The purpose of pursuing a dream is to give YOU joy. So, if pursuing a dream makes you miserable, don't do it. There is nothing wrong with having no dream as long as it makes YOU happy. Just be honest with yourself. Remember this, as long as you choose NOT to be a bully, victim, or a bystander, you have made a great thing happen. You have deeply touched

your own life and the lives of others in a way that trul
y benefits them and yourself. This is the most amazing ac
complishment that a person can achieve in one's life. <b
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v style="font-size: 1px; line-height: 1px;"><font face="'
Times New Roman', Times, serif" color="#ffffff" class="si
ze18 TimesRoman18"> The Bully Culture regards us ALL as
expendable, replaceable, and exploitable objects. But did
 you know that we are ALL so unique that the universe can
not replicate another just like us? No one ever was, is n
ot now, nor ever will be YOU. Go ahead have a twin. All y
ou will get is a look alike! Go ahead clone yourself. All
 you will get is a think alike, feel alike, and act alike
! Go ahead replace your parts. All you will get is a hybr
id! Being that we are a creation of the Creator we are co
mposed of cosmic essence. No. It is not the name of a per
fume. It is that which lies beyond recyclable matter and
transformable energy. It is that which lies beyond time a
nd beyond space. It is that which is eternal. It is that
which is made up of the Divine Source, Itself. Therefore,
 every single one of us has a special quality that is so
individually tailored to us alone that only we can share
it with the world. I call it our one-of-a-kind genius. So
 don't let the Bully Culture thwart you from PURSUING YOU
R OWN DREAM. You owe it to yourself and to the world to l
et yourself shine. If you live your life the way in which
 you want to, you will have your dignity. As long as you
don't harm yourself or hurt others, you don't need anyone
 else's approval. Just be your self!
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"> The Bully Culture hopes that you will believe that th
e pursuit of happiness is some THING or some ONE that lie
s outside of yourself. Bull Crap! Happiness is generated
from within you. So you don't have to conform to the Bull
y Culture's pursuit of crappiness, otherwise known as its
 junk culture, or belong to the bully's club to have a fu
lfilling life. Instead, remember this! Even if no one on
earth likes you, God loves you. Otherwise you woulda, sho
ulda, coulda not be here. God brought the universe into b
eing by causing nothingness to become something. The vacu
um of space, and the void of time became energy and matte
r because all of life matters, including yours. The true
meaning behind the religious commandment of, "Do not take
 God's Name in vain" is that every single life, no matter
 how big or how small, is valuable beyond comprehension,
understanding, or knowledge. For no thing and no one can
ever replace it. Therefore to honor God's name, according
 to the moral and ethical universal codes of existence, i
s to respect all of life, including yours. You belong to
God's universe. You don't belong to NO Bully Culture!
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</div><div style="font-size: 1px; line-height: 1px;">LEARNING FROM THE PAST
</div><div style="font-size: 1px; line-height: 1px;">
</div><div style="font-size: 1px; line-height: 1px;">   As an educator one of the things that I observed about my students was that most of them did not like the subject of History. Why? Because they did not know that historical events of the past shape one's personal life experiences of the present and thereby formulate the choices that one will make in the future. History is about life lessons that keep on repeating over and over and over again until we learn from them. Learning from the past begins with acknowledging the fact that people throughout your life, both well meaning and ill meaning, have intentionally and unintentionally told you, do tell you, and will tell you LIES about how the world works. We have all been programmed to live in a Bully Culture. But the Bully Culture is dying, dying of global warming, land, water, and air pollution, dwindling mineral, endangered plant, and extinct animal resources, out of control human over population growth, worldwide poverty, the systematic destruction of our humanity, and the rise and fall of empires until our home world runs out of real estate for the elite bully to continue to, "spoil the nest and move on west" to.
</div><div style="font-size: 1px; line-height: 1px;">
</div><div style="font-size: 1px; line-height: 1px;"> The mistake that humanity keeps on repeating throughout human history that threatens to extinguish the human race is that people insist on enacting a mindless, heartless, and spineless obedience to the Bully Culture establishment, which does not care if we live or we die. In order for human society to extricate itself from being a VICTIM of the Bully Culture regime, each and every one of its individual members has to be willing to liberate him self or her self from the bully role, the victim role, or bystander role, by becoming a bit of a history buff. This is done by reflecting upon one's own past encounters with bullying, so that one can become presently cognizant of how one becomes a target of bullying, so that one can rectify the ineffective ways in which one deals with bullying in the future.
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</div><div style="font-size: 1px; line-height: 1px;"> One of the bully's masks of intimidation and manipulation is the Know it All Bully. The Know it All bully's motto is, "Fake it until you make it". The Know it All bully's objective is to make himself seem smart by making others

appear stupid. The Know it All Bully pretends to be experienced and knowledgeable. The Know it All Bully uses his prestigious career status to persuade others to believe in him. The Know it All Bully never admits that he is wrong. The Know it All Bully never says, "I don't know". The Know it All Bully never says "I'm sorry". Worst of all, the Know it All Bully gives people bad advice that he, himself, does not follow.
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</div><div style="font-size: 1px; line-height: 1px;"> The following is a real life scenario entitled, "Bad Advice" about how I liberated myself from the victim role by learning from past mistakes that I had made with the Know it All Bully:
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</div><div style="font-size: 1px; line-height: 1px;"><font face="'Times New Roman', Times, serif" color="#ffffff" class="size18 TimesRoman18"> I was brainwashed by the Bully Culture to FEAR the Know it All Bully. Result, even though God endowed me with a lot of common sense, I never learned to trust myself. This caused me to make some very poor decisions in my life. One of the worst decisions I ever made was the loss of an opportunity to receive a higher education. I came from a financially disadvantaged home but I was an honor student, and so after I graduated two-year community college, I was awarded a scholarship that paid for all of my educational expenses — tuition, housing, books — for four years at a university of my choosing. This gave me the chance to pursue a career without having to worry about how I was going to financially support myself while attending college. When I was awarded this scholarship, I was exploring my ethnic roots by traveling abroad on money that I had saved up for three years working as a salesclerk in a department store. I had been residing in a foreign country for six months when I met a Know it All Bully. He was the clergy bully. He persuaded me to be a student of his religious institutions instead of going back to college. He did this by telling me that it was not necessary for me to get a secular education because the burden of earning a living was a man's not a woman's job. Contrary to his advice, I was unable to find a suitable marriage partner since I did not earn any money. As it turns out, he had given me his "God awful" advice so that I would be one of his students so that he could get government stipends for his school. .I ended up staying there for three years. The last two years of my stay I was completely miserable and homesick. When I returned to the United States the scholarship money that I had been awarde

d had elapsed. I had lost my one and only opportunity to continue my education. And because I had no marketable job skills for many years after I returned to America I lived on poverty level line. My loss was so devastating to me that it became a "life changing" event. Its hard school of knocks taught me that I had to stop taking other peoples' advice. It was far better to make my own mistakes than to let others make them for me. And so for the first time in my existence I began to trust myself. Result, I got a second chance to continue my secular education. And this time I took it!
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</div><div style="font-size: 1px; line-height: 1px;">   Being willing to learn from the historical mistakes that you have made in your own life with regard to bullying will liberate you from the victim role. I have. And doing so has prompted me to innovate a series of strategies for HOW TO FIGHT BACK AGAINST BULLYING that anyone and everyone can use. They are tried and true for I have reality tested them upon myself and they really do work.
</div><div style="font-size: 1px; line-height: 1px;">
</div><div style="font-size: 1px; line-height: 1px;">   I I no longer FEAR the bully. What I have learned from my own mistakes is that the bully's flesh bleeds, bones break, and ego bruises, just like the rest of us. So the way to stop bullying is to give the bully back the pain that the bully gives the victim. I call it, "GIVING THE BULLY BACK THE BULLY'S OWN MEDICINE". Never mind if the bully has more social clout, financial leverage, and/or is physically stronger than you are, fight back anyway and with everything that you've got. Otherwise, your anger at being victimized by bullying will either a) morph you into an underachiever or b) morph you into an addict or c) morph you into a suicide statistic or d) morph you into a homicide statistic. There is no escape from bullying. So save yourself by fighting back! The bully is a world-class mega wimp. So make it difficult for the bully to be a bully by fighting back against bullying. Your courage to fight back against bullying will encourage others to fight back against bullying. The more individuals there are who fight back against bullying the harder it is going to be for the bully to continue to bully people.
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t you know that we are ALL VICTIMS of the elite bully's B
ully Culture regime, let's find out how we can fight back
 against the Bully Culture establishment so that we can e
radicate BULLYING from society's midst. There are three s
trategies that the victim must learn in order to overcome
 bullying. They are 1) Taking Legal Action and 2) The Vic
tim is Not to Blame and 3) Confronting Your Worst Enemy.
There are three main types of bullying. There is physical
 bullying, emotional bullying, and mental bullying.
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