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Michael Laham

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## Fetch as Google



This is how Googlebot fetched the page.

**URL:** http://elaham.homestead.com/How-to-Fight-Back.html

**Date:** Friday, January 24, 2014 at 11:29:46 AM PST

**Googlebot Type:** Web

**Download Time (in milliseconds):** 144

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: Fri, 24 Jan 2014 19:29:46 GMT
Content-Length: 32089
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(funci
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();

```





```
elf" STYLE="text-decoration:none;" NAME="Society's Bully"
><IMG style="display: block;" SRC="/tp.gif" WIDTH="1" HEI
GHT="5.0" BORDER="0"><FONT ID="QuickSiteMain_f4" FACE="'T
imes New Roman', Times, serif" CLASS="size18 TimesRoman18
" STYLE="color:#FFFFFF">Society's&nbsp;Bully</FONT><IMG s
tyle="display: block;" SRC="/tp.gif" WIDTH="1" HEIGHT="5.
0" BORDER="0"></A></TD></TR><TR id="vNavTR_Link_QuickSite
Main5"><TD ALIGN="left" VALIGN="MIDDLE" NOWRAP="NOWRAP" i
d="QuickSiteMain_Link5" style="cursor: pointer;cursor: ha
nd;color:#FFFFFF;font-size: 1px; line-height: 1px;" onmou
seover="doMouseChange(nav_QuickSiteMain,this,'5',true);"
onmouseout="doMouseChange(nav_QuickSiteMain,this,'5',fals
e);"><A HREF="/Playground-Bully.html" TARGET="_self" STYL
E="text-decoration:none;" NAME="Playground Bully"><IMG st
yle="display: block;" SRC="/tp.gif" WIDTH="1" HEIGHT="5.0
" BORDER="0"><FONT ID="QuickSiteMain_f5" FACE="'Times New
Roman', Times, serif" CLASS="size18 TimesRoman18" STYLE=
"color:#FFFFFF">Playground&nbsp;Bully</FONT><IMG style="d
isplay: block;" SRC="/tp.gif" WIDTH="1" HEIGHT="5.0" BORD
ER="0"></A></TD></TR><TR id="vNavTR_Link_QuickSiteMain6">
<TD ALIGN="left" VALIGN="MIDDLE" NOWRAP="NOWRAP" id="Quic
kSiteMain_Link6" style="cursor: pointer;cursor: hand;colo
r:#FFFFFF;font-size: 1px; line-height: 1px;" onmouseover=
"doMouseChange(nav_QuickSiteMain,this,'6',true);" onmouse
out="doMouseChange(nav_QuickSiteMain,this,'6',false);"><A
HREF="/Enforcer-Bully.html" TARGET="_self" STYLE="text-d
ecoration:none;" NAME="Enforcer Bully"><IMG style="displa
y: block;" SRC="/tp.gif" WIDTH="1" HEIGHT="5.0" BORDER="0
"><FONT ID="QuickSiteMain_f6" FACE="'Times New Roman', Ti
mes, serif" CLASS="size18 TimesRoman18" STYLE="color:#FFF
FFF">Enforcer&nbsp;Bully</FONT><IMG style="display: block
;" SRC="/tp.gif" WIDTH="1" HEIGHT="5.0" BORDER="0"></A></
TD></TR><TR id="vNavTR_Link_QuickSiteMain7"><TD ALIGN="le
ft" VALIGN="MIDDLE" NOWRAP="NOWRAP" id="QuickSiteMain_Lin
k7" style="cursor: pointer;cursor: hand;color:#FFFFFF;fon
t-size: 1px; line-height: 1px;" onmouseover="doMouseChang
e(nav_QuickSiteMain,this,'7',true);" onmouseout="doMouseC
hange(nav_QuickSiteMain,this,'7',false);"><A HREF="/Clerg
y-Bully.html" TARGET="_self" STYLE="text-decoration:none;
" NAME="Clergy Bully"><IMG style="display: block;" SRC="/
tp.gif" WIDTH="1" HEIGHT="5.0" BORDER="0"><FONT ID="Quick
SiteMain_f7" FACE="'Times New Roman', Times, serif" CLASS
="size18 TimesRoman18" STYLE="color:#FFFFFF">Clergy&nbsp;
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_QuickSiteMain8"><TD ALIGN="left" VALIGN="MIDDLE"
NOWRAP="NOWRAP" id="QuickSiteMain_Link8" style="cursor:
pointer;cursor: hand;color:#FFFFFF;font-size: 1px; line-h
eight: 1px;" onmouseover="doMouseChange(nav_QuickSiteMain
,this,'8',true);" onmouseout="doMouseChange(nav_QuickSite
Main,this,'8',false);"><A HREF="/Corporate-Elite-Bully.ht
ml" TARGET="_self" STYLE="text-decoration:none;" NAME="Co
rporate Elite Bully"><IMG style="display: block;" SRC="/t
p.gif" WIDTH="1" HEIGHT="5.0" BORDER="0"><FONT ID="QuickS
iteMain_f8" FACE="'Times New Roman', Times, serif" CLASS=
"size18 TimesRoman18" STYLE="color:#FFFFFF">Corporate&nbsp;
p;Elite&nbsp;Bully</FONT><IMG style="display: block;" SRC
="/tp.gif" WIDTH="1" HEIGHT="5.0" BORDER="0"></A></TD></TR>
```

```
R><TR id="vNavTR_Link_QuickSiteMain9"><TD ALIGN="left" VALIGN="MIDDLE" NOWRAP="NOWRAP" id="QuickSiteMain_Link9" style="cursor: pointer;cursor: hand;color:#FFFFFF;font-size: 1px; line-height: 1px;" onmouseover="doMouseChange(nav_QuickSiteMain,this,'9',true);" onmouseout="doMouseChange(nav_QuickSiteMain,this,'9',false);"><A HREF="/Elite-Bully.html" TARGET="_self" STYLE="text-decoration:none;" NAME="Elite Bully"><IMG style="display: block;" SRC="/tp.gif" WIDTH="1" HEIGHT="5.0" BORDER="0"><FONT ID="QuickSiteMain_f9" FACE="'Times New Roman', Times, serif" CLASS="size18 TimesRoman18" STYLE="color:#FFFFFF">Elite&nbsp;Bully</FONT><IMG style="display: block;" SRC="/tp.gif" WIDTH="1" HEIGHT="5.0" BORDER="0"></A></TD></TR><TR id="vNavTR_Link_QuickSiteMain10"><TD ALIGN="left" VALIGN="MIDDLE" NOWRAP="NOWRAP" id="QuickSiteMain_Link10" style="cursor: pointer;cursor: hand;color:#FFFFFF;font-size: 1px; line-height: 1px;" onmouseover="doMouseChange(nav_QuickSiteMain,this,'10',true);" onmouseout="doMouseChange(nav_QuickSiteMain,this,'10',false);"><A HREF="/How-to-Fight-Back.html" TARGET="_self" STYLE="text-decoration:none;" NAME="How to Fight Back"><IMG style="display: block;" SRC="/tp.gif" WIDTH="1" HEIGHT="5.0" BORDER="0"><FONT ID="QuickSiteMain_f10" FACE="'Times New Roman', Times, serif" CLASS="size18 TimesRoman18" STYLE="color:#FFFFFF">How&nbsp;to&nbsp;Fight&nbsp;Back</FONT><IMG style="display: block;" 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_Link11" style="cursor: pointer;cursor: hand;color:#FFFFFF;font-size: 1px; line-height: 1px;" onmouseover="doMouseChange(nav_QuickSiteMain,this,'11',true);" onmouseout="doMouseChange(nav_QuickSiteMain,this,'11',false);"><A HREF="/Physical-Bullying.html" TARGET="_self" STYLE="text-decoration: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', Times, serif" CLASS="size18 TimesRoman18" STYLE="color:#FFFFFF">Physical&nbsp;Bullying</FONT><IMG style="display: block;" 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="doMouseChange(nav_QuickSiteMain,this,'12',true);" onmouseout="doMouseChange(nav_QuickSiteMain,this,'12',false);"><A HREF="/Emotional-Bullying.html" TARGET="_self" STYLE="text-decoration:none;" NAME="Emotional Bullying"><IMG style="display: 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:#FFFFFF">Emotional&nbsp;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 ALIGN="left" VALIGN="MIDDLE" NOWRAP="NOWRAP" id="QuickSiteMain_Link13" style="cursor: pointer;cursor: hand;color:#FFFFFF;font-size: 1px; line-height: 1px;" onmouseover="doMouseChange(nav_QuickSiteMain,this,'13',true);" onmouseout="doMouseChange(nav_QuickSiteMain,this,'13',false);"><A HREF="/Mental-Bullyi
```

```

ng.html" TARGET="_self" STYLE="text-decoration: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', Times, serif" CLASS="size18 TimesRoman18" STYLE="color:#FFFFFF">Mental&nbsp;Bullying</FONT><IMG style="display: block;" 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_Link14" style="cursor: pointer;cursor: hand;color:#FFFFFF;font-size: 1px; line-height: 1px;" onmouseover="doMouseChange(nav_QuickSiteMain,this,'14',true);" onmouseout="doMouseChange(nav_QuickSiteMain,this,'14',false);"><A HREF="/Conclusion.html" TARGET="_self" STYLE="text-decoration:none;" NAME="Conclusion"><IMG style="display: block;" SRC="/tp.gif" WIDTH="1" HEIGHT="5.0" BORDER="0"><FONT ID="QuickSiteMain_f14" FACE="'Times New Roman', Times, serif" CLASS="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/><script type="text/javascript">
    if(typeof(addMouseAndStyleSupportQuickSiteMain) =
    = 'undefined' && typeof(nav_element_id) != 'undefined'){
        var elementDefnDiv = document.getElementById(nav_element_id);
        var tbWasIdentified = 'false';
        for(var i=0;i<elementDefnDiv.childNodes.length;i++){
            if(elementDefnDiv.childNodes[i].tagName == 'DIV') {
                var childDiv = elementDefnDiv.childNodes[i];
                for(var j=0;j<childDiv.childNodes.length;j++){
                    if(childDiv.childNodes[j].tagName == 'TABLE' && childDiv.childNodes[j].id == 'ntb'){
                        childDiv.childNodes[j].style.display='none';
                        tbWasIdentified = 'true';
                    }
                    if(tbWasIdentified == 'true'){
                        break;
                    }
                }
            }
            if(tbWasIdentified == 'true'){
                break;
            }
        }
        addMouseAndStyleSupportQuickSiteMain(nav_QuickSiteMain);
    }
</script></div></div><!-- </hs:master17> --><!-- </hs:footer> --><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&#153; <a target="
_blank" href="http://www.homestead.com/">Design a Website
</a> and <a target="_blank" href="http://listings.homeste
ad.com">List Your Business</a></span></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"><b></b><br></font></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"><b></b><br></font></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"><b></b><br></font></div><div style="font-size:
1px; line-height: 1px;" align="center"><font face="'Time
s New Roman', Times, serif" color="#ffffff" class="size18
TimesRoman18"><b></b><br></font></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"><b></b><br></font></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"><b></b><br></font></div><div style
="font-size: 1px; line-height: 1px;" align="center"><font
face="'Times New Roman', Times, serif" color="#ffffff" c
lass="size18 TimesRoman18"><b></b><br></font></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"><b></b><br></font></div><d
iv style="font-size: 1px; line-height: 1px;" align="cente
r"><font face="'Times New Roman', Times, serif" color="#f
ffffff" class="size18 TimesRoman18"><b></b><br></font></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"><b></b><br></font>
</div><div style="font-size: 1px; line-height: 1px;" alig
n="center"><font face="'Times New Roman', Times, serif" c
olor="#ffffff" class="size18 TimesRoman18"><b>HOW TO FIGH
T BACK</b><br></font></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">By Elana Laham © 2013 Elana Laham<br></font></div
><div style="font-size: 1px; line-height: 1px;" align="ce
nter"><font face="'Times New Roman', Times, serif" color=
"#ffffff" class="size18 TimesRoman18"><br></font></div><d
iv style="font-size: 1px; line-height: 1px;"><font face="
'Times New Roman', Times, serif" color="#ffffff" class="s
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

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mptation to use drugs. Night after night, they continued to reach out to these kids, even though they received numerous 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.

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 than the elite bully that there is power in numbers and that our numbers are far greater than theirs.

Whether or not we are bullies, victims, or bystanders, we are all VICTIMS of the BULLY CULTURE.

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 ha

ve the personal choice to decide whether or not you will CHOOSE to remain a bystander. DARE TO STOP BEING A BYSTANDER. Stand up against the Bully Culture. Otherwise, you are putting yourself at risk for becoming a mediocre underachiever who supports a bully culture that, once it runs out of victims to victimize, will make you into its next bully target. <br></font></div><div style="font-size: 1px; line-height: 1px;"><font face="'Times New Roman', Times, serif" color="#ffffff" class="size18 TimesRoman18"><br></font></div><div style="font-size: 1px; line-height: 1px;"><font face="'Times New Roman', Times, serif" color="#ffffff" class="size18 TimesRoman18"> 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. <br></font></div><div style="font-size: 1px; line-height: 1px;"><font face="'Times New Roman', Times, serif" class="size18 TimesRoman18"><br></font></div><div style="font-size: 1px; line-height: 1px;"><font face="'Times New Roman', Times, serif" color="#ffffff" class="size18 TimesRoman18"> 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". <br></font></div><div style="font-size: 1px; line-height: 1px;"><font face="'Times New Roman', Times, serif" color="#ffffff" class="size18 TimesRoman18"><br></font></div><div style="font-size: 1px; line-height: 1px;"><font face="'Times New Roman', Times, serif" color="#ffffff" class="size18 TimesRoman18"> 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 thing 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. <br></font></div><div style="font-size: 1px; line-height: 1px;"><font face="'Times New Roman', Times, serif" color="#ffffff" class="size18 TimesRoman18"><br></font></div><div style="font-size: 1px; line-height: 1px;"><font face="'Times New Roman', Times, serif" color="#ffffff" class="size18 TimesRoman18">

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 himself. 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. <br></font></div><div style="font-size: 1px; line-height: 1px;"><font face="'Times New Roman', Times, serif" color="#ffffff" class="size18 TimesRoman18"><br></font></div><div style="font-size: 1px; line-height: 1px;"><font face="'Times New Roman', Times, serif" color="#ffffff" class="size18 TimesRoman18">

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 coin, the bully is the other side of the coin, and the bystander is the rim of the coin. So we are all in this together. The lose-lose situation of Brown's Law with regard to the Bully Culture is that the victim beats up on himself because a bully bullied him; the bully beats up on others because a bully bullied him; and the bystander gets traumatized by standing by witnessing all of the bullying.

But the other side of the coin of Brown's Law with regard to the Bully Culture is that, contrary to what the Bully Culture hopes that you will believe, being a victim, a bystander, or a bully is not determined by the way in which one believes, thinks, feels, or acts. It is determined

by one's FREE CHOICE factor. Therefore, even though we cannot be responsible for other peoples' behavior, we can be accountable for our own behavior, and thereby make a win-win scenario for us all. It is up to each individual one of us who and what we are going to choose to be...the bully, the victim, the bystander, or a self-actualized individual. We all make this decision at one point in our lives.

People like Dr. Martin Luther King Jr., did. They decided to be advocates for social justice. They organized social movements. They staged peaceful protests. They educated the masses. They set up support 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 die standing up than live on their knees for they knew that life is not worth living without FREEDOM.

ARE YOU WILLING TO SAVE YOUR OWN LIFE?!

If you are a victim and you are holding back from extricating yourself 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 you 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.

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.

PURSU  
YOUR OWN DREAM

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 to be a loser". The overall purpose of bullying is to make the bully "the winner" by making the victim "the loser".

One way that bullying labels the bully "the winner" and the victim "the loser" in so-called society is by lowering the victim's dignity so that the bully's self esteem can be boosted. This is done through social ostracizing. For instance, the bully calls the victim names to the victim's face while spreading disparaging gossip and derogatory reports behind the victim's back about the victim to others. Desperate to be included in the social scene, the lonely victim grovels for bully approval so that the victim can be included in the social group. The victim does not get social approval and falls into a state of depression that puts the victim at risk for committing suicide.

Another way in which the bully establishes bully superiority and victim inferiority is by making it seem that the bully is actually a victim by making it appear that the victim is really a bully. The bully will relentlessly bother the victim without provocation. Desperate to withdraw into social isolation the incensed victim retaliates against the bully and the bully gets the victim into some sort of trouble for having the audacity to fight back. Result, the victim rises up into a state of out of control rage that puts the victim at risk for committing homicide.

What can the victim do to prevent the worthless bully from destroying the victim's sense of self worth?

The greatest revenge that the victim can take on the bully is to LIVE WELL in spite of the bully. What the bully dreads the most is for the victim 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 himself. The victim must cultivate the attitude that, "The bully is not worth the devotion of my emotion" by removing himself from the bully's

presence and the bully's crowd for the bully is nothing but poison to the victim's psyche. <br></font></div><div style="font-size: 1px; line-height: 1px;"><font face="'Times New Roman', Times, serif" color="#ffffff" class="size18 TimesRoman18"><br></font></div><div style="font-size: 1px; line-height: 1px;"><font face="'Times New Roman', Times, serif" color="#ffffff" class="size18 TimesRoman18">

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 victim has to do his utmost to accept the reality of the bullying situation without self-incrimination. This is called ACCEPTING the bully circumstance. In other words, things that are beyond the victim's control are NOT the victim's fault. So, if the victim cannot do anything about the bullying, or disengage from the bullying relationship, the victim is NOT to feel bad about himself for not being able to stop the bullying. <br></font></div><div style="font-size: 1px; line-height: 1px;"><font face="'Times New Roman', Times, serif" color="#ffffff" class="size18 TimesRoman18"><br></font></div><div style="font-size: 1px; line-height: 1px;"><font face="'Times New Roman', Times, serif" color="#ffffff" class="size18 TimesRoman18"> Contrary to what the Bully Culture hopes that you will believe, accepting the bully circumstance does NOT mean that you are to forgive the bully. The bully cannot be pardoned if the bully is not sorry since the damage done to the victim cannot be reversed unless and until the bully gives back to the victim what the bully took away from the victim. <br></font></div><div style="font-size: 1px; line-height: 1px;"><font face="'Times New Roman', Times, serif" color="#ffffff" class="size18 TimesRoman18"><br></font></div><div style="font-size: 1px; line-height: 1px;"><font face="'Times New Roman', Times, serif" color="#ffffff" class="size18 TimesRoman18"> Contrary to what the Bully Culture hopes that you will believe, accepting the bully circumstance does NOT mean that you are to ignore the bully, or pretend the bully does not bother you. We must not let the bully get away with being a bully. We must not invalidate the victim's pain. <br></font></div><div style="font-size: 1px; line-height: 1px;"><font face="'Times New Roman', Times, serif" color="#ffffff" class="size18 TimesRoman18"><br></font></div><div style="font-size: 1px; line-height: 1px;"><font face="'Times New Roman', Times, serif" color="#ffffff" class="size18 TimesRoman18"> Contrary 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 "trusted adult" since he is most probably an authority figure who is a bully himself. We must not let the enforcer bully escalate instead of de-escalate the bully-victim conflict. <br></font></div><div style="font-size: 1px; line-height: 1px;"><font face="'Times New Roman', Times, serif" color="#ffffff" class="size18 TimesRoman18"><br></font></div><div style="font-size: 1px; line-height: 1px;"><font face="'Times New Roman', Times, serif" color="#ffffff" class="size18 TimesRoman18"> Contrary to what the Bully Cul

ture hopes that you will believe, accepting the bully circumstance does NOT mean that you ought to try to "get along" 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.

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.

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.

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 dr

eam if for no other reason than because it makes YOU feel good. Pursue your own dream for it will help you discover who you really are versus what the Bully Culture dictates that you ought to be. In the meantime, the bully, having invested all of his time, energy, and resources harming and hurting innocent others, will end up as life's loser.

One of the bully's masks of intimidation and manipulation is the "Mister/Miss Popular" ruse. The popular bully uses social status to intimidate and manipulate the victim into being victimized. This bully 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 to obtain social acceptance he must grovel for the popular bully's social approval by allowing himself to be humiliated before the popular crowd. And he does so. But instead of getting social standing he is singled out by being made to endure physical beatings and/or verbal berating. He 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 having the audacity to, like any other human being, desire to belong. Guess what? Being part of the popular bully and 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 about endangering your own health or jeopardizing your own future by contracting a fatal addiction, a sexually transmitted incurable disease, having a child when you are still a child, getting slapped with a criminal record for life, or failing to get a proper education so that you can become a financially successful independent member of society? Mister/Miss Popular bully and his/her sidekicks don't have a clue as to how to have any FUN.

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The following is a real life scenario entitled, "I BELONG TO ME" about how I overcame the Little Miss/Mister Popular bully by pursuing my own dreams:

Roman18"><br></font></div><div style="font-size: 1px; line-height: 1px;"><font face="'Times New Roman', Times, serif" color="#ffffff" class="size18 TimesRoman18"> From the time that I attended elementary school until the time that I graduated high school my peers picked on me. My mother told me to smile and be friendly. But no matter how hard 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 that one day the kids were going to gang up on me and beat me 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 every mean boy's joke. And so if the boy's weren't whistling at me and calling me a "dog" and the girls weren't whispering, laughing, and spitting on me as I passed by, I was completely ignored as the invalid, invisible phantom that I was...to them. <br></font></div><div style="font-size: 1px; line-height: 1px;"><font face="'Times New Roman', Times, serif" color="#ffffff" class="size18 TimesRoman18"><br></font></div><div style="font-size: 1px; line-height: 1px;"><font face="'Times New Roman', Times, serif" color="#ffffff" class="size18 TimesRoman18"> Until one fateful day when I could no longer endure the empty agony in the pit of my stomach nor silently uncontrollably sob any more smoldering tears down my face. Instead, I took the handle of the knife that I had been staring at for months in white knuckles, brought its blade to my chest and drew back my left hand, which was wrapped in desperation around my right wrist, ready to thrust it. I closed my eyes and waited for the plunge. It never came. Filled with shock and horror I realized that I was too frightened of DEATH to take my own life! <br></font></div><div style="font-size: 1px; line-height: 1px;"><font face="'Times New Roman', Times, serif" color="#ffffff" class="size18 TimesRoman18"><br></font></div><div style="font-size: 1px; line-height: 1px;"><font face="'Times New Roman', Times, serif" color="#ffffff" class="size18 TimesRoman18"> In that instant, I remembered how I started balling my eyes out when I was six years old. My mother ran over to me and in a demanding voice cried out, "What's the matter?!" I could not tell her. She would think I was crazy. So I remained silent and stopped crying. What had elicited my frantic outburst was a simple question that I was trying to answer for myself. "What is death?" I knew that we would all 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 dead. I will be nothing. I will see, hear, smell, taste, and feel...nothing". In that moment my mind touched oblivion and the mere thought of it was so frightening that I started uncontrollably sobbing. <br></font></div><div style="font-size: 1px; line-height: 1px;"><font face="'Times New Roman', Times, serif" color="#ffffff" class="size18 TimesRoman18"><br></font></div><div style="font-size: 1px; line-height: 1px;"><font face="'Times New Roman', Times, serif" color="#ffffff" class="size18 TimesRoman18"> Now 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 profound loneliness and overcame my crippled self-esteem. Seeing as I was too much the coward to take my own life, I suddenly realized that I was better off being my own best friend than having no friends or hanging around my peers who relentlessly humiliated me, and whom I had nothing in common with anyway. And so...I made a list of all of the things that I liked to do and then went out and did them.

I wished that I were smarter. I started to flunk out of school in second grade. Whenever I got a report card from my teacher to take home to my parents, I ran home with it, my face streaked with tears of shame. 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.

So my father took it upon himself to tutor me. For an entire year every single night after supper the tutorial sessions took place. Half way through the second grade I brought another progress report home. It was etched with D's and F's. Not even a single C. My parents could not figure out what was the matter since I was doing very well with my tutelage. Then they discovered what was wrong. My neighbor and playmate, Julie Hilda brand, was deliberately confusing me. One of the things that 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 moving car. Yet another time she tried to drown me in her swimming pool. My father figured out all of the ways that she was confounding me and took the necessary steps to correct 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 became so proficient with my studies that I was given several awards from my teachers for academic excellence, good cooperation, and perfect attendance. While I was being presented with these certificates of achievement in front of the entire school of parents, teachers, and students in the school auditorium, my mom and dad noticed that the girl who had bullied me and who had deliberately confounded me with my schoolwork was looking at me with seething envy. She had won nothing that year or any other school year.



8"> One of my favorite hobbies was art. While I was in elementary school, I took a pair of old jeans and embroidered in every color of the rainbow all sorts of mythical creatures such as Pegasus the flying horse and Draco the dragon on them. No one even noticed my artwork because I was a "nobody" in school. In junior high school, I signed up for an art class. One of my assignments was to do a liquid embroidery project. I liquid embroidered the rainbow with all of its six colors on a white tee shirt. Below the rainbow I liquid embroidered in various tones of green a winding plant like vine with intertwining leaves. One of my classmates stole my tee shirt. Luckily, the art teacher was able to persuade her to return it to me. How do you like that? Another kid liked it! In high school, I met my mom's friend; she was a nurse named Patty who had what I thought was a really nice looking haircut. When I told her how much I liked it, she offered to cut my hair in the same style she had cut hers. When she was finished with the scissors, the front half of my hair was cut into a short hairdo with high bangs and wispy side tendrils that framed my face. The back half of my hair was left in its natural long wavy locks. The next day, when I went to school all of the kids noticed my hair. For the entire school year I was teased for having it. However, the following school year, all of the students were wearing my hairdo! It was the new rave since the most popular girl in school had adorned her head with it. Here I was a misfit and yet I had become the trendsetter of conformity! <br></font></div><div style="font-size: 1px; line-height: 1px;"><font face="'Times New Roman', Times, serif" color="#ffffff" class="size18 TimesRoman18"><br></font></div><div style="font-size: 1px; line-height: 1px;"><font face="'Times New Roman', Times, serif" color="#ffffff" class="size18 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 California take a renewed interest in the community by sharing their life experiences with students. At the end of the project, I was given a Certificate of Appreciation for Humanitarian Service Award from James Monroe High School for being one of the Re-motivation Therapy Project's participants as well as Letter of Appreciation signed by all of the Veterans that I was involved in working with, and a pin for volunteering fifty hours to the program. Also an article was written up in the Los Angeles Times and aired on National Television about the program. I was one of the panelists that got interviewed on the television show about the program. <br></font></div><div style="font-size: 1px; line-height: 1px;"><font face="'Times New Roman', Times, serif" color="#ffffff" class="size18 TimesRoman18"><br></font></div><div style="font-size: 1px; line-height: 1px;"><font face="'Times New Roman', Times, serif" color="#ffffff" class="size18 TimesRoman18">If the reader is interested in viewing my Certificate of Appreciation for Humanitarian Service Award &amp; Letter of Appreciation t

hey were destroyed in a fire and cannot be replaced. <br></font></div><div style="font-size: 1px; line-height: 1px;"><font face="'Times New Roman', Times, serif" color="#ffffff" class="sizel8 TimesRoman18"><br></font></div><div style="font-size: 1px; line-height: 1px;"><font face="'Times New Roman', Times, serif" color="#ffffff" class="sizel8 TimesRoman18"> 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. <br></font></div><div style="font-size: 1px; line-height: 1px;"><font face="'Times New Roman', Times, serif" color="#ffffff" class="sizel8 TimesRoman18"><br></font></div><div style="font-size: 1px; line-height: 1px;"><font face="'Times New Roman', Times, serif" color="#ffffff" class="sizel8 TimesRoman18">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. <br></font></div><div style="font-size: 1px; line-height: 1px;"><font face="'Times New Roman', Times, serif" color="#ffffff" class="sizel8 TimesRoman18"><br></font></div><div style="font-size: 1px; line-height: 1px;"><font face="'Times New Roman', Times, serif" color="#ffffff" class="sizel8 TimesRoman18"> 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 on it, "To Recognize the Outstanding Scholastic Achieveme

nt of this student as well as demonstrated interest in the field of accounting".

If the reader is interested in viewing my Certificate of Achievement Award & Grant in Aid Award from the American Society of Women Accountants they were destroyed in a fire and cannot be replaced.

I also loved to write. Even though I had horrible grammar structured sentences and was terrible at spelling words, I sent my written 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 in 1937. Since 1947 they have published what is called "The Review", which is a compilation of poems written by college students who represent every state of the country. The 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 the College Poetry Review". Shortly after I received this letter, I was sent a hot off the press free copy of the softbound 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 letter 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 college students were accepted and published in the 'College Poetry Review' during the last year. 'Pegasus' anthologizes the better selections from the better 'Reviews' and includes them in a bound volume. This edition will be the 15th 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 after I received this letter, I was sent a hot off the press free copy of a hardbound covered book called "Pegasus" with my poem entitled "The Children" in it.

If the reader is interested in viewing the two Letters from the National Poetry Press & my Poem entitled, "The Children" then please go to [hyperlink](file:///s/27_Awards_and_Honors/02_Letters_from_National_Poetry_Pr)

ess\_Poem\_The\_Children\_.pdf">Letter from National Poetry Press College Poetry Review and Letter from National Poetry Press Pegasus </a></font><font face="'Times New Roman', Times, serif" color="#ffffff" class="size18 TimesRoman18">at www.bullcrapbusters.com.<br></font></div><div style="font-size: 1px; line-height: 1px;"><font face="'Times New Roman', Times, serif" color="#ffffff" class="size18 TimesRoman18"><br></font></div><div style="font-size: 1px; line-height: 1px;"><font face="'Times New Roman', Times, serif" color="#ffffff" class="size18 TimesRoman18"> 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, shook my hand with his right hand, and personally thanked me. After that, my boss, whose name was Uzz i 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". <br></font></div><div style="font-size: 1px; line-height: 1px;"><font face="'Times New Roman', Times, serif" color="#ffffff" class="size18 TimesRoman18"><br></font></div><div style="font-size: 1px; line-height: 1px;"><font face="'Times New Roman', Times, serif" color="#ffffff" class="size18 TimesRoman18">If the reader is interested in viewing my Letter of Recommendation it was destroyed in a fire and cannot be replaced. <br></font></div><div style="font-size: 1px; line-height: 1px;"><font face="'Times New Roman', Times, serif" color="#ffffff" class="size18 TimesRoman18"><br></font></div><div style="font-size: 1px; line-height: 1px;"><font face="'Times New Roman', Times, serif" color="#ffffff" class="size18 TimesRoman18"> 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. <br></font></div><div style="font-size: 1px; line-height: 1px;"><font face="'Times New Roman', Times, ser

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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

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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!!!

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.

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.

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 truly benefits them and yourself. This is the most amazing accomplishment that a person can achieve in one's life.

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 cannot replicate another just like us? No one ever was, is not now, nor ever will be YOU. Go ahead have a twin. All you 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 hybrid! Being that we are a creation of the Creator we are composed of cosmic essence. No. It is not the name of a perfume. It is that which lies beyond recyclable matter and transformable energy. It is that which lies beyond time and 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 YOUR OWN DREAM. You owe it to yourself and to the world to let 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!

The Bully Culture hopes that you will believe that the pursuit of happiness is some THING or some ONE that lies outside of yourself. Bull Crap! Happiness is generated from within you. So you don't have to conform to the Bully Culture's pursuit of crappiness, otherwise known as its junk culture, or belong to the bully's club to have a fulfilling life. Instead, remember this! Even if no one on earth likes you, God loves you. Otherwise you woulda, shoulda, coulda not be here. God brought the universe into being by causing nothingness to become something. The vacuum of space, and the void of time became energy and matter 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, is to respect all of life, including yours. You belong to God's universe. You don't belong to NO Bully Culture!

</font></div><div style="font-size: 1px; line-height: 1px; "><font face="'Times New Roman', Times, serif" color="#ffffff" class="size18 TimesRoman18"><br></font></div><div style="font-size: 1px; line-height: 1px; "><font face="'Times New Roman', Times, serif" color="#ffffff" class="size18 TimesRoman18">LEARNING FROM THE PAST<br></font></div><div style="font-size: 1px; line-height: 1px; "><font face="'Times New Roman', Times, serif" color="#ffffff" class="size18 TimesRoman18"><br></div><div style="font-size: 1px; line-height: 1px; "><font face="'Times New Roman', Times, serif" color="#ffffff" class="size18 TimesRoman18"> 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. <br></font></div><div style="font-size: 1px; line-height: 1px; "><font face="'Times New Roman', Times, serif" color="#ffffff" class="size18 TimesRoman18"><br></font></div><div style="font-size: 1px; line-height: 1px; "><font face="'Times New Roman', Times, serif" color="#ffffff" class="size18 TimesRoman18"> 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. <br></font></div><div style="font-size: 1px; line-height: 1px; "><font face="'Times New Roman', Times, serif" color="#ffffff" class="size18 TimesRoman18"><br></font></div><div style="font-size: 1px; line-height: 1px; "><font face="'Times New Roman', Times, serif" color="#ffffff" class="size18 TimesRoman18"> 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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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:

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 co

mpletely miserable and homesick. When I returned to the United States the scholarship money that I had been awarded 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!

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.

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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