***BULLYING***

There was a bully,

who thought it was funny,

 to pick on other people.

He would hit them and call them names,

 Until his game would turn into fame.

He found it lame,

that the others would complain about his actions.

He knew it was wrong to say those things,

but he couldn’t help himself.

He knew it was anger and jealousy,

that made him this fellow you see,

So I’ll ask him to stop,

So he won’t throw a strop,

When he gets in trouble with me.

By Ciara Fitzgerald