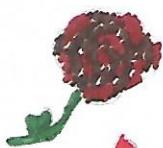


I WAS A VICTIM



My whole life, I had to keep my diary .

But one day, I met a beautiful girl ,
I needed to tell my life so I told her my story ...

But she spoke about it to her friends, she was not a good girl !

During the playtime, I wrote my thoughts in my book ,
I was alone because nobody liked my look ,

Boys called me names, I tried to stick up for myself ,
I had no-one to turn to, I was alone with myself ...



Later, I noticed kids following me in my street ,
They insulted me and they disrespected me !

I watched them, I was afraid, they were two, they repeated
They stole my diary and both ripped it in front of me !

I asked for help and they kicked me, but at one moment ,
The big boy read one page and jolted his friend alongside
I ran away to my bedroom, the message hit home , it was not the end !
I rang my mother, I asked for help and she came .

I was unable to stop crying , I felt so lost !

I knew other people needed friends but most
Of them, like me , were shy and needed to be protected .



Books are my friends, my companions.
They make me laugh and cry .
They find meaning in life !

OLIVE Lawra. 3^A.