Ghosting

This little snippet of my life was a time in 7th grade, at my old school where I got bullied of how I look. Being an Asian-American I knew that this moment was going to happen in my life one way or another. I knew that this was going to happen because just asking any Asian-American that if they have ever been bullied at least once in their life of how they look, if people asked if they eat cats or dogs, or even say a racial slur at them because of this Pandemic. I just knew that it was going to happen. I also want to let you know that I am a pretty forgetful person and don't really remember moments in my life very clearly but these moments when I got bullied, ohh I remember them light as day.

Anyways, to go back to the main story when I got bullied not once but twice, same school, same class, same grade, and around the same time too. My first real experience getting bullied was in my social studies class. It was nearing to the end of school. I was stacking the last chair at my table until a girl asked me a question out of nowhere, if she could call me "LingLing". I was shocked by what she said to me. I was just standing their not knowing the answer because at the time there was this clique who always bullied the only three Asians in my grade, which were me and a boy , and I was scared if they would do anything to me or say something rude to me, so I kind of just "obeyed" what they said. The girl then broke the silence by saying it had nothing to do with how I looked and in my mind I knew that was a FAT LIE. At first one side of me was like, I should say something back how that was racist of her to say that, but then the other side of my mind is like "just say yes and everything will be alright". So I replied hesitantly, I remember saying "y-yes?", then she said "it's okay if you don't want me to". So I was like "ouu free ticket to say no". So I said "I don't want to be called that" and that conversation ended there. I knew my face was probably red when I left the class because that was a very tense situation for a person who never really stands up for herself but it did feel good to refuse to one of those clique members yet of course I was still flustered by what happened.

Now the second "incident", now this one is burned into my brain because I did something I thought I wasn't capable of doing and I did it in class...with students inside the classroom. This "incident" happened the day after what happened between that girl and calling me "LingLing", just to note that it was Asian-Pacific Islander heritage month at the time, so at that point I just had enough. Anyways, I was just doing my boring classwork when a boy at my table accidentally got scratched by my friend and he was like "omg why did you scratch me with your long nails, now this is going to be left as a scar" in the most dramatic yet pathetic voice. Everyone at my table was like "she couldn't have scratched you that hard" and started checking out his arm to see. Of course I wanted to see instead of doing my classwork, so I asked him if he could bring his arm closer to see the scratch, since I was on the far right of the corner of the table and he was like at the "head" of the table, then he had the audacity to say "it's probably cause you have small eyes." At that point I think I saw a little fear in his eyes when he looked at me when he said that racist comment. So I slammed my hand down at the table and yelled "HOW

DARE YOU SAY THAT?! AND ON ASIAN-PACIFIC ISLANDER HERITAGE MONTH TOO?!" All of my table mates looked at me and without noticing I started crying after yelling at him.

I noticed what I did and felt guilty but later on that guilt turned into satisfaction because I was actually glad what I said that to him, it was like a slap of Asian Power in his face. At the time I didn't show it of course because tears were still streaming down my face. I did feel a rush of guilt as I might go to detention or something (but thank goodness the teacher saw the situation that I was in. He just broke up the situation and had a talk with the boy at the end of class). I noticed that I started having more tears coming out of my eyes and I finally snapped out of being this "defensive" persona of mine and see what was happening. Of course the baby that I was, started to cry a little more but stopped crying since I was still in class, my friends comforted me while I tried to stay calm of what just happened. I finally cooled down after making a scene that I never knew I was capable of making and left the classroom as soon I heard that bell.

After those two "incidents" that's burned in my memory now, I felt like I made the right choices and still don't regret what I did nor said.