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Requiem of the Fallen

Every year, one out of four children face bullying. While for some the issue of bullying may seem somewhat surreal, for me it was all too real. I never understood why someone would hesitate to help with bullying until I witnessed the impact of bullying firsthand. A few years ago, I was stuck in an ethical dilemma regarding what to do when someone you know gets bullied. Seven years ago I saw my close friend getting bullied at the playground. He and I were always close, as we had grown up together. At first, I was frozen with fear at seeing someone I knew being hurt, but I still ran towards him. That was the day I discovered ethics means lending a hand to those who need it.

As I ran, I reflected on the steps it took for me to get to him. I thought about when I first met him, he was the type of person you want to be around, full of energy and radiating kindness. I never would have thought that someone so innocent could be harmed in such a twisted way. I thought about our years of friendship and how we had grown up together. Yet, at the same time, I realized that we had been slowly drifting apart and that there were so many signs I should have seen.

On that day, I learned that you never know what is happening until you see it with your own eyes. It wasn't until I arrived early to our new monthly chat that I saw what was happening. His brother called him words that I would never repeat. What should have been a role model to him was a monster. You can't recover from all that emotional trauma in one night.



As I helped him up, I pondered what I was supposed to do. Everything ran through my mind as I took this step. I wasn't sure what to do. His brother drove off leaving him on the floor sobbing in tears. Was I supposed to pretend that I had seen nothing and keep going on with my life? That would be selfish of me. I could not directly confront the brother, as that could mean I would end up on the floor next. He was older, stronger, and intimidating.

Regardless, I chose to help my friend. Growing up my parents instilled in me the importance of helping the community. One night I had seen my mother invite a stranger into our home. He was hungry and she fed him. My mother did everything and anything she could to help anyone. I knew I needed to do the same. I couldn't physically help him at that moment, but I could still help. I told an adult and helped him take steps to ensure his safety. I recognize it is ethically correct to help people getting bullied and made it my mission to help my community recognize this is a problem.