My Experience of Overcoming Conflict
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Conflicts in school are quite common in modern day, varying from bullying, arguments between students, and even disputes among the school faculty, and the experience I'm about to share is a valuable reflection of how I dealt with those who made me feel less than what I'm truly worth.

I started secondary school about three years ago, and I was exposed to the reality of facing the challenges of going to a new school with new people. I was friends with someone who I cared deeply about, however, they treated me with an attitude I've never faced before. Disrespectful, rude, greedy and self-centered. He was the typical jokester who wanted nothing but fame, friends and honour. I found him quite friendly at first, but it wasn't until he made fun of my physical appearance. As time went by, this person would call me names and continue to make fun of me even after all the times I've helped him physically and mentally. Whenever this person needed assistance academically, I jumped in head first and guided him towards his desired answers. Whenever this person needed food or money for necessities, I usually gave him what he needed because I felt empathetic for him. Whenever this person was dealing with a difficult time, I didn't hesitate to give him a call and listen to his thoughts. I didn't know what I did to deserve his cruel actions when all I did was try to be a good friend. Throughout this conflict, I got used to his hurtful words and took them to heart, making me feel melancholy, helpless and weak. It felt like dents were left on my heart and my self-esteem, but I never told him about all these negative feelings until a year after.

On top of that, there was this other boy who aggressively mocked me for several months because I stood up for my best friend who was being fooled by his meaningless tricks. Not only did he verbally abuse me and made every lesson with him a nuisance, but his strength was so powerful to the point where he would playfully hit my back as loudly as he could. I wasn't sure if he was targeting me as a joke or to purposely hurt me, but I felt extremely uncomfortable and miserable. I forced myself to tolerate it, but the nagging feeling of being used and not being good enough felt torturing, like an invisible string pulling me towards an endless gloomy pit.

However, despite these experiences being a traumatic part of my high school life, I solved them by cutting off contact with people who didn't treat me like how I'm supposed to be and instead surrounded myself with people who genuinely cared about my thoughts and feelings. Once I stopped interacting with people who weren't good for my mental health, it felt like a breath of fresh air, like I could finally put a heavy boulder

down. I ended up meeting new people who constantly reminded me of my place in the world and how I inspire those in my presence. As a maturing teenager in a modern, digital world filled with unexpected occasional hatred and fear, I learnt that one should not be around people who don't bring you peace, who bring you burden, and discouragement. As well as creating distance between the bullies, one should also stand up for themselves especially when you know that the other person's actions are not moral at all. I rarely spoke to anyone about my internal and physical pain and almost didn't have the courage to go to school due to embarrassment and shame, but speaking up can certainly help release bottled up emotions. When readers have seen what I've written here, I hope they are inspired to never please anyone who brings them down no matter how much one wants to stay strong or stay nice. Being close to bullies can lead to them taking advantage of you, which causes further damage to one's mindset. Bullying causes serious outcomes in the long run, but finding the right support system and knowing your own worth is the true win of it all.