

Help Your Friends But...

By: Jai Durvasula

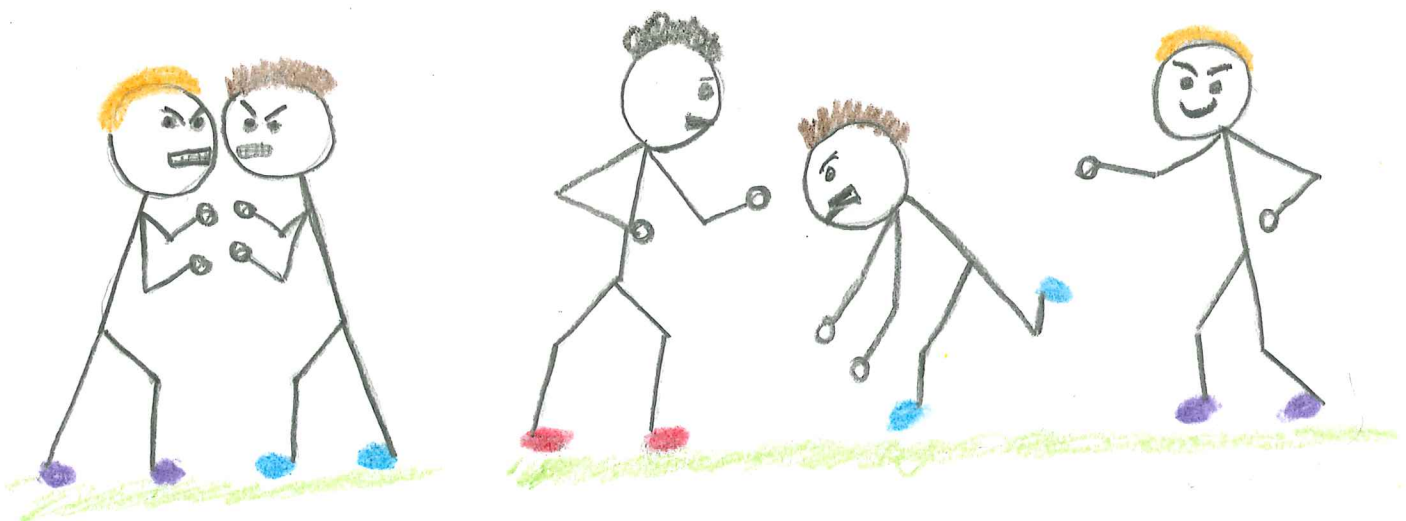
Hi, my name is Jai. I am in the 3rd grade. I like to help my friends. When I help my heart bubbles up with joy and my heart is humbled. Friendship is important to me in my life. I am appreciated for my kindness and helpfulness by my family and friends.



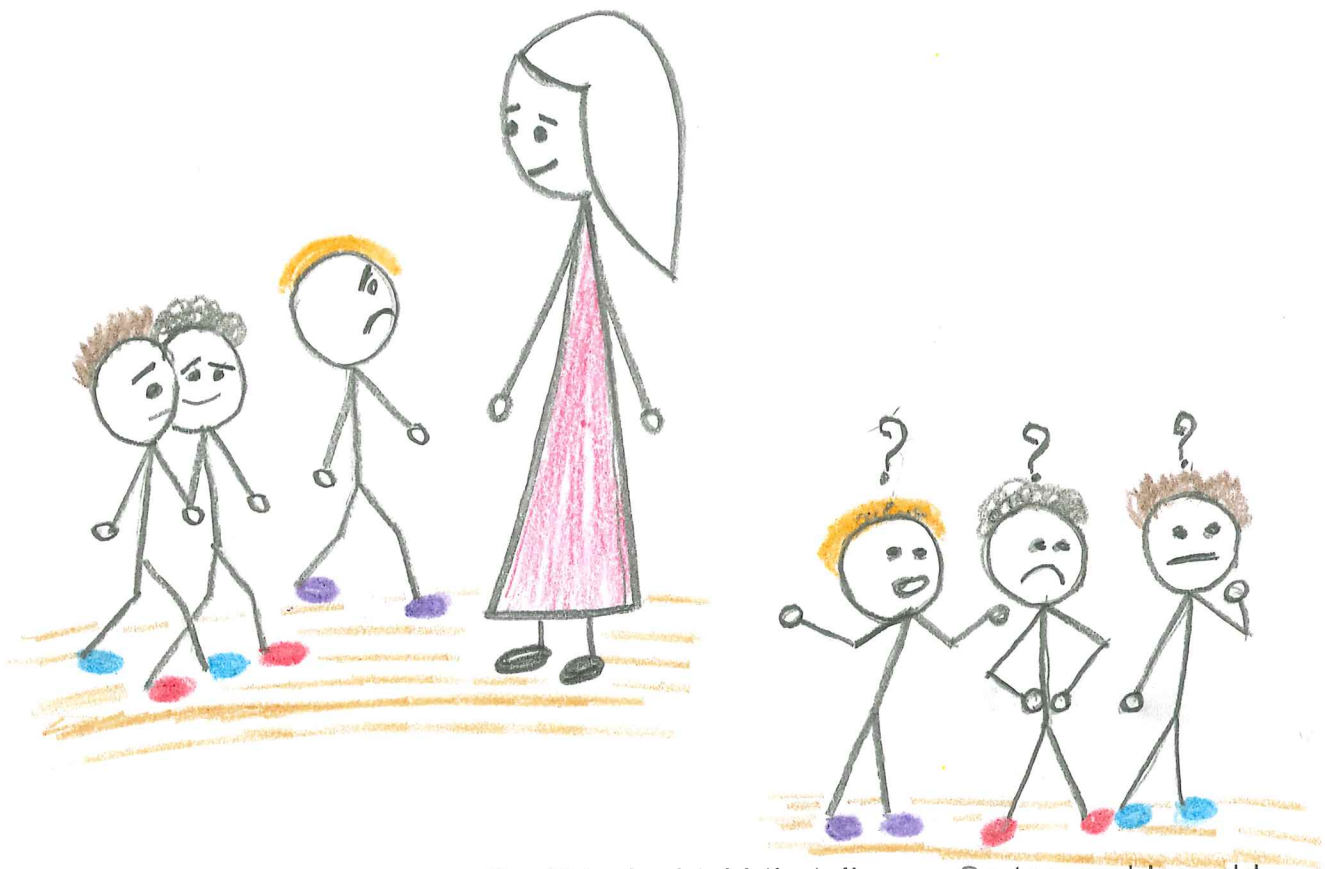
When I hang out with my friends, I feel happy. However, there are times when I can help a friend and times when I need to be careful. This is a lesson I learned recently... let me explain.



One sunny day, I was talking to my friend, Carter. When we were talking about the NFL game that happened night before, a bully named Jimmy came and pushed Carter down. I was angry because this had happened without any reason. Immediately, I felt the urge to come and help my dear friend, Carter. My hands started to wiggle, my feet started to jiggle, and I started to run towards Jimmy. I thought that I should push Jimmy down because he was a bully and he started it. So, did I push him down? Yes!!! I could not resist pushing him down. This started a fight, and Jimmy had to retreat. We thought Jimmy was going to tell the teacher because he looked very annoyed!

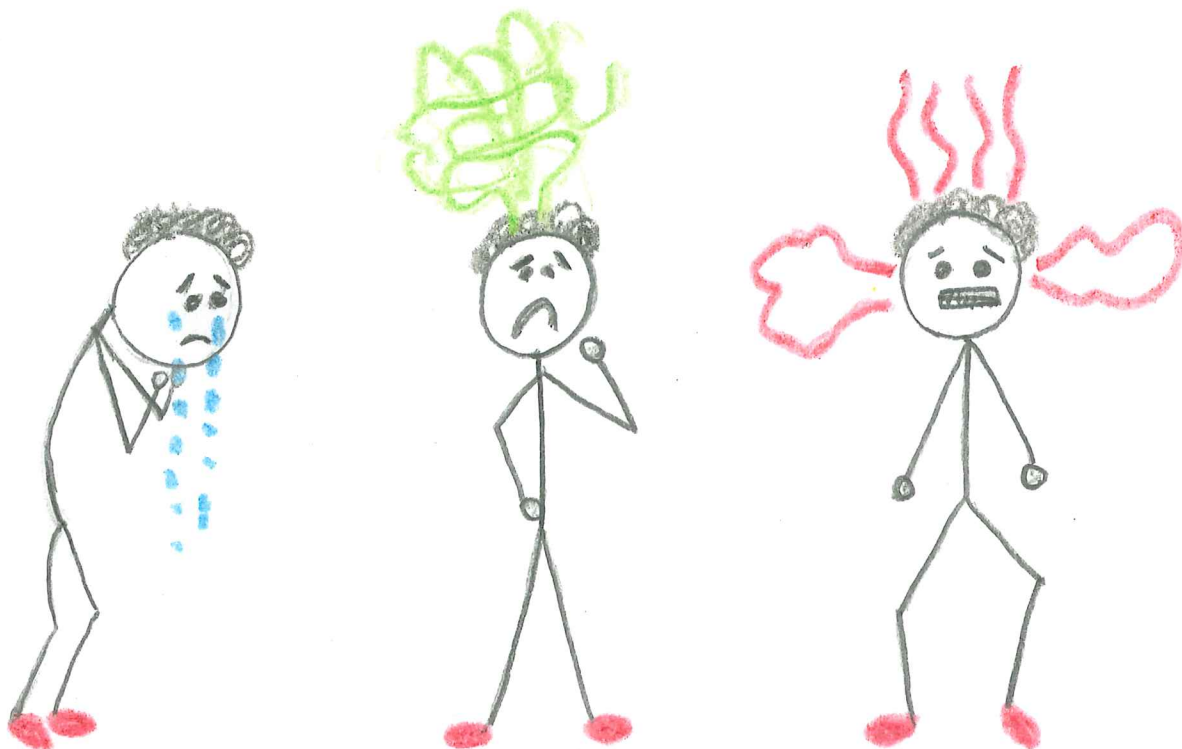


Jimmy went and complained to our teacher bitterly. She called us to her room. All three of us were all angry, especially Carter because he had been pushed down. Both Carter and I thought that we had done nothing wrong, and insisted with the teacher that Jimmy had pushed Carter down and that I was just trying to help my friend. We also told her that Jimmy started it by pushing Carter down for no reason. She told us not to do it again and sent us to the principal. The Principal told us what we did was wrong and told us not to do it again.



As a consequence, the Principal told that Jimmy, Carter, and I would have to maintain the garden during our recess times. At this- we were shocked!!! Carter and I thought, "WHAT! WE DIDN'T DO THAT BAD OF A THING TO HAVE TO MAINTAIN THE GARDEN!" We were all penalized for this fight. Because of this I also lost the award for kindness which I had wanted to show off to my mom's cousin who was coming to our house.





I went home very upset, confused, and angry. I went and narrated this incident to my parents and I defended my actions. I was not happy that everyone made me apologize to Jimmy and that I had to maintain the garden. In my mind I thought I did no wrong. After dinner my mom and dad spoke to me. They told me that in a fight nobody wins. Even though it involves helping a friend it is important not to get into a fight. After a long chat the thought had sunk in and I understood their point of view.

From then on, when my heart wants to help, my hands start to wiggle, my feet started to jiggle, but then, I remember the caution not to start the fight as it has its consequences.



