



when I was in grammar school  
my parents were  
poor  
and in my lunch bag there was  
only a peanut butter sandwich.

Richardson didn't have a  
lunch bag,  
he had a lunch pail with  
compartments, a  
thermos full of  
chocolate milk.  
He had ham sandwiches,  
sliced beef sandwiches,  
apples, bananas, a  
pickle and a large bag of  
potato chips.

I sat next to Richardson  
as we ate.  
His potato chips looked  
so good -  
large and crisp as the  
sun blazed upon  
them.

“you want some potato  
chips? he would  
ask.  
And each day  
I would eat some.

As I went to school each  
day  
my thoughts  
were on Richardson's  
lunch, and especially  
those chips.

Each morning as we  
studied in class  
I thought about  
lunchtime  
and sitting next to  
Richardson.

Richardson was the  
sissy and the other  
boys looked down  
on me  
for eating with  
him  
but I  
didn't care.  
It was the potato  
chips. I couldn't  
help myself.

“you want some  
potato chips, Henry?”  
he would  
ask.

“yes.”

the other boys got  
after me  
when Richardson  
wasn't  
around.

“hey, who's your  
sissy friend?  
You one  
too?

I didn't like that  
but the potato  
chips were more  
important.

After a while  
nobody spoke to  
me.

sometimes I ate  
one of Richardson's  
apples  
or I got half a  
pickle.

I was always  
hungry.  
Richardson was  
fat,  
he had a big  
belly  
and fleshy  
thighs.  
He was the only  
friend I had in  
grammar  
school.  
We seldom spoke  
to each  
other.  
We just sat  
together at  
lunchtime.

I walked home with  
him after school  
and often some of  
the boys would  
follow us.

They  
would gather around  
Richardson,  
gang up on him,  
push him around,  
knock him  
down,  
again and  
again.

After they were  
finished  
I would go  
pick up his lunch  
pail,  
which was  
spilled on its  
side  
with the lid  
open.

I would place the  
thermos back  
inside,  
close the  
lid.

Then I would  
carry the pail as  
I walked Richardson  
back to his  
house.

We never spoke.

As we got to his door  
I would hand him  
the lunch  
pail.

Then the door would  
close and he would  
be gone.

I was the only friend  
he had.

Sissies live a hard  
life.





## LET'S DISCUSS BULLYING



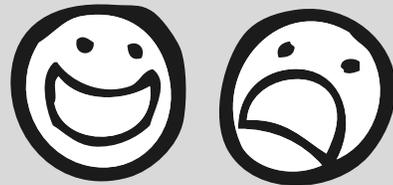
1. What's the difference between bullying and just being mean?
2. How do you feel when you are bullied?
3. What should parents do if they think their son or daughter is being bullied?
4. Have you ever tried to help someone who was being bullied? What happened?
5. Do you think a bully is forever, they'll never change?
6. Are there different types of bullies? If yes, explain. What types?
7. Do you think bullying should be considered a crime?

# BUDDY OR BULLY?

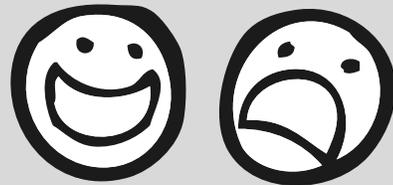
Won't let you play or hang out with other people.



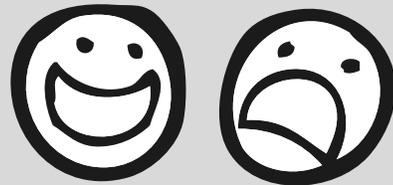
Asks to include others in your group or game.



Plays with you when you're by yourself.



Talks about other people behind their backs.



Shares their lunch with you.



# RUDE, MEAN OR BULLYING?



rude

mean

bullying

Someone burps loudly nearby

Someone teases you daily about your hair color

Someone laughs at you for wearing the wrong uniform

Someone punches you every day at lunchtime

Someone bumps into you and doesn't say sorry

Someone tells you they don't like the way you smell.