

KIND

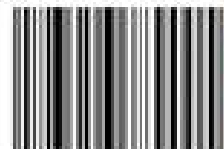
M A G A Z I N E

HOW TO:
SUBMIT YOUR
STORY TO KIND

LAUREN'S STORY
FROM MIDDLE SCHOOL
MEANNESS TO PRESENT-
DAY KINDNESS.

THESE
ARE
YOUR
STORIES

KIND MAGAZINE vol 1



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KIND MAGAZINE is an online publication dedicated to the telling of YOUR stories. Our hope is that by sharing a variety of females' experiences as the "victims" and the "aggressors", we may gain a better understanding of why females have decided to target each other, rather than support each other. Hopefully by submitting your own story and by reading the experiences of others, you will realize that this is a universal issue and that we ALL go through these experiences at some point. Kind Magazine is not designed to point fingers or make accusations that will fuel the cycle we are trying to break, rather, Kind Magazine is an opportunity to recall your experiences and how they have affected you personally. We sincerely hope that this magazine brings awareness, clarity, and hope to millions of females across the nation. Enjoy!

FROM MIDDLE SCHOOL MEANNESS TO PRESENT DAY KINDNESS

"I remember feeling scared to cross them because I had seen what they did and said behind the backs of some of our friends, or random girls within the school."

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Middle school. Ten years later, those words still have a negative connotation. When thinking back on my middle school experience, I have a mixture of emotions. On the one hand, I feel sad for the brutal experiences that I endured. On the other hand, I feel glad because I was taught life lessons and grew a tough skin for future "mean girl" experiences. To get into every detail of what happened to me in middle school would take days to get through. Rather, I will recall some specific experiences during that time and a brief overview of how it all started.

The transition from elementary into middle school was relatively smooth. Immediately, I made a group of friends that I stuck with throughout sixth grade. I guess you could say we were the "popular girls," but there was never a "mean girl" association to my friends and me. Towards the end of sixth grade, a specific couple of girls started hanging out with us. I'll just call them One and Two. My friendship with those two girls introduced me to the concept of "mean girls". Immediately, One and Two became the leaders of our group of friends. I re-

member feeling scared to cross them because I had seen what they did and said behind the backs of some of our friends, or random girls within the school. Although I knew that what they said and did to others was wrong, it became more important to be on their good side and stay an ally, rather than stand up to them and possibly have your life ruined. No matter how mean they were to everyone else, I never thought in a million years that I would get the brunt of their cattiness.

At the end of our sixth grade summer, a friend within our "group" had a birthday party. That was the night everything changed for me. Towards the end of the night, a rumor was started that I had ripped off Two's bathing suite top in front of a bunch of people. Although everyone was there and knew that I hadn't done this, I was blamed for it. In fact, it was well known that a specific boy at the party had ripped off her bathing suite top and that I had NOTHING to do with it. However, the two girls decided that they were going to use the situation to bring me down. Although people knew I hadn't done

anything, everyone decided to gang up on me and create this drama that I had a hard time understanding at the time. I remember being at that party, sitting in the bathroom crying, trying to call my mom to pick me up because the people at the party were running around screaming "Find Lauren, kill Lauren!!" Within minutes, all of my "friends" and the people at the party jumped on the bandwagon, and shunned me. I didn't understand why this was happening...these were my friends!!

That night, I cried for hours and hours and hours. I found out later that One and Two had a sleep over that night and openly talked about KNOWING that I hadn't done anything, but that they were going to blame me anyway. One of the girls at the sleep over sat there and listened to them plot and scheme against me, and decided she didn't want to be a part of it. From that night on, she stood by my side and endured the same hateful experiences that I did, because she knew I was being used as a target, and she didn't want to be a part of their plot to "ruin me". I don't blame my other friends for not standing up for me at the time. We were very young and I know the harsh pressures girls face during those times to conform within a "group".

I wish I could say that the party was the end of the experience, however, that was only the beginning. That whole following year, it became "cool" to hate me. Everyday, I dreaded going to school. I was completely shunned. I was yelled at and called names, there were rumors spread about me, boys weren't "allowed" to like me, I constantly received threatening and hateful emails and Instant Messages. .the list goes on. I remember one day, I picked up my home phone, and a group of guys on the other end told me that if I came to school the next day, I

would be raped behind the portables. They went into graphic detail about what they were going to do to me, and although what they were saying was disgusting, all I could concentrate on was the sound of the girl's laughter in the background. That was what mattered most to me...that the girls were there, orchestrating the whole thing. I remember getting a new white jean jacket from my mom one week. I loved that jacket. I put it in my locker one day, and when I got back from class, it was gone. I was so confused because I knew that I had put it in there. The next day at school, one of the girls was wearing the jacket. I knew it was mine the moment I saw it because it was a very unique jacket. Because I was so scared and so weak and so "beaten down," I didn't say anything. I COULDN'T say anything, and that was the reality of it. Even the One and Two's mother



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got involved. She worked at the school, and I vividly remember her making comments to me at school and being just as much a part of the cattiness. I would say the worst part of the whole thing was that they got the older girls at school to hate me. Females always look up to older girls, so when the eighth graders were joining in, screaming at me, and threatening me, that was especially damaging.

Looking back on it now, what's most scary about that period of my life is remembering how it affected me. Those mentally and emotionally abusive experiences were the ONLY things that seemed important to me at that time. I didn't care about school, I didn't care about my hobbies, I didn't care about anything. I remember being severely depressed, I thought about killing myself frequently, and I cried all the time. The most hurtful thing to think about is how "quite" it made me. I kept everything in, because I felt like I had to. I couldn't stand up for myself, and until recently, that is something that I have had a hard time with because of those experiences. The truth is, no matter how mean they were to me, all I wanted was to have my friends back.

At the time, I couldn't understand how I could be blamed for something that I never did. Within the blink of an eye, I was hated and picked on by all of my former "friends." No matter how much my mother told me "they're just jealous and insecure" or "I went through this too honey, don't worry, it will all be okay," I still felt the same amount of pain every day. I remember how it affected my family. I can see my mothers face as she would hear about the things the girls did to me at school each day. My parents are amazing, and they did what they could. They talked to the girl's parents a few

times, but I would never let them get too involved for fear of what that would mean for me. Because I didn't want them to get involved, I didn't tell them a lot of what I was going through. Had they known, who knows how things would have panned out.

Eventually, my friend and I were let back into the "group". The saddest part is that I wanted to be friends with them again. Sounds crazy, I know.

However, no matter how mean they were, and no matter what horrible things they did to me, I though it was better to be friends with them again, rather than not be and to endure more of their vicious behavior.

I remember feeling guilty for hanging out with them again. In all honesty, it was a bit degrading. But I went through the motions, and survived eight grade "thinking" that I was finally liked again.

The transition from middle school into high school was interesting. By freshman year, One and Two had burned so many of their friends, that their firm clutch on being the "queen bee's" quickly shifted. They slowly lost a lot of their friends, and I slowly became myself again. Overall, high school was a wonderful experience, MUCH different from what I had experienced in middle school. That doesn't mean that I didn't still see cattiness, manipulation, and drama going on within my group of friends and the girls within the school...there was always a new

batch of drama.

Although middle school was a long time ago, it took a very long time for me to get over those experiences. I still carry emotional scars from what I went through. Instead of being bitter about the "meanness" that I endured, I decided to use those experiences to create a kindness within myself. I have always tried to be a good friend to the people in my life. Of course I have not been perfect at that, however, I know that I will have lasting friendships because of the type of people that I surround myself with and the type of friend I have DECIDED to be to those around me. When you become the "victim" of girl-against-girl "crime", you have a few options. You can become mad, and use that anger to be mean to others. You can become silent, and

allow the experiences to steal your voice, self-worth, confidence, and love for yourself. Or, you can become a KINDer you...a "you" that YOU would want to be friends with. And with that KINDer "you," be an example to other females of how we should treat each other. The choice is yours, and I hope that you choose the right one.

- Lauren, age 22

HOW TO: SEND US YOUR STORY

Please submit your story to kindmag@kindcampaign.com. It can be no longer than 500 words and as short as you want. You can write about a specific experience you've had, how you feel about the issues...anything! There are only a couple requirements.

(1) Please leave out the actual names of the people within your story. Again, this is not about pointing fingers, but rather to show the universality of the issue, and to offer awareness, hope and understanding to other females going through these experiences.

(2) Do not talk badly about others. Feel free to honestly recall your experience and how it made you feel, but please do not "trash" talk the people within your story. (ex. 'I hate her, and she is such a mean person for doing that.')

If you are someone that has been labeled as the "mean girl", please don't feel like this magazine and campaign isn't for you too. Kind Campaign understands that there are many sides to every story, and this is not about placing any sort of blame. But know that sharing your story and giving insight into your experience may really help a lot of females understand what they are going through as the

“victim” and may encourage other “aggressors” to stop what they are doing to other females. The truth is, we have ALL been mean and we have ALL been picked on, so Kind Campaign and Kind Magazine is a encouragement for us ALL to be more kind.

We would like to thank you in advance for sharing your experience. We know that it is hard emotionally to recall these stories. Know that Kind Campaign, along with millions of females appreciate it very much.



Please feel free to share your favorites quote that you feel would be inspirational to other girls. Please submit your quotes to kindmag@kindcampaign.com.

It requires less character to discover the faults of others than it does to tolerate them.

J. Petit Senn

You must look into other people as well as at them.

Lord Chesterfield



KIND CAMPAIGN recognizes that sharing your stories can be an emotionally difficult task. Whether you are the victim or the aggressor, recalling girl-against-girl “crime” within your own life takes a lot of courage. In light of these facts, Kind Campaign has decided to create a scholarship program to thank you for sharing your experiences!

At the end of each year, Kind Campaign will review all of the stories submitted to Kind Magazine and will select 10 individuals who will be awarded a scholarship. Individuals will be selected based upon the content of their submitted story. Particularly touching stories, or stories that offer fresh insight and exemplify the message behind Kind Campaign, will be considered for selection.

Kind Campaign wants to give you the chance to use the scholarship in a way that will help support your future. Awarded scholarships will go toward schooling or towards an “entrepreneurial endeavor,” which includes, but are not limited to:

- Starting a business
- Creating a project in line with your interests or future occupation (writing a book, filming a documentary, starting a non-profit, etc.)

The purpose of the scholarship program is to recognize and honor the capable and beautiful females that you are. Kind Campaign would like to encourage all females to become educated, pro-active and most importantly KIND citizens within your communities and within the world. With the scholarship program, Kind Campaign hopes to help you do just that!

Five percent of Kind Campaigns’ annual revenue will be set aside for the scholarship program.



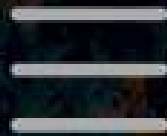
Please submit your story to kindmag@kindcampaign.com. You can write about a specific experience you've had, how you feel about the issues...anything! There are only a couple requirements:

- (1) **Tell the truth.**
- (2) **It is imperative that you leave out the actual names of the people within your story. Again, this is not about pointing fingers or calling people out.**
- (3) **Do not talk badly about the people in your story. Honestly recall your experience and how it made you feel but do not defame the people within your story. (ex. 'I hate her, and she is such a horrible person for doing that.')**
- (4) **You may leave yourself "anonymous" or include your name and age at the end of your story.**

Kind Campaign understands that there are many sides to every story. Whether you have been the "victim" or the "aggressor", sharing your experience will offer healing, understanding and awareness to females across the nation. The truth is, we have ALL been mean and we have ALL been picked on, so Kind Campaign and Kind Magazine are encouragements for us ALL to be more kind.

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