

KINDMAG

VICTIM . CAUSE . CHANGE

THEY CALLED
ME **"BIG GIRL"**

SARAH

DO NOT BE WEARY

JORISSE LOZANO

ENOUGH IS ENOUGH

BRITTANY HUGHES

I JUST DON'T GET IT

COURTNEY SHERRY

STICKS & STONES WILL
BREAK MY BONES...

VIOLET

POEM: PHOTOGRAPHS

SHANNON DARE

THESE
ARE
YOUR
STORIES

VOL. 4

SPECIAL THANKS TO
NIRIMI PHOTOGRAPHY

nirimi.com

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!

LAST MONTH VOL. 3



CHECK OUT ALL THE KIND MAGAZINES AT KINDCAMPAIGN.COM. READ OTHER GIRLS STORIES AND SUBMIT YOUR OWN.



BIG GIRL

"...Then in seventh grade I found out that there was a 'comic book' being passed around about me. They called it "Big Girl" and I was the main character..."



I moved around a lot when I was younger. My family lived in Asia till I was eight and when we moved to California I was just starting middle school. After one year I left the first school my parents put me in because I hadn't made any friends and one girl in particular was very mean to me. I asked her once why she was so mean to me and she looked me straight in the face and answered it was because I gave such a good response when she made fun of me, meaning that I cried and became really upset. My parents

moved me to a small private school for junior high, but I had even more trouble at this school. I was overweight and very insecure. Everything went fine for a while. I didn't have any close friends, but the other kids included me sometimes and were not often outright cruel to me. Then in seventh grade I found out that there was a 'comic book' being passed around about me. They called it 'Big Girl' and I was the main character. Every boy and girl in my class had seen it and had been laughing at me behind my back for months. I was so embarrassed that I didn't go to school for a week. That summer I developed Anorexia and was placed in an intensive outpatient program which met every night for four hours. My disorder put a huge strain on my family and my relationship with my parents never fully recovered. I barely completed my recovery before entering high

school and for a while I even had to eat lunch in the nurse's office. The problem with eating disorders, though, is that there is a very high rate of relapse and so they can affect you for the rest of your life. And sure enough, my first year at college was cut short by a very serious relapse that threw me right back into intensive treatment for Anorexia. So far I have lost three years of my life to this disease triggered by a stupid joke meant to keep me down and make other's feel better. I guess in that capacity it worked pretty well, but at what cost. I hope that young girls all over the world hear your message and learn from stories like mine that a few laughs at someone else's expense might bring a brief ego boost, but could also lead to a lifetime of pain and struggle.

- SARAH

WATCH THE TRAILER



Growing up with meager beginnings, my parents wanted a better life for their children. So when my grandmother petitioned me to join her in California, my mother didn't even think twice about letting me go. With my mother's purpose driven ambition to seek out improved livelihood for her children, she boarded me on a plane and watched me fly into terrains unknown. Besieged with grief and abandonment, being an innocent child, I trusted my mother's reasons for shipping me off and promised her to never forget the last loving motherly advice she imparted in me.

Arriving in a new country, I felt odd and grossly misplaced. This foreboding feeling was all the more overwhelming when I was placed in a home with my grandparents, two aunts and uncle. Being the youngest and a niece, no less, warranted abused like no other. This chapter of my life was a never-ending initiation of affliction to a sorority that transforms any human goodness into a lifeless, bitter empty shell. The very depth of my soul was suffocating in darkness and my tender heart was literally bleeding pain. The only rays of light that shone in my private hell were my journal and my bible.

Living with my two aunts and uncle should be a dream for any little girl. Perhaps being the oldest of their nieces or nephews, I trusted in my fairy tale notion that they would love and accept me just as I was, their niece, their oldest sister's first born. But, I was wrong. That childish belief was squashed like a fly on a fly-swatter. My two aunts never ceased a moment to verbally ridicule me, be it my weight, my choice of style, my penchant for learning new things and my thirst for reading and writing. When we were at family gatherings, they always found a way to somehow demoralize me by recanting embarrassing stories

about me as child, or insulting my intelligence by letting the others know how inutile I was. These were some of the excruciating moments I had to deal with especially from my oldest aunt. My younger aunt, who is only two years older than me had a different idea of what torment was. I still recall such a nauseating moment when we were in middle school. She stole my journal, and let everyone read the contents that were written. Every traffic jam of thoughts that wounded me, occasions that scarred me and the people, good and bad, that hurt me.

For the duration of my middle school years, I was taunted and singled out, thanks to my aunt, the woman who was suppose to deflect and shield me from heart-ache and those that meant to do me harm. But little did she

"I remember one night I cried and pleaded to God about taking me home. Home, into the arms of the woman I could count on to love me and protect me."

know that her mischief was causing me misery and killing every ounce of innocence left in me. My Aunt, unfortunately didn't stop at divulging my innermost thoughts to my friends and strangers, she continued to plague my life by concocting crude lies about me. She thrived on spreading malicious lies about me. Our home and the school grounds now became her arena to inflict piercing blows to my self-esteem and eventually knocking down my sense of security. No one has ever made me feel so vulnerable, unwanted and unloved. At this point, my faith in everything Holy and Good were faltering.

I remember one night I cried and pleaded to God about taking me home. Home, into the arms of the woman I could count on to love me and protect me. The following week, God did just that. No, I didn't go back home to the Philippines to my real mother. God made a way for me to find the arms of another woman who would change my life forever. She became the woman I have come to know simply, as MEMA. She is my mother's aunt. She took me into her home, and she has treated me like her daughter ever since.

Mema wasn't able to conceive a child due to an illness. I still remember her telling me that I was the answer to her anguish filled prayers. It still brings a smile to my face every

time I recall that moment when I entered my very own room. I felt like a princess saved and delivered. I was home, in my castle, with a kind and gentle Queen. She has been that to and for me, thereafter. My Mema became the shield I needed to keep hurtful people and comments from touching me. She became the shelter I run to when the tumultuous storms of life threatens to drown me. In my Mema, I see God. In her smile, I see the goodness of God radiating from her heart. And in her hugs and kisses I feel God's love piercing through my once deadened soul. And because of my Mema, God gave me a heart that could forgive and a mind to understand that, "all things work for the greater good, for those who trust him." Through my Mema, God's goodness still shines.

That part of my life was very traumatizing. I grew up knowing and watching first hand what bitterness and hatred was. God blessed me with patience and strength to persevere through this perilous season of my life. I am very thankful and blessed to know that I serve a mighty God. Before I left my mother, she told me to be good, pray, read your bible and trust in the Lord. I did and have done that since.

"Let us not be weary in doing good, for at the time, the proper time, we will reap a harvest if we do not give up."
---Galatians 6:9

- JORISSE LOZANO

TRY THE **TRUTH WALL** at:
www.kindcampaign.com

ENOUGH ENOUGH

"...I just got up and walked off and went to the bathroom and cried in the stall until lunch was over..."



Back when I was 6, it all started. My best friend was the one that first bullied me around. She would tell me I was stupid, or ugly and she even hit me and threw things at me quite a few times. As I got older, it continued but it didn't get really bad until junior high. When I was 12, I was in seventh grade and I had developed very quickly and was wearing a size 34C bra! I got a lot of attention because of it, but it was very negative. Girls and boys all were saying in the 7th & 8th grade that i stuffed my bra

and they called me names such as, "Stuff and Puff" and "Charmin." After dealing with that at school, I had to ride the bus home and there was a 15 year old girl who made my life hell while I road the bus home just about every day. I would dread riding the bus home. Sometimes I intentionally missed the bus in the afternoon so I wouldn't have to deal with her. She would shout nasty names towards me from the back of the bus, throw paper wads at my head as I would sink down into the seat and sob; she also threw gum in my hair a few different times. I can remember so many different times I came home crying. When I got to my freshman year in high school, everything seemed to get worse. My "friends" had "stabbed me in the back" several times before we even got to high school. They banned together and boycotted my, (what was suppose to be a big

pool party with around 20 of my friends), 14th birthday party and only 1 person showed up. I cried so hard that day....but of course I forgave them. I had the tendency to let my friends run me over all of the time. Well, back to my freshman year; I can remember about 4 different times where girls got in my face, yelled, called me names, and tried to fight me.

I never even did anything to provoke them, so I didn't understand why they were picking on me.

I pretty much kept to myself that whole year then my sophomore came and I got extremely embarrassed one day at lunch, this girl, (who I thought was a pretty good friend), yelled out something ridiculous about me and threw food at me and everybody was staring. I felt the glare in every single persons eyes in that room and it made me feel sick. The rest of my sophomore year went pretty crappy, but that was pretty much the end of me being bullied by girls. I've now learned to stand up for myself without fighting. I have more confidence now and I don't take any bull crap from anybody. I don't think that's exactly the attitude to have but that is the way I protect myself from ever being ran over or bullied again.

- BRITTANY HUGHES

Have you ever wanted to apologize for something you did or said to another girl? Read what other girls have said on the

KIND APOLOGY WALL

Dear Katie,

I love you and you're my sister. And I know that its not right that we fight. i love you

Dear Bella,

I'm sorry for leaving you in fear and breaking your heart. I thought it was right for you to just forget all about me. I now know that it was not. I love you forever.

Dear Grace,

I am sorry for not standing up for you when you were being talked about badly. Being a bystander is just as bad as being the bully. You are such a great friend and a great person!

Dear Sadie,

Im really am sorry. I was so mean to you throughout school. There was no reason for it and I feel terrible.

Dear Mommy,

I apologize for getting mad at you for getting in my business when all you do is care.

I just don't get it...

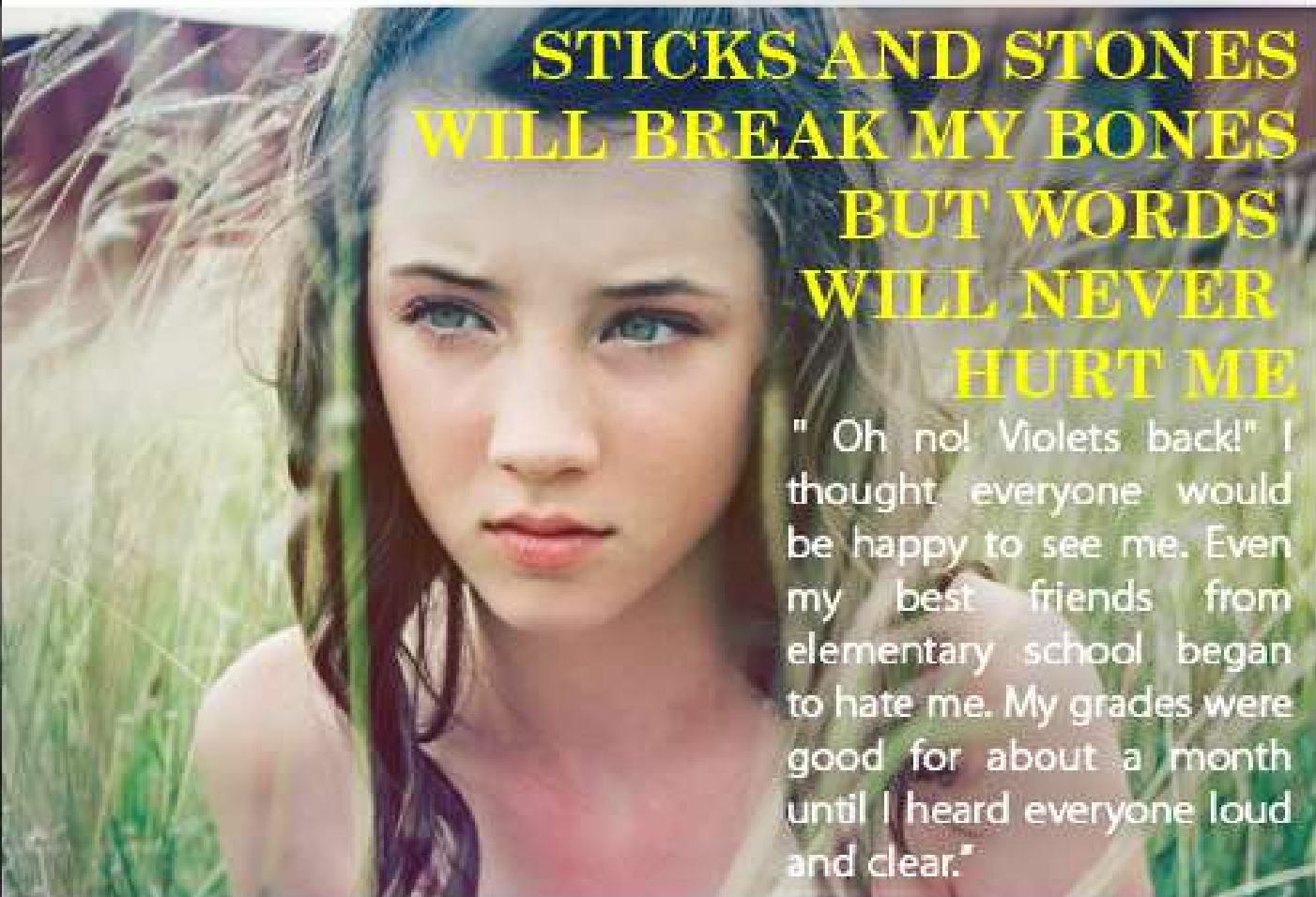
"...To this day I never knew the reason behind why I wasn't good enough for them and I guess I never will."



In sixth grade I was the victim to a cruel and vicious act by 3 other sixth grade girls. We were all best friends going into sixth grade and one day towards the middle of the year they decided I wasn't good enough anymore to be apart of their "dique". As I continued to search for other girls around my school to sit and be friends with, they continued to pick on me (stares, name calling, etc). One day when I was walking across the field these three girls, along with four others they had con-

vinced to pick on me, followed me across and started to sing a song about how ugly and fat I was. This plus the coming home crying everyday from school was the last straw with my mom and we both decided that I would stick it out for the rest of sixth grade and I would switch schools at the end of the year. I did, but I never forgot the pain I felt that year because of those girls. To this day I never knew the reason behind why I wasn't good enough for them and I guess I never will.

- Courtney Sherry



STICKS AND STONES WILL BREAK MY BONES BUT WORDS WILL NEVER HURT ME

" Oh no! Violets back!" I thought everyone would be happy to see me. Even my best friends from elementary school began to hate me. My grades were good for about a month until I heard everyone loud and clear."

Girls can be harsh. Girls can judge. They can hurt you. What is there for us to do? When I was in elementary school, I was loved by everyone, except Kaitlyn and Brittany. These two girls wanted to get rid of me and they would do anything. At the end of 5th grade I was saying goodbye to all my friends telling them I didnt want to go through all of the drama in middle school so I was going to have my mom home school me.

For the first quarter my mom home

schooled me. Then my older sister started fresh start and my mom could only handle one kid at a time so I went back to school. When I got to the school I felt as if it were going to be great. Then I walk down the hall and I hear these loud gasps and people saying," Oh no! Violets back!" I thought everyone would be happy to see me. Even my best friends from elementary school began to hate me. My grades were good for about a month untill I heard everyone loud and clear. Girls were calling me fat, annoying, a slob, saying my clothes were rags, they even told me to commit suicide.

I remember balling after school in the car just telling her everything that happened. When I took showers I would just stand in the shower and cry. I remember my mom telling me I couldnt switch schools no matter what.

It just got worse. Girls said my shoes looked like someone puked on them. My pants look as if they hadnt been washed in years. My shirt as if someone just, I cant even say it. I had wished I were dead.

Then my parents announced they were getting a divorce and that I would be switching schools. I honestly cheered and didnt sleep for like a week. I just couldnt wait to move. My mom told me not to tell anyone I was moving so they wouldnt be saying,

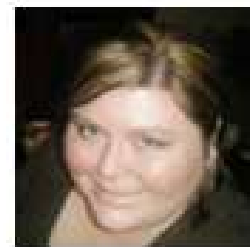
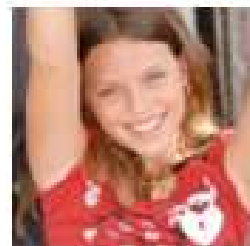
"YAY SHES LEAVING NO NEED FOR THE PITCH FORKS!"

Then on my last day my teacher found out and I had to lie to her and I said, "I thought I had more time. My mom only just told me this morning it was today." I remember my teachers smiling when they found out I was leaving. I told all of them the same thing. Then the teachers told the class and the whole 6th grade knew and were just trying to insult me as much as they could before I left. I will never forget the repulsive things they called me and said to me.

Now, I hate, yes HATE, those words and whenever MY friends are in trouble, or are being teased, I get in the way of the girls insulting them and stand up for them. At the school I'm at now, I have several friends that love me and I do have enemies. But when they try to throw me down, it doesnt work. From the experience at the old school Ive grown my inner strength.

- Violet

Upload your picture to the **KIND GIRLS WALL** and show that you support our cause.



PHOTOGRAPHS

by Shannon Dare

Tears streaming
Pain inside
Rumors run
Lies spread
Truth is dead
Friends no longer friends
Old times of laughter
Now bring tears
Sights of girls
talking, laughing, spreading
Left alone
Cold and confused
What started out as friends for life
End now with this fight
Not a word for three whole months
Left with only photographs and lots
of cuts

Step.1

Tell The TRUTH.

Step.2

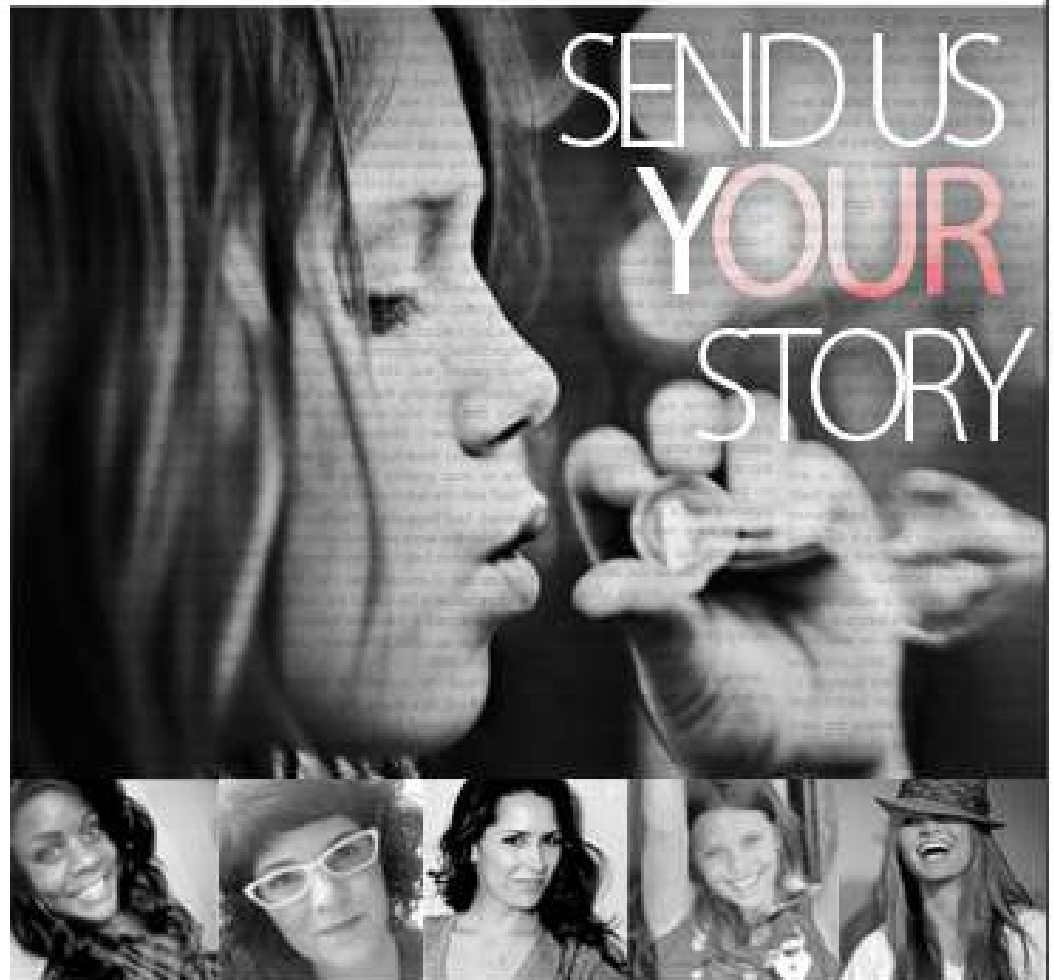
It is imperative that you leave out the actual names of the people within your story. Again this is not about pointing fingers

Step.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.')

Step.4

You may leave yourself "anonymous" or include your name and age at the end of your story



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..

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 KindMagazine are 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 emotionally difficult to recall these experiences. It takes courage. Know that Kind Campaign, along with millions of females appreci-

KIND SCHOLARSHIP

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!

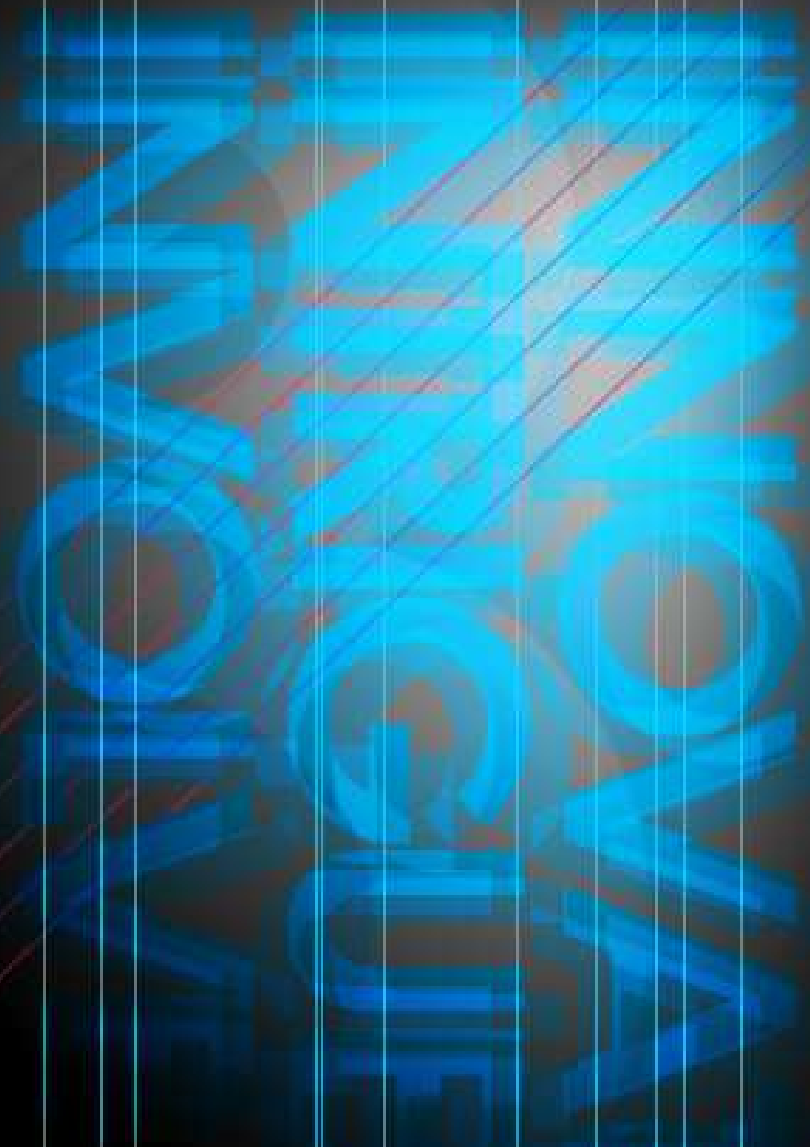
At the end of each year, Kind Campaign will review all of the stories submitted to Kind Magazine and will select 10 individuals who will be awarded a scholarship. Individuals will be selected based upon the content of their submitted story. Particularly touching stories, or stories that offer fresh insight 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 CAMPAIGN'S ANNUAL REVENUE WILL BE SET ASIDE FOR THE SCHOLARSHIP PROGRAM.



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