

“MOMMMMMMMMM, I don’t want to be a transfer student!” I begged my mom.

“What if I get bullied? What if my classmates don't like me? What if...” I said, looking worried.

“Honey, you’ll be fine. Take it easy, okay?” said my mom. “Oh, it’s time for work, see you later,” she said and gave me a hug as she left.

With no choice, I walked up the stairs and went to my new classroom, class 4E. I wasn’t nervous at all...okay, I was extremely nervous. Utterly nervous! Finally I reached the door of the classroom and knocked.

“Well, come in! I am Mr Smith. You must be the new student that the principal had told me about,” the teacher said, managing a slight smile. I nodded to him, who was standing in front of the blackboard.

“Um, go...good...morning, I’m Olivia. Um...” I stammered. Okay , I totally screwed up!

Suddenly a voice was heard. “Whatever, nerdy,” said a boy who had brown hair, hazel eyes and a smirk on his face.

“Victor! That’s offensive,” Mr Smith said angrily, “Olivia, you can sit next to Mary. Mary, put your hand up.”

I could see a hand up at the back of the classroom. I sat down, feeling many pairs of eyes staring at me. In order not to be nervous, I turned my head to the left, and saw my neighbour. She had straight blonde hair, a big mole on the left side of her face and looked quite approachable, just like the girl next door.

“Hello, you can call me Mary. I hope we can be good neighbours!” she cocked her head and smiled. “Me too!” I replied. Whew, it seemed like a good start.

After the class , Mary showed me around and told me lots of gossip. I joined all the clubs that she had joined. After a few days, I started to get used to the class, but not to Victor. I was kind of afraid of him because Mary told me that he was one of the biggest bullies in the

class. She said that Victor had tried to throw someone's breakfast in the rubbish bin and beat other students! I really didn't want him to ruin my perfect school life!

I was quite good at studies and made quite an impression in the lessons. I passed my exams with flying colours and became the academic star of my class, and the teachers liked me. This was what my dream school life should like! But then things took a turn for the worse and turned into a total nightmare.

That day I walked into the classroom. "AHHHHHHHHHH!" I screamed as I sat down. I couldn't help it. There was a dead rat in my drawer! I ran out immediately and Mr Smith helped me to deal with the rat, but bad things kept happening! Rats in my drawer, nails in my shoes, drawings on my table, the list went on.

"Olivia...are you okay? I'm here with you if you need me," said Mary in a considerate manner.

"Ma....Mary, I don't know what's happening. Why do they have to treat me like this?" I replied, on the verge of tears.

"I don't know if it's good to say..." said Mary hesitantly, "I, I tried to figure out who's bullying you and I can only think of one person..."

"You mean, Victor?" I was taken aback when I heard what she said. But, why would he do that? To find out, I stayed in another room near our class after school. Many students left school and the corridor was almost empty. Then, Victor showed up with another schoolmate! I knew it was him! He was holding a bag of things. There must be dead animals or nails inside! After he went in, I sneaked out of the room and walked over to the window of our classroom. "BANG!", a sound scared me and I popped my head out and saw Victor. He was throwing some bread into the bin.

"I've told you to stop eating this expired bread, haven't I? Listen to me dude, it's not good for your health! Here, this is for you." He took a lunch box out of the bag. All this time, we had all misunderstood him! Victor then took the student's wallet and put some money inside. "Don't refuse. If you want to thank me, then stop eating stale bread, okay?" He said gently. The student came out with his eyes red. He was touched, but it was too embarrassing to let others know that he was poor and had to eat expired bread, so he didn't tell anyone. With just the sound "BANG!", and seeing the student with red eyes leaving in silence, the other students might think Victor was bullying him!

Victor was doing good deeds all along, but he never explained that, even though other people misunderstood him.

WAIT A MINUTE! If Victor was not the bully, then who was playing tricks on me? It became confusing again...

“Hey, Olivia!” a voice called my name. I came out of my trance and saw Victor! “Come with me, Mr Smith said he needs you to go to the office.” He said.

“Sorry!” I whispered. “What?” he asked, feeling confused. “Umm, nothing! Sorry for misunderstanding you...”

As we arrived at the office, we saw Mr Smith. He looked serious. “Thank you Victor. Olivia, during the past few days, we were trying to find out who was bullying you, and I think it will be better to let you see the video yourself,” said Mr Smith.

I turned my head to the computer. It was a video of our classroom. A person in a black jacket and hat was holding a bag of things. I could just see the person’s back. The person walked to my seat and took a rat from the bag! That’s it! That’s the one who has been bullying me! The person turned around slowly. With the wind from the open window, the person’s hat blew and I could finally see the face!

“W.....wh.....wh....what?” I stared at the screen, feeling awestruck. The person in the video had blonde hair, and a big mole on the left side of her face! IT WAS MARY!