THE BULLY



HERE

J.E. JAFFE

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Disclaimer

This book is based on the author's experience in crisis management and defense against harassment. It offers strategies and examples for addressing bullying in social and school settings, particularly among friends and peers. It does not cover issues related to romantic conflicts, sibling disputes, or family dynamics. While the strategies are practical, they are not a substitute for professional legal, medical, or psychological advice.

Acknowledgements

To my Mother, Aunt Jill, Uncle Keith and Aunt Suzie for keeping me going. This book isn't a thought without you. Thank you.

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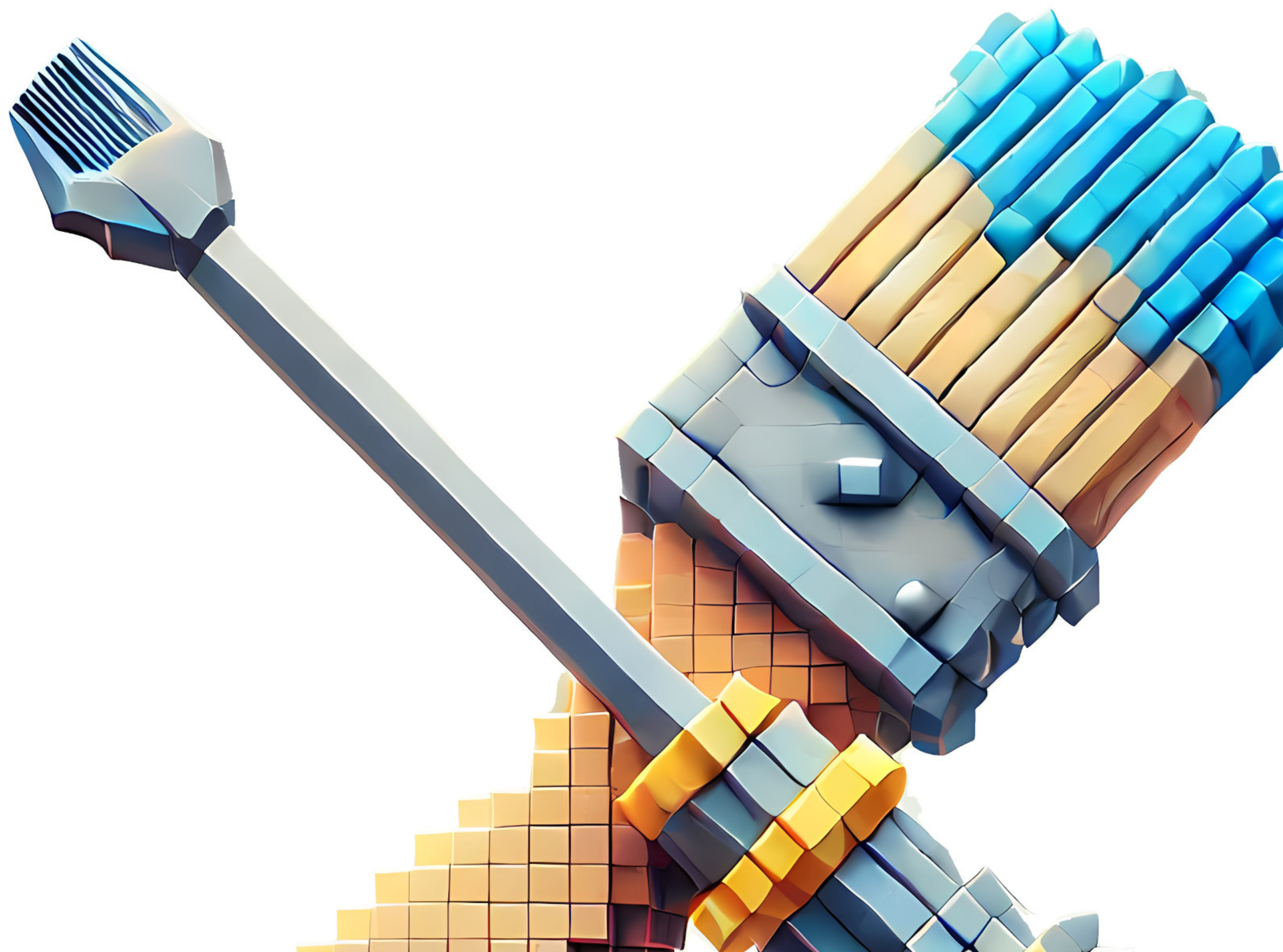

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Introduction

If there's one thing to know,
It's that bullies want a show.
They seek to stir, to spark a scene,
To feed on what your reactions mean.

They thrive on tears, on anger’s flare,
They push to see how much you care.
But once you realize what they’re after,
Peace of mind comes that much faster.

Deny them what they want to see,
To earn the freedom of leaving you be.
Bullies avoid when they come to find,
You won’t submit to their mind’s design.

There are many ways to deny the show,
A theme this book will help you know.
With an open mind yet guarded heart,
You'll grasp it well right from the start.

Parts one to three are for those fed up,
Who’ve hit the point of “That’s enough.”
All are welcome who seek a clue,
To escape a bully’s aggressive view.



Part four covers a different view,
When friends plot to cut right through.
Burdened with thoughts of standing alone,
As isolation chills your bones.

You question your worth, shouldering blame,
Confused and shaken, you're not the same.
Look past yourself to understand,
It’s facing the problem directly at hand.

Avoidance won’t repair the cracks,
Nor will harsh truths with blurted facts.
A place between the silence and storm,
Where honesty feels safe and warm.

There is no rule, no single way,
For what to do or what to say.
Your course must shift, adapt, advance,
It all depends on circumstance.

This book will guide, a map to see,
With paths that fit severity.
From quiet pokes to open fights,
The setting shapes the tools in sight.

Let us begin to turn the tide,
And leave behind the hurt inside.
Turn the page, begin anew,
The strength inside, it lies in you.



Part 1

In-Person



Chapter 1: The Smirk

You can make bullies take flight,
With just a smirk, there’s no need to fight.
A simple act that ends with grace,
A subtle shift upon your face.

The difference between smile and smirk,
Depends on how your eyes work.
A smile takes both mouth and eyes,
Revealing the soul that underlies.

But with a smirk, your eyes have control,
To gaze into the bully’s soul.
A glance, a flicker is all you need,
To lock eyes and plant the seed.

Let’s practice now, pretend to grin,
Feel the power grow within.
Pretty easy, don't you see?
With just a smirk, you hold the key.

But why is a smirk so unique, so clear,
So good at making bullies disappear?
The secret is what you *don’t* show,
Emotions kept from outward flow.

The U-shaped bend, so calm, so slight,
Carries a charm to turn the fight.
And leaves a message unspoken, distinct,
That shape is more useful than you think.

That subtle curve upon your lips,
A move no bully will predict,
Says more than words could ever do,
"You don’t control what I go through."



Let’s explore a deeper truth,
The smirk is more than a simple move.
It starts a process, a feedback loop,
Where face and feelings become a group.

The act of shaping how you grin,
Can stir emotions deep within.
A “U”, even forced, can still ignite,
A flood of feelings, warm and bright.

When faced with bullies, smirking still,
It helps instill your inner will.
For as your mind begins to clear,
You'll find that smirk becomes sincere.

There’s something else at play, you see,
It happens in the brain, subconsciously.
When they see your subtle smirk,
It sets their mind to start its work.

A reflex stirs, in the bully’s case,
It mimics what’s upon your face.
When a smirk is seen, unexpected,
Their mind can’t help but reflect it.

Your smirk, so simple, so profound,
Can turn the bully’s mood around.
So we see, proved clear to all,
The smirk’s a tool, and not so small!

For centuries, through every age,
Greatness smirks on the brightest stage.
George Washington, who faced the crown,
Smirked his way to victory proud.

From Taylor’s songs to Brady’s aim,
They smirk at pressure paired with fame.
From logical minds, to those with a quirk,
Success is sparked by the simplest smirk.



Chapter 2: Your Words

The smirk has paved the way,
Now words will guide what you convey.
With just a few, vague and light,
No details given, keep it tight.

Make them short, the purpose—diffuse.
Here are some words that you can use:
If asked a question, yes or no,
Is all you need to let them know.

If they mock with a “how are you”,
Say “I’m okay,” with a smirk in view.
No question posed? A “thanks” will do,
A single word they won’t pursue.

Try these words, unexpected and slight,
Say "got it," to an insult, or simply “right”.
By calmly seeming to agree,
Bullies lose interest, naturally.

Bullies want conflict; it’s fuel for their game,
But agreement? It’s the opposite aim.
When you agree, you take conflict away,
And without that fuel, they won’t play.

The trick is simple, just play along,
No need to show that they are wrong.
Agree a little, let it slide,
What you’ll do is tickle their pride.

When pride’s at play, they feel they’ve won,
Like an abandoned arcade, the thrill is done.
"Victory" fades, they seek something new,
The bully moves on, leaving you.



“Noted” is another word, one of respect,
And that’s the tone you should reflect.
“Fair enough” says you’re no fool,
Respect ends conflict, that’s the rule.

“Understood,” or “makes sense,” you can also say,
And watch confusion come their way.
When you respond in ways unexpected,
Bullies begin to feel disconnected.

Remember—speaking too much will engage,
A sign that you might share their stage.
But this is not your aim or view,
You’ve said enough, now you are through.

But don’t stay silent when words are due,
If a moment calls, it’s on you.
Find your voice, rise up, stand tall,
For silence alone can invite it all.

Now consider how your tone flows,
Keep your voice both clear and low.
Pretend you’re bored, that's the spell,
Where neutral tones and safety dwell.

A bored reply, as a tumbleweed rolls,
It drifts right past the bully’s control.
Too brittle to grab, too dry to grow,
It moves along, where bullies won’t go.

Your words with a smirk, a powerful pair,
Combined, a shield you’re wise to wear.



Chapter 3: Compliment-To-Exit

Let’s consider, with your words in their place,
A calm in your voice, a smirk on your face.
The bully persists, with taunts and sneers,
Trust the process and grind those gears.

Hold to your words, simple and true,
Repeat them as needed to carry you through.
Bullies will see, then come to absorb,
The lack of reaction, the lack of reward.

But if you feel you're starting to break,
Offer a compliment to set up an escape.
Compliment-to-exit, to catch them off-guard,
A savvy distraction, your get-out card.

Think of kindness as a skill,
That chips away at the bully’s will.
By finding the good to change their day,
Emotional intelligence has the last say.

Dedicate yourself to moves that are kind,
Don’t you want bullies caught in rewind?
They’re wired for drama, for jabs and for show,
But kindness confuses, slowing their flow.



Here’s what to do—to take your leave,
Tuck your emotions up your sleeve.
The compliment needs to be thoughtful and kind,
But offered on ice, with an exit in mind.

Maybe it’s shoes, or something cool they wear,
A shirt with a logo or a style that’s rare.
An interesting watch, or a necklace that shines,
Mention it plainly, with no extra lines.

Music, social media, or perfume they spray,
Give them their flowers with a smirk in play.
If they play sports or make art with care,
Credit their skills while keeping it fair.

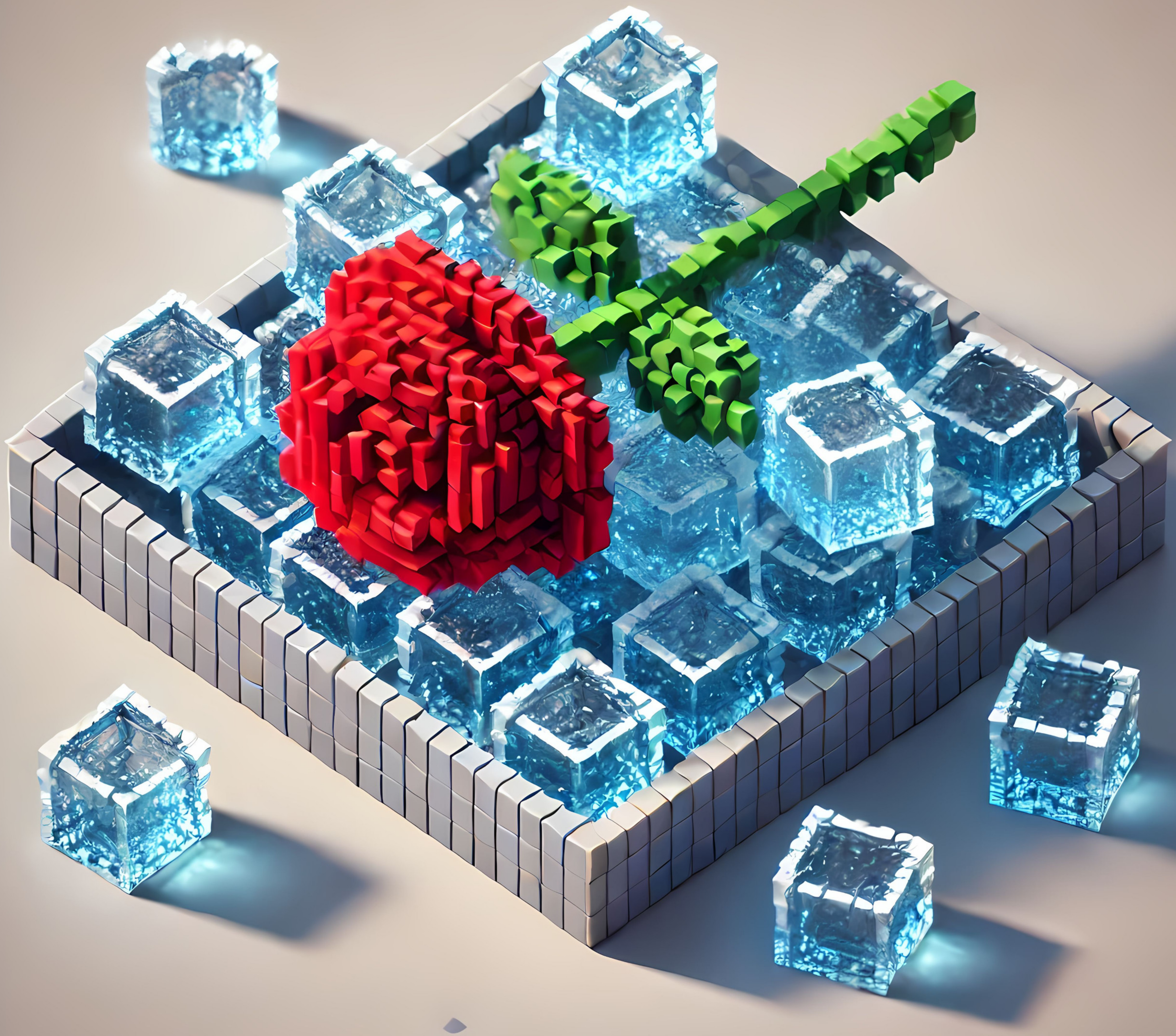
The key is balance, keep it real and light,
Not too bold or overly bright.
Let your smirk set the tone, just mildly kind,
Like a passing remark from someone behind.

This is the moment to make the shift,
A compliment given is a surprising gift.
Watch their face closely, a smile might peek,
Or a look of confusion, their confidence bleak.

This move needs speed, be sharp and apply,
Once you catch their reaction, give this a try:
With a smirk in place and a look in their eye,
Say, “I’m running late”, like you’re about to fly.

Or “see ya later”, “gotta go,”
Shift your weight, let your body show.
Position yourself, as if on your way,
A direct goodbye, with no reason to stay.

Then turn on your heel, walk quickly away,
Leaving them there, with nothing to say.
If timed just right, they’ll stand and stare,
Processing your compliment as you’re no longer there.



Chapter 4: The New Kid

You step through the doors, the air turns cold,
Faces glance, then quickly fold.
Not welcome, not wanted, not part of the scene,
A shadow that lingers amongst the machine.

It may be your clothes, your face, or your name,
But it isn't some wrong, or some action to blame.
If respect is a ladder where each step repairs,
Without it, you're climbing with nothing but air.

This problem of respect you've yet to gain,
Means finding a different way to sustain.
Respect is built when you lend your hand,
By helping others where they stand.

But who to help, and how to try?
It all depends on who you are inside.
Find those whose struggles you understand,
Where your strengths and their needs go hand in hand.

As you read this chapter, keep in mind:
There are many options, and that's by design.
Doing just one can change your day,
One step at a time towards a better way.

For the shy, seek the quiet ones in class,
Who sit by themselves as the minutes pass.
They fade into corners, unseen, alone,
Voices too soft, like whispers unknown.

When you see them, start with a smile,
A simple "hi" that bridges a mile.
A nod in the hallway, a look that conveys,
I see you, you matter, in these subtle ways.

When projects are formed, extend them a place,
"Hey, join our group" — save them a space.
Don't vanish once you've opened that door,
Their trust is your foundation for earning more.

Then turn to the bookworms, see their light,
Respect the grind that keeps them up at night.
While others may sneer or envy their way,
Give them some props when they have a bad day.

If you're assigned to work side by side,
Follow their ideas with trust and pride.
But don't let the weight fall square on their back,
Share the effort and pick up some slack.

When they're absent, sick from the grind,
Help them catch up to ease their mind.
In time, you'll build a bond that's true,
A friend who's smart to help you through.

As you connect with the approachable kind,
You'll feel the shift of the turning tide.
For the next step, keep climbing through,
Until you reach more outgoing crews.



Look to the dreamers, who see life in a hue,
A world made of colors that others pass through.
Offer your help, paint backdrops with care,
Carry their props, set up their chairs.

Hang up their flyers, the posters they need,
Your efforts support their creative seed.
Let them practice lines in your view,
Share your thoughts to push them through.

Go to their shows, clap loud, praise true,
A face in the audience means more than you knew.
If they tremble with nerves before their debut,
Remind them it's a sign their passion is true.

Then turn to the athletes, those on the grind,
The ones with little free time to find.
Homework and tests pile up like a wall,
With barely a moment to manage it all.

Offer your notes when they miss a class,
And help them study so they can pass.
Connect them with those who understand,
A friend who's smart, a math whiz at hand.

Ask about training, their goals and routine,
Their struggles, victories, places they've been.
If they like a team, learn the stats to recite,
Spark up a debate on who plays with more might.

At last, you arrive where the popular stand,
Trendsetters weaving the pulse of the land.
With eyes on their style, all on display,
They shape how the school ebbs and plays.

If sales or trends match their style and flair,
Share good deals and finds that are rare.
Those at the top are chasing their grail,
Through guiding their quest, connections prevail.

With each kind act, a new link forms,
Armour to weather the toughest storms.
Respect will protect, action by action,
And all it takes is helpful interaction.

While the school once turned their back,
You worked your way to a different track,
Through lifting others, you've built your own,
A climb to a place where you're not alone.







Part 2
Online



Chapter 5: Cyberbullying Intro

We venture now where pixels gleam,
A digital world of the extreme.
Here we find a different game,
One played behind a username.

Face to face, it's hard to be,
Calm and strong against hostility.
A smirk can falter, courage can flee,
It's hard to hide a trembling knee.

In this place, no reflexes betray,
No shifting glance gives thoughts away.
Just type the words with timing right,
Learn when to engage or vanish from sight.

This game goes the defense's way.
With just a click, you can teleport away,
To the Internet's web of endless links,
With screens that shield and time to think.

Here, evidence is easily won,
A screenshot taken, the deed is done.
The proof's a tool that's wise to stash,
A warning *scent*, like a skunk's flash.

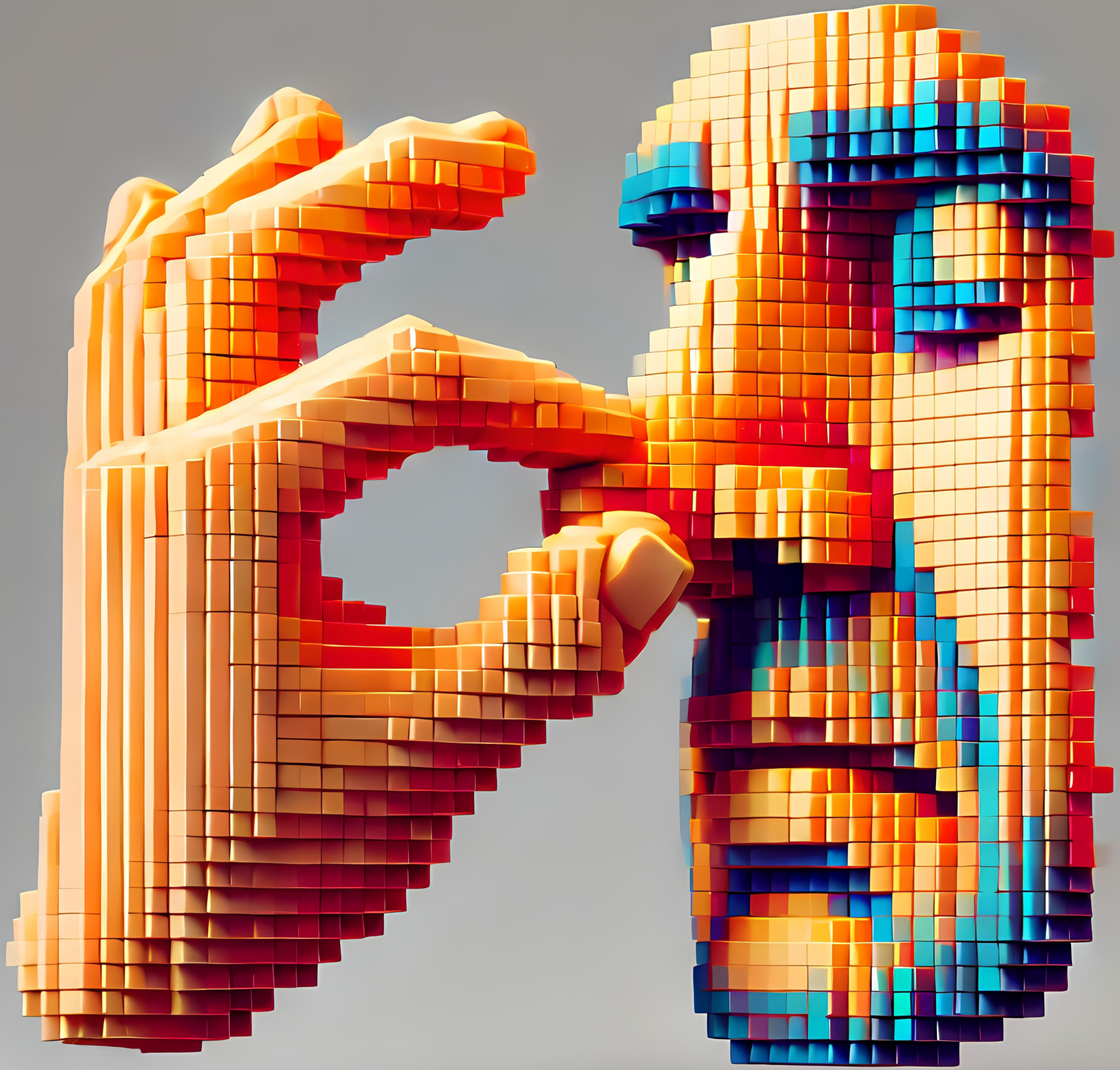
But these advantages may be nullified,
If cyberbullying is spread and amplified.
Posts have permanence, harm can fly,
So fast, it terrifies, which is why…

In person or pixels, the rule applies:
Never give bullies emotional replies.
Watch what you post, it's yours to guide,
The only signal they see from their side.

Strap in for an enlightening ride,
To make the bully change their stride.
The Internet holds the tools we seek,
To discourage the mean and reach your peak.







Chapter 6: Catfishing & The Basics

Heard of catfishing? It’s important to know,
So you can be safe wherever you scroll.
They aim to finesse and cause harm in the end,
Stealing your money, revealing photos you send.

Their tricks seem sharp, their act well-played,
But simple signs reveal the masks they’ve made.
The truth is, their schemes are plain,
They break the first rule of the online game:

Don’t chat with profiles you don’t actually know,
To real life people your trust should go.
Remember your friends and stay aware,
To avoid the catfisher’s tempting snare.

A message arrives from a hottie unknown,
Out of the blue, and you're not alone.
Too good to be true, can’t you see,
Scammers message randomly!

Think for a moment, let reason awake,
Profiles like this are clearly fake.
When they start asking for things you own,
Why prove yourself to someone unknown?

When a stranger's message appears on your screen,
A random profile, not part of your scene,
Block them at once without delay,
To protect yourself and keep scams away.



Then take a second to double-check,
Your privacy settings might need an inspect.
Allow only friends to message you there,
Adjust your controls to the ones who care.

The next step is keeping hackers at bay,
Secure your account with 2FA*.
A password alone won't always suffice,
But a code on your phone locks it up tight.

If someone you know starts messaging strange,
Their account may be hacked and all rearranged.
If they pose as your friend, seemingly true,
You can get hints to give you a clue.

Ask them a question, one to steer,
Something only your friend holds dear.
Or a moment shared, a memory small,
From your last hangout, to see their recall.

It's tricky, of course, to figure this out,
When you're confused and full of doubt.
To handle this, the path's the same,
Deceptive acts all play one game.

When people online seek to deceive,
They'll often demand weird things to receive.
Verify in-person or over a call,
Otherwise block or ignore it all.

Detecting deception is step number one,
Cyberbullying defense has just begun.
Now it's time to move ahead,
When aggression comes from friends instead.

* 2FA = two-factor authentication



Chapter 7: The DM Game

Your DMs, your texts, your sacred ground,
Your home court where peace is found.
No room for those with bold demands,
Or those with schemes and wicked plans.

The DM Game is a tactical art,
Earning respect from the very start.
Detecting aggression is step #1,
The response is what willl end their fun.

It’s about showing aggression out the door,
It ain’t welcome here no more.
Control the tone, set the pace,
Your DMs, your rules, your space.

3 cards in play: (1) their text, (2) your reply,
(3) Their double text, and what it implies.
The cards you play will surely define,
The attitude shifts you’ll see over time.

This game works by keeping control,
Don't let their heat take its toll.
If their text is filled with spite,
Ignore it wisely, don't ignite.

When faced with texts that burn or sting,
And aggression hides in what they bring.
A back-handed compliment, a mocking tone,
Should meet no answer, leave it alone.

Insults, jokes of culture or race,
Or times of conflict in a different space.
Spreading rumors, with its bitter hue,
Deserve not a single reply from you.

Once you’ve ignored the text of heat,
The next step’s patience, don’t retreat.
Look for the double text to show,
A nicer one that proves they know.

Then it’s best to keep in mind,
A tactic subtle, tied to time.
Observe how long they take to send,
The second text they hope will mend.

If one hour passed before they wrote,
Then match that time, keep pace afloat.
By syncing rhythms, you convey,
A response with emotion out of play.

This keeps the game in check,
Stopping their urge to harass and flex.
A quick reply reveals disarray,
A signal for them to fire away.



If the double text turns out kind,
Cool down the vibe and let it bind.
But if it’s harsh, just stay your course,
Ignore some more without remorse.

To nail the reply, start to recall,
Chapter 2's words, above it all.
Keep it chill and keep it plain,
A boring tone will win this game.

Whatever you reply, before it’s sent,
Read it aloud with the intent.
Feel the words, feel what they bring,
Excitement, revenge, or chuckling?

If it sparks your emotion, even small,
It’s not the right response at all.
Your goal is simple: let them hear,
No trace of an interesting atmosphere.

If it’s hard to find this steady zone,
Let AI edit your words into stone.
Create your own, then use the “rewrite” command,
And tweak it slightly with your own hand.

The same rules apply to group chats too,
But here, an extra card’s in view.
If ganged upon, exit the group,
You’re better off outside the loop.

Let them follow, if they dare,
Into your DMs to repair.
Play the DM Game until they align,
And rejoin the group if you feel inclined.

With time this method trains their tone,
To kindness as their default zone.
And as respect takes aggression’s place,
Reclaim your own style, words and pace.



Chapter 8: Social Media

If in DMs there are cards to play,
On social media, there's just one way:
Respond, each time, don't turn away,
In public spaces, let words display.

Like being spotlighted on a stage,
If you don't respond, the silence feels strange.
Others expect your words to engage,
It comes with the territory in the digital age.

Since bullies thrive on reactions they get,
Ignoring won't help or make them forget.
Same with blocking, they'll still desire,
As likes from others fuel their fire.

However, the first move is letting them be,
It's important to pause and wait to see.
If their insult gets no likes at all,
Their motivation may stumble and fall.

But one small like can shift the game,
And bring that fuel into flame.
Left unchecked, it can spiral wide,
Into a group against your side.

If you see a like, the reply must be clear,
Unemotional words that all can hear.
If the bully mocks with words like "cringe,"
Or throw insults that aim to singe…

Say, "Hope you find what you're looking for."
Since people always search for more.
With kindness sharp and logic strong,
You prove to all where they went wrong.

This reply shows emotional skill,
To channel their negative into goodwill.
By wishing the best for someone else,
It uplifts you, as the one who helps.



If they say, “You’ve got no friends,”
Twist it so their power ends.
You can reply, “What brings you here?,”
Turn their thoughts for you to steer.

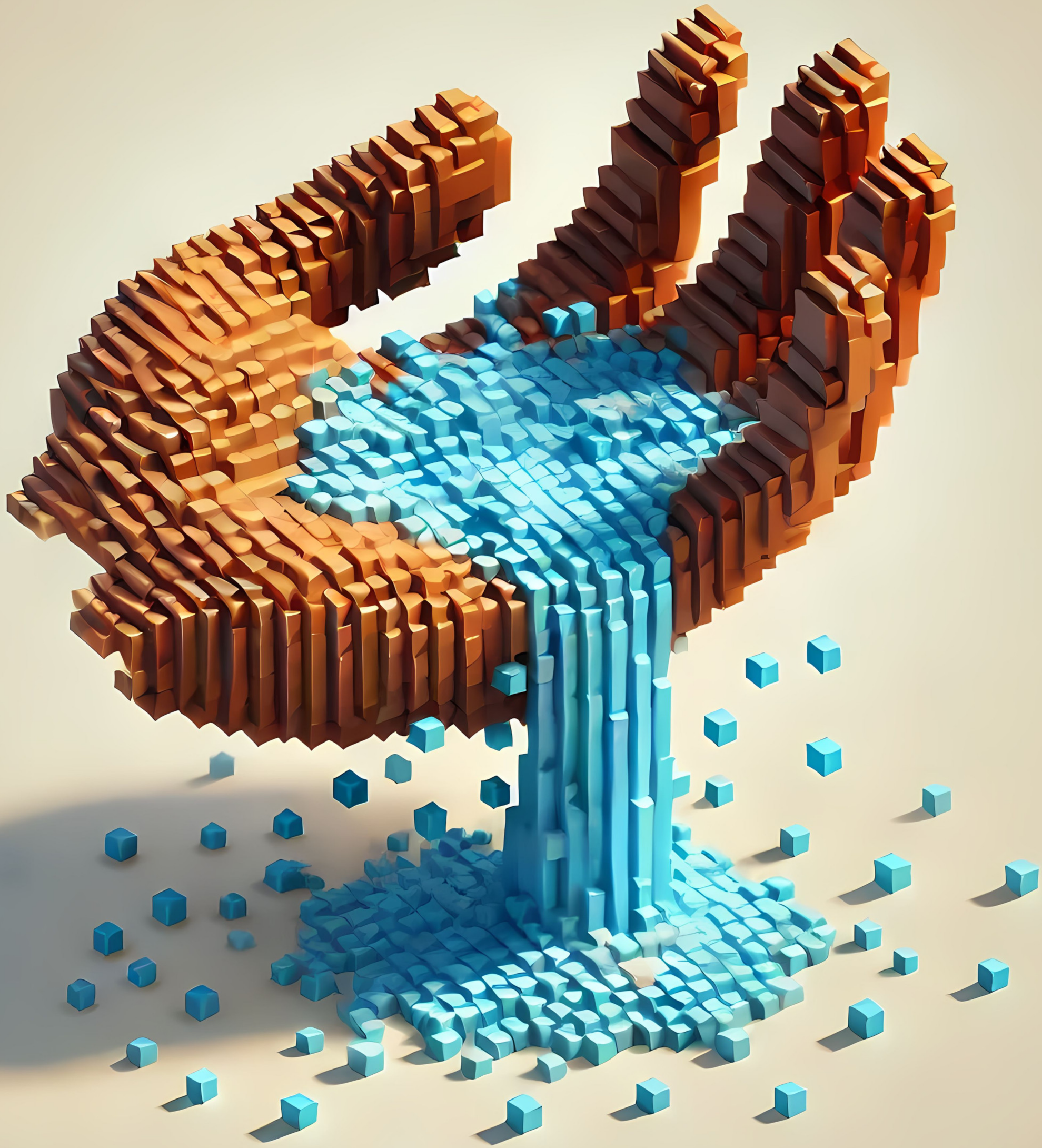
A question makes their focus veer,
It pulls them to a deeper gear.
They came to troll, but now they see,
This isn’t where they want to be.

A question is one they don’t expect,
It can earn a kind of cautionary respect.
When they can’t predict what comes next,
It creates a kind of lowkey flex.

A different kind of reply to create,
Is where answers shift to a different state.
If shamed for your weight, your culture, your style,
Use a phrase from the debate team’s file.

Say, “I just post,” and leave it at that,
A subtle reply, no tit for tat.
It dodges their insult, leaves them perplexed,
And proves their words don’t have an effect.

When you act like you don’t quite understand,
Insults are like water through your hand.
When bullies see their power gone,
You rise above and they move on.



Then ask friends to drop a like or two,
And neutral comments to help you through.
Easier for them to stay composed,
When they're not the one the bully chose.

Getting support makes it clear,
Your reply is strong, and friends are near.
With quick engagement, the balance sways,
And bullies often drift away.

Let's return to the "cringe" insult,
Where kindness led to a good result.
A friend might add to your defense:
"We all have different tastes" — make sense?

Or, "Always something new to see,"
Adds a neutral touch of honesty.
These words from those not in the fight,
Show casual views, balanced and light.

Getting likes can turn the day,
To shift the weight in a meaningful way.
A study showed how likes can steer,
What others choose from their peers.

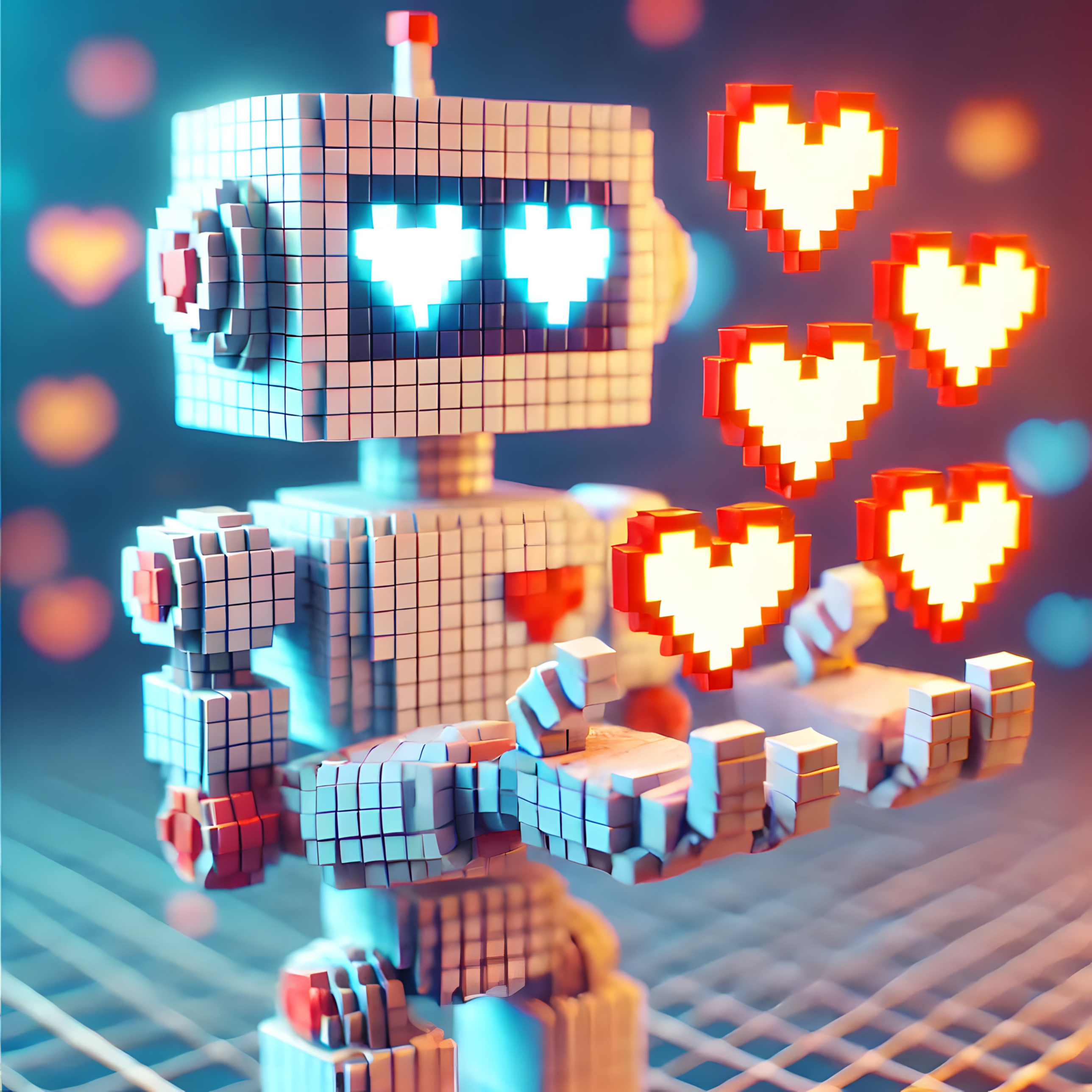
People liked posts that were liked before,
Even when the content offered little more.
The message is clear: likes naturally grow,
Shaping which side the algo will show.

A neutral reply can draw some likes,
From those beyond your usual sights.
It shows your strength, your calm, your grace,
To stand through digital attacks you face.

Just a few, more than the bully expects,
Can catch them off guard in ways they neglect.
Their typing slows, their courage wanes,
A pause in their devious online game.

A few small wins can feel like a ride,
Not just in numbers, but deep inside.
When your reply reflects resolve so clear,
You'll find that relief was always near.

The beauty of being online today,
Is looking brave in what you say.
Even if pain grips you wide,
Your posts can show a better side.



Part 3

Extreme Situations



Chapter 9: Digital Violence

If threats are made in the digital space,
Remember they leave a lasting trace.
Each word sent can be saved with care,
A record to show what’s written there.

Nations have laws to protect and defend,
From cyberbullying, harassment that refuses to end.
In many places, the rules are clear,
For threats that spread harm, the cost is severe.

A threat like "kill" can carry a weight,
With fines for parents and a sorry fate.
Demands to self-harm can also be a crime,
Vicious baiting could cost them big time.

That’s why it’s foolish to threaten online,
The risks they take cross a serious line.
Your defense is simple: make them aware,
Their case could be filed if they don’t beware.

If you're in the States, there's help* to explore,
A guide to the laws, the places, and more.
Read it, or use AI to summarize and show,
The penalties minors should come to know.

Wherever you live, the law should be clear,
For minors that harm, troubles appear.
Probation, service, or counseling may start,
With close supervision tearing freedom apart.

And in some cases, detention awaits,
A life confined behind guarded gates.
No friends, no good food, just rules to obey,
Their world turned dark in every way.

Once you’ve learned the legal sense,
Save the links that show consequence.
From government sites, to make it official,
To give a vibe that looks grim and judicial.

*https://cyberbullying.org/bullying-laws



If the bully dares to cross the line,
With threats of harm in word or sign,
Send them a link, with a screenshot clear:
“Did you know?”—their warning is here.

Should their threats persist and grow,
Another message you can show:
“My case is getting stronger,” let them see,
That repeated threats bring more penalty.

A threat’s like a domino, falling in line,
Each one only quickens their sure decline.
Until they land, solid as stone,
The threats collapse to a case that’s known.

The bully will likely see their wrong,
Their threats will end, their harassment gone.
But if their actions refuse to cease,
Consider turning to parents, school, or police.

It depends on how much you’ve endured,
And how long the suffering has been ignored.
If it’s stealing your sleep for days on end,
It may be time for a case to mend.

The laws exist to shield and protect,
A useful tool when pain’s unchecked.
A peaceful life is worth the fight,
A fundamental and human right.

Harassment laws are firm and strong,
Protecting those who’ve suffered long.
The police take note of each repeat,
Turning the case into one that’s concrete.

When threats move beyond the online frame,
And physical harm becomes their aim,
The proof you gather takes a new form,
To shield yourself through any storm.

If harm is done and bruises stay,
Photograph them without delay.
Include as evidence if you report,
Anything tangible is vital support.



Chapter 10: Physical Violence

If a punch is coming, and the moment's dire,
You need to spark a new desire.
When an offer is made, the path becomes clear,
Intrigue can make a fist disappear.

“Let’s make a deal,” you start to explain,
With a smirk in view to hide the pain.
A chance, a trade, a thought anew,
So they see you from a different view.

Then you say, “I can help you,”
Look for the reaction, see what they’ll do.
Lock eyes with theirs, steady and sure,
Like a staring contest of who will endure.

If their gaze breaks, you’ve found the key,
The balance shifts with sudden speed.
When their eyes wander, a need takes seed,
Find what they want and set the scene.

Offer something—your help in return,
So fists will lower for what they yearn.
Two common paths where help can flow,
Homework or texting—which do you know?

Homework help for essays or math,
Or tips through dating’s uncertain path.
Show them the timing and words to send,
To win a heart, or help to mend.

Get it done, swift and sincere,
To show that your promise is crystal clear.
At first, give freely, so they believe,
That through your help, they can achieve.

But once they see the skills you bring,
Start setting boundaries on certain things.
Ease back the effort you choose to spend,
Their respect means less you need to extend.

Having others depend on the help you give,
Is like big fish needing the small to live,
They’ll never harm what they count on each day,
Needing your help keeps punches away.



Chapter 11: The Adult Call

If every move and every way,
Won’t make bullies walk away,
Then this is it—once and for all,
It’s time to make the adult call.

The help you seek, the choice you make,
Depends on what you see at stake.
If fists don’t fly, if threats stay low,
Then turn to those who truly know.

Your parents first—let them advise,
They’ve seen the world through wiser eyes.
If teasing swarms like buzzing flies,
A counselor, too, can help you rise.

Keeping your emotions calm, controlled,
Just like Part One’s first rule told.
It isn’t easy—this is true,
But these adults can help you through.

For digital taunts that sting but stay,
Insults flying—words at play,
Seek young adults, not far ahead,
Who’ve fought these battles, seen what’s said.

A cousin older, a friend’s friend too,
With posting skills and texting true.
They’ve walked this path, they’ve seen it through,
They’ll guide your steps in Part Two.

If violence starts, don’t stand alone,
Tell parents first—let it be known.
The school can act, the law might, too,
When solving solo won’t pull through.

When seeking help, keep voices low,
No need for others yet to know.
If bullies sense what’s on its way,
They'll pause, then strike another day.

Avoid the label, stay in stride,
The *victim* weight can trap inside.
So keep it quiet, out of sight,
No school-time talks, no public light.

Remember this: you’re not alone,
Use every tool this book has shown.
Then seek help, stand tall, stay wise,
And peace will come—earn the prize.

It takes some work, but now you see,
You have the skills to set you free!



Part 4

Going Direct



Chapter 12: The Myth of Confrontation

This part is of friendship, what could go wrong,
Bonds once steady, now feel less strong.
Broken to words that swirl and bite,
One sad, one mad, vying for who's right.

The sad one might wear a puzzled face,
Not knowing the reason, the time, or place.
They question in silence, "What did I do?"
Searching for someone to give them a clue.

The mad one hides behind their pride,
A storm in their heart, they run to confide.
To others they speak, but never direct,
Twisting the truth to gain more effect.

No matter which side, discomfort appears,
When anger, confusion or sadness is near.
You consider confronting the problem head on,
But sense it might come on too strong.

Because you've seen confrontation on movies and screens,
Dramatic scenes where anger gleams.
It's not what to do, it's never the way,
A myth from Hollywood that earns them pay.

The problem is the aggressive tone,
Confrontation's vibe is you'll end up alone.
Life's not a movie, and here's the twist:
There's a better way to approach this rift.

In the path ahead, there's no "win" to claim,
It's a way to understand without the blame.
But first, be aware the urge to divide,
Will lead to the mistake of forming sides.


MODEL

Chapter 13: The Mistake of Forming Sides

You’re angry, but unwilling to show,
To the sad one who has lost their glow.
You strive to keep your image clear,
A "nice" persona held so dear.

You gather others into a team,
To voice your side, share your scheme.
Through footsteps soft, your feelings flow,
Avoiding the one who ought to know.

“Advice” from others feels like a safer way,
When you twist half-truths in shades of grey.
But as it spins, like a fragile top,
It wobbles, falters, and eventually stops.

For conflict mends through truth sincere,
Not words another whispers to steer.
When you gather others to make your case,
A misunderstanding becomes a painful race.

Isn’t the reason to avoid your friend,
The belief that others might see your end?
Because your anger, faced head-on,
Might ruin your image, your composure gone?

But isn’t the moment just between two,
A private exchange, where the vibe’s subdued?
The mood can lead to a heart we desire,
It’ll take you to where you’ve long admired.

Since kindness returns, circles around,
It’ll lift you up, not drag you down.
But instead, you trade the truthful lane,
For spreading the burden, causing more pain.

The weight of the drama builds to excess,
A ripple of tension that’s hard to suppress.
With the pain that has your name behind,
Does it really make your image refined?



Another problem with forming sides,
Is sharing secrets you must confide.
Needed to recruit, to spill what’s inside,
Setting yourself for a harsher collide.

Secrets are secrets for reasons clear,
You know they're not meant to be shared with peers!
Each secret shared comes with a cost,
A future trust that could be lost.

What if they turn, agree instead,
With the sad one who you just misled?
By bringing classmates into your fight,
You multiply the risk to greater height.

Forming sides brings more into play,
Things that should never be out and displayed.
The pressure mounts to prove you're right,
As classmates rally in the fight.

You may exaggerate, twist what's true,
Spreading rumors to secure your view.
The damage grows, the trust decays,
Far worse than direct and honest ways.

But going straight is not what you expect,
“I’m mad at you!” is not the way to go direct.
Now let’s set the tension aside,
By letting truth and kindness intertwine.



Chapter 14: The Truth Hurts Less

In fights with friends, pain's bound to be,
So choose the route of least misery.
When emotions fester and tempers rise,
The truth hurts less than forming sides.

The truth’s not one, but many hues,
A shifting prism, a hundred views.
To be your best, choose with care,
The version that’s sweet, the one that's fair.

When the time to approach is getting near,
Remember your smirk, let it appear.
Its magic lies in the calm it brings,
For these conversations, it softens things.

Now go to your friend, who may not yet see,
The ways they’ve upset or caused you to be.
Approach as though you need their aid,
So confrontation shifts to a collaboration made.

By framing it as a problem to share,
The approach is smoother and shows you care.
Your friend will ask, "Are you okay?"
There’s your cue to take the direct way.

The key here is the tone you use,
Turn anger to questions that work to diffuse.
When sour emotions feel sharp and tense,
A question adds sweetness, so the truth hurts less.

Ask your friend, for both your benefit,
“That [mean thing], did you really mean it?”
Or if their showy ways are wearing you thin,
Ask if they see who it affects within.

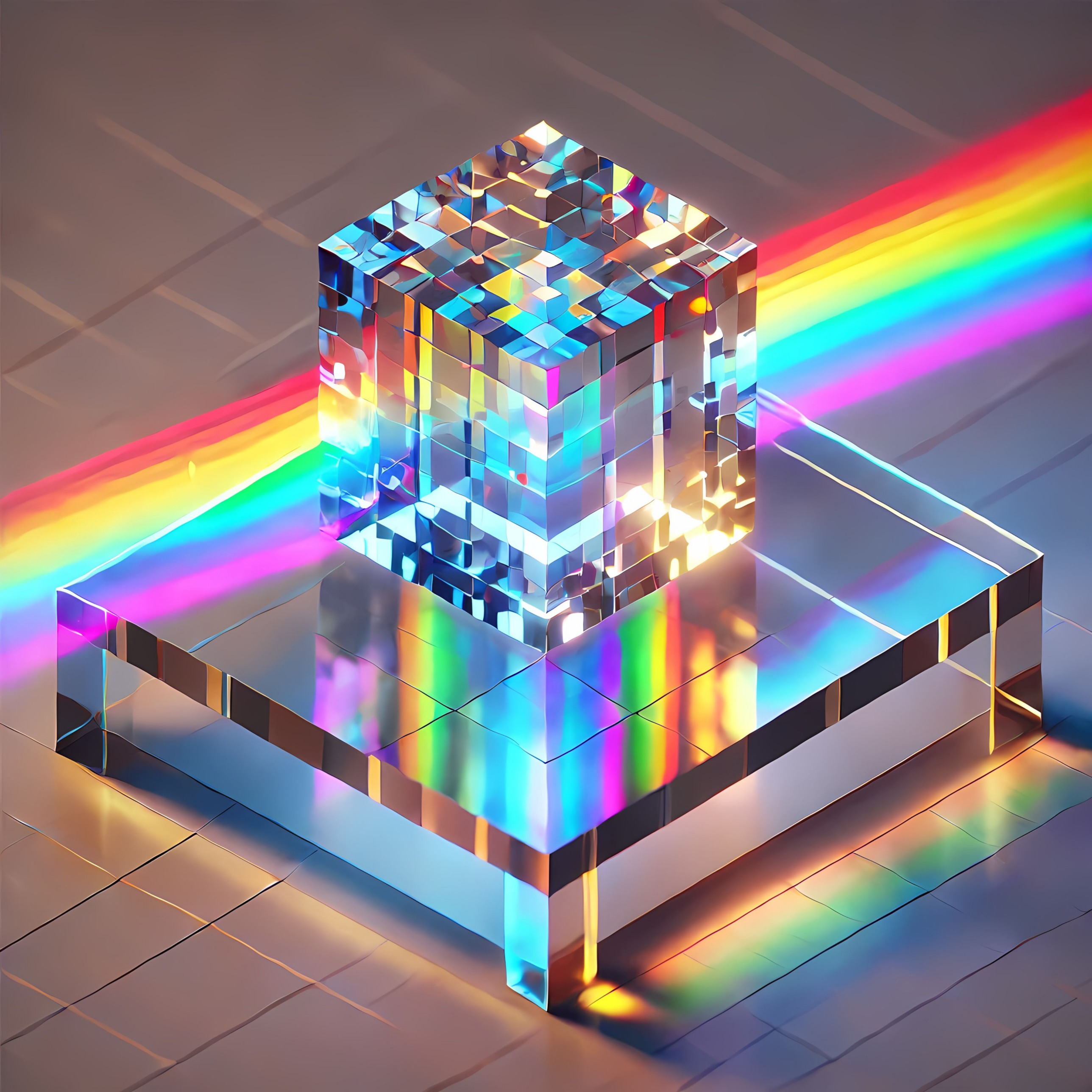
These questions marry the truth with the kind,
To voice what’s wrong with a gentle mind.
There’s no accusations, no need to stress,
Just point it out, don’t aggress.

You may see a touch of surprise, a tender sight,
A pause that shifts the tone just right.
From that surprise, the path unfolds,
For the next step toward a heart of gold.

Remind them of why you became good friends,
Of the traits they embody, the light they send.
Explain how their actions felt out of line,
Contrasting the friend you like in your mind.

See what you did? A bit of praise,
To lessen the hurt in meaningful ways.
Compliments serve to reinforce and remind,
The better things we hope to find.

This method ensures they pause with reflection,
Not rush to apologize without a connection.
Instead of a knee-jerk, hollow reply,
They’ll take the time to understand why.



Now what if your friend turns it around,
Blaming you, with logic unsound?
If gaslit clouds create a division,
Level the field to clear your vision.

Shift the issue from blame and shame,
To common ground, not a win-or-lose game.
If fault is debated, then take the lead,
Suggest it’s mutual, both plant the seed.

Repeat calmly the words they said,
Even if doubts linger strong in your head.
Then share your thoughts on where they went wrong,
And paint the picture you both belong.

Accept you both share a measure of blame,
“Don’t you think our fault is the same?”
This question, inclusive, disarms the fight,
The least hurtful way to make things right.

Rarely will they insist it’s just you,
When you’ve offered a lens that’s fair and true.
For blaming one alone shows disrespect,
Ignoring the truth of the butterfly effect.



Let’s say your friend has done something so wrong,
A fault so clear, it cannot belong.
To anyone else, no doubt in sight,
And your anger burns, craving a fight.

Consider the world, with its balance precise,
Hurt causes hurt, there’s always a price.
Revenge sows pain that circles back through,
Turning the hurt onto them *and* you.

Breathe deeply and let anger recede,
See it as a chance to get what you need.
When your friend knows well they’ve made a mistake,
Demand they break the bad habits they make.

They lost your respect, and that’s fair to say,
But respect can be earned in another way.
Think of the things they could do to amend,
And let them show they’re a worthy friend.

When they admit and all is clear,
They’ll work to restore what you hold dear.
And when apologies come, as they often do,
Show that actions, not words, will see it through.

Tell them the steps they need to take,
To heal the bond and the trust at stake.
If they mess up, remind them once or twice,
That change is needed to make things nice.

Through this you’ll see if their growth is true,
If lessons are learned, or habits re-new.
Use this chance to better your days,
Sorting it out in the least hurtful ways.

From mild differences to fierce divides,
Seek truth that strengthens both your sides.
The version of the truth for you and them,
Is like carving a stone to uncover a gem.



Chapter 15: The Silent Treatment

Your friend is mad, you don’t know why,
Their silence has you stuck inside.
No words, no clues, just empty space,
A colder vibe has shown its face.

Each glance exchanged, a quiet test,
You guess, you check, you second-guess.
A message seen, but left on read,
The silence echoes in your head.

Crawling back with heart laid bare,
But they don’t care, they only stare.
You ask, "What’s wrong?", they laugh, they sneer,
Their glares cut deep, sharp and clear.

You overthink, you break apart,
The gaslit clouds twist through your heart.
Oh no, you think, they’ve all aligned!
The silent treatment invades your mind.

If guessing games now fill your days,
If doubt weaves through your mental haze,
Because deep inside, you know it’s true,
No *intentional* harm has been done by you.

The answer may come as a shock,
Their truth concealed beneath the talk.
Your shine has sparked their jealous sting,
And envy fans this silent fling.

For those ignored, cast aside,
Are often those who others eye.
Your clothes, who you date, the things you do,
Your grades, your charm, the life of you.

They think you think you’re “all that,” supreme,
A star who thrives on every beam.
They watch you bask in constant praise,
As bitterness begins to form and blaze.

And so, the silence starts to spread,
A subtle way to make you dread.
It’s one of the more common schemes,
Rooted in far more than it seems.

Before going forward, pause and see,
If this is where you want to be.
Do you still see a friendship there,
Or has the silence stripped it bare?



To break the silence, shift the game,
Like a tug of war, but not the same.
Imagine a staircase where you compete,
A metaphor for where your positions meet.

Your friend is below, on a sliding stairlift,
A moving base that's easy to shift.
They pull you down with their silent ploy,
Hoping to drag you from success and joy.

You stand above, your footing strong,
Pulling them up to where you belong.
If you want to break the silent spell,
Strive to make them your parallel.

The way to bridge the silent space,
Is offering what they long to chase.
If jealousy burns deep inside,
Make them the star, the source of pride.

A hint of awe, what you admire,
A pinch of irritation to show desire.
With a little edge, let praises take,
And watch the silence begin to break.

Just like this tug of war that's played,
At first, the odds seem wrongly weighed.
Gravity leans against your fight,
Yet hidden strengths come to light.

You stand upright, a steady form,
While they are seated, out of the norm.
The stairlift glides with little strain,
Your pull has power they can't sustain.

To lift them up to where you stand,
Takes less than most might understand.
The right kind of thoughtful praise,
Cuts through the silence and clears the haze.



Start with a message, subtle but clear,
A simple note they'll want to hear.
"You make it look so easy," it's true,
"It all just seems to work for you."

Or let them know, "Everyone likes you!"
Pull them up to shift the view.
These words can pierce their silent guise,
A way to open envious eyes.

Speak of the traits you know of them,
What others don't see, their hidden gems.
"I wish I had your…" pick something,
To show the grace that they do bring.

If it gets worse by friends aligned,
A group united to undermine,
There's more to do to shift the scene,
To turn the tide on their silent scheme.

Notice their friendship, the bonds they share,
The way they work, how much they care.
Such a good team, "you're so in sync,"
A simple phrase to make them think.

Or find a way their traits combine,
How they complete a perfect design.
"You balance each other, I can see,"
How they get along so effortlessly.

Imagine walking in their shoes,
To see the paths that they would choose.
What if the one they envy spoke,
Of thoughts their own heart evoked?

Jealousy flows on a one-way line,
And fades when mirrored back in kind.
A curious contradiction comes to be:

How could I be jealous to this degree,
When they are jealous, too, of me?



Chapter 16: The Targeted

A mistake was made, and whispers rise,
A cloud of judgment fills the skies.
A glance, a word, a choice gone wrong,
A group against you gathers strong.

You've hurt some feelings, now you see,
The ripple spreads relentlessly.
Behind your back, the rumors grow,
A tide of voices, cold and low.

Apologize early, so that you may,
Use an honest word to clear the way.
Before the whispers grow and spread,
Replace the ego with humility instead.

It's ok to falter, to stumble, to fall,
Mistakes are burdens experienced by all.
Admitting fault shows strength within,
A bridge to healing for peace to begin.

If anger remains despite your apology,
Then shift your focus tactfully.
Groups behave with a sharpened sting,
But alone, a person's a gentler thing.

Make your approach, one at a time,
Meanness softens outside the lines.
While they join the group to bring you pain,
Respond with a better, brighter domain.



Find someone in need, extend your hand,
A simple gesture, so you can,
Get others to join your helpful deed,
Doing good is a stronger, group-forming seed.

Find someone shy, who’s often alone,
The target of jokes, their pain well-known.
Help them shine with a little care,
Transform their look, fix their hair.

Look for those on the group’s edge,
Go to them with a better pledge.
"Let’s help this one," you softly say,
Pluck them off, one by one, each day.

No matter what, take this to class,
These things are temporary, this too shall pass.
Today's arrows become a fading silhouette,
The group against you will soon lose its threat.

This helps in that it shifts the view,
From the whispers of fault to the good you do.
The group against you will start to fade,
As compassion rewrites the story they’ve made.

As you help others, the vibe will shift,
The weight of isolation will start to lift.
They’ll see your heart, your actions true,
And find less reason to stand against you.

Then go to the one you hurt back then,
Make your approach and apologize again.
Ask how to fix what you did that day,
And show them you care in every way.



Conclusion

As we conclude, the lesson’s clear,
A simple truth for all to hear.
To get what you want, the key’s in sight,
Understanding others brings the light.

If you want people close, here’s what to do:
Give them the things they want from you.
But if you prefer they keep their distance,
Deny their wants with firm resistance.

Aggressive bullies want to seek control,
To stir your stomach, to shake your soul.
They thrive on pokes, annoyance, pain,
And draw you in to complain and blame.

By knowing what makes their devious way,
And showing they can't control your day,
By refusing to play their negative game,
They’ll lose their power, their fire will wane.

The subtle ones may warp and hide,
Their wants concealed, their motives implied.
To turn their shade into a friendlier air,
Give them what they want, but make it fair.

Perhaps they keep a tally tight,
A fault of yours that keeps its bite.
Or crave the glow of their own name,
Believing yours outshines their flame.

They want to feel the sense they’re right,
To end a conflict, diffuse a fight.
Be gracious and give what’s deserved,
And stronger friendships will be preserved.

For the hardest tests, you've come to see,
The cure revealed will set you free.
No matter where or what you face,
Help someone else to find your place.

When you find yourself in disarray,
Start helping others day by day.
In those in trouble, lonely, or small,
You’ll find the key to prevent your fall.

By lifting others, you'll soon find,
It shifts your world and clears your mind.
Respect will grow, your life renew,
In their rise, you’re rising too.



END



ABOUT THE AUTHOR

J. E. Jaffe began his career in the high-stakes world of cryptocurrency, where fierce competition often turned personal. He founded a crisis management company to help others navigate the volatile online landscape. Along the way, he was deeply impacted by the tragic stories of bullied youth and began researching how schools and institutions address the issue. What he found was a profound lack of nuanced solutions. With this book, he aims to provide a more comprehensive approach to neutralize bullying.

