

Trista's Story – Video Transcript

My name is Trista.

I'm a sophomore and I like to surf and paddle canoe.

My favorite subject is art.

I used to really like school, but this year I kind of hate it.

There's a couple of guys at my school that have started to pick on me.

And it's the most uncomfortable feeling in the world.

They are a year older than me and I see them a lot in the hallways or at recess.

Whenever I walk past them they look me up and down and laugh.

I look away and try to avoid them, but I always seem to end up running into them on my way to art class.

If they see me, they make embarrassing comments about my body.

The way I dress and pretty much anything they feel like.

Once they told me that my shirt was too tight.

After that I started wearing jackets all the time, but then one of them said,

"What are you trying to hide under there?"

I've told them to stop but they'll just laugh and say things like, "stop what?"

When no one else is around they'll do stupid things like throw a pencil on the floor and ask me to bend over and pick it up.

They don't realize how it hurts to be treated like that.

Like you don't count. Like you're just a body.

They don't know who I am.

It's hard enough for me to concentrate in class.

I used to like school but I am starting to hate going now.

Some days I actually pretend to be sick so I can stay home and not deal with it.

I even tried telling the teacher once, but he said just to ignore them.

The thing that people don't get is that it's not so much what they're saying, it's the way they're saying it.

The way they look at me and how it makes me feel.

It makes me feel like I just want to disappear.