

# Crisis



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In every teens life there is one crisis or another but there must be ways in which to manage that crisis in a positive manner, come to a positive conclusion and learn and grow from it.

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"Look at that idiot right there, looking all tossed about like the spin cycle of a washing machine and the fluff cycle of a dryer, stupid."

Booterbug and his friends all laughed at the kid wearing the bright yellow track suit. They were sitting on the bleachers down by the track, while the rest of their classmates were going through some stupid track and field exercises, as Booterbug and his friends described them.

"Look at that fool. He can't even jump over that little hurdle and it's only about four feet off the ground," Booterbug said smiling.

"Yeah, what stupid kid can't even jump over a little four foot hurdle that's barely off the ground? He must be a lame," added Youngme.

"Oh, he's lame alright. Maybe it's that loud yellow jumper he's wearing that's holding him down," chimed in Crystal.

The group of kid's were so loud it was beginning to interrupt the ones who were making an effort at completing the exercises they were given. Some of the kids quietly complained to the gym teacher but he just did not seem to care at all.

The gym teacher immediately labeled the kids complainers and told them to worry about themselves, not others, which was only added fuel for the other kids to tease them more. In fact, the teacher laughed at the kids himself, forcing them to grasp on tighter to their already grip on low self-esteem.

Booterbug stood up, turned his back, stuck out his butt, patted it then yelled, "I'll bet none of you idiots can jump higher than my fart." He farted, causing his friends to erupt into laughter.

"Yeah, well, I'll bet you can't even jump over one hurdle," said one kid inadvertently. He kept his head lowered so Booterbug wouldn't know who said it but he still took that challenge. "Bet." Booterbug started down the steps of the bleachers, misjudged the last step and fell to the ground.

Booterbug's friends all laughed at him. The other kids wanted to but they were too afraid. They laughed inside. One kid elbowed another. It was his way of laughing.

"I don't even care who said it but I'm willing to bet all of you idiots I can jump over more hurdles than all of you put together," Booterbug said, brushing himself off. "Plus I'll do it faster too. What's up?"

"We don't want to bet you," the kid in the yellow sweat suit spoke up.

"Well, that's just too bad then aint it, sunshine? You already opened your fat mouth and called the bet so it sticks." Booterbug shoved the kid into another kid.

"I didn't make any bet. I didn't even say anything."

"So what yellow pants, the bet stays on and I'm running against you."

The kid's body immediately began to tremble. He was afraid of loosing more than a hurdle race against Booterbug, which he already knows he's going to loose. He was already embarrassed but he did not want to look like a real idiot trying to jump over a hurdle and fall on his face, knowing he's already off balance.

"Get ready yellow boy," Booterbug said. Booterbug faced the hurdles and prepared himself to race.

"I can't run. I have to go pee." Booterbug punched the kid in the stomach then asked, "Did you go?"

"I can't pee my pants."

"You will if you don't race me," Booterbug said grabbing the kid by his sweat suit jacket.

The gym teacher, the only protection the weaker kids have against the group of kids like Booterbug and his friends, went off to the restroom himself, not caring whether the kids learned anything or not. He was merely fulfilling his contractual duties by affording the kids in his class the obligatory opportunity to exert some physical prowess, by way of an outdoor activity at least once a week. His contract did not say anything about him having to monitor the little snot nosed boogers every second they were out there.

Booterbug pulled the crumpled kid to his feet then forced him into place and ready himself for a race but before they could get in the start position, a voice from the upper bleachers called down to them. "I got it. I'll take that challenge!" Ginger stood up and made her way down to where the group stood.

The other kids looked on, seemingly happy help finally arrived. No thanks to their gym teacher. Assuming Ginger was coming to help them and not belittle them like Booterbug and his friends. Ginger stepped down between Youngme and the others. When she shook her head at them then continued down the bleachers, Crystal flipped her off. Emmie shook her head mockingly. "Come on little bug. Since you like teasing and calling other kids name, lets race, me and you."

"My name is Booterbug."

"Fine, let's race, Booty bug. Are you afraid to race? I'm a girl. You should be able to easily beat me, right? You seem to like picking on weaker kids. Pick on me. 'Afraid of somebody your own size?'"

"First off, you're not my size. Second, those kids deserve to be picked on."

"Says who?"

"Says me."

"Why? Do you think you're better than they are? You're in *grade school* just like they are."

The other kid's, including the one in the yellow sweat suit, stood behind Ginger, their temporary shield. She was wearing a pink sweat suit, sneakers and sunviser, looking as though she had come prepared purposely to race Booterbug.

"I am better than them and they know it, too."

"Oh, you are?"

"Yes I am. Look at them. They all look like a bunch of misfits. None of them are coordinated enough to even dress right. At least my clothes aint all beat up like theirs."

"Yeah but your attitude sure is all busted up and is a straight reflection of who you are, a mean little rascal of a jerk."

One of the girls wanted to laugh but because she is the only Puerto Rican in the class and Booterbug and his friends already said some racist comments about Puerto Ricans, and she wears thick glasses and braces, she did not want to stand out this time.

"It's not nice making fun of other kids, let alone hate them, why do you do that?"

"Why do they look stupid?" Booterbug asked sarcastically.

"Listen kid, the world would be a much better place to live in if kids like you didn't have so much hate in your heart. You have to accept difference..."