The Apology



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ne day at school, a few of my classmates were making fun of another student by calling him

names. It looked like fun, so I joined them. For a few weeks, I made fun of him with my friends.

Several weeks later, the boy told me how he was feeling. He was hurt by our words even though he pretended like he didn't care that we were making fun of him. He said he cried every night. I almost cried when he told me. I wanted to help him and decided to apologize for what I had said to him.

So the next day, I went up to him and put my arm around his shoulder. I said, "I'm really sorry that I made fun of you." He nodded at my words, and his eyes filled

up with tears. But the other kids were still making fun of him. Then I remembered what I learned in my Primary class: choose the right.

I told my classmates valiantly, "Stop making fun of him! Do you guys know how hard this has been for him? Please say you're sorry for what you have done and be his friend."

But they wouldn't change that easily. Instead, they were mad at me and said, "What's the matter with you all of a sudden? You made fun of him too!"

I still felt bad for what I had done before. So I said. "I already said sorry to him. I want you to understand how he feels and stop making fun of him too."

One of them said sorry, and the three of us became good friends. A few people still make fun of him, but he

