When it comes to your childhood, what will you think about first? A joyful birthday party or exciting trips in summer holiday, or something like that? All of them are not my answers, unfortunately. To describe my childhood, “forgettable” is the only adjective I could use.

In primary school, I had many experiences that garnered memories. I was often bullied on the playground during recess because of my appearance. When I was 7 years old, I was overweight. My classmates, at that time, saw me as a target for their ego to inflate.

My mother had given me a basketball as a gift, and I was reveling in the fun of this new sport. But as expected (though I did not think about it at the time), another child started to bother me. He came up to me, and without a word, took the basketball out of my hands as I was dribbling. I was so shocked and emotionally tied to that gift that without a moment’s notice, I punched the kid in the face. I knocked him down and he immediately ran away crying. I never asked if he was playfully taking the ball from me, but I had had enough bullying in my day to react strongly to such an action.

Apparently, the boy went to the principal and reported my violence. I was called to the principal’s office during my next class, and walked in with my own form of ethics. The boy had been a bully, and he deserved a repercussion. However, the principal and I did not see eye to eye, naturally. He called my mother about the incident, and she was surprised that I would do such a thing. I had always been the quiet kid, playing with toys by himself, or tagging along with other children as more of a witness than a major participant. No one’s mother expects their child to punch someone, but it happens for certain reasons. In my case, I had been dominated by my classmates for years, and that pent-up anger and shame resulted in a violent action.

From then on, I figured out that I did not need to be bullied. I could take action. I found that my anger and resentment gave me a wild strength, which was unmatched by the usual fighting powers of a calm kid. In a way, I went to the dark side (in reference to Star Wars). I found a way to combat my enemies, but not in the healthiest of avenues.

Thank heavens I started to meditate. By the time I was 16 years old, bullies were not a problem anymore, and I had no use for my boiling anger. **When I started to meditate every day, I found that the person beyond the anger was much more agreeable to be around. I wanted to be more like that person every day.** So, I continued to meditate daily, and eventually I became the person that I wanted to be. I learned that anger was a temporary solution, but I did not need to drag it on throughout the years. Now, I am much more satisfied to be peaceful inside.