



At lunch I ate as fast as I could and then hurried outside to hide from Olivia. I sat by the wall and tried to squeeze all of me, even my shoes, inside its shadow.

When Olivia came outside, she didn't notice me. She just strutted to the corner of the playground. I watched her play with a small rubber ball. She bounced and caught, bounced and caught, bounced and . . . didn't catch. A boy on the playground caught it first.

"Give it back," I heard Olivia tell the boy.

"No way, Ugly Face. I caught it," the boy said.

"But it's mine," she said.

I felt like I should help her. *Help Olivia?* I thought. *Help the bully who calls me "ugly" and makes me cry?*



"As we learn to see others as the Lord sees them rather than with our own eyes, our love for them will grow and so will our desire to help them."

Elder S. Mark Palmer of the Seventy

"Then Jesus Beholding Him Loved Him," *Ensign*, May 2017, 116

But *Olivia* was being bullied now. I knew how bad that felt. So I stepped out of the shadow and marched over to the boy.

"It's hers," I said. "Give it back."

"No." He laughed and waved it in front of Olivia's face. Then he threw it as hard as he could and ran away. "See ya, losers!" he called over his shoulder.

He didn't see where the ball went. He didn't care. But I did. I saw it hit the basketball hoop. I saw it bounce twice and land in the grass. So I found it and took it to Olivia.

When I got close, I could see there were tears on her face. If there's one thing I didn't know Olivia could do, it's cry.

I pretended I didn't notice, though, so she wouldn't feel embarrassed. "Here you go."

Olivia took the ball. "Thank you," she said. If there's one thing I didn't know Olivia could say, it's "thank you."

"You're welcome." If there's one thing I didn't know I could do, it's feel good for being kind to Olivia. ♦

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