

## **VIOLENCE REVISITED**

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Okay, this is seriously messed up. I just read the headline along the lines that a lone "Gunman guns down eight inside nursing home", followed later with "Police trying to piece together motive for shootings." Are you freaking kidding me?!

Still later the headlines established that the gunman's estranged wife worked at the home and that this wasn't a "random act". You think?! Killing little old people who can no longer care for themselves is beyond comprehension. Killing in general is just so over-rated.

I don't care what prompted this middle-aged individual to wreak havoc all over the place. Even if he was devastated with the state of affairs concerning his life, or wife, who the hell does he think he is taking it out on innocent people? He can be as miserable as he sets his mind to, but extend it out towards others? Oh, no, he didn't? Oh, hell, he did. You're cooked, dude. Going to jail for a very long time. If you do get out, you'll be as old as those you killed off. Ironic, maybe a little. Senseless, oh yeah. A million times, yeah.

No wonder some children today [that's those under the age of eighteen] hold the attitude of self entitlement, of taking what they believe they've earned in some twisted way or another. It's also no surprise that some young people are seriously lacking in manners and good judgment. Look at the examples they are getting from adults, who not only know better, but should be doing way more in terms of being good role models. Instead, kids turn to rock stars and celebrities as examples to model themselves after, and in some cases, that in itself is seriously messed up. How is the future generation going to learn how to be good citizens when they are surrounded by adult arrogance? Why the hell should it shock us when nine year olds take knives to school and use them, or even when five year olds get a hold of a gun and shoot it? Only when we as adults take personal responsibility will those who are supposed to look up to us, do so as well.

Do you understand there's a killing every freaking second of every freaking day? Somewhere out there. Is this acceptable? Of course not. Is it avoidable? Perhaps. What the hell do you propose we do about it?

The problem is, of course, that anyone can go off the deep end at a moment's notice. You could decide tomorrow to go out on a final blaze of payback and the rest of us could remain totally clueless. We'll be shaking our heads afterwards trying to figure it all out. Well, maybe you will. Not me. It won't shock, surprise, or stun me. This is what we've come to expect from each other. Some people scan

the news just to read about horrible crime stories. It's not entertainment when it's in real time and drooling over someone else's pain is so twisted. I don't think the majority of folks even think twice about some of the crazy headlines making the news. It's like, "Oh, yeah, another killing. What a shame." And then onto something else to chat about. I don't want to debate why it's a shame; rather, why people continue to take a nonchalant attitude towards violence; why we're so eager to delve into someone's tragic life, while at the same time making excuses for our own actions; and why aren't we taking a **stronger** stand in this vicious fight? Why aren't we fully utilizing our eyes to see what is so clear in front or around us? Why don't we want to get involved if we see trouble brewing? Isn't that what honorable people do? Do you want to be a coward all your life, or stand up for what you believe in? What do you want your life to stand for? I tell you, it's that fear factor inside you that's holding you back. Seriously, look around you. We need each other. People are hurting all over the damn place. Is it so tragic that you can't lift a finger to help in some way? You reap what you sow. Ignorance and inaction are going to slap you right in the face some day.

We need commercials aimed at would-be "terror" suspects, to replace all the stupid food and hygienic products advertised constantly. Imagine this one scenario playing out on your t.v. set:

"Frank" walks into his house where his wife is fast asleep on the couch. Frank goes straight to the kitchen, almost running, to find out no supper is waiting or cooking on the stove for him. Frank thinks, "What an ungrateful b\*\*ch. I'm out all day slaving at my job and she's here snoozing like a baby." Frank doesn't think to wake his wife up gently, and he has no idea she's newly pregnant with their first child. All he can think about is how selfish his wife is not to cater to his every need. Frank has anger issues so he grabs his nice wife, "Georgina", pulls her up from the comfort of the couch, and starts beating and yelling at her. "Where the hell is dinner, b\*\*ch?!" Before you know it, Frank's temper escalates three-fold. Now, he's on a beating kick. A few seconds later, a flash of Georgina's beaten and battered body is shown, and it's an ugly sight to say the least. Frank looks off in space and mutters, "I didn't mean it. I just wanted to teach her a lesson." Then as the commercial comes to an end, the following words emerge from the mouth of a big, rocking, muscle-laden Officer of the Law [or the alternative: a big, rocking, muscle-laden prison gang member]:

From Beginning to End.  
From suit to stripes.  
A one-way ticket to HELL.  
You belong to Me now.

Violence, in one form or another, is a result of unresolved anger and pain. I think that the government bears some blame here. I, and many others, can't afford health insurance for simple matters such as getting an annual check-up, going to the dentist, or being able to afford good glasses to see out of. Health insurance should be affordable for everyone, and for those who simply can't afford it and can show proof of that, damn, let them have a free pass. You're talking about people's health, for crying out loud. If people are healthy both of mind and body, that's a good thing for all of us. Chew on that thought for a minute.

To you wanna-be terror shockers, stop being delusional that a weapon is going to bring you any closer to resolution in your twisted life. The most powerful weapon of all is what's inside your head. It's called a brain, and while I don't personally endorse it for reasons I've stated before, it's supposed to cause you to act rationally, even when you feel irrational. When you feel overwhelmed, do what the rest of us do. Deal with it. Or, go with these choices: Yell, scream, cry like a baby, or talk it out. You've been blessed with something called self control, and another important something called having a conscience. It's supposed to keep you centered when what you really want to do is go totally off the wall. The thought of causing others to suffer, and obviously being shot and killed constitutes same, makes most feel ashamed of even thinking such. The thought of the repercussions of violence also shakes most people awake and may even make them a bit humble.

Think about this. If you're upset because someone, a spouse or significant other, doesn't want to be with you, you're better off on your own. You can't make people love you or want to stay in a relationship that's probably wrought with holes anyway. Sometimes you have to cut your losses and accept something, or someone, is not meant to be. That can sure hurt like hell, but the thought of meeting someone who *truly* loves you and wants to be with you, should suffice until it actually happens. Sometimes even when you love someone, there comes a time when you have to say good riddance. It's painful and devastating, but not nearly as devastating if you were to go on a shooting expedition. Learn from the mistakes of others instead of gloating that their lives are messed up. Yours just as easily can take a turn for the worst. But, thank goodness, life is always changing and nothing ever stays the same.

When life has you down, make sure that you don't *go down* because of it.