

Pope Reverend Water-Nymph Nocturnal Of The Church of Discordia

*Papal Brief# 27: Lumin Ma Gl da-Bahn (Tahl)
(Which is anything but brief.)*

I cannot even begin to go into how horrible a crime bullying is, and how desperately it needs to be stopped. I mean utterly wiped out. Maybe I just see things differently than most, but it's very hard for me to have hope for humanity and to love everyone as I know I ought to when I encounter the inexcusably repugnant acts of human abuse. If there is an "original sin" it is the first time a human being was ever unkind to another human being. Because it set up a vicious (life-sucking, fecal-matter-matted-in-its-fur, damnation-is-not-good-enough-to-give-it, steaming pile of immoral excrement) circle, a cycle of negative chaos that is utterly bewildering to me, and utterly inexcusable. Like many things, I may forgive the criminal, but I cannot excuse the crime.

One would think, in a world that is already so hostile, that humans would band together and be kind to one another, and help one another out. Instead, they fight, they war, they murder, they abuse, and they attack. Why? Because of bullying. Whether bullying, per se, was the start of it all or not, I cannot say. But bullying is the sign that the children are learning from their parents that it is alright to abuse others. Of course, this is not the message we want them to know. So why are we so lax? Why do we let bullies get away with it?

To allow bullies to continue bullying not only does wrong by their victims, but does wrong by the bullies. Allow them to think that their bullying is allowed, and they will be bullies later in life. They will become criminals, power-mad cops, profit-mad CEOs, power-mad politicians, power-mad clergy, and all the other "evil" influences in human society. Our current President-select Bush Junior has been proving more and more with everything he does that he is just a bully who was never corrected. From what I judge of him, George Bush Jr. is a little dim, but he could have grown into a very sweet man if he'd been given the proper guidance.

Of course, we cannot punish the evil of bullying by bullying back. Using the rod spoils the child more than sparing it. Using violence to try to beat out violent tendencies is like trying to clean off dried-up shit stains out of white carpet with fresh shit... it just won't work, and any sane human being could see that as plain as day.

I suggest jailtime. Iowa has a wonderful new law that makes it a state-wide crime to bully someone for being gay, bi, lesbian, transgendered, and so on. I haven't looked into all the details, but it's a good idea. I think there ought to be a federal law against bullying. I think that anyone found to be bullying another, no matter how minor the offense, should get at least one night in jail for it. For really serious crimes, a week or more in jail.

And don't just have this newer, harsher law apply to only certain age groups. Start it at the kindergarten level. Little Johnny pulls Jane's hair? Throw him in the slammer for an hour. (Any

more would be too much at that age.) Get the cops involved, get him hauled into prison for an hour, and he won't be bullying anyone ever again, you can bet your arse.

Because aside from the effects on society from bullying, we have to consider the victims. Especially the victims of chronic bullying. Take myself for an example: I was chronically bullied, bullied almost nonstop, when I was younger. Whether because I was a weirdo, or effeminate, or fat, or whatever it was at any given moment, the fact remains that I was so constantly bullied that my only way to cope with it was to withdraw from reality. I have been trying to heal in myself the effects of that Hell on Earth ever since, and I doubt I will ever fully heal in this lifetime. The effects of being bullied so much are every bit as powerful and damaging as if I had been abused by my parents. Thank Goddess I was not... home was the only place I ever felt safe. It is small wonder that some people who were mercilessly abused both at home and among peers (or were abused by peers and ignored by their parents) commit suicide. For what reason would someone have to continue living if everyone in their life was telling them, in one way or another, that they were utterly worthless?

I want to forgive my tormentors. Some of my Faces have that ability, and they do forgive them. But there are two very powerful others in here, one named Alexander and the other named Py, who cannot forgive them. Py cannot even come out of his hiding place because of the effects of the bullying. The only time I ever see him or speak with him is when I visit a graveyard after the sun has totally set. I tried to acclimate him to the Front, but he got so terrified that he lashed out at us and scared us back.

So yes, parts of me forgive them, despite the fact that I'll be burdened with trying to heal for the rest of my current lifetime, maybe even longer. But the other parts are still filled with fear and hatred. I feel sure that if ever I met one of my tormentors again, that Alexander would have for them – at the very least – a scorching, burning, hateful speech for them. And at the most, he would probably not hesitate to spit in their faces. And I can't even predict Py's reaction... for he **does** come out to the Front, but only when his emotions are like a freaking supernova – so intense that they drown out everything else. Py being in the Front of his own accord is terrifying even to me.

Thusly, until the law wises up to the evils of bullying and punishes it properly, I hereby decree by the power of Eris and Shao'Kehn that anyone who bullies even a single person in any way for any length of time will get a minimum of 5,000 subjective years in Macarena after they die. More if they are chronic bulliers.

Also, it is with intense pleasure that I furthermore decree: any and all who ever bullied Tristan Alexander Arts, or ostracized him (which is almost as bad) hereby get 500,000 subjective years in Macarena. And they get to re-live my life! They get to feel everything, see everything, hear everything, and so on of my entire life, especially the parts where they bullied me.

With one dispensation: Justin Reed, born and raised in Shenandoah, Iowa. Because he Reformed. And because he was my best friend once he Reformed, and later was my first ever lover. Exempt from any time in Macarena more than he would normally have had.

Signed,

