**Violence and me.**

A loud shudder followed by a deep silence; the only sound that could be heard was of a boy, a boy standing in the middle of a circle with other bigger boys. Boys surrounding him or rather dancing around him. The sound of the boy was that of a bird; you know the sound of a bird when it’s caught up in a small room, full of glass windows which he thinks are ways out to his freedom, but instead he just struggles? Yes, the boys’ condition was pretty much the same and it wasn’t surprising that, those shouts of struggle soon transformed themselves into wails of agony. And then? A blackout. Next what I see is a man, in front of whom, a woman, shouting and abusing at the top of their lungs. Beating their heads up and throwing things around with deep regrets of marrying each other, until when a rather impact-less voice tries to take life from the mouth of an eight year old, coming from a corner and saying, “make love, not war ; Maa-Paa ! “ What next? Another black out. All I see next is a long road. Oh! A lonely one with flickering street lamps, that too. A girl walking with mouse steps and then, a man comes out of nowhere. He whistles. 2-3 more join him. A long shout of “Helppp!”, until a scarf is put around the girl’s mouth…;

Thankfully, the next voice I hear is my mother’s, waking me up for school. I wake up, without any need for mother to call me four times. As I’m ready to leave for school, mother asks me if I wanted to go to school, I said “yes, of course! Why are you...? “And before I complete, all she says, “Your face tells another tale.”

Confused as never before, I board my bus with a rather heavy head echoing with the voices of a ragged boy, a frightened child and a miserable young girl. I shake my head twice or thrice to start looking outside to distract myself from the tornado of those disturbing thoughts stirring up in my head. About ten minutes later, I see a kid running behind a car in the vague hope of a few pennies and then another woman sitting on the footpath, trying to make her new born child comfortable on the chilly morning of 12th of December.

At school, my day went pretty quickly as I had back to back classes and absolutely no time to think. Only at dispersal, that I remembered this one girl in my class, who was suffering from peer pressure and was, forced to cheat during exams, as I see her meekly and under confidently walking towards her bus.

Reached home. Changed. Washed my face and then stared at my reflection in the mirror for about thirty seconds, with the water dripping off my face. And then, irritated by everything, I switched on the T.V.; Surfing through the channels I see the news of a case of domestic violence followed by the major headlines of riots in some middle-eastern state.

And that’s it. I throw up my lunch and I feel disgusted. Not at the bacterial odour that my vomit emitted but at the inhuman race of Homo sapiens.

I realized that violence was not only when two planes crashed into The World Trade Center on 9/11 or when Peshawar saw the killing of innocent kids or when on 26/11, the Taj was blown up or even when riots took place between the two religious groups after partition. What I comprehend of violence is the peer pressure everyone goes through, the ragging a boy has to face when he takes admission in his “dream” college, the unsafe environment girls live in today or the feelings of a woman who is beaten up by her husband who comes home drunk each night. If this is not violence, what is it? Mentally disturbing and shameful acts of “superiority”? One word; DISGUSTING.

Violence in any such form is intolerable. Humans are blessed to have been given the power to reason. “Animals” scientifically, but that doesn’t in any way imply that we actually act like four legged creatures for whom it is only hunt and fill the stomach. We are the gifted kind; if we don’t utilize the blessings endowed upon us, we are to be called the most foolish of all sorts.

But that doesn’t mean, we should not pick up weapons. Weapons of education should be used to slay down the thoughts of any kind of abuse, weapons of tolerance to shatter every thought that associates with inequality, and weapons of peace to remove the very foundation of misery from the world.

Violence is just not killing of men,

Or bombing two cities leading to tragedy,

I’m not sure how long exactly the evils of pressure and torture take to be removed,

But I surely know that two things that can’t relate together are violence and me.