

Big brother really is watching

By Adam W. Morrison

On Saturday Nov. 3, four police officers knocked on the door of my apartment a little after 10 p.m.

They said I already knew why they were here, but my mind was drawing a blank.

The police wanted to discuss comments made on a Facebook forum earlier in the day.

They showed a print out of comments with my name and display picture saying I wanted to kill people in a Columbine style massacre.

When they told me I did this, I was in complete shock.

The police would not believe my alibi that I was at the mall during the afternoon and slept from 7 p.m. to 10 p.m. that night, when these comments were posted.

Giving my permission, my internet history was searched and it was proven I am not responsible for these comments.

Somebody created a fake account in my name back in July, using what personal information they had (though they had my birthday wrong) and pictures of me from

last year's Halloween party.

That's more than a little creepy, and doesn't really make any sense. I tried thinking of any enemies I made, but nothing comes to mind. All I did during the summer was work the graveyard shift at Wal-Mart.

Now I'm thinking this is the work of some coward, who thinks this was a joke.

I proved it wasn't me behind those postings, but this has been one big ordeal.

I'm someone who stresses over little things, and to have this happen to me just about resulted in a heart attack.

This incident got me thinking about how malicious people can be.

What was their purpose behind this? I'm guessing it's because they have nothing better to do.

I've seen advertisements on TV talking about identity theft, but I'd never really pay that much attention to them.

This is not like having someone wrack up a massive credit card bill in my name.

This is not only identity theft, but

defamation.

I did prove to the cops it wasn't me saying this garbage, but I want people who read those posts to know it wasn't me.

I'm also aware that Big Brother really is watching.

When somebody mentions Columbine and wanting to kill people on a forum, expect a visit from the cops that night.

They were doing their job, because what was mentioned sounded like a bloodbath in the making. I hold nothing against them.

Funny thing is I resisted creating a Facebook account until a few weeks ago, when I had nothing to do on a Saturday night.

I did so to make friends and look what happened.

On banks, bombs and boppers

By Vicky Rockett

Get lost, kid...if 15 even qualifies you as being a kid.

Dressing like a 'prep' is not a Halloween costume that's worth my M&M's, so throw your eggs, because you didn't even say trick or treat, and if you did, what would you do if I chose trick?

Slash me with your prep comb or throw that football in my face?

Even a granny's not afraid - besides, she's not even at home, she's over at the Superstore selling little red plastic flowers with pins that stab you in the face every time you put your jacket on.

Prep or not, no one is safe. She won't even notice when you slip only a few pennies in the tin, like you do with the tip dish at the coffee shop, just as long as they hear money in the cup.

Go stuff your face with my M&M's, then, "kid," because I'm not wiping egg off my house this year.

Nope, instead, I'm going out to get ripped, and I'll be so hung over

tomorrow that I'll look scarier than I did on Halloween.

I'm not pissed that you get all the candy, teenybopper, because I understand how hard life is these days for you guys, and even us oldies.

Oh yeah, we're all old now that we're in our 20's.

It's the new 30's, not possibly an idea concocted by the beauty product companies who just expanded their markets by telling us that we're old as soon as we've actually grown up, laughing the whole time.

That kind of shit makes life even harder to deal with - I mean, give me a break, because I can't afford a Kit Kat today.

My car is a piece of shit. It's not brown, that's all the rust. I can't afford an iPod or a laptop, and I need them.

Not only that, but my school books cost me all my rent, so now I'm broke and can't afford my freakin' organic food, because it's so expensive but I don't want to die of cancer, either.

I'm mulling all of this over as I'm

leaving the Superstore with my frozen veggies that taste like water.

There's that old granny sitting by the exit with her tin and plastic red flowers.

I'm so afraid of those pins, and I don't want to give my change away, but she's looking at me.

But what the hell does she want from me anyway? I've already got ten of those plastic flowers.

They always fall off and then I look like an asshole that didn't buy one yet, so I have to buy one and I meet the granny again, She's everywhere! How does she do it!? What does she want? Doesn't she know that we're too busy updating our Facebook profiles to "remember" some war that ended 62 years ago?

What is all this about heroes, anyway?

The kids, with their guitar heroes?

Isn't that some kind of new computer game?

Should I give a shit that between 35 and 50 million people perished during this war, most of them fighting to ensure freedom for our

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generation from a genocidal oppressor?

What do you think?

There are books that say that Hitler was just trying to restore a weak Germany that was crippled after World War I, but you tell that to the victims of the Holocaust.

Tell that to all the millions of Canadian, British, French etc. 20-something-year-old men who spent their last months, weeks, days, moments, breaths engaged in bitter warfare.

You tell that to granny here, who probably remembers her husband marching off to war and never coming back, the food shortage and the constant fear.

Tell her that as she remembers how much she and her husband, her country and her allies sacrificed.

Tell her you're too busy updating your Facebook profile to remember.

I can see it when she looks at me. She remembers. The question is, do we?

On Nov. 11, I hope we do. Every day I hope we do.