

My Two Cent's Worth

By: Joseph Andalina

People are the same everywhere

Sitting on the balcony off the Gulf of Mexico enjoying the sun, as opposed to the extremely arctic air back home. I checked out the news stories in the area.

It's always a revelation, as Florida in the local/tourist areas always seem so peaceful. Beautiful beaches, gorgeous sunsets, blue skies, and the sea.

Then you look at a newspaper or watch the telly, and the news, for the most part, mimics what you see back home. In just a few days, a guy watching his girlfriend's kids beat her 7-year old son to death. Punched in the head, the face, the stomach, and then thrown against a wall. Told the siblings if they didn't participate in the beatings, they would be next.

Nine hours later he called for help when the child hadn't moved for hours. Murder charges will hopefully lead to the ultimate punishment.

Then a man who was on parole and taken into their home by a sympathetic couple, shot the husband to death during an argument, and then beat the wife almost to death. Murder charges will hopefully lead to the ultimate punishment for this rotten human too.

There is much more — but you get the picture.

Then on New Year's Day watching a Twilight marathon, I saw an episode where an astronaut from Earth crash lands on a distant planet. After being rescued by the populace, he ultimately found himself locked up in a zoo-like enclosure where the same rescuers viewed him as part of their menagerie. He laments at the end, holding onto his cage bars, that "People are the same everywhere."

But you knew that, didn't you?

Vita é bella.