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## A discussion of 12 year-old murderers, of course

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## A discussion of 12 year-old murderers, of course

What is the world coming to, i sat with my dog trying to decipher the news from my own backyard and had to ask him "Marley, what is the matter with the world?" he of course did not answer. There are twelve year old kids carrying guns to school and killing classmates and teachers and bus drivers cause they want to. When i was that age i was watching cartoons and trying to figure out how to cook a grilled cheese sandwich. In 8 years the world has not changed that much. Two years before that i lost my glasses in the ocean and thought the world had ended, the next day we went to disney world i couldn't see anything. it was the worst day of my life. I never wanted to hurt anyone but damn Charlie the Tuna who was wearing my spectacles. It wasn't fair but i didn't bitch (too much), life went on i am now almost twenty and i am afraid for my life country world dog. What can i say? What can i do to change? When i was little i think i wanted to go outside occasionally the fresh air and ultra violet rays helped me grow into the deficient thing i am today. Maybe there isn't enough fresh air in our atmosphere anymore. That's my theory carbon dioxide causes brain tumors that no one can read, but they cause 1 year old kids to want to taste blood just to see what it is like. I may of course be mistaken i am only human, of course. I was once a newborn. Mom tells me i was quite a first child always crying. I tell her i am much obliged it was my job then. But now I am in college and trying to find direction without the assistance of mind altering drugs and laxatives and complex carbohydrates and it is even harder to try to find a small place in which i fit which scares me to death. I forget things will I be as forgetful in twenty years mid-life crisis getting thick around the middle? Maybe the world won't exist in ten. What do I worry about? Those ten years will be the end of my life, that is what bothers me. When will it end or maybe we are all imagining it— is there such a thing as reincarnation? Next time i want to be a tree in a forest in the congo where the men in flannel won't cut me down. This human being high and mighty you can't bring ME down looking out far numero uno bullshit really pisses me off. Can i be content when my brothers and sisters are bias against one another for petty reasons like skin and hair? Does skin color rub off? Would you want it to? Some days i hate my skin for being so bland, some days i want to cry—for what? I haven't the slightest. I just want to say here i'm done eat what i've made for you Then curl up in a ball and wither like the leaf i am.

— Jeremy Aufrance '95