

Why I Believe War Is Not the Answer
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River Valley High School Essay Winner – 2016

Amidst the sheer expanse of a universe seemingly shrouded entirely of emptiness, only to be brought forth into consciousness by an entity of light tirelessly illuminating, yet for many centuries hastily exposing a tempestuously steadfast blue rock entitled Earth shining against the desolate darkness of the absoluteness of nothing. Dive deeper into this vibrantly-stricken sphere and one will notice an abundance of such teeming life gleaming full of hues and shades of lavish aquamarine waters mated to eloquent sandy beaches decorated by smoothed stones and crustacean which lead into the ever-pristine flora and fauna thriving with such biodiversity. Either by pure, instantaneous divinity or many arduous years of perfection, this uncertainty instead brings forth a desperate realization of the futility the biosphere faces chronically. Whether naturally or human-made, these installations of Earth can vanish as quickly as they came.

Observe the primary cause for the futility of all things living: Mankind. Notice his natural instincts towards showing complete and total habitat control. In the West, polluted air and landscapes are ridden with menacingly-tall structures erect standing on the backs of the hopeless natives, mocking them to a tune of bitter failure of poor defense to their sacred homelands. At the political scope, the leaders of the West seemingly gaze whilst licking their coarse, mangled chops smothered in old, crusted blood from past affairs, a peering stare into the Middle East with hunger pangs craving the blood of traumatized, decimated “infidels” and endlessly thirsting a drink from the oil well, rapidly running dry whilst being engulfed in a raging inferno from ignition sparked by broken negotiation to hasty retaliation. Underneath the oligarchy, both selected by the chosen few and martyred by many, are the masses, whom are shackled by the chains of ignorance and bounded by the notions of any false promise served from suit-and-tie-dressed politicians smiling and inducing fake charisma, disposed of and cast out into the metaphorical raging seas of never-ending disparity as millions of their tax dollars become blood and oil-stained currency funding the war machine.

East looking west paints a different picture. Such a piece of art would depict themes of unease, anger, strife, and vengeance. Every hasty brush stroke would animate corruption in every sense of the word. Selfish country leaders are somehow nowhere to be found when bloodthirsty, distraught militants all spineless and barbaric are slaughtering and raping the souls of its subjects based on ideals far-fetched and completely skewed towards justification of their disgusting, ill-treated, ideological mental disease. The everyday citizen commonly gets mistaken for the enemy, so much so as Western Crusaders sought revenge on anyone who fits the bill for that enemy’s description. Countless innocent civilians lost their lives due to soldiers having a misconstrued idea of the enemy’s appearance. Those who have the courage to stand against their oppressors are publicly tortured and removed of their heads. Fear cancerously infects the minds of the people so desperate and needy for resolution and peace of mind in the crumbling society being destroyed by absurd

leadership. But worst of all, the West's involvement has only escalated unprecedented tensions between the West and Middle Eastern peoples. Misinformation and propaganda only fuels the spiteful fire to a level of continuity designed to divide and conquer.

War is NOT the answer because there is only one benefit that comes from the matter, and that is lining the pocketbooks of the politicians who start them. War is the one noun that can bring out almost all of the negative adjectives used to describe humanity: Arrogant, ignorant, cancerous, barbaric, caustic, and worst of all, inhumane. War is the opposite of humanity; it counters every fragment of the meaning of our existence. War isn't even a feasible answer, for how can your response be confident when carrying out an action out of pure desperation for the sake of desecration? And what war is truly won if the end result contains plenty of dissatisfaction and grief? It cannot. And to every world leader still hovering their fingers over a button to launch countless nuclear warheads worldwide, here's a little warning...ALL flesh is equal when BURNT.