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Pistol Whipped

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We Americans love our guns. We love hunting rifles, pistols, assault weapons. We even have a soft spot for tanks.

And when I say we, I'm including myself. Because while I once was like my fellow liberals regarding the evil of guns, since the recent tragedy in Sandy Hook, I've seen the light.

Thanks to the National Rifle Association, I've had an epiphany of sorts. That lobby group has convinced me that bearing arms is not only my right – it's right.

How did they do it? They made the argument clear. Forget those statistics about homicide rates correlating with gun ownership. And don't bother me any longer with studies showing children are more in danger when guns are around. Like Romney and his gang, I don't need numbers to prove a point. The facts might say one thing, but my gut says another. Like the big gut of the NRA, it knows that "the only thing that stops a bad guy with a gun is a good guy with a gun" firing back.

Yes, the NRA has it all figured out. And it's prepared to protect our children the hard way, by posting armed guards at every school. Rather than reduce the number of guns, it wants to increase them so that the good guns cancel out the bad ones. I only hope it takes the next logical step and arms both the guards at those schools and the students. Then it might be able to help our children's math scores. "If Johnny has two guns and Billy has three, but Billy's gun fires half as fast as Johnny's, how long will it take for Johnny to bleed to death before maiming Billy?"

Whatever the case, I know where I stand. I'm arming myself so that I'm ready for the next encounter. No more Mr. Nice Guy – I'm fighting firepower with firepower.

Just to make sure that I do things right, I'm going to have a few weapons on hand: not just a pistol and a shotgun, but an assault rifle or twenty. And while I'm at it, a bazooka and some nerve gas and anthrax. I'll likely also add a Predator Drone and a couple of satellites. Maybe even a nuclear bomb and the collected works of Billy Joel.

Sure, there might be some collateral damage, but bearing arms is my right and my rights come first! I'm no longer a liberal, dithering indecisively rather than making things happen. I'm taking a stand, defending the children by defending personal choice.

Lucky for me, I'm not so much a convert as to have to defend the Right to Life. That might put me in an ethical dilemma. In fact, some might even call me a hypocrite – at least, until I pulled out my piece.

