

# Sordid hands of the human temper

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The past has held exciting times, when cowboys and indians rampaged and wild beasts ran about. This period hosted compelling shootouts and gripping hunting bands.

It was a time when vexation teased many tempers, and flexed its sordid grip around ones heart. Back then it was thought only right for a man to lash out in fury against a neighbor as an adversary, if his doings had been ill-advised. With time, we have managed to evolve. We now live in a time of civilized folk, but we have not yet surpassed a state of tranquility. Decedents of these ruckus-making men and women are now doctors, or teachers perhaps, and the heave of violence their ancestors showed has now begun to ebb.

unfortunately it is not out of view. Our evolution is not at all through. The language used in our day tends to be nasty, violent and sarcastic. Words like hate, and kill, are so often used that they are simply dismissed as common vocabulary. when truly the meanings behind ugly words express nothing but ferocity. Brutal language, even when not intended, is harmful and brings our world one step farther away from an evolution against violence.

Another thing pulling us away from banishing violence is the media. It is still very much hung up on brutishness. video games and movies, magazines and TV shows all use violence in such a casual way. Today, it is as if violence and anger walk hand in hand. As if savagery is the way to cope, instead of words. Young minds are especially susceptible to harm if exposed to such dirty thoughts.

Games that are rated, " E" for everyone are no longer wanted and the modern adolescent now longs for pastimes laced with brutality. Violence is

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usually thought to be used by a physical attacker, but it can also be expressed through words. One time I can remember witnessing such an attack, my own friend was the felon. One lanky girl at my elementary school never had very many friends. She had ratted black hair and loved to wear tee shirts covered in screened on kittens.

One afternoon my friend saw this awkward schoolgirl reading on a bench at recess. She was pretty bored and so she sauntered over to the bench and started sarcastically complimenting the girls clothing. "Where did you find such a nice shirt!?" The girls answer was a bit sheepish, but she seemed happy to have someone to talk with. "My mom buys them for me." My friend began to laugh and between fits she managed to snort out "cool.

" she walked away confidently. Words are violent. I still feel at fault for not correcting my friend. I still feel inclined to sneak an extra smile to the girl now, years later because of the effects of violence. I will always remember the look on her face when she realized my friends intentions of mockery. Since the park bench, I have tried desperately to ban violence from my life.

Tried desperately to push out the sordid hands of the human temper.