



what comes around

Written by bubba



Teen shot in head when looking for ghosts

More fun news from the hillbilly elite in my adopted home state: *A man who lives in the house, Allen S. Davis, 40, was charged in the shooting and told reporters from jail that he was trying to drive off trespassers and didn't intend to hurt the teen girls, whom he called juvenile delinquents.*

He said he fired his rifle out his bedroom window Tuesday night after hearing voices outside the home, which is across the street from a cemetery and blocked from view by overgrown trees and shrubbery. "I didn't know what their weaponry was, what their intentions were," he said. "In a situation like that, you assume the worst-case scenario if you're going to protect your family from a possible home invasion and murder."

"It's really something how homeowners defend themselves and the way the laws are written. We're the ones brought up on charges while the perpetrators get little or nothing," Davis said.

Perpetrators? These were cheerleaders running around on his overgrown lawn. Pointless? Yes. Annoying? Most likely. Harmless? YES. And herein lies the great divide between the constitutionalists and the reality-ists. YOU WEREN'T BEING THREATENED ASSWIPE. You shot at a carload of cheerleaders while they drove by. What exactly were you defending against? Let me help - you were defending yourself against a storming of memories reminding you that when you were in high school, these were exactly the kind of bitches that didn't even have time or interest enough to officially reject you or even ask about how many household items you could turn into an explosive pipe bomb device in under 60 seconds. Instead, they just passed you by on the way to their perfect lives exactly the way I pass the Salvation Army bell ringer at the grocery store each and every Christmas season.



All jokes aside...this is a real tragedy. These girls were dicking around like we all did in high school and like kids that age still do. They heard the house was haunted and wanted to share an elevated heart rate together so they could tell the story about the haunted house for years to come. Bad news - what makes this story scary isn't that a house is haunted, like the cheerleaders thought, it's that some jackass with his hair cut like the serial killer brother of Moe from the Three Stooges lives there with his mom and can't wait to masturbate to the next replay of Andy Griffith...right after firing a hunting rifle out his window at a passing car.

Here is a guy that lives in such fear that he truly believes that although he lives in a white collar suburb of Columbus, Ohio, he's still at risk for a murderous home invasion attack. Do you believe that? Well I don't. This cat is angry for all the reasons I mentioned above and many, many more. When he saw those girls running across his grass, he couldn't help but to be flooded with all the times in history that other people had fun at his expense, people that he secretly wished would find him interesting and people that he hoped would ask him to join them on their haunted house excursions. He wasn't defending anything. He was lashing out at a life gone past.





Big sigh. I almost feel for the guy, you know? Makes me wish kids were more sensitive, less cliquish. Maybe we could avoid things like this...

Then I think that he's lucky he's in the clink because I also feel compelled to hunt him down, call him an reject, make jokes about his clothes in front of others right before stealing his milk money...for the 4,356th time in his life.

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