

To: Peace From: War
By Rebeca Rico-Chavez

Dear Sister,

I hear that the "world is over-armed and peace is underfunded", I am delighted to hear that. As you know, I've never liked you. We were created in the same womb, and born to the same mother, Earth, but you and I are nothing alike. You are Peace and I am War.

From the very second of our existence we have battled each other. There is destruction where ever I am, but you follow me to clean up. However, you're struggling to keep up and I'm glad. I would like to take all the credit for the chaos, but I have allies in my quest. Fear, intolerance, ignorance, and of course weapons have all helped me. Unfortunately, just like me, you also have allies. Education, compassion, and united people aide you in your mission to destroy me.

No matter, it is actually very amusing to me how they kill in your name, but only to my benefit. They scream "Peace!" as bullets rain down on innocents and then go home and feel proud of their day's work. They also speak on your behalf sister, preaching words, that others find beautiful, against me. However, I have no stress over that because actions speak louder than words, and bombs are really loud.

I find myself constantly saying, "Fund my weapons, and starve the children of the world. Don't build hospitals for the sick and wounded, instead deliver them to my cousin, Death." With every dead human I grow stronger, with every weapon made and used, I thrive. With every act of intolerance I get closer to my ultimate goal. Peace just give up, you will go mad in distraught as you struggle to restrain those savages from killing each other.

It is essential for me that they believe, and live in fear of imminent danger, and that they act upon that fear. How pitiful that so much energy and money is wasted on things to counter those acts, when all they need is to look within themselves and find tolerance. Although, it is better for me that they don't. If there ever comes a timewhere I become weak and you come close to defeating me, I will simply appeal to their better nature. I will only have to remind them, "You can't make money off of Peace."