

Hello,

I am watching. I cannot speak, as much as I would like to be able to. My passion, my fear, my pain at this moment is too intense for me to engage in conversation at this time.

I hope, I pray, that this document I send to you will be heard as my voice. Our voice. Every mother, father, sibling, grandparent and aunt, uncle and cousin. Every one and more.

I have been bullied into silence in my work place by gun owners who are not responsible. I have been screamed at. I have been, daily, subjected to rantings and unreasonable conversations with customers. I have sat, in silence, listening since the very minutes of the shooting.

I realized my peril emotionally one week later. My cell phone went off. It was a quiet morning. I looked down and it was the school reverse 911 calling. I started to shake, I started to cry. I didn't want to answer it. My son attends the high school in Newtown. We know people who lost children. I know people who know people. I have hugged people who are coping. No one has been worrying about me as they well should not. I will find my way through this. I did slowly find my way through recently.

I turned what I have been forced to listen to from irresponsible, irrational individuals into something that makes perfect sense.

Noah Pozner was one little boy. I did not "know" him. I know his brother. Michael Vabner. I started this when I saw his picture on the news. I saw his girlfriend, Elana Sadlon, at the Sandy Hook Elementary School, trying feebly to hold Michael up from falling to the ground. He was visibly pictured in anguish unimaginable to a teenage boy about to graduate from high school.

Elana stayed with him the whole afternoon. At that school. Listening to the pain surrounding her. In a different, yet same pain as all of them. Yet more aware and absorbing it on a different level.

I developed this plan, Noah's Taco. It was only recently named. I have been using what I am hearing coming from gun owners. Responsible and not responsible. Chest pounders who are running to ammo up at Walmart. People who I know are buying guns from wherever they can. People who are arming themselves to the gills.

It is real. I have to hear it. I have to watch it and I cannot express enough the amount of trouble we are all in. It is NOT irrational of me to feel fear of people I am witnessing and silently having to be bullied by. These people are real.

On January 15th, 2013, I read the front page of my webmail. A 4 year old boy had just killed his 2 year old brother with his parent's gun. It was out in the open. Irresponsible.

A few hours later, a boy walked into his college. Started playing shoot em up in his school.

Each day, there is a headline.

Each day we waste in putting safeguards in place that will not destroy the 2nd amendment but protect it and put consequences in place for epic failures.

Please see attached.

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