

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.

My name,
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Please, I have sent this to Senator Blumenthal. Please. I really feel it makes a lot of sense.

Thank you