

And That's What Matters to Me

Luke Casamento

It's 3:37 P.M, Friday. After school. I press the 'Boot' button on my computer, and as I slowly watch the BIOS load up on my computer, outfitted with a measly GTX 1050, i3 6200, and a whopping 4 gigabytes of RAM, I prepare myself for all my worries to melt away. Here, I'm safe. There are no bullies, no teachers to scream at me for not completing work, no students to snicker at me when I have a bout of ADHD, nobody. I'm safe here, using my trusty computer to melt away into the game.

When my computer loads up and I enter my password, I click the 'Epic Games' symbol at the bottom left of my screen. I click the 'Launch Fortnite' button, pull on my headset, and load into the game.

In here, on my computer, I feel valuable. I send my only friend; DogBoyJames a request, someone I haven't even met in real life. But I trust him. We spend hours each night, laughing away, playing the game. In here, he doesn't know that I have autism and high functioning ADHD, he doesn't know that I was screamed at by Mr Lawson in class today for not being able to keep my leg still, he doesn't know that my father passed away two months ago, he's just my friend. My only friend.

Despite this, I'm called a killer. My feeble attempts to converse with the students in my class, saying that I enjoy playing a game of Fortnite, Overwatch, or even Minecraft, disperse quickly. They call me a murderer. That the 'Autistic spaz is gonna pick up a rifle and shoot up a school'. That I'm a horrible violent person. That playing games turns you into a murderer, according to the News program they ran on Fortnite and other video games the other week that my Mum showed me, describing games as an outlet for killers to hone their skill.

This isn't true.

The media, adults, and even children portray video games as practice for murderers, for shooters, for violent people. But here, after a normal, terrible day of school for me, as an autism-riddled high functioning ADHD sufferer, I can rest in peace. I can relax. I can enjoy myself. I'm not a killer, a violent person. I never have and never will, and the idea that I am, because I enjoy playing games, is not even remotely close to the truth. Blaming video games on shootings because people with serious mental, emotional and social issues can't act properly and perform an attack, is far, far, far from the root and cause of the problem. And it never will be.

And that's what matters.

I like the language he has used and how it conveys meaning and the point.

I wonder where this idea came from and why he conveyed it like this