

Patches of Withering Grass

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February 22, 2026

Gestures empathizing an individual's behavior rooted in resentment and ingratitude, partial to protectionism, where their victimhood portfolio heavily invested against outside influences connected with reality, must atomize for evaporation. Recent times in yore, current events bringing out putrid cries from the unthinking majority, backed by frustration over such occurrences beyond reach, has caused distress tough to ignore. Myself, one of many targets for others' insecurities, a "punching bag" for projection, will express the message conveyed in this essay. Such actions from the ungrateful, whose whiny attitudes begrudgingly tolerated under their yearn for power and control, contradicts utilitarian strive for greater good; thus, these "do as I say, not as I do," "it's your fault I'm like this," or "that's not allowed without my consent"¹ complaints blares into an echo chamber of misery—a place those individuals cannot blame others being in. Their expression for righteousness in the name of objectivity, alongside shaming others' views, beliefs, and Life choices different from theirs, proves cacophonous in a world begging for peace. They berate innocents whom unknowingly, nor care, about their emotional imbalances, done in reaction against negative forces penetrating our lives on the daily. This misguidance leads them weeping to street corners, demanding some understanding, when they, themselves, cannot reason with their own thoughts. The code running their mental software is brim with bugs and errors—unbeknownst to "programmers" why they're still functioning.

Culture and citizenship in America have we been provided with abundance for survival giving us easy will, ignoring those that do not cater to our satisfactions. It is this admonishment of misconducts, done online, that bear no contentment for the civilized, most being incitement against others for "likes" and "views" per online, secures allowance on our part. Digital platforms hold no differences to sidewalks at a metropolitan: belligerent acts, or performative anger, become simple reasons for surveillance. There shan't be threats sent and/or made toward the uninvolved; enforcement of law be in place restoring order, to cease such aggravates "pussyfishing"² for online respect.

In contrast of allowing these misbehaviors, citizens obstructing workers under government enforcement, and/or federal agency, must melt the prison keys they shall soon reside after conviction. We shan't, however, harden restriction of expression toward silence over an individuals' actions entrenched in unreasoning. They forbid following law, yet demand others abide by their solipsistic imaginativeness; their misery demands company, yet shriek "violence" when struck with reality and/or truth. Their pride and ego prove lack of fortitude when enduring challenges no conscience can avoid. If lowering others down to their level makes them secure, they proceed getting their country of residence, even our world, lowered with them: thus, becoming the "cells" that serve no purpose on

¹ Utterance of this statement has become commonplace, mainly among the arrogants' vernacular: commanding subservience per their orders and requests, when in reality, they are representative of nothing but a dot, marked on population maps.

² **Pussyfishing**, original term I created, is a derivative of the word *catfishing*: a tactic descriptive of nuisance streamers to "fish" for reactions, by agitation or playing dumb, on live stream for attention and monetary reasons. The anger they cause(d), lifetime expulsion from an event, first-hand showing of their arrest(s), recording someone's death, destruction of properties, and/or any situational shock thereof, is propagation for viewership and user engagement, via chat, increasing likelihood for donations. They hold no responsibility nor accountability for damages caused—hence the derogatory prefix "pussy."

this bodily planet.

Misconduct derived from insecurity, threats instigated by projection, and retaliatory abuse blossomed with fear are irrational responsibilities no citizen be faulted with but the offender themselves. People have grown dreary partaking to reason with the unequivocal: finding middle ground, empathy, facing reality, yet these offenders become epitomes of second-rate humanism. Oh my, how our freedoms be paid in full, and secured, taking responsibility without giving way to hostile behaviors for attention⁴ Urgency be placed for study by researchers, current and future, rationing how the field of “whineries” trickled its way globally. On the other hand, the insecure and/or mentally unstable make easy targets for law: radicalization, information overload, and lack of purpose continually lead toward social frustration for all—preventable with knowledge, critical thinking, and common sense. Digital platforms brought the worst in ourselves, becoming opportunities for monetizing nuisance behaviors—i.e. mugshots taken like a badge of honor as it’s still considered “online content.” Punishment by law yields poor results, hitting unthinkers with reality checks—the only “check” paid to these nonentities in restoration for order and prevention of further damages. Allowance of this destructive lifestyle, pushes current standards into a police state known to repudiate freedom, nationally and globally.

It is a travesty, per my admittance in cowardly behaviors, having something I experienced first-hand: a transition seen in person to online. Mistakes are human, congruent with sufferings learned and undergone. Traumatic moments prove strength and worth with respect to handling the situation(s) faced. Adulthood bares indifferent with occurrences happening frequently, where acceptance, lesson(s) learned, and (mental) preparation a necessity to absolve its consequences. Resisting and/or refusal is deterrence to one’s collective betterment in being human especially into the Intelligent Age. There exists those my age and older—still—declining realities in pursuing responsibilities of their needs, synonymous with maturity, and pursuing the common good; despite their lives running like computer hard drives, accessing memory that processes nonstop with no tasks to work with; stomachs, mind, and a heart so empty, their organs are fed no edible delights healthy for consumption. Resources, both online and offline, are available—brim with information, facts, truth so rich and “rib-sticking,” it eases blood pressures of these irrationally angry.

Confided from my experiences is something worth considering: accountability. Faults of others not be at play though for they’re born into societal standards where responsibilities besmirched, let alone apologizing over wrongdoing(s), be *the* antidote in ending this mental, behavioral “pandemic”³.

This advice written on digital printing, typed up by the author’s hands, will attain notoriety, though betting in not inflicting a scratch for notice. As current happenings proceed in brooding our minds, some which cannot be ignored, these unthinking individuals weave back to their old attitudes, afraid that considering change(s) places them at odds—shocked that self-improvement is ticket to public shaming, not in line

³ National declaration for this need not be considered, but is a warning in response to the persistently miserable walking among us—leading to borderline, second-hand stress. It is this symptom feeling like a pandemic, yet the taking of responsibility and accountability, per societal normalization of cowardly behavior, remains futile. They cannot hide their insecurities, despite refusing to relinquish their aggrandizing “worth” to evolve for the better.

with courteous honesty, respect, nor maturity: or so they think to be the case. The refuting of keeping abreast with creating meaning with one's life leaves them in mental confinement resistant to prosperity. Must we blame these forests that never change nor adapt to seasonal conditions that shape our survival?

Must we succumb to these people's imperative conjecturables, one will find insecurity in themselves and becoming prisoners of their gall. Reiterating, their goal rests in shaming others for differences—views, opinions, beliefs—leading to that 'boomerang' flyby: where when shamed themselves, they cry victim to suppress the pains that truth inflicted on their purposeless egos. Once tempers settle, they jump back to their old ways: consumptive hoarding of amenities without making time to seek knowledge about our world, resting confidently in the know, whilst remaining ignorant on things they don't. No adult shall feed underfed minds who do not nourish themselves, let alone provide those unwilling to show eagerness in learning, such their inability to envision, study, and accept Life's vagaries, occurring by happenstance, bear no reasonable value(s) why they're here. They relegate on speculation, parading as spoiled brats expectant of others doing the duties and/or thinking for them. The sight of bitter souls running without one, failed attempts in proving others wrong, lack of finding solutions to eradicate their complaints, yields mental imprisonment once changes and opportunities arise: where self-improvement necessitates maturity advancing to Life's next chapter—a transition unavoidable regardless. Put it simply, their stagnation remains the longest suicide committed: an anatomical conglomerate of pains that grow worse over time, enslaved by unassigned duties in shielding their prides nonexistent.

Gathering whom, and what, I have witnessed from 2013-2023, left imprints of poor human decency, all done for transactional exchange—perceptions of one another as objects for happiness, negating the beauty of someone's humanity, and/or putting on an act for online clout. I bid future generations sincerest apologies whence they re-run this era of sociological disintegration bestowed by mannerisms synonymous with narcissism, power, control, and influence. In conclusion, these radicalized attitudes, a ticket to ostracism, mustn't interfere with blossoming demeanors of the contented—concatenated, unfortunately, with the colorless, withering patches of inveterate reprobates, whose growth hasn't once been hinted, even when watered and/or fertilized: the acne of our Earthly complexion growing, and maturing, beautifully with Time.

Note

"Patches of Withering Grass" is an original essay published on **KC Universal Publishing** at <https://publishing.kcuniversal.net>—the publishing sub-domain of **KC Universal Network**. All content was written—typed—by hand, without the aid and guidance of AI nor any writing assistance. Production of this essay was done on Emacs.

First draft composed on January 26, 2026; then proofread, edited, and finalized for publication on February 22, 2026. This essay was formerly titled "Boxed."