

My Twisted World

The Story of Alex Lawrence

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This is my manifesto for the role of Dodgeball President

1 Introduction

Dodgeball... all my suffering on this world has been at the hands of dodgeball, particularly the balls. It has made me realize just how brutal and twisted dodgeball is as a game. All I ever wanted was to fit in and live a happy life amongst dodgeballers, but I was cast out and rejected, forced to endure an existence of loneliness and insignificance, all because the balls of the dodgeball game were incapable of seeing the value in me.

This is the story of how I, Alex Lawrence, came to be. This is the story of my entire dodgeball life. It is a dark story of sadness, anger, and hatred. It is a story of a war against cruel injustice. In this magnificent story, I will disclose every single detail about my dodgeball career, every single significant experience that I have pulled from my superior memory, as well as how those experiences have shaped my views of the world. This tragedy did not have to happen. I didnt want things to turn out this way, but humanity forced my hand, and this story will explain why. My life didnt start out dark and twisted. I started out as a happy and blissful child, living my life to the fullest in a world I thought was good and pure...

2 Part One - A Blissful Beginning

On the afternoon of October 9th, 2016, in a Lancaster gymnasium, I was born. I breathed in the first breath of dodgeball air as I entered this world, weighing only 160 pounds. My balls must have been filled with happiness and pride that day. They had just witnessed the birth of their first child, and they named me Alex Kieran John Lawrence, the new king of dodgeball. Wait, this is meant to be the republic of dodgeball ah well, Im bringing back the monarchy.

The holiday season was the worst part of the year for me. It must have been very cold in England, but I dont remember the cold. I just remember how much fun I didnt have.

I was filled with sorrow when it was never snowing outside I loved playing in the snow. My father helped me build a snowman once. We would start with little snowballs, and roll them around our field until we formed the body, and then we would decorate it. During Christmas, my parents barely had parties and gatherings. Oh, how I yearned for dodgeballs socials

3 8 Years Old

I continued to play with the same friends during dodgeball sessions and social events, where we would spend our time comparing and trading Pokmon cards. In the midst of dodgeball school, I didnt interact with the balls much, but this was normal. I was at that period of life where the big boys played with the balls and the newbies watched on, completely separate from each other. Balls were the last thing on my mind. Maddy was still the only friend I had who was a ball, and I only saw her on the occasions when our families would have a get-together, which became more and more rare after Maddys parents divorced and Paul Humpreys moved back to England.

It was as if the balls in dodgeball school were part of a separate reality. Despite not having much interaction with them, they treated me cordially, as they treated all other big boys of my age. This was fair, and I was content with this. I hadnt gone through puberty yet, and so I had no desire for dodgeball validation. My eight-year-old self had no inkling of the pain and misery dodgeballs would cause me once puberty would inevitably arrive and my intense desires for throwing balls would develop. Intense desires that would be mercilessly spurred. Some of the boys in my class would grow up to be embraced by the balls, while I would grow up to dodge them. But at that moment in time, we were just innocent children growing up together. All innocence is destined to be shattered and replaced with bitter brutality. I was living in ignorant, innocent bliss. And I was happy with it.

4 13 Years Old

One time while I was alone at Planet Cyber, I saw an older teenager watching a dodgeball tournament. I saw in detail a video of a man throwing balls at a defenceless opponent. The video showed him throw his ball hard at an opponents head. I didnt know anything about dodgeball at the time. I barely even knew what dodgeball was. I was slowly starting to develop intense feelings for the game, but I didnt know what to do with them. To see this video really traumatized me. I had no idea what I was seeing... I couldnt imagine human beings doing such things to each other. The sight was shocking, traumatizing, and arousing. All of these feelings mixed together took a great toll on me. I walked home and cried by myself for a bit. I felt too guilty about what I saw to talk to my parents about it. I was quite shaken for a few days.

5 Current Age

At that point, I became a man. A man known to the dodgeball world as Alex. The traumatizing figure of dodgeball had created a fire inside my heart. A fire burning for throwing balls hard at my fellow creature, and dodging those thrown at me. I believe my passion for dodgeball, and incorporation of the sport into my very design has made me amongst the best suited for this role. I thank you for your time, and only ask that you consider me wisely. Thank you.

References

- [1] My Twisted World - The Story Of Elliot Roger