

Friends

Wednesday, 08 October 2014

I've been going on about how tiny, seemingly trivial, things can have horrendous repercussions. And how I believe Twitter is a weapon of the Devil; 140 characters encouraging superficiality in thought as well as in language.

The recent suicide of the McCanns troll - if it was suicide - is a perfect example of how someone, quite old and experienced in life, can be seduced into thinking they have "friends" when they have NO friends and those "friends" can nudge them over into worse and worse online behaviour that I'm sure, normally, she would never have spoken face-to-face.

Comments which could ONLY cause pain and would do no good whatsoever.

Yes, anyone is entitled to suggest - strongly - that investigations be more thoroughly and efficiently pursued. Yes, other solutions can be suggested (as I do in this specific case in my novel *Death Flies*, *Missing Girls* and *Brigitte Bardot*. Hopefully in a positive and non painful way).

Since "friends" became a word for faceless online ticks - often for people who do not exist - real friendship - caring for friends, looking after friends, loyalty to friends - has disappeared. The new "friendship" doesn't even involve liking someone.

I suspect and fear that the poor lady who took her own life (if she did) was more hurt by "friends" turning out not to be friends than even the ghastly, unfeeling media treatment she received. Not that her "friends" will care. They will just move on to find another victim to suck into their web of bile.