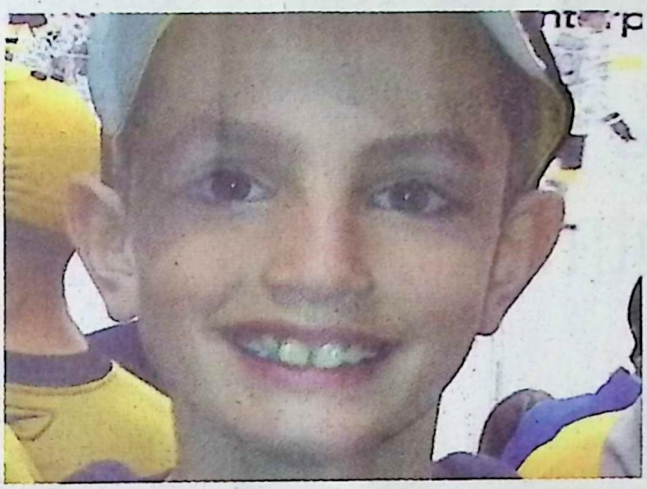
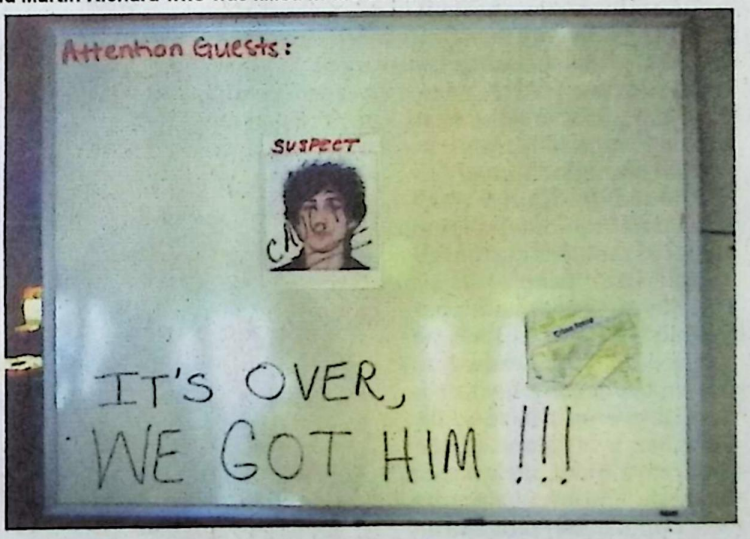
the wisp of a beard, arched eyebrows and sloe eyes of the Caucasus mountain people reminded me so much of my own child, my heart sank every time they flashed the most wanted person's photo on the TV screen. DEAD! It yelled under his brother's image, AT LARGE under Dzhokhar's.

I expressed to my son's father that I was worried our child would be hassled at school as a result of the resemblance. We live in a predominantly white, conservative town and he has been hassled in the past. Once two boys asked my son if he was happy that the twin towers came down. The school did very little to address this, and I did not raise a stink. I should have. After the events of April 15th at the marathon, and now with the arrest of Tsarnaev, I have decided that should anyone say a word to my child I will raise the necessary objections. That is my duty and obligation as an American. After all we are told to immediately report unsavory activity.



Eight-year-old Martin Richard who was killed in the bomb blast.



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The sad truth is this latest act of terrorism will once again render the Muslims of this country as objects of rancour and more frighteningly, victims of retribution. Incidents have already been reported—a Bangladeshi man was beaten in the Bronx, New York for being a "dirty Arab". A father and his hijabi daughter were thrown out of an Apple store on Staten Island, NY—after being detained by store personnel.

I am angry and bone weary of so called "Muslims" committing murder in the name of Islam, and using a rich, complex religion to carry out some twisted agenda that has more to do with feelings of inadequacy and deep seated insecurity than God. Well actually, God was nowhere in their hearts, when the two brothers made the chilling decision to kill people. That is the immediate result, death, but there are also the injured whose lives and bodies have been altered forever, and the other victims. Muslims the world over, but especially in the US who will pay for the fall out of these actions —possibly with their own lives. The Constitution of this country might once again be flouted as it was in the aftermath of 9/11, to ensure that there are no more acts of terrorism on American soil and we will be profiled even more.

I want to hate him, the young man with a boy's face and the unkempt hair, who by all accounts, was a normal American teenager, with friends, a Twitter account and dreams. But I can't seem to, because the tragedy of his choices is so stark, and because his face reminds me of my kid and countless others, and because hating him won't bring back eight-year-old Martin Richard or protect the true Muslims who will now be punished for what he did. ■