

I HEARD A MEMORIAL HAPPENING OUTSIDE MY APARTMENT. SOMEONE READ EACH VICTIM'S NAME AND CHIMED A BELL.



SANDY CASEY...

ANDREA CASTILLA...

THE VOICE ECHOED FROM A PARKING GARAGE ACROSS THE STREET WHERE I SOMETIMES RIDE MY BIKE TO BLOW OFF STEAM.



THE FIRST FLOORS WERE EMPTY, BUT UP TOP I PASSED A DRIVER WITH THE EVENT PLAYING LOUDLY OVER HER RADIO.



CHRIS ROYBAL...

BRETT SCHWANBECK...

VEGAS GRACE

DAN HERNANDEZ

MORITZ CASEY SILVER ARTISTS

SEVERAL CARS WERE THERE TO SEE THE STRIP DIM ITS LIGHTS IN HONOR OF THE VICTIMS.



TRAGEDIES LIKE THIS ARE NOW
A FACT OF AMERICAN LIFE.



I GREW UP IN COLORADO AND REMEMBER
BEING IN CLASS WATCHING COVERAGE OF A
SHOOTING IN NEARBY LITTLETON. WE HAD
FRIENDS THERE, AT COLUMBINE HIGH SCHOOL.



ON JULY 19, 2012 I WENT TO THE MOVIES
IN AURORA WITH MY MOM. TEENS WERE
LINED UP FOR THE PREMIERE OF THE DARK
KNIGHT. I THOUGHT OF THEIR FACES THE
NEXT DAY WHEN I HEARD 12 WERE KILLED
AT A DIFFERENT THEATER IN TOWN.



A WRETCHED ACT OF VIOLENCE.
A SUDDEN, SENSELESS LOSS.
THESE ARE TERROR ATTACKS.

MESSAGES DE
ACTIVE SHOOTER
ON THE STRIP!!

AND HAVING MET THE VICTIM'S
FAMILIES MANY TIMES AS A
JOURNALIST, I KNOW THEY
NEVER GET OVER IT.





THEY DON'T WANT ANYONE ELSE TO EXPERIENCE THEIR LOSS. BUT HERE WE ARE AGAIN.



THAT NIGHT, POLICE LIGHTS OUTSHINED CASINOS ON THE STRIP, WHERE I HIT A ROADBLOCK.



I FOUND SURVIVORS AT A GAS STATION NEAR THE ROUTE 91 CONCERT GROUNDS. SOME HAD OTHER PEOPLE'S BLOOD ON THEM. THEY STOOD AROUND CALLING LOVED ONES.

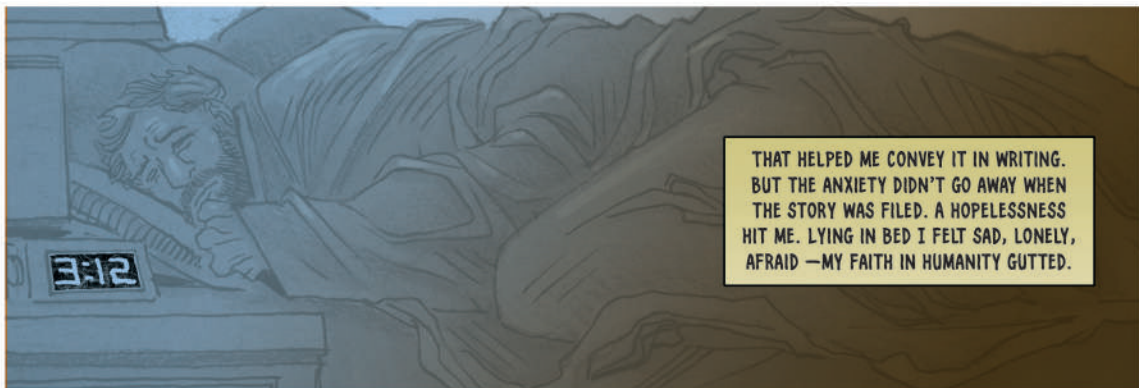


I'M STILL SHAKING.

I WANT TO GO HOME.

IT WAS CHAOS.

THEIR TRAUMA WAS CONTAGIOUS. AS WE SPOKE, I FELT IT IN MY EYES AND THROAT.



THAT HELPED ME CONVEY IT IN WRITING. BUT THE ANXIETY DIDN'T GO AWAY WHEN THE STORY WAS FILED. A HOPELESSNESS HIT ME. LYING IN BED I FELT SAD, LONELY, AFRAID —MY FAITH IN HUMANITY GUTTED.

BUT ON THE FOLLOWING MORNING, THE COMMUNITY COUNTERED THE SHOOTER'S EVIL. PEOPLE LINED UP TO GIVE BLOOD, DONATE PROVISIONS, AND OFFER RIDES FROM THE HOSPITAL. FLORISTS LAID FLOWERS, COUNSELORS WERE DEPLOYED THROUGHOUT THE CITY, AND MEMORIALS SPROUTED UP UNDER THE SLOGAN #VEGASSTRONG.

AT A CANDLELIGHT VIGIL, I MET A UNLV STUDENT WHO'D BEEN THERE AND HELPED CARRY THE WOUNDED TO SAFETY—ONE OF MANY SUCH HEROES.

I MET DOCTORS AND NURSES WHO TREATED 200 VICTIMS, WORKING WITH POISE TO SAVE LIVES IN AN E.R. LIKE A "SEA OF BLOOD".

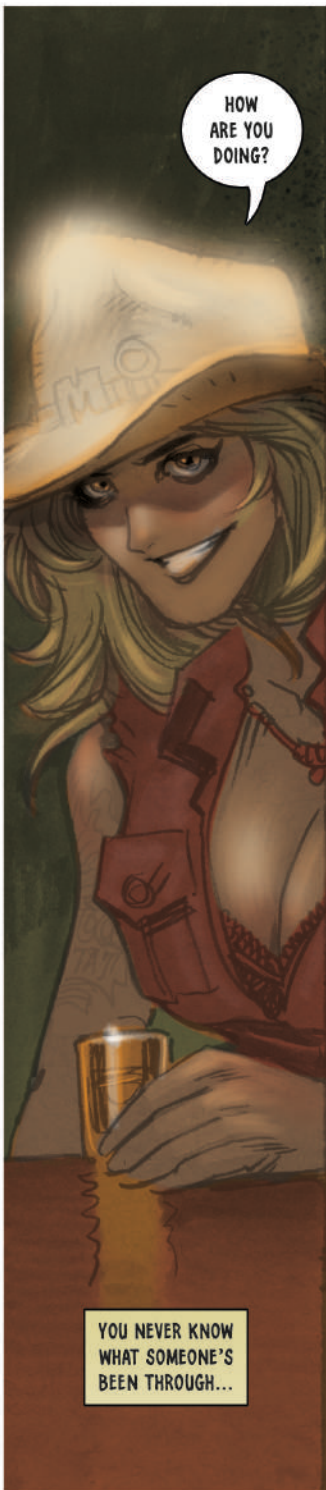
THE OPPOSITE OF VIOLENCE ISN'T PEACE, IT'S GRACE, AND THAT'S WHAT VEGAS SHOWED AS SOON AS THE TRAGEDY OCCURRED.

WE'RE GRATEFUL FOR THOSE WHO SURVIVED, AND THOSE WHO AVOIDED IT ALTOGETHER. BUT SIMPLY HOPING FOR CONTINUED SAFETY IS FOOLISH. IN THIS CLIMATE OF HATE, ISOLATION, AND FETTERED VIOLENCE, AT THE VERY LEAST OUR GOVERNMENT SHOULD LIMIT ACCESS TO WEAPONS LIKE THOSE USED BY THE MANDALAY BAY SHOOTER.

I DON'T WANT TO COVER THESE STORIES ANYMORE. EVERY TIME I DO, FOR WEEKS AFTERWARD MY INTERACTIONS WITH STRANGERS FEEL HEAVY.



HOW ARE YOU DOING?



YOU NEVER KNOW WHAT SOMEONE'S BEEN THROUGH...

YOU NEVER KNOW HOW MUCH TIME IS LEFT.

