



SPITTING THE DUMMY IS NOT A GREEK EXPRESSION

Abalinx 4 October 2016 Peter Adamis

How many times have we in our lives 'SPAT THE DUMMY' in disgust? On average I would hazard a guess at least once a month or if we are lucky we may do it periodically depending on the stresses of life, responsibilities and the roles we have in life.

When I was a youngster, I would handle such matters in an aggressive manner only because I lacked the self-esteem, knowledge, life experiences and the ability to think in a rational manner when confronted with challenges that made my hair stand on end, blood rising, adrenalin pumping through my veins and raring to belt the daylights out of the bloke who deliberately went out of their way to make mischief, do me harm or attempt to bring me down. In most cases I used my fists and belted the daylights out of the bloke. We would call it spitting the dummy or in my crude language, *Fuck'n pissed off*. (Excuse my profanity).

As a young soldier when faced with such objectionable individual's intent on an iniquitous path, I settled it like a man and dealt with the individual expeditiously without malice or long term hatred. It was something a bloke did in order to clarify and/or to purify a relationship within a group setting. Mind you, such matters did not always go my way but they were settled and life went on. As I grew older and wiser, I realised that I could not always settle such matters with my fists and that I had to learn other methods of settling challenges that created the same physiological and psychological environment detrimental to my health. Spitting the dummy was not a bad thing I realised as long as I did not resort to violence to make good the mischief being done to me.

As many readers would know, the last twelve months have been fraught with many uncertainties, dangers, challenges and hurdles which at first appear to be insurmountable. I will confess that I am a God fearing man and I for one do not condone those who do not have the same views on such matters. However in my case, having that inner faith in a God I cannot see, feel, hear or know does not stop me from my faith, but I feel that I have that edge on others when working my way through the challenges that I face.

Spitting the dummy for me is quietly, working through my emotions, trying to come to grips with matters beyond my control, attempting to make sense of what, why, where and the how, before finally succumbing to sadness and sighing that I have no control whatsoever. This sadness leads to depression and if not dealt with can lead to physical ailments that like a cancer can destroy an individual.

These past two years, I have had to contend with a bloke who was and still is intent on destroying me. All this has come about because of his innate jealousy of others achievements, his low self-esteem, his lack of moral fibre and lacking in emotional maturity. I must add that in his mind, he is of the belief that he is successful, considers himself a leader in his community, a pillar of strength, and a man to be feared. He likes to be the centre of attention, with aspirations of becoming a 'great' leader in his local community and to be known throughout the breadth of the wider Australian environment.

However despite the grandiose beliefs that he may have, my assessment of him based on my life experiences; is that he lacks moral fibre, leadership skills, knowledge and the qualities to manage people. He prefers to surround himself with sycophants and recalcitrants who will only tell him what he wants to hear which in my honest opinion indicates that he has Janus Narcissistic personality disorder. I think that the man is a fool who refuses to believe that he is incompetent.

This bloke who will forever remain unknown has for the past two years made life difficult for me. Throughout that period, I have restrained from any retaliation, had to experience and contend with malicious gossip, which on every occasion I 'let go through to the keeper'. I have put up with his innuendos and slanderous remarks which have been noted. I have been threatened with iniquitous harm, accused of hiding behind my cancer, an illness of which this bloke must be a 'qualified' psychiatrist and medical doctor, let alone an oncologist to make such a bland, insidious and outrageous statements.

Then finally get others to do his dirty work, because all of his efforts have failed to bring about my destruction. I feel sorry for him, his children, his spouse and all those associated with him, because he is so full of hate, devoid of any compassion and goodness. Yet despite all that he done to me and contuse to do, I forgive him in order that I live in peace, surrounded by people who I care for and love for who they are and not what I want them to be. I have learnt that hate, violence and all things negative have a negative outcome which can only lead to illnesses beyond our understanding.

I have written this article in order to bring together the string of events that have been woven into a parchment that is frayed with many loose ends and yet is still readable. I hope that someone has the boldness and wisdom to retain it for future generations and then attempt to unravel and guess the iniquity that we in this day and age had to contend with. I am of the opinion that once you take on the mantle of leadership, you must detach yourself from your emotions and bods that bind you and do what is in the best interests of your group, your organisation, your community and most of all your own family if you are to make rational decisions that best serve those who you lead.

I have stated this on many occasions that I have been blessed to have been managed by the best of the best that this nation has during my formative years and led by the greatest leaders of my time. It would be dishonest of me if I failed to emulate the paradigms, concepts, examples and leadership traits handed down to me during those years. After all I am a product of their mentoring.

We are after all living in a country that prides itself on a fairgo, never kicking a bloke when he is down and certainly looking after the Aussie battler. Therefore I wish my adversary nothing but good will and will forgive him for all his transgressions and lack of courage only up until today, being the Tuesday, 4 October 2016. After that time, I believe that I am entitled to 'spit the dummy' in a manner which is conducive to my longevity, good health and good manners, enabling me to live a life of peace which I have long sought after. I hope for his sake that he can see the errors of his ways and come good, after we only live once. I wonder how many of us have fallen ill because of such inappropriate behaviour by others.

As always, my apologies for the poor grammar, punctuation and savagery of the English language. All that I can say is that it is great to be alive and one does not give up in the face of adversity no matter what challenges we face.



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