In 2011, I witnessed a fight between two individuals at a cafeteria in Western Illinois University. This story is a retelling of the conflict blow by blow, a reflection of my struggles to understand why this fight occurred, and my own decision to become involved in an attempt to end the conflict. The story and subsequent research considers philosophical, psychological, and sociological positions that I feel contributed to the conflict, and to my lack of ability to stop it. The piece is also an attempt to discern why the crowd of bystanders present during the conflict chose not to intervene, and the personal implications of living in a society mesmerized by violence.