

Abortion

Hate, like love, is dependent upon the user. It's like ... like a lightsaber. Some will use it for good. Those are the ones you hang with. The ones who use their feelings for a greater good, but how do you know? How do you know what's the greater good? I'm glad you asked. When life is affirmed. When life matters, you can use death to make sure life can go on. On earth, we call that sacrifice. It's honorable ... sometimes. Other times it's stupid, but it's like I said, you gotta know how to handle your lightsaber. The only emotion I don't fuck with is fear. That one is like the bastard stepchild of emotions. You know the first thing I was afraid of? Those seventeen year cicadas. Every seventeen years, these little insects that have been living underground all this time suddenly bore holes from the earth and start flying around. Thousands of them. They come out for like three weeks or something, just to mate ... mate and die. Ain't that crazy? They're big and they run into you and the sound they make while they're flying ... you get no sleep. I didn't want to go outside. Dad says, "Son why are you so afraid? They not even thinking about you. You know what they're thinking about? Sex.