Life is short, though I keep this from my children. Life is short, and I've shortened mine in a thousand deliciously ill-advised ways, in a thousand deliciously ill-advised ways I'll keep from my children. The world is at least fifty percent terrible and that's a conservative estimate, though I keep this from my children. For every bird there is a stone thrown at a bird. For every loved child, a child broken, bagged, sunk in a lake.
Life is short and the world is at least half terrible, and for every kind stranger, there is one who would break you, though I keep this from my children. I am trying to sell them the world. Any decent realtor, walking you through a real shit-hole, chirps about good bones: This place could be beautiful, right? You could make this place beautiful.