

TRUE LOVE

Jake, do you love me? A lot? Do you love me in the animal way? The way animals would kill for their mate? See Jake, I've been doing a lot of thinking as to whether or not I love you and I asked myself, "if anybody ever tried to hurt him, what would I do?" Or how would I feel? And I got this real intense feeling and I realized if anybody ever tried to hurt you, I'd rip their throats out and that's when I knew I must really love you. In the animal sense. Jake, I love you so much; it's just a feeling I get, but remember the other day when that old woman cut in line in front of you and smarted off to you? I almost yanked her teeth right out of her head. I mean, it took everything I had not to pull her cane out of her scrawny little fingers and whack her in the gut. That's how much I love you. When the kids on the corner make fun of your hair — the way it bushes out over your ears — I get so mad. I want to wrap them up in their bicycle spokes. The other day I walked past those little bastards and real calm-like, I bent down to tie my shoe and I took out a razor blade and slashed two of those little shits' tires. They never knew what hit 'em. I love you, Jakey. I knew it when I asked. I said to myself, I said: "Do you really love him?" And when I knew I'd kill for you, I knew I loved you. That's true love, Jake: Love is wanting to kill.