

Tears.

Causing them, shedding them, seeing them – there's no good in them at all, as far as I'm concerned. Just so we get it straight from the start, this one isn't going to turn into one for the plus column.

I'll NEVER choose to see the world as a happier place because of tears.

I still remember the night we were supposed to watch the first Star Wars movie on HBO. I'm just shy of forty-three now, and I was around eight by the time we moved out of that house, so it was...

A very long time ago.

My brother, sister, and I came in from the bus stop arguing over something. My brother and sister didn't have the best relationship, and neither did my brother and I.

Someone was always arguing with someone over something.

My mother had made a big effort to decorate the house. It was something she was trying to get involved in and be interested in for us. I can still remember the stars and planets she'd made out of tin foil and hung from the light over the kitchen table.

I can also remember my mother running off to the farthest corner of the house crying because we wouldn't stop arguing long enough to even acknowledge that she'd tried to plan something fun for us as a family.

Honestly, my mother was probably the first person that I made cry, but she was far from the last. It's not something I'm proud of, something I mean to do, and it's certainly not something I can forget.

Nope.... Tears do not make the world a happier place.

If you're keeping score, it's now seven to one.