“We are gathered here, friends,” he said, “to honor lo Hoon-yera  
Mora-toorz tut Zamoo-cratz-ya (The One Hundred Martyrs to Democracy), children dead, all dead, all murdered  
in war. It is customary on days like this to call such lost children men.  
I am unable to call them men for this simple reason: that in the same  
war in which lo Hoon-yera Mora-toorz tut Zamoo-cratz-ya died, my  
own son died.  
  
“My soul insists that I mourn not a man but a child.  
  
“I do not say that children at war do not die like men, if they have to  
die. To their everlasting honor and our everlasting shame, they  
do die like men, thus making possible the manly jubilation of  
patriotic holidays.  
  
“But they are murdered children all the same.  
  
“And I propose to you that if we are to pay our sincere respects to the  
hundred lost children of San Lorenzo, that we might best spend the  
day despising what killed them; which is to say, the stupidity and  
viciousness of all mankind.  
  
“Perhaps, when we remember wars, we should take off our clothes  
and paint ourselves blue and go on all fours all day long and grunt like  
pigs. That would surely be more appropriate than noble oratory and  
shows of flags and well-oiled guns.  
  
“I do not mean to be ungrateful for the fine, martial show we are about  
to see—and a thrilling show it really will be . . .”  
  
He looked each of us in the eye, and then he commented very softly,  
throwing it away, “And hooray say I for thrilling shows.”  
  
We had to strain our ears to hear what Minton said next.  
  
“But if today is really in honor of a hundred children murdered in war,”  
he said, “is today a day for a thrilling show?  
  
“The answer is yes, on one condition: that we, the celebrants, are  
working consciously and tirelessly to reduce the stupidity and  
viciousness of ourselves and of all mankind.”   
― [Kurt Vonnegut Jr.](https://www.goodreads.com/author/show/2778055.Kurt_Vonnegut_Jr_), [Cat's Cradle](https://www.goodreads.com/work/quotes/1621115)

Now you will receive us. We do not ask for your poor or your hungry. We do not want your tired and sick. It is your corrupt we claim. It is your evil that will be sought by us. With every breath we shall hunt them down. Each day we will spill their blood ‘til it rains down from the skies. Do not kill, do not rape, to not steal. These are principles, which every man of every faith can embrace. These are not polite suggestions, these are codes of behavior and those of you that ignore them will pay the dearest cost. There are varying degrees of evil. We urge you lesser forms of filth not to push the bounds and cross over into true corruption, into our domain. But if you do you, one day you will look behind you and you will see we three, and on that day, you will reap it. And we will send you to whatever god you wish.

And shepherds we shall be, for thee my Lord for thee, power hath descended forth from thy hand, that our feet may swiftly carry out thy command. We shall flow a river forth to thee, and teeming with souls shall it ever be. In nomine Patris, et Filii, et Spiritus Sancti.

-Courtroom speech from *The Boondock Saints*

The path of the righteous man is beset on all sides by the inequities of the selfish and the tyranny of evil men. Blessed is he, who in the name of charity and good will, shepherds the weak through the valley of darkness, for he is truly his brother's keeper and the finder of lost children. And I will strike down upon thee with great vengeance and furious anger those who would attempt to poison and destroy my brothers. And you will know my name is the Lord when I lay my vengeance upon thee.

Ezekiel 25:17 (according to Jules), *Pulp Fiction*

So if I asked you about art, you'd probably give me the skinny on every art book ever written. Michelangelo, you know a lot about him. Life's work, political aspirations, him and the pope, sexual orientations, the whole works, right? But I'll bet you can't tell me what it smells like in the Sistine Chapel. You've never actually stood there and looked up at that beautiful ceiling; seen that. If I ask you about women, you'd probably give me a syllabus about your personal favorites. You may have even been laid a few times. But you can't tell me what it feels like to wake up next to a woman and feel truly happy. You're a tough kid. And I'd ask you about war, you'd probably throw Shakespeare at me, right, "once more unto the breach dear friends." But you've never been near one. You've never held your best friend's head in your lap, watch him gasp his last breath looking to you for help. I'd ask you about love, you'd probably quote me a sonnet. But you've never looked at a woman and been totally vulnerable. Known someone that could level you with her eyes, feeling like God put an angel on earth just for you. Who could rescue you from the depths of hell. And you wouldn't know what it's like to be her angel, to have that love for her, be there forever, through anything, through cancer. And you wouldn't know about sleeping sitting up in the hospital room for two months, holding her hand, because the doctors could see in your eyes, that the terms "visiting hours" don't apply to you. You don't know about real loss, 'cause it only occurs when you've loved something more than you love yourself. And I doubt you've ever dared to love anybody that much. And look at you... I don't see an intelligent, confident man... I see a cocky, scared shitless kid. But you're a genius Will. No one denies that. No one could possibly understand the depths of you. But you presume to know everything about me because you saw a painting of mine, and you ripped my fucking life apart. You're an orphan right?

[Will nods]

You think I know the first thing about how hard your life has been, how you feel, who you are, because I read Oliver Twist? Does that encapsulate you? Personally... I don't give a shit about all that, because you know what, I can't learn anything from you, I can't read in some fuckin' book. Unless you want to talk about you, who you are. Then I'm fascinated. I'm in. But you don't want to do that do you sport? You're terrified of what you might say. Your move, chief.