

You always got choices in this life. You can get on that plane, or you can have what's behind door number one. You can be a passenger, or you can be a driver. And you were a driver. They say that a butterfly flapping its wings can cause a hurricane. Something happens, you hardly notice, but it grows with time until it comes crashing down on you. I think that flap was the beginning of a gathering storm. And the storm has to break. Maybe not today, maybe not tomorrow, but soon. This is why tomorrow, or today actually, matters. A chance to steady the ship. Batten down the hatches.

— /