War And Dr. Melfi

War was terrified. Its future was threatened. It was not like It was a criminal without

conscience. It helped humanity, clearing out the old, encouraging the new. War feared that may end.

In a current war, thousands of drones, missiles and bombs had badly damaged one nation’s roads, power plants, downtowns. The bombing nation expected the bombed to welcome the chance to change their repressive government, bombs having assassinated many of its leaders. War was startled that the bombed were furious not at their government but at the bombers. The war spread beyond borders and far from quickly ending it was far from ending.

“I have been self-indulgent,” War told Itself. It punched Itself. “The bombers are not happy and the bombed fight back. There should be winners and losers. These days, no one enjoys war properly. I have not thought enough about modern warfare. If humans do not enjoy wars, there may be less of them! I must change!”

Which is why War entered therapy.

At first, Dr. Melfi was reluctant to help War, but Its urgent need was clear and she could help, even if it was War. War was initially uncomfortable exploring its self-destructive tendencies (for example, not motivating the bombed and bombers properly.) War agreed self-destruction was natural for It, but must be controlled.

War made great progress until Dr. Melfi was killed in a bombing.

But War now felt much better about Its future. It was not a gangster but simply acting as it

should. It sang with relief, it was a soprano.

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