

CHAPTER 1: “MORALITY”

“Every opportunity you have to do your best; Do It.”

-Mae

|Abortion #1 - Becca|

I'm Not Here To Argue Right or Wrong. Honestly, I don't really care if you believe you should or you shouldn't have the right to have an abortion. I think the single most important thing in life is that you make the right decisions for yourself. I understand familial love, and being a servant for the greater whole within your community. I even get the idea of collective intentionality but none of that happens as well as it could, if you're not at least content with yourself. Being able to comfortably live with the consequences of our decisions is a very unique part of living this thing we call life.

If I asked you, “How many abortions would be too many for a single person to be involved in?”, what would your answer be? Maybe two or three? Five? Eleven? I asked that same question to some close friends of mine. After answering, some shared their feelings on why they answered the way they did. Some felt their “too many abortion procedures” answer was perhaps, still too high, stating reasons around: “sexual irresponsibility”, “religion”, “mental health”, and “physical health”. Other reasons like: personal legacy, continuation of strong family bloodlines, population control, and “breaking the barriers of depression with the gift of life.”, were given. In all honesty, the reasons for having “too many abortion procedures” are endless. Some of my friends' reasons were valid points of

views and concerns. Some of the reasons given were arguably true. However, the only thing that matters when affecting a decision that can permanently alter your life and the way that you want to live it (like having a child), is authentically and undoubtedly making sure that THAT THING is what YOU really want. If you doubt that 'the thing' will be something you want permanently, I suggest you bail and abort.

I found a 'no-fail strategy' to ensure that any woman I wanted to have an abortion did so. It has never failed and it has always worked. Bullshit you think? I am 20-0 with a 100% success rate. Now, do you believe all 20 of those women completely wanted to have an abortion? This book was written to explain how and why the more difficult experiences I had, still succumbed even to this strategy. Every single one of them had the same result, and they did it because the strategy and the tactical rules in this book were used.

What do women who are in politics, the medical field, law, pharmaceuticals (both street and legal), strippers, executive assistants, an artist, a grad student, a pastor's daughter, a journalist, a military officer, a philanthropist, and one "woman of the night", all share? They all have a single commonality; they can all get pregnant. An argument can be made that only non-educated women can be easily manipulated and swayed to get an abortion, especially if their immediate mindset is not inclined to have one performed. I'm not sure if that's true. In my experience, the pushback from the highly educated woman, the wealthy woman, and the 'easily manipulated' ones have been about the same. When it comes to a baby, most women (not all) have thought about having one - or a few. From their early days playing with baby dolls, most girls wanted to take care of a baby and have a cute guy to be there with them to form that wonderful little family. I didn't create this fairytale, but we all know it. And if you are honest with yourself, at some point in your life, you've probably thought of that fairytale too, whether you're a guy or a girl. Now, that thought may have lasted only 5 seconds, or maybe even shorter, but we've all had it. "Finding that perfect guy...", "Getting that gorgeous girl...", "How your perfect kid would look with them...?" Blah, blah, blah...

Standing on the corner of Adams Avenue and 30th St., my cell phone rang. I was waiting for the light to change to cross the street and head back into the club. A band I started playing drums with was about to perform our first live set together, and we were all nervous. The Blacksburbs, or something -burg, some nondescript, pseudo-cool name we came up with, but we were all solid musicians. John was on bass, I was on drums, a Spanish cat named Ray was on guitar, and Shepherd was our saxophone player. We played some funk with a bit of a hip-hop feel, and it wasn't all too bad. The club was packed to hear us

play which, to me, was a shock. It was really my bandmates doing. I was new to California - had only been there maybe four or five months - so it was their friends and connections that got us the gig and the promotional push to get feet into the club. It looked like it was going to be a good night, and I was excited about being able to play again. I'd gone down to the club to set my drums up early, and was really just trying to fall into relaxation mode. I took a solo walk to 7-Eleven to shake off some of the jitters, grabbed an orange juice, and was standing at the corner waiting to cross the street to head back into the club when my cell phone rang. It was this bitch Becca.

I met Becca one Saturday afternoon at the beach. I was stationed at Camp Pendleton at the time, finishing a three month training exercise with a Marine Corps unit (I was in the Navy for a few years, but more on that later). There were five of them in their sexy bikinis, and it was one of those days where I was feeling myself, so I figured, fuck it, I'm just going to go introduce myself. I initially walked up to the group with the intention of talking to her tall blonde friend, but Becca had a cute smile and seemed the most interested when I introduced myself to them all. Sometimes, you go with the one you know you can get, rather than the one you want. Becca and I exchanged numbers, and we started hanging out. She lived in Carlsbad, which wasn't too far from the Camp Pendleton base. I don't know if you're familiar with military barracks but the majority of them at a training command suck. There were six of us in a college-sized dorm room with the bunk beds and classic wooden wall closets included. The term "tight-quarters" was an understatement. Luckily, as long as you made it to morning muster, the command didn't care where you slept. Becca and I didn't take long to figure out we enjoyed taking each other's clothes off, so I made sure I was inside of her and her queen size bed every night.

I was transferred to San Diego Medical Center a few weeks later, which was only 40 miles away, but making those 40-mile trips up to Carlsbad to see her started to happen significantly less. As a general manager of a retail chain store, her hours were a bit insane as well. So, we went from seeing one another every night to maybe every other weekend, and then as some entanglements do, not at all. Keep in mind, from the moment I got her number to the time our "situationship" ended, it was all of about maybe 7 weeks. It was fun while it lasted, but it ran its course. She was 30, while I was 22, and I was in no way looking for any type of relationship. I had just gotten a new car, landed a chill job at my new Naval Command, was awaiting orders for a school I'd been contracted to attend when I signed up, and I was playing drums in this new band. Life was good!

"I'm pregnant," she said through tears I could hear her crying. "What?" was all I could say. "I'm pregnant, and I don't know what to do!" she screamed into the phone. In my mind I'm screaming, 'What the fuck do you mean you don't know what to do?' Make a doctor's appointment and take "the trip" bitch!' We'd known each other less than 3 months! How could having a child with a complete stranger even be a real thought in this woman's mind? But just as I was about to voice my thoughts, some people gathered around me waiting to cross the street. I quickly reasoned yelling expletives into my phone with the disgust I felt was not the best look for me at the moment. And it turned out to be one of the best lessons ever. All I could say was, "Look, I'm stepping into this club to jump on drums and play this show right now. As soon as we're done, I'll drive up there. Okay? I got you."

Let's take a moment and make a very important observation. As much as I wanted to, I never asked, "is the baby mine?" or suggested that she "didn't know whose it was," or even hint that she was extremely wrong in her firm decision that it was mine. Realistically, none of those things mattered.

RULE No.1

BE TRUSTWORTHY AND SUPPORTIVE.

If you want a woman to get an abortion, the first thing you have to SEEM that you are is: TRUSTWORTHY AND SUPPORTIVE. You don't have to genuinely be these things, nor will your initial feelings want to act like you are. But put your pride aside, and fake it until you make that pregnancy go away. You will unknowingly create in her mind, (if you suggest or imply that the child isn't yours) a "defensive mentality" mindset, as well as, plant seeds in her psyche of the possibility of needing to become independent from you. These are the two things you do not want! You want to make her feel like you will gladly walk through hell's scorching fire and that you would do it only for her.

Think about it - you had to be sweet, say the right things, invest time, and maybe spend a little money on a date or a few drinks for her to open her legs and give her body to you, right? And once she did, you dictated what you wished to do when she opened her legs - whether it was pulling her hair, telling her to bend the fuck over, smacking her ass, cumming on her face or - fuck it, if you felt like it, cumming in 2 seconds. You dictated in some way how the sex was going to flow with her body because you put a little (or a lot) of work in upfront to be able to have that dictating allowance.

Well, once again, you want her to turn over the keys to her body and open her legs, but this time you want to dictate what she does with the thing growing inside of her. The same way you had to work to get her to fuck, you have to do some more work to unfuck what that “fucking” started.....

HTGAA CHP. 1