

## DEAR DARTH

*Dear Darth:*

*I am a stay-at-home Mom, and my husband works at an office. When he comes home from work he says he needs time to decompress and relax, so he won't help with chores around the house. I wish he could pitch in a little — at least help with the dishes after we've finished dinner. He says I'm being a nag. What do you think?*

*Frustrated in Cincinnati*

Dear Frustrated:

Your husband is as clumsy as he is stupid. You must crush him with one swift stroke, as I once destroyed the planet of Alderaan. Trust me. The day he falls to his knees and loads your dishwasher will be a day long remembered.

*Dear Darth:*

*I just found out that my best friend from High School is getting married, but she didn't invite me to her wedding. We fell out of touch after graduating, but I still feel a close connection with her and I wanted to share her special day. How can I let her know that I want to be a part of her celebration?*

*Mopey in Minneapolis*

Dear Mopey:

The circle is now complete. When you graduated from High School you were but the learner. Now you are the master. Once your “friend” has tasted the awesome power of The Force she will know that your wrath is not to be underestimated. You must destroy her as one would squash a pesky insect from the fetid swamps of the Dagobah System.

*Dear Darth:*

*My boyfriend left his laptop open and I noticed a text chain between him and his ex-girlfriend. Apparently they've been having an affair behind my back for weeks. I know I should leave him, but I still love him despite what he did. What should I do?*

*Seattle Sad Sack*

Dear Sack:

As the snows never melt on the ice planet of Hoth, so shall the entwined fates of you and your boyfriend remain frozen unless you are willing to fulfill your destiny. You have released your fear. Now, release your anger. Only your hatred can destroy this pathetic excuse for a life companion.

Also, he should probably change his password.