

UNCLE Diary of a Misanthrope NICK

FRANK CERVI

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#### ALSO BY FRANK CERVI

## PRETTY LIES PERISH



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 $UNCLE \ \, {\hbox{\scriptsize Diary of a Misanthrope}} \ \, NICK$ 





#### Dear Nick's Diary,

My name is Nick Tyrella, and yes, I am a huge asshole. I'm known for three things: My celebrated prodigious substance intake, sporadic sexual exploits, and my uncanny ability to piss off anyone who gets in the way of my true self.

People aren't disposed to liking me; I have a tenacious tendency of shattering realities as if they were cheaply-made imported mirrors—prepared by tiny sweaty hands under the fluorescent lights of [Insert any Chinese factory]. I have been kicked out of many parties, and barred from numerous social functions—mostly family related—such as funerals, weddings, holiday dinners, double dates, business meetings, job interviews, and of course exit interviews. What can I say; I just have a passion for sharing my opinion. It just so happens that my opinions and remarks tend to be honest and true—which people don't like hearing. People would rather hear pretty lies because it keeps society afloat in its own pool of bullshit—water wings for the Tender Hearts.

There are a multitude of reasons why the vast majority of people are so god damn stupid, which partially explains stupidity's enduring notoriety as an abundant element of the known universe.

Stupidity has not hurt us one bit as a species. We were stupid a long time ago, we still are stupid, and yet we continue to reproduce very successfully. The problem and moral is clear, that stupidity does not hamper reproduction. That's because breeding is the easiest fucking thing a human can do. This is why I don't understand the hype, and the emotional

masturbation that follows, when some chick gets some Poindexter—or car thief extraordinaire—to bust a batch of baby-batter deep beyond her jungle canopy, and into the moist caverns of her femininity. For the average 'gunslinger,' the act of seeding a woman's pitch can take no longer than the time it takes popcorn to finish in a conventional microwave. It's amazing how in just five minutes one can commit themselves to financial ruin and or slavery for decades to come! Giving up total freedom in exchange for a half-baked orgasm from the carjacker or deadbeat is no biggie for the ladies—because he has no money or hope to begin with; and now he has at least one good reason why he shouldn't paint the rear wall of his living room with fragments of skull, and the human equivalent of chutney using that 9mm.

Poindexter, on the other hand, has every reason now to give that room a fresh coat. Stupidity may in fact help out the ability to reproduce quite a bit. Consider how fast the world's population has grown even in the last 50 years —there must be an enormous amount of morons out there.

Anyone who has ever been married, had children, and later wondered —why did I do that anyway? Oh yeah, that's right, I was really stupid and I'm a slave to my reptilian brain—can attest to the helpful effects of stupidity on the mating, dating, and attraction process. Not thinking clearly is extremely helpful in making the whole 'mystery' of chemical attraction seem worthy of pursuit.

On the other hand, thinking too clearly and being too smart can really fuck with equilibrium. Human survival doesn't give-a-shit about what we think of as 'smartness,' it cares about irrationality and chemicals; both of which it highly values. We think we rule the earth because we are smart, and we think we are smart because we rule the earth. However, we do not rule the earth, and evolution does not select for smartness—it selects for survival. Cockroaches rule the earth, yet they are smart enough not to think it's

because of their big brains.

All of this emphasis on smartness might seem out of place in a rant on stupidity, but I bring it up for two reasons. One is the Surprise Factor. It's the fact that we're so smart that makes us so wide-eyed with astonishment, and angry when we realize how stupid we are—we expect better from ourselves-but that's only because we are so fucking stupid to believe such cock-shit.

Other people and sex are way more important than intelligence—and if there is a conflict between the two, the smart money is always on stupidity and sex. Furthermore, your brain will know the one thing it's been longing to identify the whole time, which is, what it's supposed to do about this insanity, this stupidity—which is acknowledge it, name it, and fiercely oppose it; and not wonder why the fuck it's there.

The following entries consist of tirades and paraphrased doses of wisdom that I've gone on in the past in front of people, sometimes even around very large groups of people. These have resulted in slaps across the face, looks of utter shock and annoyance, along with Vodka Cranberry being poured over my lit cigar, or onto my crotch. I take no responsibility for offending anyone, for these were merely words and honest speech. Many people during the past had asked for my opinion on matters pertaining to the economy, sex, dating, relationships, society, and politics. So, I did just that: Answered.

Part of the problem is that people (the morons that they are) subconsciously expect that you will answer in a way that will confirm their own reality; which is honestly quite fucking selfish. When I give my opinion it is a selfless act towards bettering humanity, and saving it from hanging itself in a dark basement—whilst one incandescent light-bulb illuminates its final expression of depression.

#### **ENTRY ONE**

## STAR WARS: THE FORCE IS DISRUPTIVE

The following was said to several Star Wars fans...

Occurred—2016

Ging into the theatre yesterday to see *Star Wars: The Force Awakens* was truly depressing—an experience akin to masturbating with sandpaper if one were to do such a thing. While walking into the theatre I thought about how sad and truly pathetic it was to witness George Lucus selling his soul—by prostituting himself to Disney like an expensive escort. Everything he worked for up and to this moment in his life was ruined, yet people were still hyped and eager like bushy-tailed interns to see the complete hot-bag of garbage that was this film.

Going to the film was like receiving an over-hyped BJ in the theatre

from your 'girl'—it would have saved you a lot of money and sticky shoes if you would've waited to experience it from comfort of your own basement. The movies 'force' awakened me to how fast good things in life can be turned into shit overnight. The seventh episode of *Star Wars* also takes on a nostalgic lazy attitude to enhance the film by adding in original characters. Harrison Ford and Carrie Fisher have reprised their roles as Han Solo and Leia Organa respectively, which is a treat for the *Star Wars* fans. The appearances of Chewbacca and droids—C-3PO, R2-D2—alongside the original characters of *Star Wars* adds to that happiness. However, there are a few questions that go unanswered about the characters and circumstances, but they are perhaps likely to be addressed in the next installment. As for now, watch *Star Wars: the Force Awakens*. With good visuals and action, it is a good entertaining time-waster if you want to get away from the wife and kids (which many men in America do).

The film plays out like a carbon copy of *Episode IV a New Hope*. It is almost the same script. However, since Disney took over and bought Lucas films we have a bunch of female Luke Skywalker-types leading the way; pandering to the 'Diversity' crowd, and not to the strengths that the *Star Wars* franchise is known for. I will not apologize to all the whiny tolerance-warriors out there when I say that *Star Wars* is, and has always been, a franchise for guys—and to make a *Star Wars* film that puts every male character in the back seat for some apparent genius tween—who somehow knows more about space ships than Han Solo (Harrison Ford)—is stupid. It wasn't believable, and it was the biggest weakness of the film. The movie lacks this believability and it felt like I was watching an ad-campaign by *Dove*, or some movie off of the *W* channel.

It's all cute and funny on daytime T.V, but this is *Star Wars*, not some platform for feminism: Sickening. It is incredible to me how one corporation can ruin an entire franchise in just one movie. Yet, people went and saw it—and apparently more than once by some accounts in the media and by the data crunchers out there. Furthermore, it's been years since the last film came out; and you are telling me the best they could do was a re-boot of *Episode IV*?—Fucking lazy assholes. It just goes to show that the people who wrote this films script had an agenda that went beyond movie-making—an agenda that has been entrenched in world politics for decades: 'globalism' and

'diversity'. When you do that to a franchise that was successful in its own identity, and in its own right I might add, it shows through real quick when viewing.

The film has been, and always will be successful; due to the fact that every Joe Blow, Baskin Robins boob will have seen it, because "It's Star *Wars!*" If they are trying to pander to the female population I will be really hard pressed to believe that the *Hunger Games* formula will work in the case for this new Star Wars—since when I saw it [Star Wars] in the jam-packed theatre yesterday it was mostly a population of guys who sat around me, but who knows. The people running Disney are masters at propaganda, so I'm probably going to be wrong. From a visual perspective the film was stunning and the scale was there to a point. Like I said before, there wasn't much in the way of plot, but whatever it had, it was overshadowed by the visuals. Typical, when you know the script sucks just have lots of visuals and amazing effects to distract the masses of average moviegoers into believing that it was an amazing film. Couple this with the over-hype and marketing campaign for this film and you will get every Tom, Dick, and Harry (and now Janice) salivating and hitting themselves over the head with an "It's FANTASTIC!" hammer. J.J Abrams made it addictive and gripping; waving his cinematic magic wand over a film is the equivalent of introducing a sex-toy into an otherwise boring session of marital-sex. Screams and explosions are always better.

How this new *Star Wars* installment appeals to young boys is baffling to me. What about the already die-hard fans out there? In the theatre, and I am sure across every other theatre in the country, the majority who went to see this film were male. What kind of message is your son going to grow up with? This was basically the message of the film "All guys please take a back-seat to the woman, because clearly she knows how to do things better than you...not equal, but better." It's a totally confusing message when at the very same time those same boys are looking around the theater, only to see that every single object in there was build and innovated by men. The Black ex-Storm-Trooper who helped Rey throughout the entire movie looked like a bumbling buffoon, yet somehow this chick named Rey (sounds like a guy) understood how to use things that men had invented. It was not believable at all. The whole premise of the story was clearly Anti-male. Even the main

villain was played by the limp-wristed dude from the HBO show *Girls*, and his character was a sad and pathetic out-of-control emotional boy-bitch.

This movie was a disgrace aside from the stunning visuals and music. Besides that, it was a piece of soft-served shit on a screen; and I really don't understand why any young boy growing up now would continue to see these movies—or buy their merchandise afterwards. Disney has turned it [Star Wars] into a toxic wasteland of feminist propaganda. If that is whom their target audience is [women], good luck; because women don't like wars, they don't like guns, and they don't understand politics or the hierarchical structures that govern the world of *Star Wars*. To add, they sure as hell don't care about being leaders. Just look around you in the world, who are the leaders? That's right. Women are followers—herd-like in nature—and the feminized Beta-Boys over at Disney will suck on every feminist tit, and milk every drop of life out of this once great franchise until it's as dry as the deserts of Tatooine. Disney is trying to re-boot the once awesome franchise for the millennials and new generations of kids who have been brainwashed by liberal colleges and their grade/high school teachers—whom by the way will lap this film up, because most of them lack real critical thinking and are held captive by the Political Correctness Complex. Oh joy!

I agree that we should have female leads and female roles in a film, but only if the theme and setting call for it. Do guys want to watch a film where the male lead is planning out his girlfriend's wedding or whining about his co-workers while he picks up a phone all day at the office? Fuck no. The majority would agree that this concept would be utterly stupid, because it's not a suitable role, and it doesn't register with your hardwired biology. Men are the natural leaders; they build things and destroy them. Case in point, George Lucus: He built the *Star Wars* franchise from the ground up, and then destroyed it by selling it to Disney for a shit ton of mullah. That's at least believable.

#### ENTRY TWO

## WHY PAPER-PORN WINS OVER WOMEN

The following was pontificated to a blind date who said she had read 50 Shades of Grey...

#### Occurred—May 2014

It has been long believed and assumed in modern culture that women want and desire close loving relationships. However, when their arousal is actually measured, they get turned on by sex with "hawt" strangers. The reason 50 Shades of Grey is so popular with women today is due to there being an extreme deficit of Alpha males in Western populations and culture. The modern male today [in a majority sense] has been so debased, pussified, and emasculated through feminism that women have ironically created this market all by themselves. Women don't often create things, so congrats as this may be entered into the history books in the future.

The romance novel market is a billion dollar a year industry and its continuously growing since there is such a naggingly high demand for women to escape into worlds and characters that they truly desire. Hint: It's not a fantasy involving some Docker-wearing, pencil-pushing, office stooge. It's a true shame, because today's feminine imperative goes out of its way to berate maleness, Alpha-ism, machismo, and anything considered to be 'traditional masculinity' that women now have to resort to solo clit-petting in the movie theatres under their popcorn bowls—in order to experience [simulate] what it would be like to experience an Alpha, or a masculine man.

The point is, there are literally thousands of books and movies just like 50 Shades, so you must be asking—"why was this one better than the rest?" It's a good question, because the writing in the book is absolutely atrocious; similar to that of a high schooler's diary passage about My first Back-seat Bang with [insert football players name]. The thing about having a female audience is that women, when they find time read during their "busy day," tend to care more about how the words make the "feel" and not so much about the grade level at which they are consuming those words. If Gina tingles (GT's for all you illiterate and slang obsessed millennials) are inbound, women won't care about the writing after a certain point. So, you can scratch literary masterpiece off the list.

What 50 Shades of Grey (the author) understood was female psychology, and either purposefully or accidentally exposed what women

today REALLY want under the guise of fiction. That is, it exposed a lot of sexual secrets that women have and actual common fantasies that many people (even women) like to deny. Things like rape fantasy (spontaneous sex more like it) for one is actually a common turn-on for most women—rape in the sense that it is controlled and in a safe setting. The specific factor though is that the male has to be considered Alpha (or of the best genes) by the woman in order for it to be considered "not creepy". Unwanted sex from Betas or "creepy men" is considered 'rape' by most women because they do not wish to be penetrated or further impregnated by low-quality sperm. That is why many are witness to the whole paradox at the bar scene across the country wherein women dress up like "sluts" and call most onlookers "creepy," but will happily allow sexual advances from the other %10 of men (the good looking ones).

It all boils down to women seeking Alpha. Romance and love aren't real; it's just a game women play with men to win over their commitment and to weed out the unwanted. Why do you think romance novels are in the genre of fiction anyways? Is it any surprise that the fan base for the novel 50 Shades and movie are married women? Coincidence, I think not. There are a lot of bored homely horny women out there today. So if you're a writer, you might want to consider finishing that erotic novel you've had on the backburner—the women are waiting; clutching their vibrators, and lighting their Yankee candles by the bedside with anticipation.

Shiver *me* timbers.

#### ENTRY THREE

# WHY MOST SEXUAL RELATIONSHIPS FAIL

The following was preached while drinking heavily at a friend's wedding...

Occurred—August 2011 (it was an open bar)

omen only fall in love once. That's why it's so important to marry

Wa young Twenty-something who has never been in a relationship before (a tall and rare order). They love young, they love hard, and if you can get them they'll love forever. When it doesn't work out, they become broken. All of the king's horses and all of the king's men can't put that little girl back together again. Every relationship that comes after that is just a lie. Today, most women first fall in love with Justin Bieber, or the douche-wads from One Direction (One dick 'D'). Y'all are fucked. Modern day sexual relationships between men and women have a short lifespan on average—and quite frankly, some of the best relationships I've had lasted less than an hour. The real issue is that women still, for some reason, expect the 1950's treatment and traditional commitment from men even though hypergamy runs wild in the streets with every party-gurl and every claim of "independence". Why would a modern man take a modern woman seriously when cuckoldry and divorce is the return on investment in today's relationship market? The word 'fail' in the title of this entry refers to the failure of either genders sexual strategy. It's a sort of an ambiguous word, because in the end, the relationship is doomed for one gender regardless as only one strategy can win. For men, the failure is becoming trapped into a sexless LTR or marriage.

For women, it is the failure to snag or turn a guy into a provider to fulfil the Beta\$\$ side of her hypergamy. Not all, but most women today are scandalous hussies who hop from one relationship cock to the next like some nectar-sucking honey bee—whether it's to get free dinner dates, concert tickets, or support from a guy; the phenomenon is parasitical. Women are opportunistic in their quest for "love". The modus-operandi or playbook that they seem to be using is akin to the one practiced by used car salesmen around this fine country of ours. They [women] essentially window dress themselves; giving you the 1950's treatment from their side of the fence in the beginning of the relationship. Much like how a used car salesman would execute in order to sell you a 'lemon' [but you aren't aware that's it's a lemon...yet]. I say lemon because it is rare today that you will find a girl that's worth even a sliver of your full commitment package, yet alone a couple of dates.

I also believe, that on some sort of subconscious or cerebral level, women of today understand this as well. If women truly wanted to settle down and be "marriage material" they wouldn't waste their golden years

trolling around the thoroughfare—sucking and fucking every Joe blow from this side of suburbia to the corner of a shitty 7-11; all the while expecting some Poindexter to "man-up" once their done the "party years". Why would a guy want to buy a car that has thousands upon thousands of miles on it? Same goes for women. Why would a man want a wife that has been used and abused—road hard for years, dented, and has stains all over the carpet to then buy it off the lot? So, in order for them to even be remotely successful in snagging a Beta provider, or duping some poor Poindexter into marriage in order to support them after their "party years," they have to turn-it-on in the beginning and make the "effort". By window dressing themselves, women act like chameleons—hoping to make it seem that they are NAWALT [aka "Not all women are like that"]. If you view the modern day relationship cycle as a standard bell-curve then the lustre and shine from the Windex usually starts to languish at around 6 months into the program (the peak of the curve). I am sure many have been through this game and playbook before, but for those who aren't aware of this re-occurring theme in their relationships, [due to being "in love," or "pussy-whipped"] this is what happens.

In the **Baiting phase** [bottom of bell-curve], a woman will show off her best side in order to snag you into hitting her up for a date or meet-up. Sometimes she will go even as far as to hitting YOU up first, and ask for your digits—i.e Facebook-stalk you and thus requesting a hangout through coded hints. Everything you see during this phase is always immaculate: her behaviour, the state of her car, apartment, dick-sucking skills, cooking, cleaning etc. Through this phase, and into the Honeymoon/Grooming portion [climbing towards the peak] of the relationship, the above listed is in full mobilization—like a war machine or Ford Motor Company assembly line. Very few women cook or clean these days, but if you are to see any of these services in action it will be during this phase as the attempt to win you over/appease your ego will be immense. You'll feel like a king. She loves you, you love her, and everything is folklore and enchanted. Ever notice how in this phase everything you say or do seems to be gold and every joke you utter is, well, utterly hilarious? Not even the most Alpha of males is on 24/7 —but you seem to be, right? Ha!

Now, if you are of the Red Pill mindset you already know the game and thus are aware of the eventual crux in all relationships, so this shouldn't anger you. If you are aware of the strategies at play, and how women eventually want to secure your commitment, then you will now have come to understand that the best you will ever get in a relationship is before the 4-6 month period [it varies from girl to girl]. Also, note that it doesn't matter whether she perceives you as Alpha or Beta—women want a commitment from all, especially if they can get it from an Alpha, which is rare.

In the **Beta Consolidation/Commitment phase** you are the most vulnerable to her cheating or to her erratic behaviour. I would like to add that you are even more susceptible to her cheating if you decide to give her commitment in any way shape or form—whether it'd be declaring that you are her "boyfriend," that you "love her," or even talks of marriage. This is due to her assumption that the Beta side of her hypergamy is secured; thus her brain will start seeking Alphafux and Gina tingles [always wanting more]. Essentially, if you are Alpha, you don't get into what most people call "relationships" nor have a "girlfriend," but if for some reason you find yourself in one, the above is essentially how it goes.

Your best bet is to pull the cord like Jack Kevorkian at around 6 months—or whenever the demands, ultimatums, and signs of cunty behaviour begin to rear their ugly heads. Remember, once she has you committed it doesn't mean that the demands for your time, and everything your worth, stops. You can never fully satisfy a woman because they can never be fully satisfied. It's in their nature to always want more: A bigger house, a bigger mini-van, and a larger cock because the theatre down below seems able to fit larger audiences with each passing year. They never seem to mature past the mentality of an 8 yr old on Christmas morning. You don't owe anyone anything, not anymore.

Women are dream killers. They will always try to make you work for them so that you don't personally succeed in life—for if you do, you might just realize that you don't need them anymore. That's the secret. They are always afraid you might trade them in for a hotter model, and rightfully so. Ever since the changes in divorce laws, dating culture, and societal embracement of open hypergamy having sex with someone doesn't mean monogamy is incoming. It's just sex, which is a mutual natural agreement between a throbbing cock and the dripping cave of Pandora. Why would you want to ruin a good thing by signing a contract that will almost ensure total servitude and have the Federal government up your ass 24/7? That's not love, its business; and if you take a hard look at that business model it is a failing

one, and risky venture with little to no benefit as a shareholder. Always have a stop-loss order in place so that you're never, ever, stuck with a dog and holding the bag of shit while the other savvier traders walk on by in amusement.

#### ENTRY FOUR

## COLLEGE DEGREES ARE WORTHLESS

I was invited for the first/last time to give a 'speech' to a graduating class...

#### Occurred—June 2013 UCLA Main Auditorium (alumni guest speaker)

Most college degrees are completely worthless. Higher education today is watered down to the point where any moron with an iMac can attend—all they have to do is get Daddy to pay for it, take out a student loan, and contribute to the debt-driven economy. According to a new study—that I just read over whilst having a fine can of Ale during the car ride over [There's no such thing as a DUI if you're a functioning alcoholic]—college students are spending one-fifth of their time in class on their cell phones or digital devices when they should be learning. Also did you know that millennials today will have already spent six years of their life looking at a screen by the time they are eighteen?

The study was done by the *College of Journalism and Mass Communications* at the University Of *Who Gives Two Shits*. Researchers say the main culprit is texting. Almost 9 out of 10 students reported that texting was their main diversion during class. About three-quarters say they emailed

or checked the time on their phones –70 % reported checking social media, such as Facebook. Nearly half reported surfing the web, and 1 in 10 spent class time playing games.

I will say that more worthless than the degrees spitted out of this college are the students who attend it— whose idea of learning is to just simply show up to class and sext while playing Farmville. Most don't even accomplish the feat of getting out of bed—they'd rather post on Instagram, check who they will be fucking soon on Tinder, or post stupid inspiration memes on Facebook. College these days is a complete joke when it comes to higher learning. Whenever you hear some liberal arts student or any young person today claim they are so "educated," know that what 'educated' means today is not what it meant decades ago—just look at the economy now and the total lack of hustle in today's youth. All they know is how to gain followers, play beer pong, and how to suck daily in the real-world economy. The courses have to be dumbed-down to a certain acumen so that these kids don't cry and whine like little rug-rats at the supermarket.

However, let's not blame the kids so much because it will hurt their 'feelings,' and in turn will require more 'safe spaces' so their fragile little egos can remain bolstered like the feeble ad-hoc ranks of the German army towards the end of WWII. The people who are at fault are the leaders and adults in the education institutions that have allowed this type of learning environment to manifest. Here is an idea on how to curb the social media use in your class if you're a professor: Restrict and ban cell phones. It's not fucking science; it's called using .001 % of your logical brain. I can understand the incompetency though on behalf of leaders in the educational field as the majority are probably women who hold these positions. If someone is texting, or on Facebook in your class, all you have to do is lower their grade on the next exam—rule with an iron fist wrapped in a velvet glove like you do with your husbands.

These "young adults" behave like spoiled children, so treat them like it. Make them rise and fall on their own accord like adults. It's a lot to ask for these days because education— especially higher educational institutions—have been commoditized in where a degree is now a piece of paper bought and paid for by tuition. Students believe that since they have payed the tuition it automatically means they should get that piece of paper; since all they know from birth is how to be a consumer—"I paid for this, so I am owed the

value of that item even if I didn't do any of the work required to earn that item," says some entitled snap-fuck with daddy issues who's idea of learning is to binge-drink and contract Chlamydia. This is the fault of leaders in education who care more about a college's bottom-line than turning out actual scholars.

Higher education today is nothing more than a machine spitting out tomorrow's average IQ consumers. It's not to spit out a Steve Jobs or a Zuckerberg. On the contrary, it's to cough up your middling suburbanite with loads of credit card debt, your 'Eat-Pray-Love' women who end up having to sponge off some Poindexter after they've blown all their money on giving Caribbean blow jobs for a month at a Sandals resort—or prancing around Europe looking for Vincenzo's foreign cock. When so many people are allowed to obtain something, that item becomes less valuable: Degree Inflation. Degrees are now worthless, just like those stupid fucking finger-paintings your kids bring home from pre-school, that dangle by one worn out magnet on the fridge. More valuable than a college degree is the garbage-bin under the sink for where it belongs.

#### ENTRY FIVE

## WHAT AN EDUCATION TEACHES YOU

The following was said to first year college students...

Occurred—February 2013 (Campus Tour Guide)

Higher education is not the equivalent to when your father or grandfather attended the finest of colleges and universities of their time. My father, your father, or grandpa existed in a time when the term 'degree inflation' hadn't even entered the general public's dialectic.

Education still hadn't been commoditized in the way that treats students as clients and consumers of "knowledge," (feminized parroted propaganda) in order to harvest the wallets of their Baby-Boomer parents hard earned money by way of marketing education as a "must have" in order to be a 'success'.

Modern day educational institutions are nothing but adolescent holding pens—fattening up the next generation of alcoholics, 'selfie' abusers, and indebted slaves to the current dogma and conveyor belt mentality—degree + cubicle+ wife= mountains of fun times! The reality is that you will definitely get that degree (after incurring unreasonable piles of debt). You likely won't get that Stable Stan 401k boner inducing—make your grandparents proud—type of job. And, you will most likely get married (and divorced) to a less than desirable modern woman (i.e. she's sucked on more knobs than a handcuffed criminal trying to escape a door maze). This is especially true if you live in Western culture where a woman's hypergamous nature continues to go unchecked.

School teaches the individual how NOT to be a success, if by the definition of a successful individual is: One who makes his own way in life on his own terms, and can manifest his own dreams by way of avoiding the institutions to which are designed to keep him subdued and chained to their rules. No, the 'school' teaches you how to be a peon instead; the next generation of mindless consumers willing to fill the hole in its soul with the latest iPhone, TMZ story, or sex doll/robot from Japan. It's all 'group think' and herd mentality from the first day of kindergarten to that last exam you write at that herpes infested palace you call a college.

The school—prison for children—taught you how to eventually show up at a specific time, to a specific place, in a city; to then suck the day's dick until you can't breathe anymore [Je vous remercie]. All the while, rushing home from a 2-hour commute to a quaint little suburb; only to be let down

from a wife whose weight seems to increase exponentially every year—she won't suck your dick, but she will wolf down that Ballpark Frank faster than any starving African, or bloated-belly villager in Darfur. The system profits from you and your fat wife because every day you will have to work even harder than the last to pay for the ever increasing wants that she "needs"—and also, to pay for what your other peon friends think you lovely pair should have in your apartment in regards to furniture and trinkets. It doesn't matter that you have a job that pays \$80,000.00 annually—it's a lot less than that after taxes— because most of that money is going to be sunk into mortgage payments, car payments, property taxes, endless consumer items, and your wife's expensive taste for restaurants and shoe-shopping. You're no better and no further ahead than that single child-free Denny's waiter that your wife will eventually suck-off one day while you're on a business trip after 7 years of monogamy.

Do you have \$800 a year just for diapers bud? Do you like having to jerk-off in the bathroom after your wife said "not tonight" for the 29<sup>th</sup> time this month? How about enough money to pay for baby formula (\$1,500-\$2000 in annual spending)? In all odds you will do what most peons do; which is apply for assistance from big Sugar-Daddy government—thus perpetuating the debt-based economy which will eventually collapse under its own entitlement fuelled shit. The thing is, nobody deserves that. Could anybody rationally WANT this life, let alone enjoy it? If you answered no, then the question is: Why do we teach (program) it into our children's heads that this is the way things SHOULD be? Why do we allow our boys to become slaves to the Female Imperative and willingly get their testicles put in the vice-grip that is modern day monogamy? Why do we allow our girls to become hedonistic selfie-sluts who look like they've circled the drain more than once before they've turned eighteen?—waiting for Big Daddy government to bail them out of another back-seat pregnancy.

The education system did once benefit men. Now it only seeks to destroy their will to achieve—all the while giving too many pats on the back to females for being compliant and going along with the new femcentic agenda. The economy is broken because the real producer's, movers and shakers aren't in it anymore. There are no incentives for them to "man up". Women often complain about men today being "man-children," yet they don't seem to understand that the feminist crusade of "equality" has

completely de-incentivized them to support your ass anymore. Why should they? Women can get their own jobs now, make their own income, buy their own cars, their own houses, and not get slapped around for burning the roast. Sorry, I forgot... women want it all. So men are still expected to play Beta provider when a chick has decided that she's done with sucking and fucking guys like me and wants to now "settle down" with some pencil-pusher she has kept in the Friend Zone holding-pen up until her 30<sup>th</sup> birthday—only to be let out for the slaughter house. Fewer men every year go to college or even finish high school, yet we have more women than ever earning degrees (basket-weaving diplomas that produce soft and make-work jobs) yet are dropping out of the workforce in droves to appeal to their natural biological urges of nesting; wasted time, money, and policy initiatives. This has been done in order to protect and prop up the female ego that needs constant petting—or else the feet stamping of "patriarchy!" will be heard from every liberal cesspool in North America. The education system today is such a waste of money.

The debt you will incur, and the tuition you will pay, is not worth the Chlamydia you will get—to go along with that minimum-wage job you will receive. Yep, that's what you will recieve from all the long nights spent plagiarizing brilliant men who came before you—while some party-gurl gobbled down your cock like some Schneider's hot dog factory taste-tester. Just another brick in the wall; hoping the foundation will hold, and the bricklayer competent.

#### **ENTRY SIX**

## A PH.D IN CAROUSEL RIDING

P H.D at my former

Occurred- March 2013 (First/ last day as a Campus Counsellor)

Much of what I am about to say is inspired by some of last week's monetary data points that were released on the current employment/wage environment in the U.S that paints a mixed and confusing economic environment we find ourselves in today. The most notable data point being 55,807,000 women not being in the labour force; participation rate matching a 26 year low. This has been ongoing for quite some time now, and in my opinion, means we are starting to feel the tremors from the cellulite-ridden legs of the femcentric economy (consumer driven)—breaking and hitting the floor due to its own unproductive weight.

The student-loan debt bubble will have to burst eventually if women keep going to college to earn degrees in worthlessness— leaving them to be unable to pay off the debt; and adding nothing substantial to the economy except wealth transfer from the ever increasingly scarce Beta-males who will pick up the tab. There are now more women out of the workforce than at any other time in the previous two presidential administrations; even though there are more women than ever before attending college. The 'Hope & Change' that the majority saw in Obama can now be seen as nothing more than the chump-change a pimp throws at his hoes. The only difference now versus 2008 is that the Great Emperor has no clothes. While he's getting his party trombone tooted and slobbered all over by his adoring salivating voters—all the way down to his base [pun intended]—the number of women in the workforce continues to drop. Throwing political facts aside, we are stuck in

this shitty economy for many other reasons as well.

### **Hopping Back on the Cock-Carousel**

Taking on more student debt these days must be a new form of masochism. The *NY Times* article I read just this morning—after showing a young Twenty-Something hook-up from last night where the exit door to my apartment was—explained the reasoning in standard Blue Pill naiveté. "Almost everyone in my program is female," said Ms. Baker, who hopes a master's degree will help her get a job running communications at a Non-profit Group—that there is a small hint as to why most women earn less money compared to men. "That's partly because of the program, but also because as women we feel like we have to be more educated to be able to compete in really any field," Ms. Baker drooled on. Here is a hint hunny, the labour market is saturated with degrees and "educated people," employers want experience.

The majority of college goers today are young women who are getting worthless degrees in things such as 'Women Studies,' 'Social Justice' and the like; which include courses such as *16th Century Lesbian Poetry, Sex and Seduction in the French Novel*, and *How to Orgasm on a Budget Using Household Objects*. Women are obsessed with gender and sex. Don't believe me? Go online to any college or university website and look at the courses that you can take under those majors—it's fuel for the hypergamous hamster.

"Though young women in their late teens and early 20's view today's economic lull as an opportunity to upgrade their skills, their male counterparts are more likely to take whatever job they can find" Ms Baker exclaims. This is true because males are more creative and thus diverge when they don't see value in something anymore.

"The longer-term consequences, economists say, are that the next generation of women may have a significant advantage over their male counterparts, whose career options are already becoming constrained".

Laughable. The men are gaining valuable work ethic and experience,

which is what employers are looking for— not someone who can regurgitate "Queer Theory".

Women in their late teens and early twenty's do not view today's economic lull solely as an opportunity to upgrade their skills. It is a survival retreat back to the safe pockets and wallets of their suburban king (Daddy), since their male counterparts right now can barely support themselves and have to work shitty jobs due to being squeezed out of the college system—to which now caters to the Feminine Imperative where men naturally see no value. College is a hostile environment for males who can't even engage in normal sexual relationship behaviour without being accused of rape or being 'misogynistic'. The simple fact is, women are realizing that they have shot themselves in the foot and have nowhere to escape but back to the holding pen, and hope that things just "work out"—or they can charm a rich guy with the Golden Vagina Agenda (aka "I have a vagina, you're supposed to take care of me" routine). Taking any job is just "too beneath" their qualifications in Feminist Studies. Gina tingles are fleeting, like a heroine high. An addict can never replicate that first thrill. Addiction is a very expensive habit.

My prediction is that of the opposite. Men will be the ones coming out of the system on-top due to getting valued experience, and building character through the ups and downs of doing the dirty work—the work nobody else wants to do and will get paid handsomely for it. The key for men is to gravitate towards the job fields/do the jobs that women don't want to do (i.e. construction, labour, and any trade for that matter) The market needs this and will pay males a premium since the labour force is saturated with Starbuck's sipping Non-profit hipsters, HR Nazis, PR sluts, and marketing cunts; all to which produce nothing of real tangible value for society. How do you think you're Rite Aid Hitachi vibrator works sweetie? It's because some man is manning the power station late at night so that you can Jill-off to 50 Shades Of Grey after you and your girls have gone out to the bar to tease-grind on some Beta boys standing around the outside of the dance floor. It's all very convenient for the hypersexual woman of today—they can go to their Sexual Studies class, read some course content via Orgasms For Two: The Joy Of *Partner Sex* by some female writer, and then go try and get their Gina tingles resolved at some night club; along with the desired male attention that their suburban father's never had the time to give them (time probably spent trying to make money to pay for their princesses multiple degrees and lavish bar

- tabs). Open Hypergamy is a very expensive and costly catalyst to an economy if left unchecked—which it has been since the first waves a feminism hit the shores of Western culture. Women today are faced with two problems.
  - 1) Their biological imperative (the egg timer/dusty-muff syndrome).
  - 2) Feminist lies about 'having it all'. The term 'having it all' is code for: There will always be men/beta males waiting for women after they are done riding the cock-carousel throughout their party years once they have their 'big girl' job; which most[big girl jobs] are honestly glorified secretarial positions—HR, PR and the like.

Through my own observations in college – and I am sure these observations are a common experience these days—yes, some women (rarely) are at school to study, work hard, and do manage to graduate and find decent jobs. However, the vast majority that I know have either:

#### 1) Dropped out

- 2) Got married while in college and then dropped out.
- 3) Got knocked-up (multiple Plan B scenarios/ or abortions) and or dropped out to support the baby.
  - 4) Explicitly said they were here to "have a good time".
  - 5) Graduated, got a decent job, but then got married... and quit said job.
- 6) Graduated with a worthless degree in something like Underwater Basket Weaving, had huge amounts of debt, couldn't find a job or got a Beta-male to pay said debts (aka- went back to school).

To me as it stands, out of that list, the smart women were the ones who either:

- 1. Dropped out (hopefully found a guy while they were still hot, tight, and young)
- 2. "Had a Good Time" then found a guy to cash in their Golden Vagina Ticket—to some rich Blue Pill Poindexter who doesn't mind that his wife's love-box is akin to expired roast beef from the corner deli—just as long as she looks good for him at "events".
  - 3. Graduated... got married...never worked—aka 'retired'.

I say 'smart' from a women's assumed perspective; because those scenarios are all lazy, costly, and are an irresponsible path towards an end result that could have otherwise been achieved via Tinder or Match.com—or by just simply going out to find a husband through normal social conventions that won't cost \$20-100,000 in student-loan debt. In the end, most women will submit to their biological hardwiring of reproduction—baby rabies—and the default setting of: Spew out Spawn. The prospect of either going back to work, or staying at home and raising the kids, is an obvious no-brainer. If I were a woman [which I do not wish upon my worst enemies], I would skip college and work full-time at finding some rich dude to knock me up fast and hard, and cake my cream-puff with little to no mess as possible—assuming I am hot of course. If weren't an 8-10 on the hotness scale then I would have to go to the mall and buy a shit ton of yoga pants, make-up, and high-heels to get that desperate illusion, or be at least close to a 7—maybe enough to get free drinks at the bar, fingered to orgasm on the cab-ride home, and receive the placated role of Side Bitch. Women will always take the path of least resistance—like how the Twin Towers fell on 9/11. Plus, with government assistance being fruitful in this welfare-riddled age, falling back on a different kind of husband (daddy government) is a good plan B, and a lazier option than the other plan B found at the local pharmacy.

A femcentric society will do everything in its power to protect the poor choices that women make—aka the glorification of single-mothers in being "oh so brave". Being brave today I guess means letting any old slag grease your love-tunnel even if the financial state such a woman and aptness of the man—criminals, thugs, and bad-boys—isn't suitable for rearing and supporting a child. Again, Gina tingles always override logic. It's all about the 'feels'. My prescribed alternate scenario for women would be this: If a Beta-boy offers you a drink at a bar let him put on his metaphorical beer goggles and muff-dive you in the taxi on the way home—he will be all too grateful for the role of 'pleaser' since he will most likely be a virgin. Bingbadda-boom he proposes to you at a Dodgers game 6 months from that fateful evening in the back of that yellow Crown Victoria driven by an illegal immigrant named Hugo. The cost of that offered drink—\$7 value. That taxi ride home and the free 'oral Schlicking,' a \$20 value + possible Gina tingle's. Any other dates after the fact can be included to. When you total up everything over the 6 month period you will get a conservative \$600 value since he is a chump, and you a legal prostitute— which is priceless when

compared to the average amount of debt per female student in America. Look at all the money you would save!

## Why can't the MRS Degree be an actual degree?

The MRS. degree is an old "joke" (it's the truth) that women mainly go to post-secondary education in hopes of landing a rich husband—and to also bob up and down on the cock-carousel in the meantime. It was true when your mom went to school, and it hasn't changed. In those days it was pretty obvious and overt as to why most women went to college, but yet, it wasn't frowned upon since the institution of marriage still kept hypergamy in check and hadn't yet been perverted by today's culture and femcentric ideologies. Now, the feminine imperative has to hide this fact in order to allow Open Hypergamy to survive. What I mean is, say we were to do the logical thing and actually create such an item like an MRS. Degree in the form of an oncampus dating site where women could go to college to simply meet highquality men; kind of like the T.V show Millionaire Match Maker. It would honestly put an end to all the bullshit—not to mention the time and money wasted by fathers who send their little 'princesses' off to school, expecting to get a return on their equity; only to get back a daughter who has "life experiences" –particularly proficient in giving bathroom blow jobs at dance clubs.

The reason why this is not possible is as it would ruin a woman's ability to fully optimize her hypergamy through the post-education institution; which is fertile ground [pun intended again] for short-term (AlphaFux) breeding opportunities— aka "the party years". A woman's most fertile years are between the ages of 18-25, give or take a few. This is for the reason that a woman's egg supply is comparable to an oil pool found deep beneath the ground being drilled by some oil producer—as time goes on the pool begins to deplete until the supply eventually dries up (varies for every woman). Female biology seeks out the best sperm (AlphaSeed) during that age range, which ironically coincides during the college years. The majority of college-aged women subconsciously, or consciously, use these years to 'party' and to fulfil their innate desire for Alpha Cock, AND THEN to later seek out a Beta-Buck\$ provider type for long-term provisioning and security.

That is why even if you are a male on campus right now the majority of

women still want to sleep with 20% of the male population even though the ratios are in the neighbourhood of 7 women to every 1 male. Yet, with the sexual market in full-tilt towards the males having an advantage, if you're perceived as Beta you will still have a tough time getting laid.

"Jayne Dakota, a senior studying advertising who was seated across the table, grumbled that the population of male undergraduates was even smaller when you looked at it as a dating pool. Out of that 40 percent, there are maybe 20 percent that we would consider," she whines with pickiness. Alpha is what she really means by "consider".

"And out of those 20, 10 have girlfriends [most likely multiple plates a' spinning], so all the girls are fighting over that other 10 percent," she bemoans like a pent-up sailor on shore leave. The Gina wants what the Gina can't get. Case in point: Your entire female dormitory population have boyfriends who don't even go to the college and are 35+. Similar are the girls back in high school who brought the college dude as a date to prom. Why do you think campuses are dripping and teeming with selectively slutty women, and women who dress to the 9's even when they're just going to the gym or a God damn 3-hour lecture? Answer: EXTREME competition amongst the other 6 women a chick has to fight with for the HVM (High-value male). Women are honestly pretty easy to figure out if you're as smart as I: Watch what they do and not what they say. Take for instance the T.V show The Bachelor, which I am sure you're familiar with. Ever notice how in real life women will always complain about guys being "players," and how if a guy dates multiple women at once he is branded a "scum bag"? [Drum roll please] The Bachelor is about a man, dating multiple women at once-primarily watched by women, who hate men who date multiple women at once. Da fuck? They love that shit. It's a woman's ultimate flood-fantasy between her legs to share an Alpha; everything else they say is smoke and mirrors. Books, and Entertainment shows like *The Bachelor*, are what get that little man in a women's 'pink canoe' to sit up slightly with every stroke of the hand down the pleasure canal. I personally know many women at this college who've slept around with an Alpha, got pregnant, and quickly found a Betachump to sleep with soon thereafter—knowing they were pregnant, and then said to the Beta that it was his baby. This is an all too common story of Campus-Cuckholdry. That is an extreme and very primal example of what female hypergamy is in its rawest form—which date back to our huntergatherer ancestors and tribal relations.

Colleges and universities are literal suck and fuck bang-buffets—high school on steroids. Women are no more mature in College than they were in high school. In fact, women are even more extreme in their hypergamous pursuits because more is at stake and on the line in the quest for an Alpha; the competition increases due to the gender ratio and point in their lives.

#### **Back to School Means Back to Basics**

With a record number of women returning from the battlefield that is the modern day labour force—not ever firing a shot—and permanently hanging up their shoulder padded pant-suits, means we are witnessing a hamster in distress that's reverting back to a strategy that once worked for them. The ones hanging up their pant-suits, and taking off their awarded chevrons for touching the mythical "glass-ceiling," are reverting back to domesticity in the care of a husband. The other's who are going back to school have either no husband, or prospects—since they are probably close to The Wall, and the fact that men are wiser in their prime(30+) They are going back to "upgrade" their skills meaning: Trying to get the easy male attention that once upon a time graced their golden goose-lips. The problem with that strategy is that it only works once—whilst in the sunny and glowing peak of female sexual-market value (age 18-25). It will be harder to find a guy back at college when a woman is 30+ as she now has to compete with the statistical 6 other women—who are all younger, hotter, and tighter than her. The problem is who's going to bailout all of these debt-ridden women? You? The government? The problem isn't women per say. It is our culture's willingness to allow their nature [Hypergamy] to go unrestrained (the collapse of the family unit) and to run rampant with reckless abandon. It is the allowance of stupid worthless courses to be taught at colleges and the proclamation that everyone needs to "get an education" regardless of if there will be any return value on that degree. If there were only traditionally difficult subjects, productive fields, courses, and standards that are not watered down to allow for an "equal playing field" we wouldn't have this economical mess of degree inflation. We wouldn't have the mountains of wasted household finances if it were not so trendy to go to college. The

problem is also the accessibility of student-loans, and to add, how parents think today. Naïve in thinking that their little princess, who has straight C's [enough to get into college these days], and who blew the entire football team at a field party, is serious about being a lawyer—only to find that their princess drops out 2nd year to go live with a drug dealer (true story). Remember, women live in the NOW and do what FEELS good.

It's all about the Vag-twinges and fairytale orgasms, and honestly this economy will burst at some point due to an overload of stored up Gina tingles in the proverbial debt-clit that is the female student-loan bubble; contracting this economy into an earth shaking, hellish climax.

I hope it was worth it and that it was as good for you as it was for me.

### **ENTRY SEVEN**

# I'M OFFENDED THAT EVERYONE IS ALWAYS OFFENDED

The following was sounded off around the water cooler at work before getting pulled into HR...

Occurred—Morning, September 2014 (First/ last day on the job)

H umans are such pathetic pussies in modern times. Since the advent of 'Politically Correct' culture and the endless feministic campaigns against any little thing that someone does that isn't in agreement with the agenda of "tolerance" and "fairness," we as a species have come to be offended by just about anything. Don't even think about breathing in a way that others don't, because that is offensive. Case in point: Some former basketball star the other day at the *TNT* studio—that is apparently a huge spokesperson for Weight Watchers—managed to offend not one, but two 'fat acceptance' groups: the Obesity Action Coalition (OAC) and NAAFA (National Association to

Advance Fat Acceptance). Two groups, I'm sure, no one has ever heard of and would even imagine being in existence. Seriously, fat acceptance? The spokesperson for NAAFA regarded the rather funny and truthful comments that the former basketball behemoth made about the majority of San Antonio women—being on the heavier side of life—akin to being racial slurs. "Making slurs about body size is just as offensive as making comments about body color," said Lacey Houlton, a sensitive cunt.

What these attention-whoring groups don't seem to understand is that obesity, and being fat, are not the same as being of a certain body color or race. If you are born with a certain skin color, or into a certain ethnic group, that is simply not your choice. You do, however, have the control over what you eat and how you maintain your own body weight. Fatness is a choice, and if this offends you then you should just stop listening—rather, just go and use this time to look at BBW's getting fist-fucked on Porn Hub to feed your love affair with the hefty non-huggable's. Nobody forces anyone to eat that next Churro, you allow it. Just like how no one forced you to watch and listen to *TNT* Sports. If you don't like it, turn it off. It's America, and you have the freedom to do that. Just turn the God damn thing off. That's the power you have as a consumer. If you don't like something, cast your vote by not engaging with it. Free-market bitches!

What the basketball legend said was truthful, and as always, the truth today offends people because it hits them over the head so hard that it knocks them out of the wonderland that is the PC 'feel good' media. The TNT basketball show the other day was quite funny only because of this topic, and was actually more entertaining than watching the game. It's a bunch of guys sitting around doing what men do; shooting the shit and joking around about anything and everything, not just sports. It's one of the last bastions of male spaces out there that is now being threatened by a bunch of fat women trying to do what they always do: Suck the cream-filled fun out of male spaces like a jelly donut—any excuse to be the center of attention. Fat acceptance is a joke and half a tray of bear claws. If you are fat, that's fine. You don't have to feel bad about yourself as a person because being fat is a body issue. What you should not accept is the burden you are placing on yourself and the rest of society: your family, spouse, kids, hospitals and the healthcare system in general. The West as a whole could stand to lose some weight. Be thankful we aren't back in time and at war with the Germans; because storming the

beaches of Normandy with today's plumper-than-now populous would be the worst disaster the world has ever seen in terms of wartime strategy—just think of all those beached whales riddled with MG42 rounds turning the shore water into the equivalent of an impromptu birthing in a bathtub. All that the Germans would have to do is set up lines and lines of troop trucks gassed up and ready for the prison camps if they were merciful--because by the time one would make it to the shoreline bunkers they would all have collapsed of exhaustion; not a shot would be fired. All kidding aside, the point is this whole stunt by these organizations is a joke. At least, that's what it seems like. No man should have to apologize for being funny and speaking his mind. Most things that tend to be funny are what most would deem "offensive" or borderline. Pretty soon, with the way things are going, we won't know what 'funny' is anymore. A word of advice for the people at NAAFA and the OAC: Stop making yourselves victims. Nobody has to accept anything, especially ones weight. Stop making people feel guilty about their opinions and jokes. Have you ever been to San Antonio? It's true; there are some big ladies down there who look like they've been locked inside a Doritos factory for a week. Why is the truth offensive? Is it because it makes one realize the truth about themselves and their unhealthy habits? The truth is, being fat and overweight is unhealthy. That's something any selfrespecting person should not accept.

The world isn't a fair place, it never was and I hope it never will be. If the world were fair there would be stagnation. Where in nature do you see fairness? You are in charge of your emotions, perceptions, and habits. Instead of wasting your time picking fights over someone's side- comments on a basketball show you should spend that energy on accepting that you are the problem, and that's something that only you can fix.

### **ENTRY EIGHT**

# HUMANS SHOULD DRINK IN THE OFFICE AGAIN

The following was brought up in a boardroom presentation (using slides and all) after being lectured like an infant by HR...

## Occurred— Afternoon September 2014 (first/ last day on the job)

L et's be clear. This isn't about treating the office like a freshman dorm party. It isn't about illicit libations while operating heavy machinery or the full bar that sits by the desk for entertaining clients. Nor is it about the bottle you keep in the drawer for when you're pushing paper and burning the midnight-oil.

This is more about sanctioned organized drinking in the cubical farm that we all have the displeasure of coming to each and every God-forsaken fucking day; drinking during a conference meeting more or less. That meeting can be with your superior or with ten other co-workers in the room. This isn't *Mad Men*, and you are not Don Draper—whom by the way would be classified as an incredible alcoholic in reality; not because he drinks a lot, but because he suffers little to no consequences for his drinking habits. Moving on.

Believe it or not drinking in the office is still prevalent today, especially in places like Europe (The UK for example) and in the more notably thriving digital industries found in New York that are all about "the office bar". Every workspace should have a manly storage of booze. Presuming your workplace is not a day-care centre, hospital, vehicle, or any institution that is vital for maintaining the safety of the public. We aren't talking beer here (you can stock the break room fridge with that), we are talking mainly booze of the dark variety (Your scotches', bourbons, cognacs etc). The booze along with some tongs, ice bucket, and Old-fashioned glasses should be placed on a cart and stored in a closet. If it's just you, your boss, or even three people just caveman those glasses and bottles and bring them with you. If it's a large group or meeting, then be a class act and roll that cart in like a boss— make sure there is a decent variety (the three most popular choices around the office) on the cart. The drinking 'meeting' should happen around/near the end of the day, and should be vaguely goal oriented.

Drinking in the office can be a strategy to make you stay longer. If you start throwing drink orientated meetings around in the morning—like a sorority girl tossing her cat at every Black guy with washboard abs—then you my friend will surely be fucked by noon. The trick is to have most of

your work done before you start with the booze cart so that you don't end up having to stay late; and end up drinking even more since your thus now behind. Shall we continue?

It's a different case when you're asked to come in on a weekend; by all means start as early as you want, your freedom is gone anyways. You're most likely going to want to nap after. Most cubical offices/spaces with walls are a dying breed these days with the onset of a new HR tactic that makes for a more open-styled floor plan— for more 'bonding' and 'conviviality'. As stupid and moronic as this new initiative is the fact remains that privacy is becoming a scarce commodity around the office when wanting time to get some much needed shut-eye, or play some online poker. This means that you can't even put your head down on your desk and grab a few moments of Zen. Unless you are very, very important, I would suspect you don't have a couch in your private office. Furthermore, unless you are very brazen you probably don't want to waltz into the storage closet for some Z's and risk getting ratted on by the office prude (every office has a brown-nose like Janice), while they try to find the recent shipment of Tyvek envelopes that you just so happen to be crashing on top of. This is why the drinking 'meetings' at the end of the day should be advised, so you can go home a shake off those office drinks before you have some more when your buddies come over for the big game.

If you are going to drink at the office, do it with panache and a touch of class. And if you have a slight drinking problem, here are some ways to mask your tendency to over indulge—become a more refined fool around the bottle.

- 1. The first pour says a lot about a person. The first pour should suggest restraint and enthusiasm all at the same time. You don't want to over pour and seem like the equivalent of a sex-starved sailor on shore leave towards the bottle. You could have poured yourself more, but you're just having this much. You could have poured yourself less, but you're having this much. About two fingers if it's neat [The term 'Neat' refers to no ice for all you classless chaps]. Halfway up the glass if it's on the rocks ['Rocks' refers to ice cubes you booze-buffoon]. A three-quarters-full glass if you're mixing it with tonic or club soda.
- 2. Don't drink immediately. Let it sit there and meander for a few seconds. Wait 'til everyone has a drink in front of them. Anyway, you are not so eager

here like the aforementioned sailor. You're meditative-- not just of the drink, but at the topics at hand.

- 3. Never drink more than your boss: Obviously. The hierarchy of intake should reflect the hierarchy of the organization: The boss drinks the most. The assistant drinks slightly less and so on and so forth. It's a sliding scale that everyone should honour.
- 4. But drink like you mean it. Intent and congruence go hand in hand like cheerleaders and revealing attire. Take deep full sips. You're drinking, not wine tasting in Cali, so drink. Just know when to take it easy and when to slow down.

The meeting will probably last an hour give or take. People become drunk after an hour and a half of drinking. And you don't really want to be inebriated. Besides, you have to go home later to a wife or out to a bar. You have your life to go to. Perhaps your wife wants to be pounded hard when you arrive home, and given a good dick-riding that evening; a whiskey dick and sluggish forethought will not suffice. Moreover, you don't want to be twisted when you get there. You just want to feel good when you get home — about your job, your work, and the ideas you just came up with during a productive discussion in which you happened to drink during.

#### ENTRY NINE

## A MODERN WOMAN'S DILEMMA

The following was intoxicatingly said to a staunch Canadian feminist...

### Occurred—summer 2009 (at some dive bar in Montreal)

A pparently it's a hard life as a woman these days when you have to make such strenuous choices between working and then maybe not working altogether, for life. A modern woman's dilemma is an indecisive vagina. A freedom of movement that simply cannot be granted to a man in the same, as man has always worked; and to not do so would be a non-refundable social and sexual castration in the societal marketplace of the high-valued male, the Alpha.

The dick takes swift action and plunges itself into production, while the vagina stays in place awaiting its platinum services with gratitude. You can't beat nature no matter how many fists of feminist propaganda are shoved up everyone's collective-cavities; Canada's labour force participation rates prove this: Canada is one giant pussy. Feminists abound can all pat themselves on their back-boobs once again for doing their hivemind part in helping to eviscerate the economy as a whole in Canada, and reduce its effectiveness to the equivalent of a wet fart. A recent article that I read out of Bloomberg this morning—after some sorority chick wiped the morning dew off my stump with her tongue—pointed out how the notorious trait of women reneging on their commitments and obligations (and ability to change their minds on a whim) is now putting everyone at risk for a bleaker outlook of the economy. The problem isn't women aged 25-54 wanting to go back to the laundry room to bleach my sheets, it's more so the fact that a huge amount of time and resources has been wasted getting these women through university and into the labour force; most of it [resources] being tax dollar funded initiatives, affirmative action hiring, and the hard earned money of their fathers, 'borefriends' [boyfriends], and husbands. Most of all, it's causing a backlog of people who truly want to work and get into certain professions like... I don't know... a cardiac specialist?

"Some people want to be at work, but I want to be there to pick up my kid from the bus stop. I just wish that some mom's wouldn't judge me and think that I am throwing away my career," Said career-quitter Kristina Ranker.

The above quote from the article illustrated the uncaring attitude, and more possibly, the disregard for the latent damage caused by this illuminating choice to go back to changing diapers and watching *Dr. Oz* re-runs all day. First of all, let's be clear. It's a noble and excellent choice for a woman to want to raise a family, stay at home, and serve society that way since it has always proven to be the best method to stabilize a civilization—and bring prosperity to the majority since everything is in natural balance between the sexes (look at any great empire in history before its collapse into matriarchy). If I were Ranker, I wouldn't be concerned with the judgement of other women in regards to throwing away your career. Instead, it's the judgement that you took up a spot in the labour market that could have gone to someone who actually wanted to be there and do a job that is pretty important, like a cardiac specialist. The same goes for any other profession that women are seemingly dropping out of because they can't handle showing up at a specific time in the morning and ending their day at another specific time—aka responsibility. I guess it's a lot easier though to make that decision when you hit The Wall (a woman's sexual market expiration date). No problem right? Just claim that your biological clock is a' ticking and that you have suddenly decided that you DO want kids after all. Throughout history, the job and title of Leg Spreading manager have been accessible to most women (and an easy industry to maintain through supply and demand).

"Women are looking at the realities of what they are giving up by going into the workforce," said former awesome job holder Erika Lansworth.

Reality is what you make it to be, and it seems that women understand that the traditional male reality of commuting to work, dealing with the harsh elements of the urban jungle, and producing things is just not their cup of Starbucks. It's a lot easier to stay at home and start an on-line website telling mommies how to handle the "overwhelming" and "crushing" responsibility of taking care of a child these days, instead of being a now former broadcaster for a major music network like Erika. Why aren't there loads of women in the IT field? It's because you can't fake it in the IT field, that's why. Women can receive fake promotions and be middle managers, salespeople, teachers, cops etc, but very few of them have the analytical skills, logic, and brains to actually solve real problems. A computer or network can't be fixed by a woman because if she messes up she'll spend the rest of the day telling the computer how it's not her fault—and how the

computer made her do it. Also, in fields like IT you can't take personal leave whenever you see fit. Systems go down and people lose livelihoods without strong IT support. Women in the field wind up getting pregnant and betraying everyone by leaving them high and dry for months. They are also too emotional, and you need very tough skin to deal with the entire computer illiterate Baby-boomer generation that still engulf office spaces.

The task is ultimately laughable in these times when compared to any other time in history, because never before in the record of civilization has it been easier to raise a healthy child. There are no major world wars and fucking Sieg Heiling Nazis trying to goose-step over your quaint little town; no famines, and no other tribes trying to rape and kill your family in the middle of the night. You have various gizmos, gadgets, machines, programs, and assistances allocated by the government and taxpayer money to assure that you and your child don't starve like a Somali pirate trying to claw their way through life.

"The levelling off in participation by core-age female workers is exacerbating the impact of retiring baby- boomers and a rise in youth unemployment since the last recession."

The above quote from the article is startling for the economy in the long run—and is the equivalent of a coach telling a sports convener "Yes, I have a full team for tomorrow's game". And then come game time the entire team forfeits because they've all come down with heavy flows of entitlement; leaving the crowd who purchased tickets for the game in the hole, with no return on their investment.

To find players at the last minute who are trained, and not to mention even knowing how to play that particular game properly, will be hard to find —and it will most likely cost more to import foreign players/workers. This then leaves the majority of the native population unemployable since they have been out of the workforce due to surfeit and affirmative hiring practices; to which we can see is now backfiring in the faces of everyone like an unstable musket —mainly in the faces of bra-burners and man-hating tattooed femme-cunts.

The article goes on in a hopeful prose about how this trend could

reverse, and how we may see a rise again in female participation rates. But in my opinion, that's like hoping the Toronto Maple Leafs won't trip over themselves up again next season. When a woman quits something, it's because she wasn't even there to begin with.

### **ENTRY TEN**

# NEVER CONTRA TO THE HERD

The following was hazily mentioned to curious nephews regarding why I'm so awesome compared to their dads...

## Occurred—2009 Family Reunion

It always amazes the eye when I see how easily people are willing to give up control of their mind, body, and even finances to another party: A control that can be easily maintained under the self if only one would exercise even a sliver of free-will, and confidence in their own instincts. It is a hard pill to consume, but the sooner one understands that the only person who knows how to run your life the best is you; the sooner one will know what is best for his survival. Who understands you better than

you? Its great listening to other people and asking for guidance, but as an individual is it wise to give up total control and direction? As a man, and one who shapes and creates the world around him, this [giving up total control] has to stop immediately in today's society for it to survive.

Without strong men, the society and world become weak in its foundation and will ultimately crumble into a heap of passivity, femcentric idiocies, lack of rational/logic and a hivemind attitude that would make any would-be dictator excited to shine up their microphone. Man brings order to the world; weak men bring chaos and confusion. This thus translates into a man's own sphere and life.

# Being a part of the Crowd is Beta

In this life there will always be people who exist in this reality and those who will shape it for themselves. In an age where the trance words of "individualism" and "empowerment" have become the "You go girl!" of yester-era we ultimately see the exact opposite. Whenever you see a war on something (i.e drugs, prohibition etc) you ultimately see an increase in the exact opposite of the intended effect. This is a natural fact in human behaviour, and social media sites like Facebook prove this with the "individual profile".

Everyone on Facebook, and in today's world, are followers; they are passive consumers of other people's realities and are just generally average—even though they think their 'selfies' are extraordinary. Being a part of the crowd and following the latest trend-set is ultimately a feminine virtue—and has no place in a man's psyche. Man sets the trends and leads. Facebook and Lululemon are two small examples in a vast pool of creations that are owned and created by men who have set forth two of the most monumental trends in the last decade: Voyeurism and the illusion of being nude. Both creations have obvious connections. Women need to be of the consensus because their very survival depends on group cohesion and travelling in large groups in order to gain the most access to resources. Women travel in herds on Facebook while wearing their yoga pants to anywhere but yoga class. Both equate to this femcentric societies thirsty need for mass attention and validation. Women love being voyeurs on Facebook while at the same time

hate it when being ogled in public when they wear their tightly-fitted outfits — the only exception is if the guy doing the staring is 'hawt'. This is why you see more women (add: more beautiful women) in larger cities than you would in smaller towns. There are more men, and more money potentially, in larger cities—thus will equal more social mobility for women (not to forget attention as well). This has been ingrained into their biology for centuries and is a primal survival tactic and mechanism. It is a lot easier for a man to be noticed when he is separate from the herd so that his individual talents can be recognized. This does not mean a man has to live outside of large metropolises to get noticed, on the contrary, for it does not matter where man lives. For instance, in today's world you will find more clones/Dockerwearing office stooges (Stable-Stan's and Providing-Paul's) in larger cities, which are typically saturated with the "provider type" personalities that will ultimately de-tingle any female interest. Provider game has been outmoded thanks to years of feminist ideology and indoctrination. This has created an environment where women not only have access to personal finances[also government subsidies] but also to an army of well-trained Beta boys—boys who will buy them drinks, houses, cars, and food since male thirst is still at an all time high due to most modern men being raised by single-mothers. Without a strong male figure in the household to teach them truth, and not fill their heads with female race-track rationales, men will drown in a pool of pussification. The metropolis market is thus the easiest to exploit in terms of gathering a harem, because all you have to do as a male is to be contra to the herd. That can only happen though if you truly believe you are capable of not depending on societies cool-aid for sustenance, and can survive on your own without having to beg on your knees for the 'rewards' of the current societal order—which is hell bent on manipulating the sexes for maximum exploitation.

# Never hand over control of finances to any hand but you're other

That does not mean handing it [finances] over to your "significant other," or "better half," or some other fairytale person that your mind has crafted from social engineering and modern day programming. I see so many

misinformed males relinquishing their mobility and potential success to total strangers on a daily basis that it boggles the mind and stings the neurons. Take for instance the T.V show *Til Debt Do Us Part*. If I had a dime for every time I heard a man-boob on that show say "she controls our finances," or "she's the accountant," I could travel the world three times and cure global hunger in one day—making Mother Teresa look like the ultimate slacker of our lifetime.

Why do you think the couples on that show are in debt? I'm sure you expect me to say that it's because the women are in control of the money (this is true and its part of the reason), however, the fault falls equally on the males for having let it happen. Be a man and actually own the castle you've built, as well as all the activities to which take place within that castle—for it would be unwise to let in any spies, thieves, and ultimately betrayers through the walls that seek out other kingdoms for greener pastures after burning yours to the ground.

First of all, women make horrible accountants. They don't understand the value of money except when the value only concerns their needs. Excuse me. I should actually say, women make excellent accountants, lawyers, and politicians when divorce is in the making. Women love the D-word. That's the only time you will ever see a woman live up to her full potential in these fields of practice. They are experts at taking other people's money. What is worse than going up against a Jew layer in a court of law? Well, a woman.

Never under any circumstances hand over your hard earned money to anyone for that matter—unless there is a legal circumstance that has forced you to do so.

**Tip:** Don't get yourself into any circumstance that would require you to perform a redistribution of wealth to anyone. It's amazing that the above would be considered token advice, but that just goes to show how stupid people are these days and how far we have fallen when it comes to using critical thought. A society will remain ghetto if the people in it continue to follow their primitive instincts and frequently shut off the only thing that separates them from the baboon that picks its own ass and smells it.

First off, get rid of the "girlfriend"—you don't need a girlfriend in order to have sex with women, so why do you have that extra weight in your backpack? Most women today (thanks to feminism) are practically giving sex away for free—or at most, for the cost of a daiquiri topped with devilishly

charming conversation. The 'girlfriend' will only be a burden and financial parasite; not considering all the extra hoops and annoying time-wasting activities she will put you through—as she will do this to manipulate your Beta thirsts for pussy.

**Treat Women Like Stocks:** If one isn't performing the way you'd like it to/not getting a return on your investment, dump it. Your portfolio doesn't have to hinge on one company. There will always be other growth stocks with potential, IPO's, and upcoming small-caps to play with. Why settle for a laggard with no dividend? Don't get emotional over one like the majority of mangina's you see today; be willing to sell even if it means taking a small loss. Marriage, after all, is a bad investmentand the pithy returns do not outweigh the costs in the majority of contracts.

Invest Money On Your Own Terms: Don't be like an average Joe six-pack and buy things your friends have to feel included—mindless consumerism is for pedestrians. The want for inclusion is so pathetic. In addition, learn how to invest money on your own (i.e equities, stocks etc). Having an "adviser" will get you nowhere and is a passive way to grow your money because no one will work harder for you than you. Money and time are two of the greatest gifts a man can own because they both represent mobility and access to greater areas and markets around the world. This is a CEO's bottom line. However, as a man, nothing trumps this greater than the bottom line of dignity, and ultimately your free-will. If you don't take control now, someone else will; and that's the most devastating thing one could do to himself.

### ENTRY ELEVEN

# DATING WOMEN & THE STOCK MARKET

The following "uncalled-for" advice was given to my neighbour's 13 yr old son...

### Occurred—somewhere in 2013 (Drunk while watering my lawn)

The stock market is one of the most complex systems in existence, which we can use for this purpose. By dissecting the behaviours, movements, and roles that occur in the stock market we may be able to better understand why we are attracted to certain types of people. Conversely, we may better understand why certain people are attracted to us, and how we can improve our strategies— whom we are (hypothetically) best suited for in varying life circumstances.

In each relationship one person is predominantly the 'Investor' while the other is predominantly the 'Stock'. While both are investing in each other to a certain degree, the Investor has more to lose than the Stock. Likewise, while both are proving their value to each other, the Stock has more to prove than the Investor. The general rule of thumb: You are the Investor if you are more attracted to people based on their ability keep up with you and/or make you look better. You are the Stock if you are more attracted to people who have the ability to support you, better you, or otherwise believe in you.

As a man you should always be the Investor, the one who is seeking value and who is picky about how he chooses to invest not only time, but money into. This is because both money and time equal to each other and are the most important tools in a man's belt. You should by no means gamble with women, but make calculated judgments as to how much you are willing to invest in a particular woman and what type of return you want out of her. Like women, as in stocks, not all are the same and not all are suitable for certain types of investing/trading.

When you enter the world of stock markets a man usually finds that he is a certain type of investor. Are you a day-trader who seeks short term gains PUMP & DUMP? Or are you a BUY and HOLD type of guy who wants a well-respected company that pays out dividends and is relatively safe?

**Dividend stocks** = Marriage material girls that are a relatively safe bet and put out in dividends. These dividends come in the forms of a monthly allowance of sex, cooking, cleaning, and blowjobs as well as doing domestic things like looking after the rug-rats while you do your man business. These "stocks" are sort of hard to find in today's sexual market place, and as such come with a very expensive price tag—just like "Blue Chip" companies.

These girls are your Chryslers, Walmarts, Netflix, Sears, and Bank of America types.

**Penny Stocks** = Young companies women who may have the potential, but for the mean time you pump-and-dump them (i.e. trade them on the daily, or weekly basis) so that you can make some quick capital gains while you see them grow and hopefully mature. Like hot young women, the young companies usually tend to be the riskiest, and conversely, the most exciting to invest your time and money into while the dividend-paying companies tend to be on the boring and predictable side of the market. Hot girls are like that new and exciting tech company that just IPO'd vs. that utility company that pays a steady 6% predictable yield.

**Day Trader**= Doesn't have to be with penny stocks, it just means that you prefer not to marry the stock so you hold it for a bit, then sell when you think you have gotten the best deal from the girl company.

Real world economics and market behaviours mirror real-world dating. As a Red Pill man, you already know that dating is economics.

### **ENTRY TWELVE**

# AN ODE TO THE POINDEXTER

The following is a booze induced film review...

Written – June 2012 (After receiving a mediocre Blow Job)

Films are great because they tend to bring to light the opposite of what happens in real life (If you have experienced a lot already). They also tend to muddy the lens of actual reality and make one think that what you are seeing on the screen plays out in the everyday timeline and is in fact, normal. 2012 Indie film *My Awkward Sexual Adventure* blends a bit of both; the very common, along with the absolutely ridiculous. I watched this last night after one of the girls from my bullpen (rotation) came over to play

tonsil hockey with my balls, whilst greasing my 'Louisville slugger' before I practiced hits in her 'batting cage'. Everything we need to know about Jordan Abrams's (A.k.a Poindexterius Maximus) sexual prowess, we learn in one of our opening scenes: where your typical stock footage sex montage might feature trains rushing into tunnels and exploding oil derricks, we get a photocopier, duly collating. When the montage is finished, Jordan can't [pun intended as always], thanks to his girlfriend's mild snoring—there's nothing like a girl "Star-fishing" to get a man going.

With the exception of its Canadian setting, the story here could have been put together better via Bit Strips: Jordan, played with nebbish nervousness by writer Jonas Chernick, is a mild-mannered accountant who has made it into his Thirties without ever managing to please a woman. This is an area of some concern to girlfriend Rachel (Sarah Manninen), who responds to his sickly sweet marriage proposal by practically weeping that she could never live the rest of her life only having sex with him. This revelation sends Jordan off to Toronto on his own, where he splits time between horn-dog friend Dandak (Vik Sahay) and the surprisingly welcoming stripper Julia (Emily Hampshire). Julia not only takes Jordan under her wing, but she has dreams of one day opening a restaurant. Rachel is "finding herself" by banging some rando's and having a German three-way with some light S&M involved. It's your classic case of girl finds a Betamale to keep her life stable while she goes out and sits on Alpha-cock all day long. We can only assume through real human nature that the fictitious relationship between Rachel and Jordan resembled this phenomenon—she was most likely cheating on him before he proposed. The plot may be nothing but fishing lines on which to hang some awkward sexual adventures, but Chernick and director Sean Garrity, at least, find some interesting tableaus. One of the best scenes takes place at a rub-and-tug, suggested by Julia as a way to build endurance. Jordan's attempt to prevent a pre-mature Peter North blast-off range from: loudly talking about burnt children's faces, to transposing his mother's face onto the rub-tugger who is pulling his pud another instance of the movie playing off a standard set-up with a surprising punctuation. Another inspired one has Julia and Jordan engaging in a bit of S&M bondage, which slowly turns into a twisted therapy session and then a long scene of Julia helplessly watching as repo men cart off all the household belongings she's not currently tied to. The stripper with a heart of gold and a dream is not a character that's particularly easy to leave a strong stamp on.

However, Hampshire gives Julia a surprising amount of grounding—turning a trope into a real human and a lively straight woman, in both senses of the term, for Chernick's perpetual loser to bounce off of. A little excess body fat never hurt anybody though. *My Awkward Sexual Adventure* is a genial and funny, if slightly conventional, date. In real life, relationships with strippers rarely, if ever, turn out like how this Poindexter and dancer's did. Ultimately, a stripper's job is to give the man the illusion of love and that sex will follow shortly. The film also points out a general lack of awareness for men of this age about how to please women properly via "pearl diving". It's not hard gentlemen; just remember the 4 quadrants and you will be a Clit-Commander in no time.

### ENTRY THIRTEEN

# ITALIAN WOMEN ARE OPTING OUT OF MOTHERHOOD

The following was said to a group of chattering Italians while being sacrilegiously drunk at the wedding chapel...

Occurred—July 2014

Well humans, mine as well go to DEFCON 2 as of now and go to 1 when Hispanic women follow this trend; because when that happens you should just shut the lights off, post a VACANT sign on the business, and foreclose on the institution of marriage altogether. Who is to blame for all the injustice and unhappiness for these women?

## Who do you think?

A recent article in the *Wall Street Journal* exclaims — which I read this morning while pulling shards of glass from my foot due to last night's escapades—points out that many women in the land of love and Espresso are forgoing having children. The author of the article sourced many fair points as to why this phenomenon is occurring in a country with such adherence to tradition and family, pointing out various economic factors and conditions

that are making it hard for Italian women to start a family; and satisfy their mothers so that they don't get a slipper thrown at them.

"Another reason for the later start is that more Italian women in their 20s and 30s are getting university degrees. By the time they finish and find a secure job, they are often reluctant to sacrifice those gains for children—a phenomenon known as the 'safety trap'."

It's always good to read towards the end of articles since that's where the little nuggets of truth are hidden, and in this case, one of the main symptoms of this problem: Female entitlement.

"Italian women often find it daunting to balance work against the traditionally demanding expectations for mothers in Italy. Surveys consistently find that Italian men help out less at home than their counterparts in other countries and those Italian mothers are painstaking in their approach to child care, to the point of hand-washing and ironing baby clothes."

You could argue that what I am referring to is out of line or grossly exaggerated, that's fine. However, there are other articles out there pointing to Italian men as the real problem for the unhappiness of these 'romantically independent women'. The problem seems to not be the men in Italy, but the crisis in expectations of the women who are bitching and moaning about the failure to launch their vaginas into breeding heaven.

In a *Telegraph* article that I read the other day—after taking a heinous dump in my bathroom from all the tequila I drank the day previous—an author pointed out, using various surveys and comparable data to other countries, that Italian woman are the unhappiest in Europe, and that the main reason is due to the "lingering culture of machismo" that still exists in Italy.

Oh really? Do pray tell Ms. Eat Pray Love.

"Research has found that 70 percent of Italian men have never used an oven, while 95 percent have never emptied a washing machine," Said the well-endowed author with big lush lips and hips made for a wall-slamming leveraged fuck.

## **Cutting the Cannoli & Getting to the Filling**

When you cut through all the data, the statistics, female testimonies, and passive-aggressive paragraphs about the "lingering culture of machismo" we find contradiction and mismanagement of expectations. It is almost a waste of breath (or keystrokes) to say that you can never please a woman, but I will agree with this age old truth anyways because it is a key to this whole "problem". What women keep forgetting, in this age of narcissistic feminist chants of: "You can do whatever a man can do," and "You deserve to have it all because you are a woman," is that life doesn't work like that. It is not a utopia. Choices have consequences, and nature [laws of the universe] will always fight back when you try to contradict it at any time.

The one thing that many of these authors and studies fail to mention or realize is the simple fact that men haven't changed, they have stayed true to what works and what is best to balance out society. They are MEN. Now this isn't to say that women shouldn't be able to have the choice to work and make money or earn their own way in life, however, in life you make choices that will lead down a certain path. To put it this way, it is hard to travel down two paths at the same time and expect a comfortable experience, especially when those paths offer two extremely different things: Sacrifice/servitude or Independence/freedom. The two will mix together as good as mixing concrete in with your morning cereal. Not well at all.

## **Having Your Cake, or Eating for Two?**

If you want kids, or pine to get married and have a family (whether you are a male or female), life changes for you drastically—you are now in service (institutionally speaking) of your spouse and any future offspring. It's a sacrifice that demands a lot of work and attention. To make that institution work effectively its best if one spouse remains at home, and the other delegated to bringing home the cheddar. Men are natural hunters, whereas women are natural nurturers. This is not some sexist attitude or bullshit mental disorder your female college professor told you about. This comes from our ancestors. A man's value and earning positional only increases with age; men age like fine wine whereas women age like milk—there is an expiration date.

The thing is, men like to work. It feels good. It makes them feel

productive and useful. Ever notice that when you go on Facebook you see all your female friends complaining about their jobs and how work life is "so stressful," and how being responsible and having a "big girl job" is not all it's cracked up to be? I have personally seen these posts hundreds of times and it is a silent cry of confusion as to why being "empowered" isn't matching up to what all those feminists said. The problem with feminist culture is that it made a common mistake in marketing; which is false advertisement. It sold women an advert that showed a larger and shinier product than what they ultimately got. That's why you should always read the fine print, or in this case, look into the logistics and economics of such a branded movement.

If you are a woman, and are dead set on not having kids, that's great. More power to ya! But don't start complaining when you have devoted the majority of your prime/most fertile years (18-25) to schooling and a career as a [insert demanding job title] and wonder why the men simply aren't interested in your born again motherhood-ism.

If you do want a husband, and a couple of little future car mechanics running around in the tomato garden—while you squash grapes with your feet—then I would suggest to all the Italian women out there that you cash in your chips (vagina & beauty tokens) during the time-honoured value range of ages 18-25. This is because apparently in Italy the men are still men and are not the pussified Beta-males you see flapping their own manginas around the streets in the West. In addition, after the age of 25 fertility for women starts to decrease exponentially and 30+ you start entering miscarriage and birth defect territory (along with the infertility problems).

## **Expectations vs. Reality**

As always the answers to the problems we face are usually right in front of our noses. Which gender has changed in the last twenty odd years in Italy? It's obviously not Tony. So where is the accountability from these women who have decided to unbalance their own society with feminist lies? When something changes one has to expect different results. Women in Italy made the choice to change, and now their country (and the majority of Europe) is in a bit of a moist-panty twist with a horrible economic outlook – and not to mention a declining birth rate that seems hard to untangle. It's

funny because the situation is so simple to solve. If the women of Italy want the economy to get back on track, and their quality of life to go in an upward trajectory, why not go back to basics? The reason why the economy in Italy is in shambles is because there aren't enough jobs, which means there are too many workers for the number of jobs available. In addition, you have a declining birth rate which means fewer services are needed, which equals fewer jobs required to service the country as a whole. Basically, women in Italy are too busy going to school, getting degrees in basket-weaving courses, and not cashing in their chips— getting Mario or Lorenzo to squirt some premium virgin olive oil into their womanly decanters.

Why do you think the world is full of unemployed people? One simple fact is that more people today are EMPLOYABLE, meaning both men AND women can work in society. Before, the world didn't have this problem because one gender mainly worked and the other [women] supported the workers, thus there were enough jobs regardless of the industrial booms and busts. If nobody is pumping out kids, a society will essentially collapse on itself; it's that simple. Societies with the most rigid gender roles ('sexism' for all you "educated" ladies out there) have the highest birth rates.

Even if these macho Italian men decided to "pull their weight" around the house by pushing a vacuum around the chesterfield, women would still find a way to complain—i or find some other thing to berate their men with. Most likely the next complaint would be that their men are becoming "effeminate" at the sight of their Sergio's or Vincenzo's tossing a dish into the wash; thus not feeling those "sparks" anymore. Another problem for these women seems to revolve around not being able to find a "good husband" (Translation: Mr. Dockers with a Stable Stan 401k Boner Income). Even though they claim independence today they still demand that men have superior jobs and take responsibility for the family at home. So which is it then? They want Francesco to have a superior job (usually means a demanding job that takes up a lot of time), or him to stay at home and wash the driveway after killing those cazzo ant's with the Clorox bleach.

## You Can't Win As a Man These Days

If you are too much of a man you are labelled as a sexist misogynist pig

for speaking your mind and giving your opinion, or if you act like a Beta mangina women will suddenly lose respect for you because you are not giving them tingles in and around their panty playground; thus perpetuating the circle of unhappiness that women find their selves in, not just in Italy, but around the world. It's all very demanding of course coming from these Italian birds, which is not a surprise. Essentially it's the unsatisfactory allocation of household responsibilities that are compelling these women to decide children aren't for them. That's it.

## **Before Pisa Falls**

A final solution to these Italian women would be to move to a different country altogether; if it's as bad as they claim. Come to North America, we have lots of "career driven women" out here who are ALSO unhappy, mainly because the majority of men here lack balls and seem to enjoy being second class citizens in their own castles.

Or, you can stay in Italy with men—who probably invented what we know today as the female orgasm, and cunnilingus. Just don't come crying home when women from inegalitarian societies start to overflow into Italy and take advantage of all the traditional Italian men that are in need of a good wife to sire them some little bricklayers—and to cure their lonely sausages.

Affanculo!

### **ENTRY FOURTEEN**

# FOLK ECONOMICS & HOW TO BRAND A PRODUCT

The following advice was given to a low-level drug dealer on my back porch one evening...

Occurred—summer 2010

Like with any movie or T.V show, there are always concepts, messages, and over-arching themes that the creators consciously or subconsciously throw in for us to ponder and wax intellectual about (or idiotic pending your perspective) if we so choose. I do prefer to wax whatever about this stuff because it's fun, and is especially so when we are dealing with the combined topics of meth, economics, consumerism, and one of the best shows ever made: *Breaking Bad*.

After re-watching season 5 before the new episodes of season 6 came on last night, the one question that kept coming back to me was; could Heisenberg (Walter White) really gain an edge by selling premium meth to addicts? As I was trying to enjoy these episodes I kept getting annoying baseless text messages from some of my girls asking me questions like "hey, where are you?" and "Hey, I haven't heard from you in a while". It's honestly only been 2-3 days since I've hit up one of these needy skanks, am I that addictive? God, get a hobby other than gobbling on my knob. Talk about being needy, yeesh.

Anyways, you too are probably wondering; does it really make sense that Walter has positioned himself as the Versace equivalent of meth? Wouldn't the desperate toothless junkies just settle for any high? These are interesting questions not only because we are dealing with an illegal retailer/business, but also because we are dealing with a different type of consumer culture. There is no doubt that the show's creator Vince Gilligan has cut some logical corners to make compelling and entertaining television, but when we take a look at the logistics, the economics are sound. It's the chemistry that is the shady part of the whole premium meth angle.

The basic shape of the problem comes down to applying regular consumer behavior to that of the criminal underworld and its culture. For example, and for fun, let's say some regular bored suburban 60-year-old man decided; that after a morning of reading the editorials, having his wife make him watch *The View* with her, and yelling at his neighbors for letting their dog treat his yard as if it were the shit-Olympics, he wanted to score some good O'l methamphetamine.

Let's then say that this 60-year-old man walked down to where all the meth addicts hang out, where he then sampled the product, and decided that the quality didn't past his expectations. He then chooses to confront his supplier about it; much as one might complain about the purchase of any kind of good or service that didn't meet reasonable standards of quality. The problem that arises is that meth is a bit of an unusual product in that it's typically sold by badass violent criminals. Complaining to the dealer would not reap a refund. It would more likely get the consumer in this situation either:

- 1. Stabbed (repeatedly)
- 2. Shot (repeatedly)
- 3. Laughed or mocked at (repeatedly), then beaten (repeatedly). And then, shot multiple times emptying the clip into said consumer's chest cavity.

Number 3 would most likely come first followed by a combination of 1 and 2, repeatedly.

Essentially, complaining to your meth dealer about the quality of service or product isn't the same as complaining to that college grad behind

the Wal-Mart customer service counter. However, meth addicts are real people too and they are consumers just like you or I – it's the context of their environment to which changes the game a little bit. Meth addicts want a quality product just like any other consumer in the world, and they would be disappointed if they didn't get as such. So in a basic sense, there's no reason that better meth couldn't get you a better market share. The problem is that it's difficult to be credible while operating an ongoing criminal scheme. Even if fans of meth prefer high-quality meth to the terrible, they may not be able to come across it—and when disappointed, they have little recourse. That's the problem for addicts, but also for the rest of us. Information about quality turns out to be a severe challenge for the organization of significant markets. The most basic economic models deal with this by stipulating that the market under consideration features what is called "perfect information". This means both buyers and sellers know everything there is to know about product quality.

Furthermore as an example, a person selling a car is intimately familiar with the product. The buyer is going on casual inspection and a test drive. Subsequently, the seller has the incentive to mislead the buyer about product quality. The critical fact, however, is that the customer knows this and is bound to discount the used-car salesman's claims. The problem here turns out to be not just that customers might get ripped off, but that customers' fear of being ripped off means that nobody will be eager to pay a premium price for a premium product. If you want to make money selling quality, it's not good enough to have a good product. You also need to convincingly signal to your customers that you've got the best product. Once they've come to your product, you can manufacture credibility and favorable word of mouth. In the real-world you can also rely on regulation by governments. Companies generally don't like it when the government sticks its nose into their business,

but the existence of the FDA (Food & Drug Administration) gives consumers confidence that they can buy the Zoodles and Ramen Noodles on the shelf in the supermarket without fear of disease from deadly microbes lurking within.

The problem, meth-wise, is that obviously the FDA isn't going to come to your covert meth lab and certify the safety of your totally awesome product. This is where Mr. White's secret weapon comes into play: Branding. In markets where regulation isn't present or credible, brand identity is the best reassurance of quality. Overcharging you for a stupid phone that can do all the same things as another phone might be a smart one-off business strategy, but a firm with a brand label to support it (\*cough Apple) has an incentive to deliver on promises of quality. That's one critical reason why legal products have labels plastered over them and marijuana is heavily branded in places where it's legally tolerated. In the real-world market for meth, heroin, and cocaine, by contrast, purity tends to plainly depreciate the further away you get from the nation's border.

Smuggling is fucking hard work, so dealers sneak the purest possible product past Immigration and Border Enforcement Officer's inquisitive eyes and then dilute it as needed for distribution into the U.S for example. But what if you're Über -pure, locally sourced meth was manufactured by a special process that lends it a distinguishing blue hue? Well, that's a gamechanger; Instant branding. And even though the brand isn't ultra-flashy, it's got something way more vital than that: Credibility.

### ENTRY FIFTEEN

# THE OLYMPICS & THE HUNGER GAMES

### Written—February 2014

 $I_{\mbox{\sc background-while I did more important things instead of being distracted by something that promotes an old Reich ideology of a One World Order; and in addition, a huge waste of resources.$ 

While I sat in the airport not too many days ago— after coming back from an all inclusive at Hedonism in Jamaica—I caught the tail end of the closing ceremonies, and couldn't help but notice the huge focus and symbolism of the old Soviet Union and echoes from one of the worst times in human history. Couple this with the U.S/West and Russia meddling with the revolution in the Ukraine before, and during the Olympics in Sochi, and we have the birthing of this entry.

## **Old & New World**

To most, the Olympics are seen and perceived as something that had risen from the Greeks. This is true, however, the modern Olympics are nothing ancient, and were born out of the 1936 summer Olympics in Germany. History was echoed when Putin made an attempt (like all other leaders of our world that have held the games) to "clean up" Sochi in order to show the world how wonderful everything was. Whereas Putin this year rounded up stray dogs, the Sieg-hailing Jew hater Hitler rounded up the Gypsies and put them into camps so as to not damage the reputation of his nation.

It is not accidental that the founder of the modern Olympic Games, Barron Pierre de Coubertin, found his spiritual motherland in Fascist Germany. He believed that the games should reflect the ideal fascist socialist state where races compete for superiority and where mankind can see the thrill of gladiatorial combat for the entertainment of their masters of global control.

The Olympics have always tried to sanitize their agenda by saying that it is all about the competitive nature of the world—and that even when the world is facing grave threats from the 'War On Terrorism,' there can be a gathering of our finest athletes fighting for their countries in sporting events that are peaceful and patriotic. However, make no mistake for the global elite, the Olympics are an investment (in propaganda)—and one with a rapidly growing price tag. At the London Games the cost of the opening ceremonies alone was a whopping \$42.3 million. This year, Russia will shell out more than \$51 billion for the two-week event, making these Games more expensive than all previous Winter Olympics combined.

The question is—how peaceful are they really and what is the real message behind the games?

# **Fiction Being Mirrored Into Reality**

The grandeur that the opening ceremonies of *The Hunger Games* display is designed to mask the cruelty of the competition itself. The Olympic opening ceremonies serve a similar purpose. Like the kids representing the Districts of Panem, each nation's athletes are trotted around a massive arena like prize dogs at a show, shrouded in the patriotic glory of their particular flag. The carefully orchestrated pageantry is misleading, telling us that the Olympics are a celebration of the human capacity to achieve, to overcome obstacles and that the world's best athletes represent something bigger than themselves. Yet I always try to pay attention to when the global elite pulls the "look/listen to what I say and not as I do" trick. This year's Sochi Olympics was one of the worst for this double speak and hypocrisy of "world peace". Sochi was already being seen as a dark and foreboding locale for the games, as if it was cursed because of its past. The concerns that were being expressed in 2012 were that the Olympic Games in Sochi would revive a skeleton in Russia's closet.

However, in the Hunger Games, the sports is an open expression of

deterrence and bring a reminder to its people as to why there is a need for this deterrent (so that genocide doesn't happen again to the people of Panem). It is the exact opposite for the games in Sochi (or is it?)— Even the past Olympics in Canada; hiding the past genocide of aboriginals is akin to what was hid in Sochi, the mass murders and genocide of the Circassians. Maybe I am wrong and it's all done on purpose to remind the people of the strength that the ultimate rulers can have when we give them power. Most of the sites in Sochi that hosted the skiing events, biathlon and the like, were sites where mass cleansing took place: Krasnaya Polyana (translated to Red Hill) — the location of the alpine events in Sochi.

The European Union is rapidly dissolving the ideas of national sovereignty in a giant step toward globalism and one-world government. It is easy to compare the Hunger Games to that of being more of a reflection of American dystopia, given its fictional setting; however, I feel it is necessary to use a larger brush when it comes to such a serious painting like a world government. The European Union has been open with what they represent and there is no secret that they wish to be the new imperial fortress similar to the Roman Empire with the support of NATO being the more likely candidate for the New World Army. The New World Order will be sold on the idea of nobility similar to Nazism and we will witness the people become enamoured with it as they would be with royalty and or a monarchy. The notions of government will become synonymous with religious and government authority. There will be unified police forces with a militaristic framework. There will also be committees installed to give equal opportunity for all cultures and faiths—each one being offered stability under the new rule. The *Hunger Games* and Panem pretty much sum the above up and is also a carbon copy of the Olympic Committee itself.

## The High Price for Illusion

In the *Hunger Games*, Jennifer Lawrence is the sacrificial lamb of District 12. As one of the prized ponies of any team, a competitor from a country in our modern day Olympics serves a similar purpose. Groomed from the tender age of around 11, they spend their childhoods pursuing Olympic glory, which epitomizes the American dream of merit-based success.

Amateur status is mandatory for any Olympic hopeful, but athletic training at the elite level is a full-time job. Most nations get around the problem by giving their Olympic athletes significant government support, but our best athletes are almost entirely dependent on corporate sponsorship. For the athletes, the consequences of this addiction can be disastrous. Just like in the Hunger Games, tributes are dependent on sponsors to get them to the games and to hopefully be victorious.

There's a lot of money to be made in Olympic sports, a huge global media event that rolls around every two years. Corporate-sponsor bottom lines are merely one indicator of the vast sums involved. To see just who is generating this wealth, one has to look no further than the act of sponsorship itself, with individual athletes and entire teams purchased and traded among the corporate elite like valuable additions to bursting stock portfolios. Like in the film, many of the elite in Panem place huge bets on Katniss to win and to hopefully grow and profit from her success—Putin was said to be rewarding Russian athletes with hundreds of thousands of dollars if they won gold: 'The Putin Games'.

For sponsors, the way to cash in is clear. Athletes are put up for sale in a variety of ways: Olympic event coverage, elaborate marketing devices, product placement, branding rights, and exclusive access to the use of athlete images and identities are used, not only in the sale of media products, but in the gamut of other commodities attached to the Olympic brand during the course of an Olympic year. The Olympic rings themselves have been copyrighted by the IOC, reserved exclusively for use by corporate sponsors. For sponsorships to happen in the Hunger Games, tributes must demonstrate their abilities in trials and mock simulations in order to receive a number ( the higher the number the better the score or value of that player)— that numeric value will entice whether or not a sponsor wants to help that tribute during the games.

As those who generate super-profits for sponsors, today's Olympic athletes are workers. Like any other worker, athletes are limited by their economic vulnerability—in this case, control by the sporting hierarchy. Ironclad corporate control enforces social discipline over the athletes themselves, but also over the economy of the Olympics as a whole. The IOC, the USOC, and each sport's national governing body are mere intermediaries between athletes and corporate sponsors—solidifying the relationship of exploitation.

In the books and films, Katniss and the other tributes were workers as well, and their behaviour was thus controlled by the corporate and governing body by the likes of President Snow. Snow sought to use the games and it's "athletes" to control the behaviour and districts within Panem.

Love stories were fabricated between Katniss and Peeta as to provide a mask over how brutal the games are on the tributes both emotionally and physically. The tributes at all times were to appear happy, and that they ultimately support the Capitol and its decisions. The thing is, everyone (or most) in the Districts understood that it was all a ruse, bullshit, or an illusion (whichever you prefer) and that they'd go along with it because the Capitol has such a strong grip on the economy, food, and security of all the Districts.

The interesting thing about this year's Olympics in Sochi, and that of the second Hunger Games *Catching Fire*, is that during the games there were revolutions/riots happening in some of the Districts (i.e. Kiev, Venezuela etc). When President Snow got word about this, the mask came off, and the Iron fist came down on the Districts after the first Hunger Games of that series. Whereas in Russia we have seen Putin's mask come off after Sochi and thus make his moves into the Ukraine and Crimea region. It was also interesting to see that just towards the end of Sochi 2014, most if not all of the Ukrainian Olympic athletes forfeited, and went back home in solidarity for their home country; an act of defiance if you will. This ultimately leaves me with the question: Do we really need the Olympics?

It's a waste of money and resources—and not to mention the hypocrisy that surrounds the games and its origins from a dark past. I think I am with Katniss on this one, in that they [the games] are an illusion; a hologram of a polished turd.

# BABY-RABIES & THE ILLUSION OF SOCIETY

The following was argued to an expecting single-mother at the hospital...

Occurred—Winter 2008 UCLA Medical Center (Waiting room)

The Wall is a harsh reality and is the reason that time is more on a man's side than a woman's. Women may live longer than men on average in terms of life expectancy, but their prime years are very few in comparison to their male counterparts. The Wall, of course, refers to a woman's biology coming to terms with its eventual demise and loss of sexual value—gravity takes hold and the breasts begin to sag, the ass not as tight, the pussy a loose socket, and the skin an old catcher's mitt. Granted, women still look decent and can look good well into the Walls cycle, but let's face it, when dick comes to pussy nothing beats drilling a new well with higher netbacks.

With it [The Wall] comes a sexual blessing for all males—especially Captain Save-A-Hoes and Beta males alike. Getting sex from pre-Wall women (ages 27-29), and from women who have already felt the grainy grooves of the brick against their backs (ages 30-37), is like dangling a piece of steak in front of a rabid ocelot. The issue most men need to understand with women of this age range is that the dynamics of sex change for a woman. Sex for her shifts away from the lust for kicks, to now locking in a resource (her form of retirement) and of settling down after the party years are over—a strobe light on its last flicker as the party club begins its foreclosure due to unpaid rental fees.

The trend I have been seeing a lot is that most women, having spent years in school, are finally getting out with loads of debt and not being able to find a job. They then suddenly fall back on their biological imperative as a natural instinct or purely out of an excuse as to why they can't work: She's now a "mother/wife" all of a sudden.

# A Flicker in the Vag

Baby-Rabies is common among women hitting the wall. The focus shifts away from Gina Tingles (Alpha induced) towards the empty womb and biological void, to which ANY man can satisfy (both Alpha's and Beta's). Just one hefty load and squirt from a willing sucker 'Good man' will do in order to put out the dying flames caused by the ticking-time-bomb of Mother Nature to which has inflamed her cavern of hope.

Most women would prefer getting sex from the Alpha and having him provide, but most Alphas don't stick around because they are too busy being awesome. It's not in their nature. So many women either: A) Have what are called "starter husbands," by getting pumped-and-dumped by an Alpha, and thus subsequently divorcing due to him leaving, to only then latch onto a Beta provider. B) Hooking a Beta provider and thus forcing him to pump the white heavenly salvation into her now gaping cathedral with scores of Christian soldiers, only to then leave him for an Alpha after the kid is born—having him [the Beta] pay Vaginamony of course—since women are always seeking an optimization and balance in their Hypergamous instincts. C) Keeping the Beta after getting pumped but then having an Alpha lover on the side to fulfill her long lost Gina Tingles remembered back in her college days.

Having heard and seen countless stories from friends and other men, it

is really eye-opening to step back and view it as a whole trend and not just in individual accounts. One can then see just how animalistic and primal we are as humans, and subsequently how human females are. Society is just an illusion that tries to control this in order to profit from it. However, I think we have come to a point where our female-impaired society just doesn't care anymore about hiding it. Woe is the man who is the beta-provider in this world because the sex he receives is out of duty and not lust. It is a Psyop of sorts in that the woman keeps the IV [intravenous] drip of marital sex on tap to maintain the illusion of their relationship and "love". Women love men for what they can do for them. It is love, but a different form of love. They love what a man represents to them, and this is something that distinguishes humans from animals. We have a consciousness about what we what and need, and why we do things.

That is the illusion that most people forget. We are not "civilized" in the sense that we are better than the animal kingdom; we just think we are because we can. An animal does not think about these notions, it just does as it's programmed. We have the ability to recognize our programming if we choose to. You can't reform biology no matter how many pant-suits you put on a women and how many rom-com's Hollywood tries to shove down our throats; with how they want us to believe women are (which is not hypergamous). If Hollywood told the truth, the economy that we have right now (consumer-driven) would collapse overnight. The multi-billion dollar wedding industry, IKEA, Home Depot, fancy restaurants, divorce lawyers, marriage councelors and not to mention the majority of the retail industry that banks on Beta-males lending credit to their girlfriends or wives for shopping —All in order to fill the void of mundane monogamy life with a Beta.

## What do you call a Pin-striped Gazelle with a Skirt?

Trick question: It's still a Gazelle.

Of all the species on the planet, human women are the only ones who can fully understand the implications of sex: that it leads to a pregnancy/baby. The lioness, which got pumped by some alpha lion, makes NO association to her new cub from that event to which happened many months ago in some random meadow. Not many baby Gazelles know who their daddies are either. The males also don't know how many spawn they have. He pumps a female, and then trots off like a boss— he could be at the other end of the Serengeti pumping some other female when other one has the litter. However, women understand and so do men.

If we were animals, we would just get it on and babies would all be "accidents" right? There would be no "planned pregnancies' or abortions!— Or pre-calculated negotiations. Present society has become the photonegative of what nature has intended. A lioness doesn't understand she is about to "hit the wall". They don't even know how old they are... or that their eggs are drying up— pussy about to get hit by the dust-bowl era. Any understanding they have of this is pure animal instinct. So, "baby rabies" (while biological) isn't really an instinct—its social pressure and expectation. This is why women should not be able to just get "baby rabies," or have a child RIGHT NOW because if they don't they may not have one at all. All of the following is pure distilled bullshit and are stupid reasons to breed with her if she demands such an order. So, with that said, a man should not give a shit about a woman's "biological clock" just because she is in panic mode. If she were a monkey, she would have a baby because a male wanted to mate with her. Nobody gives a shit if a man can't arrange to have kids. So when a 28-29-year-old woman is clawing to get pregnant, break out the popcorn and ignore her with the same indifference. She made it this far without prospects

for a REASON.

Nature is simply weeding her out.

Men cannot say the same. This is a good thing. The laws prevent men from having kids when they want to or NOT have kids when we don't want to. Nature doesn't make that decision for men.

That's why when a woman can't have kids, it is way more devastating. This is why women who went the 'career' route are now suddenly panicking and trying to fuck everything in sight, even if it is a Beta.

### **ENTRY SEVENTEEN**

# THE MAN WHO WATCHED A ROM-COM TOO MANY

The following is an inebriated impromptu 'Best Man' speech...

Occurred—summer 2010 at a best friend's wedding (I was told to speak from the heart)

In any other time in Western history the "Man who watched a Romcom too many"—for the sake of not having to say that again let's call this man Poindexter or Mr. Dockers if you'd rather—would have thrived. He would have lived a secure and prosperous life free of any persecution for doing the "right thing" and what was asked of him. His daily life wouldn't have been the equivalent of living inside of a giant casino, where at any point he could lose everything to which he had worked for. Today, for men of the marrying variety, walking up to that altar and signing that business contract is the same thing as walking into any casino in the nation; putting half your pension, salary, house, and the kids all on Black and spinning.

It's not like in the movies or T.V shows where everything is all sunshine, rainbows, and orgasms. The reality is much different. Rom-Com's

never show the daily grind and boredom that go into a living, sleeping, and having sex with the same person day in and day out—as far as science is concerned, monogamy might not even be considered "natural" human behaviour since it is a man-made construct.

Today, Mr. Dockers lives in a fantasy world wherein years and years of social engineering and mass media have programmed him to continue to be the 'beast of burden,' all the while not taking into account that just in the last 35 years divorce laws have changed dramatically; and they aren't balanced at all. On the contrary, today Poindexter enters an institution to which the scales of the law dramatically favour the opposite gender. Yes, today if Mr. Dockers' does what is "right" and "what is supposed to happen" he gets screwed no matter what (not in the good way, unfortunately). No good deed goes unpunished as they say.

Society typically paints a negative stereotype of men who hesitate, delay, or elect not to marry.

### They are labelled as either:

- A) Womanizers who are unable to participate in a long-term relationship.
- *B)* Selfish, childish, or irresponsible men who cannot take care of themselves, or another person for that matter.

No other explanation is ever explored and is rarely touched on through our beloved movies or T.V shows for that matter. It's because people don't use their brains anymore in today's society, they just take whatever CNN said (or any other co-opted media outlet) to be the gospel of truth. People are fucking morons essentially, and are huge pieces of shit now —floating around life's porcelain bowl in circles until they are flushed into oblivion.

# It [Marriage] will cause Mr. Dockers' to probably have to sell all of his Dockers.

In University/College, professional sports, politics, and in the

workplace women have equal access to the same educational and professional career opportunities as men. Contrary to the gospel of feminist propaganda, women do indeed get paid the same salary as men, given that they are prepared to work the same types of jobs men do, and work as many hours those men. The gender wage gap is a giant gaping myth—and it [the 'wage gap'] is no wider than the peanut-sized brains [female] that came up with such an egregious term. The myth is mainly perpetuated by the lazy lefties so that women can always have access to the Victim card in order to get free shit out of society. The fact is, most of the high paying jobs out there are jobs that women don't want to do: STEM field, Engineer, Analyst, IT, etc. Women typically go for the 'soft jobs' and work less hours than men – this is why women characteristically make less money when compared. They are offered all the same opportunities; and even have affirmative action/diversity policies sanctioned by the government to help 'stimulate' employers into hiring more women. The problem though is that women just simply aren't there! You can lead a horse to water, but you can't make it drink; even if it's complaining like a jackass due to dehydration. Despite this reality, many women come into a marriage with very few assets and often are saddled with quantities of debt. In general, men are the ones who save and invest. Don't trust me? Tally the number of women of marrying age that you know who have an investment/stock portfolio or watch BNN (Business News Network) or MSNBC's market programming.

A significant number of Twenty-something and Thirty-something women spend all of their disposable income on luxury rental apartments, trendy restaurants, frequent exotic destinations, spa/tanning treatments, and excessive amounts of clothing, purses, shoes, and accessories. Yet, paradoxically in the media, men are the ones who are portrayed as irresponsible, immature spendthrifts. Life isn't all about the "cheddar," the

"Benjamin's," or that sweet sexy coin; but the majority of it is. Without money, you can't do dick all. Whoever coined the phrase "Money can't buy you happiness" was obviously poor as shit, and didn't know what they were talking about. When marriage enters the fray, double standards and financial imbalances leave dependable men like Mr. Dockers' to pick up the slack—and also fix the mess she may have made. For starters, men are required (yes, forced) to spend their hard earned savings (or take out a loan) on a diamond ring. Women justify this relatively recent and blossoming ritual—it spawned not too long ago by the 1940's brainwashing campaign launched by DeBeers—by insisting that a man wants to buy her a diamond, and that it makes a man proud to proclaim his love and affection in this manner. Granted, some men may think this way, but there are plenty who seek a lifelong partnership and commitment yet have no interest in buying diamonds. All that a diamond shows is just how much he thinks your vagina is worth at that time.

What choice does Poindexter have? None! For too many young men like him, the ring/wedding is an unwelcomed claymore mine in their journey towards adult financial stability. Some men are more concerned with realizing their dream of owning a home, and or becoming financially stable enough to begin a family. Men worry about these matters, because ultimately it becomes their responsibility as well. This may not be Mr. Dockers' future wife, they are not all like this; although, it's not looking good for him in today's society. Let's Continue.

Immediately after buying the ring, Mr. Dockers' may be rewarded with demands of financing all, or part of, a lavish wedding for his Nag-to-be; depending of course on the size of his bank account. The costs of today's weddings exceed that of a down payment on a house—or in certain parts of the country, the house itself. If Mr. Dockers' enters into a marriage having saved up a down payment for his dream home, it can be suddenly snatched up from under him. If Poindexter decides to balk at spending his entire life savings (or going into debt) for a ring & wedding—let alone an exotic 5-star honeymoon to Hawaii—he can be labelled as a selfish cheapskate or not a "real man" by all the hens in the pen. Meanwhile, what exactly constitutes a

"real woman"? In fact, if a woman leaves a man—after repeated attempts to suggest that they keep their costs under control—she would, of course, have full support from her gaggle of cackling-cankle comrades; along with the Mangina's around her all shrieking in unison "She can do better than that!" and "Clearly, he doesn't love her!" This is a sign of good self-esteem, and that she won't settle for anything less.

Yet, in the same breath of this sense of entitlement, women proudly proclaim how 'equal' and 'independent' they are. However, can you imagine if a man demanded equal treatment? For example: demanding the woman buy him the latest pickup truck, along with a 2-week Rhino hunt in Africa as a condition of marriage. This, of course, would be viewed as absurd, yet women do it every day. Marriage is a joint venture, correct? Could this be Poindexter's future wife? It could be. Not all women are like this; however, the odds seem to be stacked against him.

The injustices can go from terrible to shoddy when the rug-rats enter the picture. If Poindexter can afford to carry the entire financial burden, the woman can elect to stop working entirely for her remaining years—regardless of how the man may feel about the decision. The day his woman stops working, is the day all of her past financial luggage unambiguously gets shoved up Poindexter's ass without lube. If the woman has racked up credit card debts, these are now his payments. If the woman has not bothered to pay off her student loans from her Women's Studies Major, these also become the man's responsibility. Sound fair? In the age of "equality," it seems as though a conspiracy is a foot against doing the "right" thing—getting married, being an "adult," and "progressing" in life. Since when did progress mean setting yourself up for financial ruin and having a 1 in 5 chance of ending back at financial square one after the fact, or even worse, continuous poverty?

If Mr. Dockers' even suggested that she return to work to pay off her debts he would be chastised as a bad father, not a "real man," and an endangerment to the welfare of his newborn. So, dependable Poindexter now compensates for the mother's freewheeling irresponsible past by paying off all her debts. In yet another sick twist of irony, the husband may well be paying off credit cards that were used to finance vacations and Christmas gifts shared with preceding boyfriends, lovers, etc: Buyer beware! This is the reward for today's man who works hard, makes sacrifices, plans ahead, and invests wisely. Again, this doesn't always happen. However, by getting

married, Poindexter is certainly susceptible to being railroaded into this situation; because it is completely acceptable within today's accepted gender roles. Are all women like this? No, but the divorce rates and statistics speak for themselves.

# **Divorce (A Warrant to Pillage)**

Half of North American marriages end in divorce, and 70% of these divorces are initiated by women. That's insane! That's like saying if 100 men decided to cross the street on a bright and sunny day half of them would be run over and turned into human spaghetti; 70% of the vehicular manslaughter's would be the doing of their wives and the remaining 30% would be cases of the suicidal variety. If Poindexter decides to go ahead with this riskiest of business investments, he should consult an attorney before marrying; and also understand all the implications when it comes to divorce, because he may be participating in one whether he likes it or not.

Everyone thinks that they will become the exception to their parents (who statistically speaking are probably divorced) without realizing that this is impossible in the same way it is impossible for everyone to be famous or win the lottery at some point in their life. Don't be the average fucking moron. We all know people today hate numbers and anything that has to do with hard work, but do the math, and calculate the risks and odds. Don't be a lazy piece of shit, it will cost you dearly.

Upon divorce, all assets accumulated during a marriage are subject to division. Even if the woman has not worked in years, and instead, has spent the last few years shopping and lunching from 8am-3pm—and sucking off Javier (the pool boy)—she is entitled, for some odd reason, to get half of everything 'her man' has worked for during the course of the marriage. Is this fair? To put it this way, how many people here would ever accept a job offer to which stipulated—in the event of resignation—that you would have to return 50% of every dollar you were ever paid by the company? Nobody in his right mind would. Yet, Mr. Dockers' is willing to agree to a business contract to which has the same strings of insanity attached to it when he signs that marriage agreement. Property accumulated prior to a marriage is exempt from a divorce, which is true in theory. However, real life dictates otherwise.

If funds from an account are commingled, it can become marital property. If even a dime from an account is spent towards the marriage, it can be considered marital property.

If Poindexter bought his child a Dora the Explorer backpack or a \$1 Jawbreaker at the local 7/11 from his own account, a good lawyer will take 1/2 of it for his ex-wife when they divorce. If a woman moves into a home that Mr. Dockers' owned prior to the marriage, it is not safe from divorce. If she in so much as paints a section of the living room wall the home is now classified as marital property and is subject to equal division. Worse actually, the man can be ejected from the home, is this fair? Is this the "equality" that was shrieked far and wide during the 1970's?

**Note**: "equal division" is also somewhat a misnomer. Often, Mr. Dockers' exwife can get upwards of 70% of assets while he gets the majority of the debts! This, of course, is his reward for working so hard all these years. He can afford it; she can't because she was not working—giving dance club blow jobs to college seniors while hubby was out of town doesn't count as hard work sweetheart, sugar tits.

# Slavery Still Exits for all Men (Black, Asian, Hispanic, White etc.)

Anyone who says "Slavery is dead" clearly needs to get the fairy dust slapped out of their spongy brain, and has not contemplated the predicament of many North American fathers. Webster's defines slavery as "the state of being under the control of another person". If Poindexter's wife decides to stop working, he who has been left holding the financial bag will find his options limited. He may find himself: stuck in a career he hates, working for an abusive exploitative manager, working excessively long hours, working in jobs that are that have no growth potential, enduring prolonged commutes, etc. At this point, considering the corner he's been painted into, Poindexter is often powerless to affect any change in his own life.

## If she stops working, she may never work again

Every parent will be in agreement when saying that staying home with children is taxing (and often mind-numbing) labour. Many new fathers will concede that it is much easier to go to work than to stay at home with several children. However, the greatest imbalance to efforts and contributions in a marriage can manifest once the kids are of school-going age—i.e. the house is now empty from 8am-3pm. The wife has 7 hours to herself while the kids are at school, and the husband is at work. After a few years of hard work at home, many wives may feel entitled to "kick back"—e.g. talking to exboyfriends on Facebook, watching Dr. Phil, playing FarmVille or masturbate after watching Javier give the pool a good scrubbing. The good husband, however, has worked those same years, has done his share of the housework and is still working to support the family once the kids are in school. He rarely gets the same 7 hours at home to just "relax" and enjoy his life, not even mentioning the good sex from his wife has disappeared; since she now gets her tingles from watching a tanned beefcake in boarding shorts handle his skimmer with talent whilst throwing chlorine pucks into their \$25,000 pool – wishing he would dip-test for her PH levels with his meter.

# What motivation does the modern wife have to return to work?

Very little. For several years now, Mr.Dockers' salary has been enough to live on. Otherwise, she would have been working. Unless tight finances, and living on borrowed time dictate that she must return to work—aka Poindexter really has little say in this matter. The wife can hide behind many different excuses in order to not work, despite having little to do from 8am-3pm besides mentally masturbating about Javier's ability to give her a wide-on just from watching him do the hedge trimming.

# "I'm strapped with the housework"

It is easy to exaggerate the labors of daily housework- because you

have to. How long does it take to throw clothes into the Maytag machine, and remove them later? Vacuuming can be done in 1 hour (once a week) if you are a healthy individual with no disabilities. Grocery shopping is another hour per week. A decent meal can be prepared in under an hour (hint: grab any easy recipe cookbook). Does all this add up to 7 hours a day? Perhaps a man needed a stay-at-home wife when it took hours to do the laundry along the riverside while war broke out, hours to churn some sweet creamy butter, and hours to till the land, etc. The concept of a non-working stay at home wife is a vestige of simpler days and a time when machines didn't do everything for us. The simple fact is, a man no longer needs this (or the liability it entails upon divorce). As Britney Spears once eloquently said, "you gotta work Bitch". Housework isn't "work"—if it were, you would be reimbursed for it. Again, not all women are like this; however, there are exceptions to every rule because we have just that, a rule.

### Double Standards That Need To Be Read Over, Twice

**Cheating:** If a married man like Poindexter cheats, he's the scum of the earth and needs his dick chopped-off like an umbilical cord—a selfish misogynist pig that has jeopardized the family unit. However, if Poindexter's wife cheated on him she is somehow conveniently portrayed as the victim. "Poor thing" all her girl friends and ManGina's would say—It's for her empowerment, or to help her self-esteem. Even worse, her cheating could be spun as the fault of Mr. Dockers',

How?

# "He doesn't compliment her like her new man does". "He works too much".

Yes, the man who is scrambling to pay the mortgage and cars she may have demanded is now measured as inattentive. The man who may be working two jobs to allow her to be home with her kids is now considered neglectful. The man that is killing himself (literally) to satisfy her needs is now "not doing enough". Seriously people, go fuck yourself entirely!

When a woman cheats, the first thing people ask is what he did (or didn't do) to drive her into the arms of another man. When a man cheats, no one ever asks the same question...

When a woman cheats, sometimes the reaction can be, "Oh, poor girl, I guess Mr. Dockers' wasn't delivering the good "D" in the bedroom".

However, if a man cheats, no one ever stops to think...."Oh poor Poindexter, his wife was horrible in bed and would just lay there like a starfish or cripple every time."

Either way, Poindexter gets fucked hard and not in the good way. If Poindexter cheats on his wife, she gets half his shit.

If she cheats on him, she still gets half his shit.

Mr. Dockers' is thus left shitless.

# **Prenuptial Pony Ride**

If Mr. Dockers' insists on a prenup, he is selfish and unromantic. However, when is the last time a woman who demanded a prenup was called "unromantic"? On the contrary, if his soon to be wife requests a prenup, she is considered fiscally responsible and looking out for herself. (Note: If your fiancée refuses to sign a prenup, she has just shown her hand. She is expecting to financially gain from this marriage and/or divorce.)

What is astonishing is the duplicity of the response towards prenups. Women can conveniently assert that a man is unromantic if he suggests a prenup. After all, how can a man pollute true love with the signing of legal paperwork? However, what is a marriage contract? Women do not seem to hesitate at signing this legal paperwork; which entitles her to at least half the money a man earns, and obligates him to support her if the event of a split. Why aren't men allowed to note how unromantic this (a marriage contract) is? The distraction of bridal magazines, selection of dinner napkins, churches, wedding dresses, receptions, wedding showers, and honeymoons have clouded the legal reality of what the Poindexters of the world are getting themselves into.

## **Stupid Man-Children & Irresponsible Xbox-men**

Men are severely abused in our media, quite frankly. Just watch TV commercials/sitcoms and see how many reflect men as idiots. If they had commercials like that about women, people would riot in the street and men would be jailed or killed in the name of "equality". If it weren't for their wives they would be lost "animals". Other commercials make it appear that men act without thinking, impulsive and irrationally, while the wife is the brains of the family, which in reality is uncommon. Even many women will agree, women often are the ones who act on emotions, impulses, and make a judgment solely based on arousing attachments, rather than logic and reason.

Almost every "couples budgeting" article will portray the woman as the one who has to rein in the man's childish spending—thanks socially engineered and pussified media, you write what you are told! Does anyone besides me have the actual balls to defend the every-man these days? Our media has now become a lapdog for those who wish to screw with the system and profit from hard working individuals through changing laws to exploit institutions that had once been used to build a stable society. Why do you think men like Poindexter live such bat-shit crazy lives where nothing seems to make sense anymore and the world has turned upside down?

It's perfectly acceptable for Poindexter's wife to demand he make a certain salary, to be deemed "marriage material", and provide stability. Likewise, if Mr. Dockers' demands the wife do the cooking/cleaning, he can now be labelled a sexist misogynist; If he asks her to carry her weight financially (just like he does), he can be criticized as an inadequate provider. Can you see how this makes any shred of decent fucking sense? I can't. I guess that means Poindexter is a sexist, misogynist pig who needs to be sent to a "sensitivity" training course because he is making too much sense?!

# The Classics: Reasons Why Mr. Dockers' wants Marriage

"I won't die Alone"

Completely Wrong. Let's cut out the bullshit for the one second. The simple fact is, that one spouse WILL die alone —unless you both die simultaneously in a car accident on the way back from *Bed Bath & Beyond*. Your spouse may die 15 years before you. Or you may be on a hospital bed for your last years. Yes, you may get visitors, but they aren't having the same thoughts as you are. You're contemplating your mortality while they're wondering what sandwiches the hospital cafeteria offers. Ultimately, we all die alone married or not.

Rolling on.

## "I won't grow old alone and lonely"

Not necessarily there Poindexter. A marriage can self-destruct at any time like an Islamic terrorist at an airport. Your partner may initiate divorce at age 25, 35, 45, 50, 55, 60, etc. MANY married people end up in the same position (alone) as if they had never wedded at all. But they enter their sunset years broke, as a result of being stripped of half of their life's assets, losing half their retirement/pension funds, and or being assessed alimony payments. Also, experiencing final devastation from one divorce may preclude a man from ever marrying again—i.e. He grows old alone (and poor).

Men are led to believe that not marrying implies a destiny like the solitary monk in a cave. However, life is not so black and white. Not marrying doesn't mean you can't continue to date or have meaningful long-term relationships throughout your life—longer than your typical 5-year marriage. There are plenty of single people in all age brackets. Plus, as a man when you enter into the age range 30-50 range you get access to WAY more women, especially the younger ones in their 20's. That is when men hit their prime and thus become the equivalent of the hot chick in high school who had access to any man she wanted, above and below her age. The scales are tipped essentially.

In fact, a bad marriage can be the loneliest of institutions because most of your emotional outlet and companionship are concentrated into one

person. Furthermore, there is a difference between being alone and being lonely. Poindexter should be aware that marriage is a choice, and is not the only path life has to offer. An informed decision is less likely to be one that is later regretted.

Truth topples fallacy like dominoes, so onward to the next domino.

# "I will get regular and consistent sex"

Wrong again there, Poindexter. Studies show that 1 in 5 marriages are "sexless". Talk to a few married couples that are honest about their relationship. One or both partners may stop wanting sex after kids. Also, it remains to be seen whether sex with 1 partner for 30 years is even a natural-act or just a man-made convention. Marriage is hardly an assurance of regular sex, as many people are led to believe.

## "I'll have someone to cook/clean for me like mommy did"

I don't know what planet Mr.Dockers' has been living on since the 1970's, but the average North American woman can't cook worth a shit—and if they can, its Stoffer's Pot Pie from Publix for the night my dear Poindexter. If anything, more men know how to cook today because they have to now (which is a good thing). Men actually make better cooks, just look at all the top Chefs in America (they are all men). Today's woman is an "empowered" one by not performing the traditional housewife duties, regardless of whether she is working or not. If a Poindexter asks that his wife performs traditional household duties because she is not working, he can be labelled sexist or controlling, even if he is doing his "traditional role" of paying all the bills. Besides, this is a stupid reason to get married. If that's what you want, then hire a maid like a real man. That's what money is for, making problems disappear and not creating more of them.

### "I have to be married in order to have kids"

Last time I checked, dick+ vagina+ sperm caking said vag= kids. So no, a marriage contract is something one does not need to fulfil the easiest feat of humanity: Breeding. Her ovaries do not physically need a contract signed at Town Hall in order to be fertilized by your sperm there Poindexter. Come on dude, use your fucking brain. Poindexter, however, does need to be married in order to throw an extravagant 3-hour party, emotionally masturbate in front of friends & family, and share the same last name with his gal. Besides that, marriage does nothing but introduce lawyers and phony crooked religious figures into your life—People that otherwise have nothing to do with your life or your relationship. Men like Poindexter should stop and ask, "Why exactly am I getting married? What exactly does marriage mean to me in today's world?" It is hardly a lifelong commitment because it can be reversed overnight.

Marriage was born as a way for families to merge land/property, so maybe people should view it as just that. The rest of the hype is just bogus modern T.V fantasy polluting the minds of today's impressionable youth, and a way to keep the \$70 billion-per-year wedding industry chugging along. Perhaps the only criteria should really be "Am I excited to merge my finances with him/her?" Because, when all the fluff and puff are boiled away, that may be the only remaining reality. Don't believe me? Spend a day in divorce court (I have and it's very interesting/enlightening), and you'll see exactly what is real and tangible about marriage. You'll also see women who signed the marriage contract under "romantic" pretences suddenly now become practiced laymen attorneys who can cite case law like it's their day job – If only they'd put that much effort into their actual careers. The rest are myths, lies, bold unsubstantiated promises, and maybes -- For better or worse. The national divorce rate for America is 50% -- It's higher in some parts of the United States, like California However, I ask you, consider the number of people who are in a bad marriage, but elect to stay -- Men who don't want to lose 50%, women who know they can't support themselves alone, etc. Next, think of how many more couples stay together just for the sake of the kids. Of these, "forced marriages," consider how many of these marriages involve infidelity. A shot in the dark, but I estimate the percentage of happy and monogamous marriages to be under 5%. Are these the odds you would consider in investing into a business venture? -- Or even a raffle ticket at your local OHL or AHL hockey game? Most of the risk-averse population would not. Yet they seek this exception to the rule every day at the altar. Why go to

Vegas when you can live in your very own Suburban casino 24/7 365? Merry Christmas Mr. Dockers', and Happy decision making. Remember, we live in an extremely privileged era of choice. The choice is yours.

### **ENTRY EIGHTEEN**

# HOW TO SPOT THE FEMALE HUSTLE

The following was slurred at a Vegas card-dealer, but directed towards the 'questionable' women sitting at the table...

Occurred—Vegas, Nevada 2014 (I lost \$25,000 in 10 min)

I'd like you to meet the average gold-digger. Let's give her the name Midas, a name you might come across whilst staring at a silver pole being caressed by a body of flesh that's wearing Lucite heels. On the surface, she seems sincere, wholesome, and with a touch of class. Midas will tell you things that will make you weak. She can make you believe you are the only one. She will steal your heart with just one wink.

However, if you look closely, behind her steely blues is a stare of a thousand yards; a soul that has circled the drain more than once. Behind every kiss is a hopeless pout, and beneath every breath is a rasp of deceit. Midas's agenda is a politician's wet-dream, and a gambler's worst nightmare. She operates just like a slot machine giving you the hope that if you put enough time and money into her game you will hit the jackpot. She will hold you tight and won't let go, she will make it last and put on the show. You are the victim of a snake-charmer.

Midas can be of any age, from any country, and from any background. She can hide in any place of business or social dwelling waiting to pounce: An HR firm, a bar, University lecture hall, in a Denny's booth, at a teambuilding conference, your local strip-club, or in your bed right now! Midas's impulses aren't purely for survival in nature; the impulses are of the predatory variety. Midas is not a hooker (probably is), oh no, she is much smarter; at least, she thinks so.

Men at a very early age learn how to lie. Midas had been screwed over many times by these men that one day she decided she would be the one to be doing all the screwing from here on out. Midas at a very young age had figured out how to manipulate guys. During high school she figured out how to persuade them into giving her shiny trinkets, dinner dates, money, concert tickets, weed, alcohol, and even the hearts of the good ones. It was a power so strong it became an ingrained programmed response to each and any potential male within a 100-yard radius. Her big weapon(s) were a mix of good genetics, soft vocals, the right clothes and a few moves she learned from Cosmo; along with the darkest corners of the internet.

When Midas came into her prime of female beauty (age 18-26) she found her powers to be the strongest she ever had. She found herself being asked frequently to go on overseas trips, free of financial charge. Everything became gratis and was handed to her on a platter of "chivalry," as she always proclaimed: Concerts at the Greek Acropolis, daiquiris at any bar, Gucci and Prada sprees in Los Angeles, and skiing in Switzerland. Midas would stay with the hand that fed her only as long as that gravy train kept moving the right direction. Once that stopped—all the attention and trinkets—so did Midas. If she were as lucky to cohabitate or marry one of these foolish males, she would then use one of society's greatest economic tools of wealth redistribution: Divorce.

Divorce is an economic driver in that it exists for the sole purpose of wealth transfer. Midas, being the clever one, knew that divorce laws today favour her and her ilk to the extreme; where half of a any man's asset's could be her's even if she'd just scream "I am Unhappy!" at any point in a relationship. During her prime, Midas grew so powerful that even the strongest of males couldn't see through her agenda, past her perfect hourglass figure, symmetrical facial features, and a voice that could even make an 80 yr old with erectile dysfunction feel a tingle of lust in his once useless appendage.

Some of Midas's highest demands to her male victims came during talks of marriage with said victim. Midas always demanded to be proposed to no later than three years after being with a man: She demanded to be reduced to tears during the proposal, demanded that the ring cost no less than \$10,000 —with a white gold band and impressive diamond that could even blind people with whom have a visual impairment. She demanded to be serenaded

by song via flash mob or any other grand gesture. Even if the man fulfilled all the above requirements, Midas would still divorce him within a year on claims of "unhappiness" or that he "didn't fold his underwear properly": No Fault Divorce.

As the years moved forward, however, Midas started to notice that less and fewer men were being drawn into her hypnotic trance, her con. Something was changing, and it was Midas. Midas's skin started to become less tight, her breasts less firm, her voice less soft, her ass more flabby, and her love handles more "lovable". Her face began to look like an old catcher's mitt from all the tanning and sunburns gained from all the vacations and trips she had been given. Her vagina began to resemble the tattered mud flaps seen on old pickup trucks throughout the thoroughfare—or expired roast beef from the worst deli in town.

Soon enough, word had gone around town from all the men she had destroyed; exposing her true nature to other men since the spell and trance had been broken. Midas grew weaker and soon her lifeblood—her looks—had escaped her body faster than it took to escape all the men after the divorce papers were signed.

Midas thought she had it all, she thought she was smarter than the rest. What Midas didn't realize was that money runs out eventually if you don't have any investments. Midas never saved, she always spent—spent all the money she was given on jewellery, beauty products, Lululemon pants, and drugs to mask the pain and make her feel happy again to keep the con going.

Midas always depended on the wealth of others to get by in life, she never figured out how to survive on her own; how to manage money and what it is truly meant for. Money to Midas was disposable, just like all the men she used. What Midas didn't understand was that money is to be spent on things of value, and provide some sort of return on your investment. Without understanding this, Midas ended up bankrupt—both in her soul and in her bank account. Was it all the fault of Midas? No. It was a combination of greed and the men who encouraged this type of behaviour.

However, this will continue until the sun blows up and earth is turned into a fireball of death and destruction. So until then, we must continue the cautionary tale of Midas. So, whereas Midas had a list of demands, so should you. However, you are the one under assault and not on the offensive. Midas's demands were in the form of assault weaponry onto the fortress of

manhood; your castle, the walls of money, and security to which you have earned. The Nazi's had the best fighters, bombers, and numbers; however, the Allies had better radar. This is like the *Battle of Britain* between you and a Midas type, and you will win with a radar system as outlined below. You don't need demands; however, you need a defence.

# The Full-Proof Gold-Digger Radar System

- 1. If you're rich, appear as though you are poor as shit (Or at least, flirt with the poverty-line in your appearances).
  - 2. If she asks about your BMW, tell her it's a rental.
- 3. If she makes a comment about your McMansion, tell her it's your parents, and you live in the basement.
  - 4. If she wants a \$10,000 ring, tell her she is priceless.
- 5. If she asks you to marry her, hand her a prenuptial agreement courtesy of the best Jewish lawyers in town.
- 6. If she withholds sex purposefully because you didn't take her on that trip to Prague, tell her you have recently taken a vow of celibacy—aka have another girl on the side ASAP who wants your manly 'qualities'.
  - 7. Leave small wads of \$5 and \$10 Bills around your house and see if they "disappear –A rat always takes the cheese).
    - 8. If she asks about your political views on the economy, say you are a libertarian and believe in a minimalist lifestyle.
  - 9. If she asks to share banking passwords, tell her you don't keep money in the bank. (You keep a few grand in a vault at your house and you have the rest in your parents account to avoid taxes and Gold-Diggers)
- 10. Always have an apartment or house that you live and sleep in alone as to avoid Divorce and Cohabitation laws.

If she leaves you for any of these reasons (or if she especially falls for the #7 trap) then you my friend have found a Gold-Digger, and possibly a seasoned thief who should be reported to the proper authorities immediately. Whereas the Midas-type will use her looks, body and words to bomb and shatter the Will of your kingdom; you like the British, must camouflage your

defence in order to see who is friend or foe.

Money and time are the most precious things to a man. Time is used to make money, and money is used to build a financial castle around yourself and to give you more free time—to protect you from all the vultures who wish to take what they assume they are entitled to. Money is security; it can buy you lawyers to shield you from those who wish to suck and drain your coin bag. Money is mobility; once you have it you are pretty much in control of where you want tgo and what you can do.

Time, however, exposes all—it ages wine and whiskey to make it taste better. Men age like fine wine, their value only goes up with time. They may not mature as fast as Midas during high school; however, in the long run, they win. What Midas fails to understand is that beauty is a diminishing asset, her game will ultimately dry up just like her vagina, and there will be no players left to con. Remember, like a troll, the only way to stop one is to stop feeding it.

Don't feed the Midas's of the world. Let them crawl back into the whore holes from which they came only to suffer in sweet agony.

# THE VEGAS MILF

The following was confessed to a cab driver on the Vegas Strip...

Occurred - 2014 Vegas, Nevada

S ingle parenthood—in an environment that tends to only shine its lights on those who keep the dream that is Vegas alive—must suck a lot; was what I deliberated about after a recent 2-week affair with a [very attractive] Vegas Single-mom. The problem with these types of hook-ups is that it's a given the Ol 'Bait & Switch,' 'Tag-Your-It' playbook is about to come out after around eight fuck sessions. With Rebecca, I was looking through the lens of a women's life in a domino effect. I saw her troubles with gambling addiction when I first witnessed her scurry into an off-strip convenience store for a pack of cigs, and a round of video poker on one of the stores machines. Her car was as old as the town—dusty, and broke down every time it got wet. Even though Rebecca was not a prostitute by trade, her affairs with me would make you think otherwise; after a one-night tryst from a strip club, she asked me in the morning if she could borrow \$100. I never saw the money after—and frankly I didn't care because I honestly got a discount considering how much it would have cost to fuck an actual Vegas escort, eight times. Home cooked meals were vacant from her apartment as she had no time to cook; since she worked long hours at a shitty job and eventually had to take on a second night-shift job to pay for mounting costs. One night she told me that two co-workers offered her different types of deals to help her with her situation; however, both had costs to her and her kid. In the short amount of time that we were fooling around she slowly started to go

crazy, and towards the end of our encounter she wanted me to stay with her and be her "man".

When I declined, and said that she was delusional, she spouted off some tripe about men not 'manning up' and such today. The thing is, do you know any men today who would enjoy playing on someone's saved video game? It's the same thing really. So no, why would I want to wife her up or "man up" when there is no incentive. Why would I want to wash the dirty dish used by another man? Why would I buy a damaged carton of milk that's spraying all over the fucking dairy counter at Publix when I can go grab one that's not damaged; fresher, and has a longer time-frame until expiration? I'm an asshole for saying this, or am I just using my fucking man-brain to realize that it's a raw deal? Aren't economics and logic fun? I'd rather lose my money at the Wynn casino than to bail out someone else's bad behavior and choices. The fact that we had sex is moot. Sex in its essence is a mutual social agreement with no strings- attached because it should be that you both want it because you both desire it. Using sex as a weapon or tool is manipulative, and quite frankly rude and insulting—unless of course you declare that you are indeed a prostitute. At least prostitutes are honest about what they want from you upfront and never renege on their services.

### ENTRY TWENTY

# THE FEMALE HUNTING STRATEGY: THROWING THE CAT

The following was argued to a cunty cashier at a pet store wearing yoga pants before being escorted out by security...

Occurred—Sometime in 2009

T hrowing the Cat (TTC) for all to see is lesson one in Hypergamy. A girl wearing the Super Trend of leggings/yoga pants is TTC in all of its manipulative, bent, and primordial glory. Throwing the Cat (pussy) in front of men can take form in a variety of ways, and for reasons in the multiple. However, the bottom-line is to ultimately serve a woman's sexual strategy in obtaining mass male attention in order to enrich her life in the form of gaining resources. The interesting thing about this strategy is that in the female jungle not all are on board with it, because not all can pull it off; just like how 80% of men can't be Alpha as they lack the qualities. The women who opt for TTC are usually the natural hotties. They are the ones receiving backdoor whispers, angry leers, and derogatory comments from other women who have noticed their behaviour/appearance. The reason why you hear women shaming their fellow comrades who opt to TTC is because the ones who "slut it up," or "give it up" too easily for men, are ruining the bargaining power of the Golden Vagina in a sexual market. Women trade access to their sex just like any commodity you would find in the stock market futures index. If more women make sex too easily accessible in the sexual market it devalues the currency of pussy, and makes it even harder for other women to consolidate commitment (a male resource) from men. TTC is female baiting, and is a form of the Samson Option for them. Displays of it en masse occur in a society that is in decline or waning economically, thus there being fewer HVM (high-value males) and a glut in the supply of Betas. A declining economic environment is a threat to female Hypergamy and usually prompts primal behavioural tactics; or in today's case, under-cutting your fellow woman in the pussy mining fields searching for rare Alpha cocks hidden in the rocks.

Women who TTC will attract the whole horde, the majority being Beta males unable to control the psychological mind-spell—that will grip their dicks and encourage humiliating displays of beta vag kissing. It's exactly how a mine operator will gather all of the rock/sediment, taking in all of the resource, but then sifting through it to gather the small and rare gems. Mine operators sometimes have to till and mine through tons of rock just to find an ounce of gold—the same goes for women at the bar, sifting through the whole nights cloudy canvass, trying to find the one thunder-cock. It [TTC] in a way acts as a good screening process to weed the sex starved jackals out of the moist jungle canopy where they don't belong. On the other hand, TTC will eventually attract the Alpha, and hopefully quickly enough before the other women do. It is a form of cheating, and that is why women are usually the first ones to cry "slut" in regards to their own gender. This is because the girl who TTC's understands that the fastest way to extract attention and resources from other men is to throw lightning-bolts of lust and strike at the heart of male biology, his ball sack—make his sperm dance and salsa, spill all over the mating dance floor— his wallet will wipe up the mess she has made. The best thing that feminism did for men in the sexual market is that it made women unsuspectingly de-value their vagina's through You-Go-Girlism, "Sexual Empowerment" (aka adopting male sexual behaviour). With that being the case, the majority of women today are at war with each other in ever greater intensity to attract any sort of male attention; looking for scraps of Gina Tingles in the proverbial dark alleyway of Open Hypergamy. The way most women dress today is a symptom of this, and men who own companies like Lululemon are geniuses; now even the average woman out there can throw their cat just as hard, and just as high towards the glass ceiling, hoping it sticks. The playing field isn't quite level, but it has definitely been diluted with smoke and mirrors.

### **ENTRY TWENTY-ONE**

# THE ICEMAN

The following is a film review...

### Written—2012

Have you ever kept a secret from your spouse, loved one, or lover before? Feeling guilty about that mutual fondle-fest that involved you and the hot new intern at the office during the Christmas Party? Or given your wife's best friend mouth favors behind her back after you had a fight about what bath towels need to go with the new rugs?

Well, my friend, you have nothing on Richard Kuklinski. So forgive yourself for playing tonsil hockey with that college girl you met at TGI Fridays after co-ed volleyball; while your homely wife sat on her ass all day watching *The View*. I watched the film *The Iceman* the other morning, after yet again kicking out a one-nighter who didn't understand the social faux pas of over staying ones welcome and knowing when to leave (hint: it's when I've finished). No, I don't want to eat breakfast with you, nor do I keep more than one towel for the shower. This isn't your place so go home after the tryst has been completed. This chick wanted me to drive her home while I wanted to chill and watch this film— it had been on my movie list for quite some time. What do I look like, Uber? Fuck.

Anyways, here is a typical day for 'family man' Richie (Aka the 'Iceman') back in 1960's New York:

7:00 am: Wakes up at the crack of dawn to put on his finest suit and tie with the help of his young daughters.

8:45 am: Kiss's the wife and says he's off to the bank where he works in 'foreign currency' trading.

9:00 am: Dubs film reels of pornography at an abandoned warehouse for mass underground distribution.

11:30 ish: Ventures out from his robotic tasks at the warehouse to stab a rival in the throat with an ice-pick in a darkened parking lot. Stuff's that corpse into the trunk of a car like a rag doll.

12:30 pm: Have lunch at the local diner with some mob bosses.

1:00 pm: Go back to dubbing cinematic jerk-off reels at the seedy warehouse (aka "the bank").

5:00 pm: Go's home for the evening and tells the wife he made a shit load of cheddar on some sweet futures trading in Russian ruble's.

10:00 pm: Pats his two daughters on the head before bed.

11:00-11:10ish pm: Makes sweet, yet confident tender love to his wife from behind, all the while keeping a straight face.

See, you should be more like Richard—not in the business of killing people—but in the art of being an emotionless bottomless-pit of aloofness. A stone-cold cavalier attitude will ironically bring warm weather to even the coldest parts of a woman's body—prevailing winds that turn into hurricane force desire—which will ensure flooded coastlines and sea surges. Much more involving than the usual hit-man thriller, the film *The Iceman* takes a deliberately personal approach to its characters that make it unusually involving. Of course, since it's a film about mafia assassins, none of the characters are hugely likable. But we're able to identify with them because the cast and crew help us see their souls. And of course, this kind of character brings out the best in Michael Shannon. He plays Richie, who in the early

1960s has settled down with his new wife Deborah (Winona Ryder) in New Jersey. She thinks his job involves dubbing Disney cartoons, but his projects are actually part of an illicit mob-run porn network. And when local boss Roy (Ray Liotta) asks Richie to work as his henchman, Richie proves to be surprisingly adept at murder.

As more and more money flows into his family's household he tells his wife even more lies about his job and where he works. This is mainly because he's so good at compartmentalizing his life: keeping his family and work completely separate. But when things with Roy start turning sour and Richie turns to a rival killer (Chris Evans) for more work, Richie's two worlds begin to collide. Based on a true story, the film is chilling in its matter-of-fact depiction of a family man who ruthlessly bumps off anyone who falls afoul of the mob. And as the clashes in Richie's life begin to escalate into something personal, the film cranks up the tension to unbearable levels. Shannon is mesmerizing in the role, letting us see cracks in Richie's dispassionate surface as he's required to kill friends and colleagues (including James Franco in a memorable cameo). So when his wife and daughters are threatened, he's like a tamed wild animal pushed into the corner. We know what he's capable of doing to protect them.

Often times we think of the terms "psychopath" and "sociopath" as being interchangeable to describe people who have no conscience and act with no regard to others; in fact, the terms were once interchangeable. Now, however, a "psychopath" is usually used in regards to an individual who has crossed the line into the criminal element, while a sociopath is of little danger to those around them. A psychopath is the more dangerous of the two and one you'd never suspect a person being. To explain it best, let's look at what the two terms have in common. Both psychopaths and sociopath's lack a moral

compass. They are generally incapable of sympathizing with the feelings of others and lack the set of ethics that tend to keep society from dissolving into a chaotic mess where everyone only looks out for themselves. They also have a non-existent or impaired sense of disgust, meaning they are able to look at things that would make another person turn away. Now, for the differences and an important disclaimer: There are a lot of times "usually" and "often" are mentioned in comparing the two personality types. This is because there's no perfect, cookie-cutter diagnosis, and not everyone will fall neatly into the categories they are actually put in. Although constantly progressing, psychology still does have a lot of gray areas.

With that said, we still need definitions. The term "psychopath" is usually used to describe a person that has crossed the line of moral behavior in a society. They're the murderers, the school shooters, the manipulative cult leaders. They're the ones mutilating animals just to see what happens. They're also the ones that society views as a danger to others. On the other hand, a person is deemed a sociopath when they have the lack of emotion and ability to relate to others, but aren't a threat to society. While they're not as dangerous, they can still be destructive in a smaller, personal setting such as in friendships, romantic relationships, or in a family. But they're generally not going to go on a killing spree. Now the case of Richard Kuklinski is an interesting one because he, for me at least, is a perfect representation of how these two definitions become confusing and muddy when slapping them onto the Iceman. The main thing about Richie was that he was devoted to his family and would do anything for them; however, there is a tendency with socio and psychopaths to imitate normal behavior. The only time you saw remorse or guilt on his face were during his realizations that he couldn't provide for his wife and kids. He just so happened to have a forte for murder and offing people in the most professional of manners. As for the nearly 100

people that Kuklinski put into the ground, it is safe to say that he didn't feel anything for them due to his psychopathic wiring for such things. They didn't call him the iceman just because he was a stone cold killer, but it was more so due to the way he disposed of the bodies and skewing the time of death for the coroners by freezing them post-mortem.

Anyway, Kuklinski came from an abusive family, as his father Stanley Kuklinski was an alcoholic who frequently beat his wife, Anna as well as Richard and his brother Joseph. Throughout his tumultuous childhood, he often fantasized about killing his father. It was something he carried with him the rest of his life. By the mid-1950's, Richard's reputation had grown as him being an explosive pool shark, which silenced anyone who annoyed him. Richard Kuklinski goes down in history for essentially perfecting the art of killing. His first kill was a gang leader in the projects near where Kuklinski lived. He beat the kid to death, drove him to the Pine Barrens, cut off his fingertips and smashed his teeth to cover his identity. He also burned an offduty cop in his car after an abusive game of pool. By the time he was a late teen, Kuklinski would cruise the west side of Manhattan looking for bums, or the occasional overly aggressive gay man, to kill so he could study the different ways people died. He was equally lethal with a gun, knife, noose, ice pick or poison. He did pieces of work for Jersey's DeCavalcante crime family and would go on to do jobs for all five of the New York families. He became one of the gears that wound the Murder Machine, the renegade almost-Gambino crew that was led by Roy DiMeo, another sociopathic killer making his way in the world doing what he knew best. Kuklinski met quite a few psychopaths; he could have had a TV series with the psychopath of the week.

The Iceman was a good film and worth the watch—Much better than

spending money on brunch with some random chick and waxing idiotic about how she "she doesn't normally go home with guys from the bar," or "I don't normally do this". If I wanted to be lied to I would go talk to a sales person who works for commission down at Valentino or the used car salesman down at Sergio's car lot. *The Iceman* is essentially a character study of a Mafia hit man. It turns the notorious killer for hire into damaged goods and a fallen idol, the wise guy into a family man.

**Side note**: David Schwimmer plays a small, yet memorable role, in this film as a greasy, pony-tale, jumpsuit wearing right-hand mob man that I found quite funny and was worth the watch on its own.

### **ENTRY TWENTY-TWO**

# WHY YOUR GIRLFRIEND HATES THE HOT WAITRESS

The following was said during a work dinner party before entrées...

Occurred—January 2009, Chilie's Bar & Grill

Women compete with other women for the attention, time, and resources from high-valued men. Any successful and popular bar & grill that men frequent are generally stocked with good talent in one or two ways: Good looking waitresses, or mediocre ones, coupled with good service. A good food business must have at least one of these, preferably both at the same time. The business model of women serving is one that has stood the test of time; and harks back to traditional societal expectations of gender roles; women being nurturing and service oriented in pleasing male patrons.

The roots go back as far as brothels, and all the way to the traditional 1950's housewife. Men like to be served and waited on, it's just that simple. It's not sexist, it's the truth! When I hear the words sexist, misogynistic, and bigot coming out of someone's mouth, all I can hear is them confirming biological reality in attempts to slander it and paint it dysfunctional. Your typical modern day girlfriend, wife, or female hates your server because the average scandalous hussie today has traded in: cooking, cleaning, and domestic skills for blowjobs and partying. For some reason, feminists and modern day You-Go-Gurl's somehow believe that traditional skills of femininity are somehow less valuable than credentialism, careerism—and fucking random dudes in dark alleyways, or in the backseats of Dodge Chargers. The server/waitress still to this day represents all that is feminine, and your modern day chick hates this. She hates the fact that you adore your server, leer at her, undress her with your eyes, and mentally pontificate why your girlfriend can't do the simple things that a low paid restaurant employee can do. The modern male pays his significant other in less direct ways (rent money, dinner dates, gifts etc) yet his significant other won't/can't even make a decent cob salad at home, or even do her own laundry for that matter. Your girlfriend will give your server different kinds of glances and leers because she knows you are going to tip her—thus directing a portion of your manly resources towards a total female stranger, and not towards your girlfriend (who thinks she is entitled to it for some fucking bizarre reason).

Your girlfriend is jealous of the waitress, because unlike her your server is: typically looking her best, in shape, hot, and treats her male patrons with grace and a feminine touch—that can only stroke the male ego in the right sort of way. Your wife/girlfriend only knows how to stroke your pecker in haste, or sloppy fashion, just to keep you in-line so you don't stray because

she knows she has neglected to give you sex for the past month: The Mechanical Release. Yup, that's you Poindexter; sitting in bed watching the *Late Late Show* while your siggyniff tries to get your male Produce section stirred up by rolling your mushroom tip between her creamed fingers—compliments of Johnson and Johonson Inc, a family company. Even if you don't go to the taps or restaurants with your significant other, your girlfriend will still detest you going out with your guy friends because again, your money and attention are going towards the cute little skirt in the form of tips. If you think about it, it is a lot of money that your significant other thinks she is entitled to. For example, say the average male goes out even once a week to his favourite bar and spends a conservative \$30 on food and beer. If he tips at a reasonable rate of \$4-5 dollars, annually he is spending around \$250 a year on tips towards good looking skirts—and a nice smile along with \$1500 ish on the beer and meals themselves.

That's around \$1750.00 that his girlfriend won't potentially have access to. In a weird way all women are prostitutes, legal ones; it's just that your hot waitress is a better one. That is the real reason why your girlfriend hates the hot waitress.

### ENTRY TWENTY-THREE

# THE BOY INSIDE THE MAN

Occurred— 2003 Written –2014

Back in the days of past, when one had a break-up with a significant other the usual cure-all remedy would be to: wallow in your own pathetic effluence, whilst listening to The Cure or Depeche Mode in your dimly-lit bedroom. The typical scene would play out in your home where you would slug around the house for day's stuffing ho-ho's into your pie-hole while your parents asked you "What happened to you and [insert ex's name], you two were so good together" You would then say some BS crap about how you both "grew apart" from each other, or something equally hilariously

and delusional like you both would rather be "friends". Meanwhile, the real truth was that your girlfriend thought blowing the waiter from AppleBee's wouldn't be such a big deal, or that your boyfriend's idea of chivalry towards women is sticking it to your best friend while you were sick in the hospital with a foreign parasite that you caught from one of your "save the children" trips to Honduras.

Regardless of the story, break-ups for some people can be tough if they gave the relationship more meaning than what it was, a relation. People deal with them in different ways; however, there are certain trends among generations. I had The Cure as a remedy, and this current generation seems to have the Eat, Pray, Love mentality as a cure for all their relationship failures. It is a fantasy that is oh-so-tempting among Gen Y'ers who have previously felt "trapped" by their former partner or life, and nothing cures that feeling of imprisonment like banging some random Italian dudes in Florence, or sampling some of Amsterdam's finest ladies of the night, or does it?

As a young neuroscience graduate from America I had decided to take a trip to Paris (land of love and hookers) to escape a bad break-up, and to take time off from my stressful life of unemployment, and twenty-something duties. I did the whole 'Eat-Pray-Love' thing before it was cool. So fuck you millennials. Anyways, at the time I felt extreme pity for myself, as the details of my former relationship with Michelle were stuck on repeat over the passing months; although they were revealed to me soon after by a friend, explaining that she [Michelle] cheated on me for reasons unknown. With that said, I started chain smoking, enjoying impassioned cybersex, and compulsively referenced a recently completed post-graduate degree—in a fashionably complex subject, which I would constantly explain to any attractive female I chatted up. I know what you're thinking; I was a pure beta-pussy. In fact, my field of study offers some clues into my mindset, how I view life.

I remember denouncing my ex Michelle as "a whore" in conversation with a Paris apartment owner, and a bit later, I walked across a thin pane of glass, the floor of a structure looming over the city. However, Michelle was only one of several women I craved, including a comely prostitute named Steph and a willowy girl named Sophie whom I encountered on the Metro. Yes, I am sexually compulsive and needy of female attention. I may still have pined for Michelle, but I wasn't going to sit by the Seine Crossing, twiddling

my thumbs, playing emotional whack-a-mole with my past. And whatever my insecurities at the time were, I came to reveal them in the vigorous sex both women granted me; and in one sequence set in a crowded disco, I remember suddenly transforming into a cocksure, pimpish lad, clutching his female acquaintances confidently, while flashing a devilish grin and pulling frat-boy dance moves. Ironically, Steph thereinafter pleasured me in a decidedly unconventional manner—the manner of which one of few lady-killing studs would confess to liking.

On numerous levels, I was a little-lost boy in which no amount fellatio would fill the hole in my soul. My ineptness, however, fumbled a blackmail scheme that I concocted with Steph, and I became gradually more desperate as the Euros begin to dwindle. Most troubling, though, was my inability to forge mature, meaningful relationships with women over there. Were they merely 'objects' in my eyes? Is there a thin line between love and hate when I still think of them, perhaps a feeling that predates my relationship with Michelle?

By the end of the trip, I was stuck with the question "what, if anything, did I gain from my travels?" One could see it as me actually losing more than what I found through all the delicious Euro's I spent on blow job's, drinks, and conversation; not to mention an even more distorted view of my soul. Did I learn something about myself that could have otherwise been learned back at home? In my opinion, the answer is yes, and no. Travelling to Paris in my view only made the true colors and insecurities show more vividly at an expensive cost (we are talking Euros after all). The only thing I most likely gained from that trip was an itchy crotch.

Ultimately, now that I am older, the trip was an allegorical cautionary tale of the drifting millennial generation, many of whom are waning in America's current job market.

### ENTRY TWENTY-FOUR

# MEN ARE BORN WITH GAME

The following was said to a bunch of fathers, after being six beers deep at a Dodgers game...

### Occurred—June 16 2013 (Fathers day)

All men start with that fire in their belly since the day they escaped their mother's birth canal in water-park like fashion—entering the world with the natural desire to conquer and acquire. It's a surprise then to wonder why this magical spark disappears during adulthood, and why we are witness to so many Manginas and slack bodied Betas, tip- toeing around Western culture today.

It is ultimately up to men to realize that this fire needs constant fuel and attention; in order to carry it across the world with them throughout their lifetimes. It is like a muscle that needs to be worked or it will eventually die and shrivel up—like a blubbery husband trying to pick out floor tiles with his careerist wife at *Bed Bath & Beyond* on Sunday's: an ultimate humiliation in masculinity. It is in due course that your job as a man is to not let this current femcentric society douse the only thing that makes you succeed in the world. Game/masculinity—they are one in the same—can be seen in the early ages of any young lad. It can be hard to spot most times, but it is there waiting in the weeds like a budding predator.

The provider mentality is still well embedded in most American boys and men today since the Western Female Imperative's survival depends on this buffoonery and other displays of male subservience. In the end, the boy keeps what is valued, or has more value, while still putting out the feels and testing the waters on the ladies (even though you should never encourage this type of behaviour).

Take for instance the boy on the playground that causally flirts and teases the girls with cad like behaviour — pulling pony tails. If that young boy's game was a stock I would be a buyer at those low levels because I know that in the long run he will have valued assets, while at the same time keeping his costs very low by pulling off moves like that. He will be a leader and an example to follow as long as he stays away from the feminist

programming and liberal institutions that produce the Beta-tudes of today.

Some would say that I am wrong and that we shouldn't teach our young boys to 'trick' girls. However, it is not a trick because women wouldn't know the difference between a practice ball and the game ball anyway. Besides, the only reason you see women at any sporting event is due to the hope that they will get on camera (i.e. attention whoring fodder for their friends), and to also day-dream about their deluded entitlements, which would include marrying a rich baseball player some day because they have a Masters degree in basket-weaving.

No harm, no foul ball. Play on boys.

**ENTRY TWENTY-FIVE** 

SHE'S GOT THE LOOK

The following was said at a family Christmas dinner while being egregiously drunk on rum and eggnog...

### Occurred—2013

The 'Resting Bitch Face' seems to be a common sight when walking down your quaint suburban neighbourhood or to the shops these days. Why are so many women on anti-depressants today and increasingly so? They're upset with themselves for trading in being comfortable − warm and safe at home, raising the kids, in exchange for working all day; focusing on careers, pretending to be men, and wondering why guys won't call back after sleeping with them on the first date. Women were sold feminism™ and it sounded good. Nevertheless, the reality is that it's made many women whores and slaves to the system. Women were told to cherish being "independent". Independent from what exactly: men?

Now, they find themselves "independent" from men, but slaves to the dollar and a different 'Man': the government [aka-Big Daddy/Sugar Daddy/Pimp Daddy Warbucks]. Even with good jobs that pay well, these "independent" women have unleashed a monster—the appetite to spend and shop endlessly. They spend money like drunken sailors on shore leave. Every "independent" woman I know doesn't handle money well at all. Their idea of money-management is to get as many credit cards as possible and max them out. Charge one credit card to pay off the other credit card. When the reality sets in—that they owe more than they can pay back—their strategy then is to go bankrupt and start all over again. Even the women that "save" don't know how to invest and grow that money. Saving and holding cash at 1% interest in the bank these days isn't going to net back anything substantial by the time you are in your bed-shitting years. Men are better with money, that's why women are horrible at managing household funds. It's because women are biologically hard-wired to consume. Saving and growing money are a foreign concept to them; like speaking Chinese, responsibility, showing up to work on time, and changing a tire. They just don't understand that when you borrow money, most of the money owed back is interest—the interest that buys them nothing and the interest that make bankers rich.

They just cannot understand that the best way to buy is to save up, pay cash, and avoid interest payments. However, this is a concept that most of

them cannot comprehend. Thus, they'll find out they are a slave to the money system with no way out. They are neither "independent" nor "happy". They are bitter. They become bitter at others when they should be bitter at themselves for being so foolish and ignorant.

Truthfully it's just because they are angry and bitchy from realizing they've thrown away their futures and their children's future by hating men—and loving the cash cow that is socialism and letting Big Daddy government give them tax-payer revenue. They destroyed the system that nature provided, and now no one wants them; so they sulk with their 14 cats whilst eating canned cat-food three nights a week. Look at every society in the history of the world that has followed a Feminine Imperative, you will notice one thing they all have in common: their remnants can be found in a museum or have been fossilized under rock hundreds of feet below the earth's surface. Dust for a pulse, and you will find nothing but a carcass.

### ENTRY TWENTY-SIX

### MR. NOBODY

The following is a film review...

Written—2009

In Western society, we presume that more choice means better options and greater happiness in our lives. However, we should beware of excessive choice: choice overload can make us question the decisions we make before we even make them, it can set us up for unrealistically high expectations, and it can make us blame ourselves for any and all failures. In the long run, this can lead to a sort of decision-making paralysis. And in a culture that tells us

that there is no justification for falling short of perfection when your options are infinite, too much choice can actually lead to clinical depression.

Over the past two decades, the use of antidepressants in America, in particular, has skyrocketed. 1 in 10 Americans now takes an antidepressant medication; among women in their 40s and 50s, the figure is 1 in 4 which is staggering. This begs us to question whether this is directly causal to the ever increasing choices we have in our modern society; everything from groceries, phones, games, and even in the way we have access to people and relationships through social media and dating sites.

The 2009 film *Mr. Nobody* deals specifically with the paradox of choice and is honestly one of my favourite films to come out in the last decade—I have replayed it many times on days when the world (not life) bores me. Bores me to the point where my mind needs something to think about instead of hearing about how Miley Cyrus is following the same trend that most Disney and Mickey Mouse Club stars follow through their Hollywood journey.

Anyway, in *Mr. Nobody*, we follow the story of the man Nemo Nobody (Jared Leto) who is the 118-year-old man, the last mortal on Earth. Besides him, all other people are immortal and they just want to know how he lived. Nemo himself says that he remembers nothing about his past and a psychiatrist, Dr. Feldheim, tries to make him recall memories through acts of hypnosis, and in that moment, the majority of this story begins. We then follow his life in three acts and every one of them is unique in its own way.

There's the moment at a dance, where 15-year-old Nemo (Toby Regbo) either falls in love with Elise (Clare Stone), who really loves someone else, or settles for Jean (Audrey Giacomini), or he fell in love with his one true love, Anna (Juno Temple), his step-sister and daughter of his mother's new boyfriend. But when his mother and her boyfriend split up Nemo loses Anna until he's 34, or not. When he's 34, Nemo (Leto) has a myriad of lives including: Being happily married to Elise (Sarah Polley), who dies in an accident. Then, another life of *not* being happily married to Elise; who is suffers from a relentless depression. Being married to Joan (Linh Dan Pham) in a loveless marriage, finding Anna (Diane Kruger) by chance in a packed train station, finding her with a husband and two kids, finding her again then losing her number when the ink runs after getting wet.

Jaco Van Dormael through great direction, multi-layered screenplay,

remarkable cinematography showed us great, but ordinary slices of life story, with the best and worst parts of us being human beings. He did it in an unconventional Sci-Fi way; with great examples of quantum physics and theory of chaos, and especially of choosing the right path, the right way, making the right decision.

There is no doubt that Jaco Van Dormael's *Mr. Nobody* is overreaching. The film is in all honesty overambitious (I don't care though because that's what I like) and unable to handle all of its themes with appropriate care. Its 160-minute running time might sound a little overwhelming but there's so much here that it barely allows van Dormael to scratch the surface of all the things he included. This might be a little problematic if you expect a conclusive story and tightly wrapped whole, but that would be missing the whole point of the film; plus I don't want to be sitting down for that long and risk a pelvic floor injury—we have Kevin Costner films for that purpose.

I don't think I've ever seen a film with this many cinematic climaxes before. It's astounding how Van Dormael turns each scene into a unique little cinematic event. There is hardly any filler here, no scenes to drag out the running time or to fill some gaps in between other climaxes. Every scene matters and every scene is made to look like it matters. The director uses all means at his disposal to keep the viewer engaged and interested in the life of the main protagonist, Nemo Nobody.

*Mr. Nobody* is about the choices we make in life and how the big and little ones can affect the way things turn out. The only questions that preoccupy Nemo in the present are whether he lived the right life for himself, loved the woman whom he was supposed to love, and had the children whom he was meant to have—his purpose was to find the right answer. Ultimately, the film asks the question does it even matter in the end what choice or direction we choose— is any of this even real.

*Mr. Nobody* is one of those rare films that can suck the viewer into its world. As you watch *Mr. Nobody* you will remain intrigued throughout, and as the movie progresses it starts to make more sense. There are quite a few things left up to interpretation, but the film should keep you thinking about it once the ending credits begin.

This film explains that absolutely nothing is certain— everything is pure imagination. It's like day-dreaming: you picture something and then one thing leads to another and you find yourself wondering what it's like to be old

and having grandchildren. This concept resonates well because it is true; you witness it every day in the world. People can "plan" their lives all they want yet nothing works out the way they hoped for themselves. Plans are good for a guideline, but never as the ultimate be all and end all; that's just foolish. If you plan for everything in life you will ultimately miss out on the beautiful chaos.

The movie also flirts with the notion that humans are born with the hidden knowledge of their lives and that it may be possible to access these "future memories". The only way I can explain the concept of "future memories" is through the example of déjà vu. We have all experienced this phenomenon at one point in our lives—the witnessing of near future events or instances prior to them even occurring. A lot of these moments happen with extreme accuracy to the point where we question if life is predetermined or that humans have what is considered "Social Intelligence" (essentially we give off certain vibrations/signals out to the ether and thus manifest certain events around us, thoughts, and actions from people. Mr. *Nobody* mentions the fact that this person (Nemo), before being born, wasn't touched by the Angels of Oblivion on the top of the mouth. He was missed, so he retained all of his memories. For this reason, he remembers picking out his parents, maybe then, the reason he knows everything is because he has lived all of those lives; each time that the universe expands and contracts it's as though life is being repeated, but also, they are all happening concurrently because time is something that we have made up. In reality, if it can even be called that, there is no concept of time, it's more like a higher being.

I'm certain Jaco Van Dormael's threw in a couple of storylines just to F us around. The alternatives and counterparts come at the drop of a hat, connect remotely with each other and not at all. However, Leto is the thing that holds it all together. I've lost track of Leto the last few years (Loved him in American Psycho), but his work is great here too. I can only imagine what it took to keep this whole thing straight in his head—he must have felt like Christian Bale when he played Bret Easton Ellis' Patrick Bateman.

In closing, the quote that we started off with by Nemo is a simple yet a profound one. It almost makes you want to make every important decision in life by way of flipping a coin; much like Javier Bardem in *No Country For Old Men*, however, we would all probably look just as psycho as he did in that film. The ultimate irony of Nemo is that before he was unable to make a

decision because he didn't know what would happen. Now that he knows what will happen, he is still unable to make a choice.

### ENTRY TWENTY-SEVEN

### **FACEBOOK: A SOCIAL GHETTO**

The following was posted on Facebook over the course of several hours...

Occurred—Late one night...8 beers deep

The recent Donald Trump phenomenon is a great example of the impotence of today's activist generation: Reposting articles, memes, and quotes that reinforce their own beliefs to their friends that already share their beliefs. Not actually engaging in anything that has a real effect on anything. I saw articles after Super Tuesday about how it seemed that John Oliver's popular segment didn't resonate with voters and stuff like that.

Obviously it didn't; the people who watch that show would never vote for Trump anyway, and those who would vote for Trump would not be convinced by John Oliver to change their votes. Everyone is just stuck in this self-affirming vortex where they assume that since all their friends are 'liking' and reposting their opinions that everyone must feel the same way. The only effect peoples' online activism has is ruining other peoples' lives for things they have said online, on television, or otherwise on some public sphere. Figure it out man!

When Mark Zuckerberg's genius mind gave effortless birth to the idea of Facebook in 2004 his first notion was to create a platform in which to 'connect' people—feral college students that want to bang—much in the way that a stray alley cat seeks out other alley cats; irresponsible spreading of effluence. It then transformed into a space in which all members of the public could participate and share or express their "individuality". In Western society and culture, individuality is a much as a myth as civilization itself. The scary thing to consider is that the modern day YouTube comment section, Facebook chatter, and internet forum – all filled with violent hate and self loathing—is what the world would look like if there were no laws and police: Total anarchy, or otherwise known as, true freedom. Whereas civilization hangs on a very thin thread of social mores, written words (laws),

and compliance each and every day so does the idea of individuality on Facebook; it's one giant illusion. Facebook had, and always gave the illusion, of individuality because the system itself is a microcosmic version of society.

When was the last time you saw someone 'share' or write something truly unique on Facebook that wasn't written or created by some other person other than themselves? It's rare for sure. And if you do share something that you made, wrote, or created people tend not to 'like' or even look at it. This is because it is not easily digestible for their hapless minds that have been accustomed to quick easy talking points or generic inspirational life quotes.

It's ironic because when you do post something unique, or a creation you wrote or made, it stands out *too* much. Which in turn you would think more people would view, like, and share it; but this is not the case. Facebook is one giant mental masturbation session that consists of the same fantasies, beliefs, and opinions being viewed and shared because it's what turns the average person on; like how guys back in the day would swap porno mags. There may have been different editions, newer photos and articles but in the end a nude photo of some woman's tits and velvet curtains, is still just a nude photo. It's something that anyone who loves seeing nude photos of women will enjoy, regardless of its packaging.

Nothing ever remarkable, unique, or important has ever transpired in the women's restroom, same goes for Facebook. Like the female restroom, it is a place of faux-esteem, passive-aggressiveness, conniving, attentionwhoring, mediocrity, and self-preening.

Facebook has, and always will, give the illusion of individuality because the platform itself is like High School. With women involved, and with Facebook being specifically geared and designed to protect the female imperative, you will always have a hive-mind group who will help protect that system to which they depend on for their survival; identity, and self-worth. This goes for all the Manginas and Beta-male orbiters on there who give power to the Hive by way of 'liking' that *Elite Daily* article—regarding some female sopolistic garbage about "White-male privilege's". Or by agreeing out of fear with some misandric drivel about how the patriarchy is ruining the chance for "equality" –in slivers of hope to get their dick wet by that girl with whom sat beside them in a *Intro to Woman Studies* class. Betaboys need to grow some balls. Seeing them assuage the feminists in public even makes me go limp.

### The Currency of Attention

Facebook is after all a business, and any smart owner who looks out for his bottom-line has to know his consumers, and how they operate. Who are the majority users of Facebook and social media in general? With or without realizing it, Mark Zuckerberg created by all accounts a platform that was virtually made for women. It gave women the power to be even more grandiose in their thirst for endless attention from males, and a new ability to make their girlfriends envy them. Just like the restroom, Facebook is a space that can't happen without consensus of the group. If you slip out of the neat little box that you're expected to fit into you are automatically shunned or dismissed; or even worse, you don't get any 'likes'. Oh the humanity!

In life, women use money not for the purpose that men understand and intend it to be for. Men use money in order to make more of it; through buying or investing in things that will give back some sort of return—because as we know, money takes time and energy to make. Women use money in order to get more attention. The currency of Facebook is through 'likes'. The more a girl gets, the more her ego is built up, thus the more attention she will receive. Just like the restroom, women enter it in order to get more 'likes' or attention: Whether it is through fixing their make-up, sharing gossip, crying about how their boss is such an asshole, or that her 'big girl' office job is not a "fair" place. A woman ultimately goes in to increase her self-worth in some way. Why do you think that every time you go to a NHL game the women's restroom resembles that of a 1930's Bread Line? If they were simply going in there squat and piss you wouldn't be thinking to yourself "Hey, I haven't seen a line formation like that since the movie *Schindler's List*".

### Mirror, Mirror on the Wall...

The restroom for a man is a space in which to get the job done—get in and get out with as little to no talking as possible. If you use Facebook, I hope it's a similar experience of utility in by way of setting up a drinking weekend with the guys, or trying to hook that next lay. For the women, they don't view the restroom as a place that is just for evacuating the pipes. To them, like Facebook, it's a space in which they can prepare, connive, and slut-shame other women—more so manipulate themselves for men; and more importantly other women.

If you ever wish to see how the "fairer" sex tries to up her value in the sexual market space, look no further than Facebook or the ladies room. As

with any form of currency it can be used for good and evil, and also to sway things positively in your direction. If you have even a noobish understanding of how women tend to operate then you will understand that a woman's friends are her biggest competitors; her best friend being her closest enemy.

One phenomenon that you will often see on Facebook and presumably at the mirror in the ladies restroom is: When the fat friend, or less attractive one, either makes a comment about how they shouldn't have had that last cream- puff, or posted a picture of themselves online with them at the beach in an unflattering tube top—with arms that look as if bread is baking through twine. The trend is that 99.9% of the time you will see 'likes' or encouragement tossed her way. This usually takes the form in the manner of typing typical comments like: "WOW. You are so beautiful...hawt" or "Oh my god I love your hair in this pic, you're so pretty!" all by her more attractive friends. In the restroom, it may come in the form of a more detailed manipulation—usually subconscious—by way of something like "Oh hun, don't feel bad about eating that next Churro, we all need to treat ourselves every once in a while...we deserve it as women" (throw in some giggles) or "Why should we as girls feel guilty about eating two entire bags of Doritos whilst chugging down a box of Fuzion?...why should guys get to have all the fun... am er' right ladies!?" Meanwhile, all the other girls are having mini salads with a Pierre, while the fat friend polishes off chicken-wing #40 and downs that dark Ale like a starved mariner who's just found civilization.

### Pass GO and Collect 200 'Likes'!

The point is, the most attractive women of the group will always encourage the "Just Be You" mentality with regards to their less attractive friends—so that they can hold a monopoly on the men, and more importantly, the attention that they get from them. The real 9's and 10's are anything but themselves when they go out and take their carefully manicured Instagram photos, or selfies. As for the Facebook 'likes' given to the fatty Mc-fugmuffin, its wisdom akin to the spend money to make money principle, in the world of Facebook. It's no tanning lotion of that hot bitch's bikini- bridge to give a 'like' here and there to her fat friend, because it's an investment—in ultimately keeping potential competition at bay; there is always a hot girl laying dormant underneath the rolls and low-self esteem of any Dixie Chick. The hot girl knows instinctively that her fat friend is one step on the treadmill away—and one less Cinnabon—from full on self-improvement. She's making her 'currency' work for her; which by the way is the closest

thing you will ever see to a woman engaging in smart money investment.

Again, just like the restroom, all unflattering and idle parts about a girl's life happen behind the stalls, never in- front of the mirror. Facebook is a giant mirror that reflects the best possible self-image that can be manufactured. Women treat their Facebook profile like the restroom mirror; they will not leave it until they are satisfied with what they can present to the outside world as their "self". Everything must be perfect: The friends they have, the things they like, the pictures they take, and the things they agree or disagree with (hint: it's usually what celebrities, or fem-centric journalist hacks from Huffpo, agree with). Above all else, like in life, she will not leave the mirror unless she knows to some degree that she fits into society, because ostracism from the group is a woman's greatest trepidation.

This is why the "independent woman" mantra, which is parroted all the time by Westernized women and the fem-centric media gulags, is a giant short-hairdo and tattoo covered myth. There's no such thing. It may exist in the heads of many women, but it's simply unrealistic to think that's the case, at least with Facebook—everything you see on the social network is the definition of conformity and hive-mind dependency. Also, like in life, people on Facebook don't want you to succeed at anything, or simply see you doing something more exciting than they are. Plus, if it is really good: For example, a piece of writing or a sketch, people tend to not comment or 'like' it because of the attention it will take away from their own narcissistic view of their own value. Also, since they probably don't have the creative fortitude, passion, and talent that you have—because they are just like every other Facebook user (part of the herd) –it will shatter their fragile ego and remind them how uninteresting they really. That, aside from their filtered selfies, pics from Europe, and how many 'porch crawlers' they are going to this summer, they are still like everyone else in the restroom— who has to shit, piss, and wipe their own asses every day: Average.

## The Cover Still Says a lot about a Book

Now, you are probably wondering as a guy if Facebook has merit for you. Well, if you don't have Facebook by now, don't even bother. It's a wasteland of a lot of nothing; a lot of talking going on, but not real sustenance. If you have Facebook, or had in the past, you as a man will have come to recognize the few benefits. Going online Facebook today is the equivalent of walking into an all-female staff room—or a Feminist

propaganda HQ. Facebook for guys is only useful for a few things; and even at that, they are things that which can be garnered from observation or action in the real world. Facebook just makes it easier:

**Back to the Future Bang**: The act of picking up and banging chicks that would have otherwise disappeared from your life after high school.

Witnessing Women Hit The Wall: Observing the transformation of a woman hitting her sexual expiration date via her timeline photo albums—seeing this is a guilty pleasure and one of the best reasons for using Facebook. It is quite shocking and humbling to see how fast women peak in beauty (around 23), and how fast your boner starts to die looking at bikini shots from the Caribbean cruise of her 35th birthday. When you understand what The Wall is, you will be sure to steer clear of any woman who approaches it, it's not pretty.

The X-Effect: Witnessing how fat or unappealing your 'Ex' has become in proportion to the amount of success you have obtained by way of dumping her. This also includes seeing how much of a Feminist she has become since said dumping —how receiving no more of your dick has resulted in her filling that void with an "Eat, Pray, Love" approach to life (being an "independent" woman). Facebook is ultimately a fantasy land filled with avatars and surface impressions. It is in no way shape or form a place for a man to be. Men are supposed to improve, grow, and mold themselves into better men in the real world where the environment challenges you, and forces you to grow. Women can have Facebook, because that's where they are comfortable and belong; in Neverland.

In closing, if you are a man and you are not on Facebook, or have recently deleted your account, congratulations. You've most likely come to find that a weight has lifted from your life's backpack. You can now begin to re-program yourself and mold your own personality. If you haven't left Facebook yet and are in the midst of still deciding if you would be happier with your ability to post "inspirational" Buzzfeed, Jezebel, or Elite Daily articles on your newsfeed, my only question to you is this: What are you still doing in the girls restroom, creeping?

#### ENTRY TWENTY-EIGHT

# AMERICA THE BEAUTIFUL: A SLOW DECAY IN ASSET VALUE

The following was a short presentation given in an American History class...

Occurred—winter semester 2003 (Received a Failing grade)

A create relatively strong communities, businesses, and families. So, what has changed between now and then? Well, thankfully y'all have me here to spell it out for you dumb fucks, as most of you are probably here on Daddy's dime, or on some Affirmative Action program—you could care less about learning because y'all are either too high, or too busy worrying about whose cock you'll be putting in your mouth for an afternoon delight in the dorms. So bare with me a moment, hot-dog time isn't for another fifteen minutes. There will always be another text message to send, and another Chad to make your parents proud when you end up going home for Christmas and have to tell them that they're going to be grandparents.

Yay! Life ruined!

Ah moving on.

- 1. Female sexual selection/mating strategies have flipped particularly due to the expansion of the Big Daddy government welfare-state and mass media propaganda of the femcentric variety. Women have never been 'independent'— just like an addict; they've only switched providers for the same stimulus (money). Women were once dependent on the Beta-male, now big government has taken their place in the form of EBT's, a femcentric court system, and entitlement handouts which encourage people to be leaches.
- 2. Sexual access, marriage, and reproduction were removed from the stable productive Beta-males with jobs, and have now been transferred through

media programming and welfare-state policies to the Alpha criminals and bad boys that induce Gina tingles.

Most of the ghettos in America are rooted in dysfunction with dysgenic mating on the part of its womenfolk (Remember: at the end of the day it is the woman who has final say in whose dick gets to shoot ropes of genetic madness inside of her dark moist grotto) Its bad-boy GT's on a cultural scale —and when the jungle beast comes a' roaring in from uncharted lands, the pussy mist will spray overtop its jungle canopy. When women are no longer forced to rely on the stability of the Beta—his productive capacities for sustenance, the survival of their offspring—and can instead collect easy money from the State, they quickly revert back to the pre-Agricultural Revolution mating strategies in which to only seek out their Alphafux part of their hypergamy. This is where the meanest, most violent men are rewarded with the greatest level of reproductive access. Such men do not stick around to raise the spawn that shall spew out from these tingling cathedral halls they move on to the next hallway that they can throw their hammer down, causing the cheerleaders to scream in excited panty-soaking horror. Over 70% of the prison populations consist of males born out of wedlock to single moms who valued their GT's over rational thought. These women will thus have sexual access to only more bad-boy Alphas since no successful beta (hopefully) would ever stake his earnings or investments on a feral woman who has circled the drain more than three times before her 20th birthday.

It's ultimately a numbers game. American men who are stable, intelligent, and productive are simply being bred out of existence. 40% of all American children are now being born into the same circumstances which have destroyed communities of previous empires and current ones. That number will continue to rise as Western women, in particular, begin to double-down on the bad-boy cock carousel, celebrate baby-daddy syndrome, and claim their cash and prizes from the state—for being such good little prostitutes for pimp-daddy Uncle Sam.

I have a solution for the women having bastard children: Take away the food stamps, welfare, WIC, tax benefits, baby-momma checks, section 8 housing, child credits, everything. All of these entitlements incentivize badbehavior and laziness—and also the encouragement of a welfare-state to which helps society grind to a halt, and ultimately collapse in the end. When the Western world and its counterparts collapse into a dystopian nightmare that only the likes of George Orwell could masturbate too, it will have exactly

fuck-all to do with space aliens, zombies, or a rogue asteroid—and everything to do with the fact that American women have spent the last 20+ years creating hordes of useless spawn that will turn out to be just like them, and the 'fathers' they bred with. You can't fault a man (Alpha or Beta) for trying to shoot his load into any female – this is what man is designed to do. However, you can fault a woman for not saying no and protecting the chances of the survival for her future offspring. With a vagina comes huge responsibility, it's just too bad these things have to be taught after the fact. Thank you, the American feminized public education system, we salute you! ENTRY TWENTY-NINE

# TEEN MOMS: WORSE THAN A TERRORIST THREAT TO A NATION

The following was argued to a TSA agent after being unreasonably searched and patted down...

Occurred—2003 LAX Security Terminal (Coming back from Spring Break)

Not only are 'Teen Moms' and 'Single Moms' an economic burden on society, they can also be a deadly threat. Yet, our country seems more concerned with some White guy like me coming back from Cancun! Take the recent case out of Mexico City that I just found trolling through the news on the plane: Rats gnawed a Mexican newborn to death after her teen mom left the child home alone to go kick up her heels, according to the report. Elizabeth, 18, went out to kick up her heels at a dance-party in some shit-hole barrio town, leaving her 4-month-old daughter at home, near Mexico City. Rats chewed the four-month-old baby to death after this 'independent woman' [Yo-Lo!] 18-year-old mother left it at home to go to a party. The little baby girl's face and fingers were mauled by the rodents as she lay in her crib at home on the Monday night. It was not until the teenage mother returned home after midnight that she discovered the child bloodied and lifeless in her crib. Despite her negligence, every excuse in the book is being made for her. A charge has not been laid as of yet: unbelievable. The Feminine Imperative knows no bounds of stupidity. The mother most likely needed to find another guy to leech off as a wallet for her and her kid—that's why mommy went to Happy-hour at Señor Frogs, to find another dead-beat

and some dick, is this surprising? Using the child-support money to fund her scout missions for more man seed is the likely case for this puta. It is a well known and constant cycle these types go through, cycling through men and spreading their legs for more resources and more government cheese. Yet, they are "Oh-So-Brave" and deserve 'respect'. Sorry, respect is earned, not entitled. There is such a lack of accountability and common sense in today's world that it's frightening. You are a mother; your priorities are now at home since you made the choice to allow semen to be shot up into you like gaspump—while you tapped away on your iPhone whilst in the doggy-position.

Unprotected consensual sex is not an "oopsie" sweetheart, and babies don't take care of themselves. Plus, if you have an infestation of deadly rats in your home, why are you having kids? Get your life together and maybe clean your home first before you ask that deadbeat over to pump Merry-Christmas cream into your \$2 Holiday Chalupa—for fuck sakes.

### **ENTRY THIRTY**

### THE BETA-BOOMER GENERATION

The following was said at Thanksgiving dinner –after hitting up a bottle of smuggled Jack that I usually hide in the upper deck of the toilet...

### Occurred - 2015

he talk of the town today is how horrible things will become if Donald Trump were to win the nomination and or eventually become POTUS. People are saying things such as "He will send America back 30 years!" Well, to that I would say, could he send us back another 20 even 30 years on top of that?—all the way back to the 1950's? I honestly don't give a Flying squirrel's turd about who becomes president in 2016, because compared to every single one of the candidates, your imaginary childhood friend could be a better one.

Truthfully, if Trump sent America back 30 years we would have

trillions of dollars less in national debt, women would be less cunty and entitled, and we would be dancing to Wang Chung's 'Dance Hall Days'—living in an epoch of music that can never be duplicated: 80's Awesomeness. What's more freighting, in my opinion, is how America is going to look in the near future with this next generation of fatherless and maladjusted Beta males—low-level drug dealers, and future carousel riders that have been ejected from the foul vaginas of the rising single-mothers class.

You can witness the continuing fall of society on every corner, on every street, down every Section 8 driveway of any town. Young women with blue hair pushing strollers, sipping on Dunken Donuts coffee whilst on their way to the bank; to withdraw every penny from their account once the government checks have arrived. The lines out front of the bank at the end of every month look like the lines for Top Thrill Dragster or Millennium Force at Cedar Point—waiting for a ride, courteously of the tax-payers. Texting incessantly while their kid(s) scream their heads off—hitting up the various deadbeats for attention, money, or trying to snag another sucker into getting them pregnant. So as to get more money from the government we can calls this: The Parasite Circle Jerk. It's both the fault of women and the men in government; either the people in power are extremely incompetent for allowing disincentive policies, or they have a hard-on for destroying society one degenerate at a time.

You now have more than 25% of America's children living in single-parent households: The majority of them being single mothers. Here's a hint 'ladies,' STOP FUCKING DEAD-BEATS! It's real simple. Women have the last say in whether or not sex is going to happen so it just goes to show the calibre of decision-making modern women have when it comes to bearing children. It's a vicious cycle because the calibre of thinking comes from the quality of parent—and round and round we go. How do you spot one of these cretins you ask?

The fact is, girls with unnaturally dyed hair, tattoos, and piercings are overwhelmingly more likely to be leeches on society: With unpaid student loans, credit card debt, and bastard children—not to mention possessing ungodly bitchy/cunty attitudes. They have that rebellious feminist spirit in them that says "Nah ah"[wags witchy finger] to conventional social norms. The dyed hair (the brighter the color the bigger the Red Flag) is a good indicator of the type that will most likely have an unstable mind.

The dance that these women play with the government appeals to their inner slut and adheres to the evolutionary and biological roots of prostitution: Girl fucks deadbeat, gets monies from Big Pimp Daddy Government. A Pavlovian reward system that encourages further stupidity. It appeals to women's inherent laziness, wherein, all one has to do for money is to spread thy legs and allow any O'l chump to spray inexpensive fertilizer into that cheap flower pot to produce society's future drug dealers, arsonists, leftoids, other single parents, dead-beats, and car-jackers: Weeds in the garden of Eden.

Whereas the Baby-Boomer generation followed strict rational nation building gender roles, the bubble produced a surplus of well-adjusted people that went on to produce things of value in society—thus creating other valuable members of society. But somewhere along the way men became soft and allowed for extreme feminist policy to rule—producing a generation that only adheres to Political Correctness and that allows women's inherent and understood hypergamy to run amok. I am calling this the Beta-Boomer Generation. This is the very reason why you'll see decay when you look around your town: At the streets, at the foreclosed businesses/houses, the crumbling infrastructure—poverty that this is a new reality. The economy has changed along with the very type of thinking and people that perpetuate it.

Why do you think America and other Western nations have fallen into third world type conditions?

Why do you think people today behave more like stupid animals than exude civility that was once found 30, 40, or 50 years ago?

It's because people's attitudes and behaviours have changed toward the YO-LO-ing—the impulsive and child-like mindlessness of the millennial crybabies (and even Gen-X'ers).

The pussification of our leaders is what's to blame. To allow femcentric attitudes to consume resources inefficiently, and take a front-seat in destroying everything that had been built by previous generations of strong men who understood what happens when hypergamy and matriarchal policies take hold of an empire you get nothing but: Squalor, poverty, stagnation and flat GDP growth. When people are hardly producing, all you have is been money being redistributed and siphoned to the top.

Now with the rise of single-parent households—due to misleading

feminist drivel and encouragement by government policies to de-incentivize the traditional family- unit— we now see government policies double-down on the trend, furthering policies that will only encourage more of this and in supporting the welfare class. On the T.V right now are news bits about this very issue on one of the government owned and sponsored media outlets. I just heard the following quote coughed out by one of the chain- smoking Barbie dolled turkey-necks they have on the program today.

"Our lack of quality childcare and after-school programs puts these kids at risk and endangers the nation's future in a knowledge economy. Our lack of support for flexible work arrangements and Social Security credits for caregivers puts these parents at risk. However, there is good news: health care reform will be an enormous help to these families. They are raising our future citizens and building our productive assets at great cost to themselves and with a little help from the rest of us." - Karen Kornbluh of The Atlantic

Yes, let's further encourage this type of economic doom by bailing people out of their poor decisions. I say, take the rug from under them and let them truly understand what consequences are. We live in a bail-out society. We saw it with the banks back in 2008, now we are seeing it with society's losers. Who's going to pay for all this support? Oh, that's right, the producers that are now few and far between. Once the wealthy are gone, then what? Welcome to the Third World America; if you like camping then you will love what's in store for the future. Everyone will own a tent instead of a house. Ever speculate what it's like for those refugees to spend their remaining lives in those dusty, muggy, and filthy UN tents out in the sand dunes of the Middle East? You won't have to wait long! I can see it now, all the deadbeats and blue-haired baby mommas waiting for UN air-drops of rice and baby pabulum by the curb side. Society will crater into the ground faster than it will take the UN blue-hats to set up those tents in your back-yard.

Oh the sweet, sweet taste of hypergamous tears is a salty one.

## LOYALTY BETWEEN THE SEXES

The following was said during a Women Studies class...

Occurred— Winter Semester 2003 (I was not a registered student for this class)

ne of the biggest mistakes men and women make in today's upside down, equalist assuaging world, is the belief that the sexes are equal. Equal, not in the moral sense, but in the biological. This is just absurd, and quite frankly, fuck'n idiotic.

Women will never be like men, and man will never be like a woman. Yes, as a woman you can: Chop off your hair and give yourself the 'rugmuncher' look, grow a fro underneath those flabby arms, and spit in a bucket while you mentally masturbate to some of Betty Friedan's passages of the mythical "patriarchy" that had "oppressed" the vaginas of yesteryear. Yes, as a man you could: Tuck your sack back, and call yourself Nancy whilst giving blowjobs inside trucker cabbies off I-75. However, that won't make you a complete woman as you cannot fulfill the biological imperative of conceiving new spawn for this animal farm we call earth. All we have to do in life to understand truth is to observe, and one of the best ways to observe the differences between the sexes is through loyalty and how men and women differ in their idea of what that is.

Ultimately, man is loyal to code and logic along with spreading thy seed to pollinate every beautiful female plant on earth (no fatties— Corpse flowers), while his counterpart is a slave to the unconscious need to fulfill her dualistic sexual strategy and hypergamous nature: Biology (aka Alpha fucks 8===D, Beta Buck\$). Men are a walking resolution of paradoxes. For example, if you walk around the modern day thoroughfare you will see male friendships and you will witness something that is phenomenal. Every man another man meets will ask the instinctive and very primal question to himself "could I take this guy in a fight?"

However, on the other side of this, is that man also realizes that one day he could end up giving his life for the other man either by way of war with another nation, or street brawl etc. Women are not loyal in the male sense of the word, period. It is a different kind of loyalty that many Western men today seem to not understand correctly. A woman will back up 'her man' (or a man in general) only as long as he is right—or better yet, that the group of people around them thinks he is right also. Remember, a woman's nature is herd-like and consensus driven. It is frustrating for men because in a man's world loyalty means you back me up even when I am in the wrong. It's the version of two men back-to-back in a bar fight. One of them is swinging and taking punches from some coked-out biker and saying to the other guy "I can't believe you got us into this again." But he is still there [at] his friends back. Hence the age old expression, 'he's got my back.

Whenever I hear a woman say something like her 'bestie' always has her back I just laugh and say to myself "Yeah, she is probably already planning on how to fuck your boyfriend, or has already done so on her back; legs spread and star-fished." A woman's best friend is her closest enemy. There is so much cock and semen in the world, yet, her best friend's boyfriend seems to be a perfect fit for her slit. Go figure.

One of the biggest complaints from men today is how they don't feel they have the full support of their wives, girlfriends, or women in general. It is a different kind of support from a woman's perspective. As a man you have to understand that women truly do not, and cannot, love you for you; their survival depends on this modus. They love the 'idea' of you and what you represent to them at any given moment. Women are adaptors, not leaders. They are the master adapters and instinctively survive through manipulation, lying, conniving, posturing, and passive-aggressive threats and ploys. They survive on a primitive level of hitching their carriages to the best horse on the lot. They naturally look around and think: 'who should I put my money vagina on?' and thus, adapt to appease and be attractive to that horse for as long as they [the man] are the smartest, strongest, and best horse in town at that moment for her to get with. This is how it is, and this will always be the way the weaker sex survives—through passive actions since their strength and logic fall into the category of: N/A.

This is hypergamy in its rawest form—hitching their 'cart' onto many horses throughout their lifetime in order to optimize their ever degrading asset: Beauty. As it is a depreciating asset, you will see a woman hitch herself to a different kind of horse during her late teens to mid-20's as opposed to the one's you will see her hitched to after the Wall (30+). This is what loyalty means to her. It is loyalty to her survival, and to her hypergamous nature.

### **ENTRY THIRTY-TWO**

# RELATIONSHIPS: A HOUSE OF CARDS

The following is a Netflix series review...

Written—March 2013

I 've finished viewing the entire first season of the Netflix original series *House of Cards* about a week ago. Normally it would take a day or so to go through all my notes containing talking points, references, character profiles and connections to life to make sense of it all, however, *House of Cards* was put on the back burning due to the overwhelming social commentary that it provides. With that said, I did finally manage to fuel myself with some thinking juice (English Ale) and make some sense out of one of the best shows that's not on television.

To begin, *House of Cards* is stylish in terms of its script writing and production value. It has a fairly aggressive message that is a realistic sort of fiction. Throughout the show, Francis Underwood (Kevin Spacey) narrates his thoughts on life, power, sex, and politics to the audience as if you were one of his underpaid interns. This alone presents the show beautifully as a sort of meditation on morality that tells the audience what we already know to be true by now in our history. What we already know is that politicians are corrupt and power-brokering and negotiation is an extremely dirty business which comes with the territory.

Kevin Spacey's Congressman, Frank Underwood, spends much of his time reminding all the naïve people in his orbit of those facts. Not that there's much purity to go around in this crew: His wife (Robin Wright) is prepared to

screw him over, the young reporter (Kate Mara) tells him pretty overtly that she's prepared to play the game as his "news prostitute" and mistress. The closest thingthis show has to an idealist is the girlfriend (Kristen Connolly) of a drug-addicted senator (Corey Stoll) who helps him cover it [his addiction] up, which in the rosiest view she does because she believes he's one of the good ones. But even there, she barely speaks up when he sits silently at a committee meeting leading to a shipyard's closing that costs his district thousands of jobs.

This über-cynicism turns up in pop-culture a lot. The trope of the shady political process is the plot engine of other shows like *Veep* and even *Scandal*. (*Homeland* and *24* can squeeze in here too.) It's not necessary to be unsuspecting here and perceive this all, even accepting the obvious distance between fiction and reality, that this global view matches up closely to public opinion about the powers and pitfalls of government.

For all the spectacle and condition in America about the greatness of the Capitol, and the high-flown rhetoric of State of the Union speeches, few people believe in government as a setting where political principles and ideals are properly debated. Even looking back to 2008, the biggest 'dreamers' in the Obama campaign positioned him as someone who would break up the bonds of corruption and dysfunction in politics; some sort of superhero or deity. Well, like most perceived Gods and saviours, they are built up only to be torn down when the powers-that-be so choose to do so. Just like today, we see the current administration in America once praised for its promise to be transparent, to stop wars, to stop spying on American citizens, and to protect the borders have done nothing but the exact opposite in the most extreme fashion. Yet, are we surprised?

### A wise man once said:

"Power tends to corrupt, and absolute power corrupts absolutely. Great men are almost always bad men"- John Emerich Edward Dalberg Acton (Men had some fuck'n classy names back then)

Francis Underwood epitomizes exactly what the great Baron John Acton was trying to convey in that timeless quote. Underwood has been

passed over for Secretary of State, and he goes around destroying everyone who was involved in that decision, particularly those within his own party. Questions of policy and ethics barely even occur to him. His relationship with the reporter Zoe Barns is nothing but a contract. Sex is a power tool used for the exchange of information to enhance his position on the ultra-political chess board. To Francis, Zoe Barns is like a Kleenex tissue, to be blown into and then discarded until the next runny nose. Barns seems to be ok with this for the time being, since she is an ambitious reporter yearning for a life that is not pedestrian, and Francis seems to be the best way to get her out of her shitty apartment and to become someone exceptional.

Francis is a man who believes in two kinds of pain. I for one believe in two kinds of people: Those who, every now and again, take a piss in the water during a lovely day at the beach, and those who are fucking liars who say they don't or have ever done so. Both beliefs are God given right's. We were born onto this earth without debate or a say in the decision. Humans have free-will; however, freedom is messy and comes with a cost: A willingness to be accountable for your beliefs, actions, and potential consequences that may both hold depending on the social climate of the time. *House of Cards* is a show built to gorge on, and then re-watch. And yet despite all this brilliance, there's something fairly hollow and void about it, and I think it comes down to the fact that people already hate Congress so much that they can't despise it anymore. *House of Cards* is a game played in a high-roller room, but the stakes are ultimately low. Congress is, at this point, un-satirizable. The problem with the character of Underwood in *House* of Cards is that he can actually get things done! That's not a Congress that I, or anybody else, can recognize. Which actually then solidifies the show as more of a fantasy than an actual take on reality.

### ENTRY THIRTY-THREE

# WOMEN ARE ALWAYS AUDITIONING FOR MRS. [MALES LAST NAME]

The following was mentioned at a friend's engagement party by the liquor cabinet...

Occurred- summer 2011

Things are always great in the beginning for a reason. Ever notice this? It's because every woman is on her best behaviour to get you to sign on that dotted line. Like the *Big Bang Theory*, the character Penny was über feminine in the beginning: Long flowing hair, tight clothing that amplified her assets—just an absolute delight to watch and to stare at instead of listening to the nerdgasms. Then, towards the later sessions, Penny went all dyke-cut on everyone. It's almost like she got married and quit life...

In a way, Penny exemplified Western women's behaviour today when they eventually get a man to sign those commitment documents that pretty much say she owns you—today it's not patriarchy that owns women...you can thank the Court system for hating men now. Women today know that they have total control over a man if he is so willingly stupid to sign that marriage document.

After that happens; then come the dyke-cuts, the weight gain, the increasing demands and ultimatums, and even the adultery. When it comes down to it, feminism and modern women want both of their sexual strategies

optimized. They want the plan B guy to marry, so they have security while they can treat him like less than human—all the while texting ex-boyfriends, or flirting with other men on Facebook in order to secure a trade-up for the future divorce that has a 50% chance of happening.

Oh yes, in the beginning she will cook for you, dress for you, give you tons of blowjobs and sex. Then, once she butters your ego up—and feels comfortable in the relationship—all of a sudden the I.V drip of sex starts and it begins to become a weapon she uses against you. Yes, YOU, because she has made YOU as her Beta provider now. Once she has all of her tampons stored in your bathroom, or has her cat living at your place, you've already gone too far. Once you signal that you are willing to play the provider role for her you are stuck with it. Never signal that you are a provider because you will always get fucked, and not in the way you are thinking, noodle head.

## How do you avoid all of this?

Never, ever, signal to her that you are more than her fuck buddy. Never meet her friends. Why would you want to meet people who are just going to pass judgments on you and on what you two do anyways? Make no mistake, her friends don't care about you, nor are they going to be thinking good thoughts about you. What if you two love-birds break-up? You think her friends are going to want to hang out with you after the fact? Get fucking real man!

Meeting the parents is a signal that you want to be the buffoon, or that you want to be her doormat for when she eventually wipes her shit-heels all over your face. Bad idea if you don't want commitment. All that her parents are going to do when you're around is constantly try and sell their daughter like an auctioneer. The selling is more intensive and desperate if the family knows their daughter is damaged goods and has been a little tramp all through her twenties—if you, the Poindexter, won't wife their rag-doll of a daughter up, no one will. Do you want to be that idiot, that chump-stump?

When it comes down to it, you always want to be with the best of her. Like with Penny in *Big Bang Theory* we got the best in the beginning, and then she got comfortable. Penny took full advantage of her stay; she had the male audience putty in the palm of her hand for 9 fuck'n seasons. And even with the change, guys still watch the show— signalling that they are O.K

with the 'new' Penny. I stopped watching as soon as the scissors took the first blade off of her lush hair. I demand better, and so should you. I demand what I got in the beginning when I signed up for the *Big Bang Theory*. Now I know how Leonard must feel. Even worse, Leonard had to watch Penny from a far all those years take bad-boys like me home to fuck the complete living shit out of them—while he most likely got her C-game in the bedroom. Poindexter always gets the watered-down version of her sex. Much in the same way fast-food chains water down their soda machines to ensure more profit with-out having to "bend over backwards".

The 'Honey Pot' has long been used as a term in the world of espionage. It is essentially a sting operation that involves one going undercover to seduce an (usually high profile) individual into a compromising position for future extortion purposes. The most recent highprofile case was involving the ex-Russian spy Anna Chapman, who was a Russian national living in New York when she was arrested; along with nine others back in 2010, on suspicion she was working Illegals Program Spy ring. Does this sound at all familiar in normal pedestrian life? Modern women may not be akin to CIA or KGB spies, but the majority do share common characteristics when it comes to taking advantage of Beta men and the average Joe. We always hear countless tales and stories of women purposefully not taking their birth control to get pregnant in order to trap a guy financially. Many men today have most likely experienced the 6 month epiphany wherein the scandalous-skank they've have been dating, screwing, and generally having a good time with suddenly changes her habits.

She starts to nag you, push for more intimacy and your time. In addition to this, she always used to split the bill—or offered—but now she is suddenly citing "money" issues. You two were having fun, and she never mentioned that anything should change, or that the amount of time being spent on her was more than enough. You both agreed that the relationship was casual; you even told her flat out that you weren't "boyfriend material and she eagerly nodded—and let you fuck her doggy-style. Now, she is pushing for a marriage proposal and is getting the aforementioned babyrabies.

Most women today, for some reason, are increasingly becoming honeypots knowingly or unknowingly. It is in a woman's nature to use covert means to hide their true agendas; but some are just blatant. Most are not, but there are some red flags to look out for.

# She Is WAY Out Of Your League (Even By Your Standards)

If a girl gets interested in you out of nowhere or she never used to be—but now she thinks your solid gold—maybe reflect on it while you're playing 'hide the zucchini' with her; If you don't have a huge reputation—or if you have lots of money—understand that she is after your dough' and not your play-doh.

## Things Are Just TOO Good In the Beginning

The sex is constant, she even cooks for you. She is laughing at all your jokes and never judges anything. But then comes a day 4-6 months in when she starts complaining about mundane shit. She starts asking for more commitment and time from you. Suddenly, you're spending too much time with your friends now and not enough with her. The 'wants' become more and the 'doing' on her part becomes less. You sir, are being honey-potted. She dressed up like a dish for you in the beginning and worshipped your every word—she was buttering you up, pumping your ego up like a bike tire so that she can at some point slowly turn the screws and begin the demanding phase. It's not genuine at all. When you don't give into her petty demands (we are talking about really stupid shit, like not letting her know where you are going all the time) she gets defensive and retreats from looking good all the time, cooking for you, and doing all the things that you thought were genuine but in fact were ploys to extort you later down the road in order to invest in her. You were upfront with her about what kind of a relationship you wanted and you thought she shared the same feelings. Suddenly, the house of cards is falling because the game is up. You thought she liked you for you, so why doesn't she anymore? It's because she knows she can't get anything from you once you've declined her ultimatums. You don't want to be Beta Buck\$; your cock should be good enough.

## She "Forgets" To Take Her BC

It's pretty much a lazy and impossible excuse to forget to take birth control in modern times, and as a functioning adult. The damn thing is idiot proof: The pills come in a dated package and are usually by the bedside. How do you forget to take it before bed every night? Are you daft? IT'S RIGHT FUCKING THERE! Plus, if you're a woman and on BC one would think you are serious about NOT getting pregnant. If you are totally serious about remaining childless you wouldn't forget to take it, ever—as for most young women today, having a child is not something they can afford given that most ladies are in severe amounts of credit card debt and awash in student loans. However, I guess there will always be big pimp-daddy government hanging in the background by the street pole [swinging his cane] just in case that deadbeat knocks her up. Maybe this is the cause for all the rampant BC amnesia?

# She Was On BC, But Now Has Changed Her Mind When She's With You

Citing that she wants kids in the "future," and being on BC in the long run can mess up a woman's cycle along with chances of becoming pregnant, she now has a change of heart. She asks "what do you think?" This is dangerous as she has considered that getting pregnant now with you is not a big deal. Or she says things like "Well, if I got pregnant today it wouldn't be the worst thing." Bitch please. You should fucking run. Now, all of sudden, your girl is talking serious when you thought all along the situation was casual. What's going on here? What's going on is that this was the agenda all along, stupid—and now she's thought that this was the perfect time to ease her agenda into the fray as she believes she has knifed enough butter on your ego bread.

### **She Always Shows Herself**

### In the Best Light

Every time you slept over at her place in the beginning her room was always clean—or, she was busy in the kitchen cleaning, reading, or generally keeping "busy". She also constantly claimed that she was SO organized all the time and very independent. Then, down the line you started to see cracks in her persona.

Why does she have so many troubles with her finances if she is always SO organized? Missing payments and forgetting to do things with friends and family, or her job, just to list a few. Nobody is perfect, so why fake it? Before, and when you started seeing each other, she was always hitting the gym—now she has stopped going, or has been skipping. Why is she stopping, and being so fucking lazy all of a sudden? Was she doing it because it is healthy, or was she doing it to attract a guy (we know the answer to that)? Everything a woman does is to attract resources from men, and the old fashion way is through the body—making it look good, like a shiny product on the shelf.

# When The Relationship Ends She Is With Someone New Almost Immediately

Women don't love men the same way men love women. If one branch isn't working for them they will happily swing to the next like a rapacious baboon, and on and on we go. Western women—in all their instant gratification programming and entitlement issues—treat today's men like iPhones; if one breaks the new one comes out next year or is around the corner. The problem, however, are those same women have to face The Wall at some point.

Don't be like Winne the Pooh and stick your whole head into the honey-pot. Just get enough of that sweet nectar, as you wouldn't want to get a stomach ache—or in the case of the real world, a giant headache for years to come when you find yourself stuck for life inside of a now dry honey-pot that was once full of that desired sweetness.

### **ENTRY THIRTY-FOUR**

# HOW MEN ATTRACT HIGH VALUE FEMALES

The following was solicited advice given to curious Bro's at the bar...

Occurred—February 14<sup>th</sup> 2014

Being 'Mr. Mint Green Button-Down Casual' in a pair of Dockers is how I would describe the majority of Western men. You know what I am talking about: The guy who works some managerial job at Pep Boys who posts on Facebook about the game, talks to women at the bar about his stable job, and is generally predictable with his usual drinking habit of only ordering Budweiser: The Beta Boob.

The weird thing about society is that it seems everyone [men especially] complain about their lack of success/standing out, yet they all gravitate towards the same thing, the average. Everyone buys the same

phone, watches the same Netflix shows, drinks the same beer, and tries to get that boring, yet stable job. Here is a hint: Being average, and aiming for common goals like the rest of your friends, isn't going to get you that bigballed lifestyle that everyone wants. How could you possibly think that if you do average things it will lead to an above average lifestyle?

Being bland and like everyone else will only solidify your position in the herd and not with the wolves. You want to be a black sheep if anything—even if that means being disliked. That's the kicker. Everyone wants to be liked, so they follow everyone else. The real value, however, is in the novelty of things. Mainstream is boring—just look at the T.V news/radio business today; it's perishing. To get quality and bangable women these days the first and foremost thing you have to do is not be like every other slack-bodied, limp-gimp out there. The key thing to note is that in life there will always be someone better than you, some other guy. Who gives a fuck! Let that shit go, and focus on what you can control and bring to your table.

# Have Something about You That Sets Your Value Apart From the Peons

It's critical to have something about you that makes you stand out—I am not talking about wardrobe [although style is also vital]. I am talking about that 'it' factor that will make women start to think about you in interesting ways during the night as they "tuck themselves in," and peek their curiosity. You want their Gerbil wheel to be constantly spinning, endlessly, and without purpose. Which do you think will give them the desired Gina tingles?

"Oh my....he works in an office like everyone else... that gets me so fucking soaked knowing that he pushes paper all day, and secretly farts at his desk when everyone else is on break," said no girl ever.

Or.

"Oh wow, he is an author, an artist, in a rock band, and he travels. Omg...I just got a Wide-On and creamed myself silly, [giggles]" thought every girl, ever.

The point is, you have to understand that every time you engage in

conversation with a woman they—at some point—are going to want to size you up in order to calculate if you are a Beta boob, or a jerk boy bad-asshole who they'd like to fuck (that's what's going on when they ask you about your 'job'). The key is, even if you DO work in an office, never say that's your job. Always mention the cool and more exciting hobbies you do. If those exciting 'hobbies' are your job then that's even better. When you frame everything this way you can weed out the Gold-diggers and women whom look to settle for any guy to use as a sperm-bank—so they can get married and make their friends jealous. Stable is boring and will only get you into trouble with women; because they will size you up as their White Knight to save them from their poor financial choices, the Ghosts of College Past, and student loans.

## Be a Ghost or CIA Agent

Not in a literal sense, although that would be bad-ass. The point is, live your life almost as if you were THAT important. This means having an air of mystery around your life that will make you seem challenging. Don't always be available, don't always return texts or calls right away, and keep your mouth shut about where you're going on vacation and what you'll be doing on the weekend.

All those things will be revealed naturally when people ask you what you are doing in life and where you have been; at which point you can mention all the cool shit you've been up to. The point is to not be like your typical Twitter Twat or Facebook attention-whore—who posts their whereabouts and happenings every single minute of the fucking day; bordering on the honesty of when they last took a massive shit, and masturbated. You want women to be 'thinking off' about what you are doing — as that's where the real anticipation (GT's) and intrigue (Wide-On's) are born. If you are so inclined, and can't help yourself like a crack addict, post a picture of a trip to Vegas or of you having an amazing time somewhere cool —but leave it at that to get the imagination juices flowing. Keep them guessing, keep their mind occupied by the thought of you, and what you COULD be doing, rather than what you ARE doing. For all they know you could be half dead in a ditch somewhere after infiltrating a Russian spy ring,

or, sitting at home in your sweat-pants pounding back beer and Cheetos whilst watching high quality fuck-videos on Pornhub. Women love a good fantasy, so give them one they create on their own without doing any of the work. Your too busy for that shit, right?

# **Don't Be Conversationally Retarded**

Read books, travel to places, have stories. In order to be truly interesting you have to do interesting things. Which brings us back to the beginning: Don't be average. The average asshole in the office doesn't read, doesn't travel to interesting places, doesn't do cool shit. You wanna know why?—because it's risky.

The guy in the office has a 'stable job' that is mind numbingly boring as fuck, and for some reason it's SO important for him not to lose it. Or, it's because he was an idiot— got some fertile-myrtle pregnant— and is now stuck in the vicious cycle of needing that job in order to afford that Beta Boob lifestyle; of going to work, having his wife and kids yell at him all day, and then going back to work the next day to do it all again. Hooray! It's no surprise then why suicide rates are higher today than ever before per-capita.

Does that sound like premium fun to you? Does that sound interesting? Does constantly wishing that a semi 18-wheeler would rear end you on the way to work sound appetizing? I don't think a 24/7 hostage scenario [married life] would be fun for any man. That's the problem when you live the life of a Beta-Boob, your conversations will only revolve around your stupid job and your iPhone addicted kids. You know these guys right? Every single time you talk to them they are bitching and moaning like a beaten dog about how their wife has reduced their sexy time down to a once-a-month hand job—rolling her fingers around the tops of his pyjama-banana. Fuck man, that's depressing!

### It's All about Illusion

Women do it all the time with make-up, high heels, yoga pants,

leggings, lipstick etc. So why don't you? Make yourself seem cooler as women make themselves seem more beautiful. You don't have to be rolling in the money to look 'put together'/interesting. Get that new wardrobe that fits your body right, lease a cool vehicle that screams "he fucks" not "he's going to soccer practice...and then maybe to Denny's." Again, you aren't trying to display wealth (that's Beta-Boob), you are trying to display a lifestyle and image as well as what kind of role you want to play in women's lives. Just as you don't seek homely qualities in a woman—fat, baby obsessed, and marriage anxious—you are seeking bangable experiences, which mean your Eat-Pray-Yolo type girls; who have panache for a good dick'n to grease those velvet drapes.

## **Don't Make Them a Priority**

If there is one crucial thing to take away from all of this: It's that value and economics play a huge factor in the sexual marketplace. You, as a man, always want to be giving value and not trying to be on the buyer side of things—that's for Beta consumers. You are the producer of your own reality; you are the one who is selling to women. You want them to be interested in you and not the other way around. By not making them your priority you are signalling so many different Alpha qualities to which are powerful. Not being a needy boob, having your own life, your own rules, and your own attitude signals that they need you more than you need them. This is probably the single most valuable lesson in life, yet it is the hardest to learn and internalize. This is what I believe to be the biggest factor in the 80% of men's lives today. For some reason, most men today don't make themselves priorities; every one of them seems to go for servitude or slavery first. It's mind-boggling to see in the working world and the sexual marketplace. Most of the jobs men trap themselves in are soul-sucking and not worth the time and most women whom they get trapped by, and allow themselves to be trapped by, are not even of good quality (5's and 6's on average when you look on the sidewalks). Why do men today have the "This is as good as I'll ever get" attitude? Seriously, what the fuck man?

You are a man. Start acting like one today. Fuck being politically correct and just start being correct! Correct yourself if you have fallen prey to

the feminized culture where men are not equal but second class citizens. Understand that you CAN have more in life, and that it's O.K to want better than average. Who ever wanted average anyways? In today's world, there is no reason to be average. We have the ability to do so many different and cool things, travel to far places like never before, and be whoever we want to be thanks to the internet and modern technology.

### **ENTRY THIRTY-FIVE**

## **EXTRACURRICULARS**

The following was argued to a group of female teachers at a bar...

Occurred—October 2014 Trivia Night at the Fox & Fiddle

Back in the day, *Van Halen's* 'Hot for Teacher' was an anthem for all the horny young males who had experienced infatuation and lust with a particularly attractive instructor—most likely a fresh, tender substitute (young and unsullied out of college). The song was based on fantasy yet there seems—more so over the past decade—to be a rash and escalation in cases reported of female teachers engaging in inappropriate sexual behaviour with male students.

WND published a hefty dossier that profiled many female teachers going back as far as 2006 who had engaged in sexual misconduct with their

students (and in some cases, multiple misconducts). That list still grows today and is being constantly updated. All of them have different stories ranging from giving feverish blow-jobbies to students at a campsite during a school trip, to sleepovers 'fuck nights' with their male students. When you scroll through dossier and are witness to the laundry list of cum-stained bedside photos of some of these 'professional ladies,' (only the hot ones) it's endless. You will not only noticed that a decent handful of them are surprisingly attractive, but also the very subtle point that the majority are either approaching 'The Wall' (ages 27-34) or have already entered that most feared time in a woman's biological life. When you average out the ages of all the women showcased, it becomes a display of extreme cries for sexual attention for those who are savvy in the art of understanding women. The average age for these eager pogo-hoppers is in the low to mid-thirties; with the few outlying exceptions. Adrienne Laflamme 60, is one of those extremes. Imagine those saggy tits and her mud-flaps dangling over you when if you were a young lad—now that is a true crime against humanity. It is also worth notating that in all of these cases it seems that the hotter you are as a female teacher the less likely it is for you to be sentenced, or at least, given a full sentence.

Now, on the other hand, I am sure any young lad who had the pleasure of experiencing an after-school detention with Debra LaFave (25) would have masturbation fantasies for years to come (ironically she didn't serve any jail time). It's simply amazing how some of these women serve little to no consequences—in some cases for doing unspeakable things. Yet, if a male teacher even makes a suggestive comment he is immediately thrown into a pit of law daggers and the book is thrown at him—because it's been ingrained into the public's perception that inappropriate sexual conduct(being "thirsty") is a 'male' trait. The point is, it is painfully obvious when looking at the data that The Wall plays a huge factor in all of these cases, yet in some it is baffling. The Wall doesn't explain the picture entirely as it doesn't account for the more attractive female teachers fulfilling every young boy's fantasy of a hot after-school bang session with the teacher who looks like she just switched from a career of stripping. Can these thirsty chicks not get any adult dick whatsoever? Doubt it. This makes one believe that they have some deeper physiological issues at play. The Wall—and the rise in extremely impulsive behaviours—can explain a good part in all of this. In any normal case, most women would just go to the local bar and settle for some deadbeat loser to satiate their lonely voids. Keep it simple ladies, don't reinvent the wheel. Lesson learned. If the guy you are about to fuck can't even pack his own lunch in the morning then you girlfriend need to check yo'self— into a ward.

### **ENTRY THIRTY-SIX**

# WHY MILLENNIALS WILL BE THE POOREST GENERATION

The following was said to some millennial idiots at a Starbucks...

Occurred—summer 2008

 $\mathbf{I}$  t's your attitude that is poor. A poor mind will give you a poor life. People today and especially the younger generations simply don't understand, or lack for some reason, basic financial practice. Yes, the economic situation is dire but that doesn't explain the stupidity of most young people today. For being the most "educated" generation, millennial adults lack basic financial skills and knowledge about how money works. If the economy is truly bad, why the all YOLOing, and why do you live a lifestyle that you can't afford yet? Living a wealthy lifestyle, bad economy or not, takes not only hard work, but it takes the will to even want to work for it—work to achieve but also understanding how to use the money. Money is value, and anytime you spend your money it should be on things that have netbacks or return on investment. Yes, from time to time [if you can afford it] spend your money on some frivolous things but that's only if you can. You see it all the time out in the world, I know it's not just millennials, but this is directed towards you because of the staggering and moronic financial behaviour that your generation possesses.

Observing the whiniest generation of today illustrates the dire straits that most millennials find themselves in, and will be, by age 30—due to reckless and inefficient spending habits. Everyone wants to be a big-shot but can't back it up. Stopping propping your Kardashian lifestyle up with credit card debt and maybe actually build some real wealth—then you can start living that big-balled lifestyle. How in the fuck do you have zero money saved or have a horrible credit score before age 30? By statistical standards, you haven't even been married and divorced yet to even begin ruining your financial future! By other stats you should still be living at home with your parents like most millennials do in their 20's, so where is the money going kids? You should have little to no expenses really. But no, you have to go out and get that Starbucks to feel important, procure those shoes at the mall, or go on all those expensive vacations to impress your friends on Facebook. Most people don't even invest their money and have little to no understanding of stocks or the broader market. You don't have to be a genius to invest in stocks; it just takes time and hard work as well as research to make quality decisions. I know this is asking a lot from millennials, to put effort into things, but that's how you make big money. Instead of jacking-off to a video game, or watching Gossip Girl, go do something productive with your time if you're sick of being poor. Get rid of that "the world owes me" mentality that the majority of reprobates have today. You will get nowhere in life with that single-mommy attitude. I guess it's much easier to watch Netflix and ignore all the ways that you could be growing the money that you have. It seems young people are scared of stocks and investing because: a) They probably don't have a lot of money due to spending it all on stupid shit that won't net back any return or b) Saving money is harder than spending it/more boring. Think investing in stocks is risky? It is. Is it taking a gamble? Sure. However, you risk getting into a car accident every day when you drive daddy's car around town gallivanting anyway, so why not take a CALCULATED risk? Better yet, invest in dividend paying stocks so that there is money coming into your account regardless of whether or not the stock goes up or down.

When you buy that fucking piece-of-shit iPhone —made by Taiwanese kids with half a foot into the grave—you don't get money deposited into your bank account. When you buy those stupid fucking nigger shoes—that you will only wear once so you can pretend to be gangsta for a day—its money gone forever, so what's worse? Did you know that if you bought the cheapest

coffee at Starbucks for every business day of the year (like most people do) you are losing minimum \$500 a year just on coffee that you could have brewed yourself at home for less than half the cost per cup? That's \$500 you mine as well just go fucking gamble with at the casino because it's dead money anyway. And hey, maybe you'll win it big just like every other loser there. Why not put \$500 every year into a dividend paying stock instead that pays a predictable 6%? That's just one fucking idea that is way more useful than buying the next Mac Book Pro, you crouton. What's that? That doesn't sound exciting? Well, I hope you like eating cat-food when your age 70 living on the dole and rummaging through the \$0.99 reduced rack at the local supermarket. I'll be the one spitting in your tin cup when you're begging for change on the sidewalk in ten years while I smoke my cigar and fart in your face through the pants of my \$5000 suit. I don't know, money to you young people is treated like a disease in which you want to get rid of immediately: "Oh, \$50 dollars in my bank account was just deposited from work...better go spend it all!" It's like you are all programmed like robots to consume. Money also equals responsibility and it just shows further that millennials hate accountability, so it all makes sense now. Think I am wrong? Well, I am just trying to rationalize the stupidity of people so maybe you can tell me why you have no money and the reasons why you think owning a credit card means to make purchases that you can't even pay for now. When you have a credit card it doesn't mean you have infinite money, you are renting money. You have to pay off what you owe after every month or you are charged a ridiculously high-interest rate for your stupidity. That's how credit card companies enslave you and make money— off of your stupidity. When you have credit, and a credit card, use it on things that you can afford right now and today; you should be asking yourself if there is money in your bank account that very second to pay for your purchase. The reason why this whole topic is so important is because at the end of the day our society, for some fucking reason bails out stupidity. Who loses are the taxpayers successful people of this world— who will have to bail your ignorance out with food stamps when you're out on the street or in government housing because you thought YOLO was the way to go; fucking brainless wastes of sperm and ovum. Look at your city around you; you see that, you see that decay in the landscape? That disgustingly toxic Third World landscape which is creeping into your streets is called stupidity—and it shows in the peeling paint off of buildings, the crack whores in the streets giving HJ's for crack,

and the single mom's pushing strollers to the liquor store to kill the one last brain cell they have that got them there. Money is a tool that can either destroy or make you. Start using it wisely. For all you keyboard cowboys on Facebook whining about how life is hard and how the "Man" is to blame. Why not become the man? Your time will be spent more productively instead of making such hard life choices such as deciding how to get as many 'likes' as possible on Facebook or if you should get your coffee at Mc D's or Starbucks.

#### **ENTRY THIRTY-SEVEN**

# EVERYONE SHOULD WORK A MINIMUM WAGE JOB

The following was said to the youngsters at Easter Dinner...

Occurred—April 2012

A wage job [preferably a retail job as a young adult]. This advice is especially vital to the new millennial generation who think a retail job is "beneath them". For one, you haven't accomplished anything noteworthy in life yet, so no, you are not above anything yet even though you're worthless degrees in Basket Weaving from some limp-wristed liberal college may proclaim otherwise. A degree these days means nothing as they are handed out like candy on Halloween to pretty much anyone who can take out a Student Loan and tie their own shoe. Colleges accept pretty much anybody these days [mostly women] because they just want your money, bottom—line, in order for them to keep their make-work jobs.

Of course, retail jobs and min-wage jobs suck absolute horse-cock because you have to deal with the pathetic sacks of shit that are, human beings. However, there is a caveat to actually experiencing the mind and soul-crushing hellhole that is retail. You have ease into it though with a

certain mindset. The job is after all just a job, and you don't want to invest your heart-and-soul into it because it's temporary. Now, I am not saying be shitty at your job, I am saying do it well, but also, mentally check-out at the same time. Don't let the job bring you down to the bitterness that most of your Blue pill co-workers (who are stuck there) are experiencing. The bitterness is real and is a disease that will spread to every new employee who enters—but remember you are better than that. You can see everything for what it is—do your job, get your money, and gain perspective.

### Everything you need to know about life/people can be found in Retail

In retail, like in life, you will find that most people suck, and suck at life because they make stupid choices and are not disciplined in their behavior. Most 9-5 jobs are legal scams where you will notice the pyramid power of hierarchy in all its glory. You will find that most, if not all, of your bosses suck hard-dick because they don't deserve the positions they are in—they are incompetent or just plain fucking lazy. Most managers and people in higher positions got there because it was simply "their time." Retail, especially, has a high turn-over rate as people come and go fast; get fired, quit, and or get pushed up the ladder because they knew somebody. Most jobs in our modern society are cloaked in cronyism, nepotism, and are incestuous. A lot of people get hired, or pushed up because they either suck-off the boss, are related somehow [gross if they've sucked him off too], or they knew somebody within the organization. So why bother working a job like this? Why bother working for anyone but yourself for that matter?

### It Will Force You To Be Better, And To Do Better

You need to experience the Suck for yourself to understand the Suck. I can tell you about how much it sucks but you still won't fully understand what I am talking about. Working these jobs should force you to think long and hard about what you want out of life. Every day, experiencing the inherent stupidly that is in people—the entitlement of the modern consumer, the thanklessness of your routine, and the shitty pay should make you strive to become your own boss. The ultimate goal should be: To never, ever, have

to answer to someone else, or be someone's bottom-bitch in life. It doesn't matter how you do it and what age you are at. Balance is important. Have your "job" so that you have money coming in, and on your spare time work on your own stuff so that it's parallel. The point is to always be pushing so that you can eventually become self-sustaining. It may take a long time but it is going to be the most rewarding "job" you have. Most people won't think about working min-wage in this way because they don't have the mindset. They don't see beyond what it is. The job should be a means to an end for you; like dumping your wad into a chick, or throwing a piss into the urinal. It's another way to have revenue coming into your bank account. Use that money to make more money. Everyone has to start somewhere.

### It Will Show You the Value of a Dollar

Above else, working a shitty labor or retail job will show you the value of money. It will show you that your ultimate goal in life is to work less (work smarter) and get paid more. It will be a part of your character as you will know deep down inside you experienced the plight of working hard for a buck. That should be motivation enough. This should be the ultimate perspective and will cause you to be fiscally disciplined later on in life—because you experienced what it was like to make a dollar stretch.

### You Will Learn a lot about People

You will see people in their rawest form, especially in retail, humans are filthy animals. Case in point: Black Friday. When you are working, take a moment to pause and watch the sheeple. You will surely have plenty of time to do so in most of these jobs as there will be days where you don't have a lot to do. Keep a journal, or a notebook. Minimum-wage jobs are great because there is a lot of boring moments due to routine based nature of the work. So take the time to be creative. Go off into your head and drift into your own world; think about events, your observations, and expand on them. You can use these ideas to write a book, a novel, use the people around you as character outlines etc. Our society today is so rapid, so stupid, and technology has almost completely erased what we have known to be 'boredom'. Shitty jobs are the best places to feel that boredom which is a good thing.

Boredom causes you to be creative, to entertain yourself, and to think

about something other than what blow-up doll Miley Cyrus is giving cunnilingus to, or what the Kardashian's are having for dinner tonight. That's what's being lost, especially for millennial teens that can't even get a minimum wage job in this absolute whore of a God forsaken, fucking-piece of debt-ridden shit, economy. They are losing all that insight. You won't learn how the world works on your fucking iPhone. You won't learn about how shitty life and other people are whilst trolling Instagram—in addition, how to navigate that in a lecture hall. Schooling is important, but the experience of actually seeing the masochistic daily grind, the 9-5, and how fucking nauseating people can be is truly more important.

The important thing you want to learn—and what schools *should* be teaching—is how to avoid the rat-race altogether. But schools won't teach this because the institution is the very thing that keeps the rat-race fuelled with more rats and drones. So dip your toe in, but don't stay forever. Your goal is pump-and-dump that job like a Bangkok whore on a Sunday morning during shore-leave. Gain experience, have some fun by the pool, and move on.

# BLACK FRIDAY & THE MODERN CONSUMERIST MORON

The following was unsolicited counsel given to shoppers waiting at the checkout of a Best Buy...

Occurred—A week before Black Friday, 2013

B lack Friday is upon us. It is a week now before everything goes tribal from the East to West Coasts of the greatest country this earth has ever seen. It's an event like none other in human history where people receive an invisible license to be selfish, and rude assholes; a license to stampede

over that poor 70 yr old Wal-Mart greeter and send him/her to the hospital, and possibly a final retirement.

The Seinfeld's had an alternative answer to the holiday (Festivus), and to the vapid consumerist take-over of a tradition once celebrated and prided on giving thanks; to good family, good food, good friends, and also to the coming of a religious bearded savior: Santa Clause. If it hasn't been claimed before, I will claim it here now in my man-diary: Black Friday, in every way shape and form, is like the Anti-Festivus of the American Thanks-Giving Holiday.

Black Friday is a dark time in human living. It is a time when the mask of society comes off, and we are privileged enough to see our culture in its rawest form. Most of you are probably thinking by now that I hate this time of year with every inch of my soul. However, it's the exact opposite; I love Black Friday to death. I worship the day like I would a bolt-throwing deity because it's a sociologist's gold-mine of human consumerist salivations. Watching people line up for hours (even days) for a \$5 toaster is not only hilarious to me, it is also a priceless insight into how perverted we have all become in our empty quests for nothing. People have actually been killed and seriously injured to the point of needing life-support on this finest of days; all because hundreds of people decided it would be the best course of action to stampede into Target like a herd of elephants for a plasma TV—marked \$500 down from \$2000.

George Romero's 1978 classic *Dawn of the Dead* (and 2004 remake) along with the mobs of consumers lining up outside stores in the wee hours of the morning—for the "must-have" Black Friday sales—is as good as it gets when relating fiction to reality. As we all know, fiction is based on reality and often truth can be stranger than fiction. The truth here is that the people who participate in these salivating stampedes, long lines, and the violence that takes place (believe it or not shit goes down in most stores) are no different than the zombies we all laugh at and mock in T.V shows like *The Walking Dead* .

Even though I am a stone throw away from the nearest Best Buy, I don't participate in the "shopping" (tribal chaos). I have things delivered to

me; that's why we have the internet and our "just in time" delivery system. There is now choice. I choose to have things brought to me rather than trying to find exactly what I want in a giant store; plus I keep truckers, cargo pilots, and Fed Ex employees in a job—so they can feed their families and buy their Xbox's and big screens: Circle of life.

Both the zombies in *Dawn of the Dead*, and the sheeple out during Black Friday, are potentially life-threatening; single-minded herds who shamble around with glassy-eyed stares (this is due to un-death for the zombies and probably the lack of sleep for the shopping masses), pressing their faces against glass doors and traveling around with their hands forward clamoring for sustenance (brains) and/or those sweet, sweet deals. It's odd for a day that has businesses pulling out all the stops to attract customers after consumer; braving shitty weather, enormous lines, and early hours to get some holiday deals has so commonly and un-ironically accepted name of Black Friday. The disambiguation page on Wikipedia for Black Friday is nothing but large-scale massacres and natural disasters, but perhaps it's a little telling that no one is really ignoring the zombie-like connotations that the massive shopping day intrinsically represents.

Dawn of the Dead's shopping mall is essentially a visual allegory for the excesses and waste of our consumer-driven popular culture. It's not at all difficult to see the shambling hordes of undead as a metaphor for salivating shoppers wandering through the halls of the shrine of capitalism. The movie's assertion that the zombies have returned to the mall simply out of muscle memory or a faint recollection that this place was at one time important to them offers a subtly sad comment on what the lives of the walking dead were like before they became undead. Romero makes visual matches between zombies and department store mannequins, further underscoring the idea that these people in life just gears grinding in the economic machine. The mall has essentially replaced God in America and is a place to where all glory can be bought and paid for—for the consumer must keep buying for it knows nothing else.

### **BLACK FRIDAY OUTLINE & GUIDE**

**Traditional practices:** The day of Black Friday is a strenuous one and

preparation starts days & even nights before the first doors of any Capitalist temple opens. Preparation for the average BF shopper usually consists of gassing up the family vehicle the night before, packing camping gear to use in the parking lots, and praying to the Capitalist God's for a bountiful shopping experience and that they should arrive home alive. The day that the shopping commences includes practices and traditions such as the Running of the Sheeple: Which occurs the moment any store opens its doors and the first customer-service employee falls victim to the initial riot of consumers and blood is spilt—it's usually a pimple faced college grad that gets the honors of opening said doors. After the initial stampede, one individual (nonelected) performs the **Feats of Stupidity**. This involves (usually one) individual violating a "limited purchase of 1" sign by shoving multiples of that item into their cart. This then of course sets off a chain reaction of irate shoppers; first denouncing the breaker of the holiest of shopping laws, then proceeding to do the same in horde like fashion, destroying beautiful displays of merchandise—merchandise that was probably carefully stacked by that poor college grad who is now mangled like road kill on the floor from the aforementioned stampede.

### **ACHIEVEMENTS**

**Titan of Toasters**: To receive this award as a practicing Black Friday'er one must be first to the pile of \$5 toasters, take more than needed (You theoretically need only one) and steal at least one toaster from a fellow shopper's cart without them noticing. Make your escape without getting shot or knifed in the back from some hyped-up suburban mom down the kitchen appliance aisle.

**Plasma Plunderer**: To achieve this advanced title one must purchase as many Plasma T.V's as possible from the store, and then re-sell them for profit after all the Black Friday sales are over. Any profit is a good profit. The best way to do this is to buy out the store's inventory then re-sell them to all your fellow consumers outside of said store— supply and demand baby!

**Tip:** Bring/drive a large pickup truck and or rent a U-haul to serve as your rolling Plasma store (entrepreneurial spirit at its finest).

Honor Thy Neighbor: Form a roving gang of fellow shoppers or friends to lord over a prized section of the department store—usually the technology section—to prevent others from taking what you are so rightfully entitled too. After all, life doesn't get any better than a day at the mall when you're trying to keep up with the Johnson's next door! Just wait until Beth next door hears about the new bedroom set you bought!—so she then can sneak on over when you're not home, like she always does, fuck your husband on it and break it for ya. Maybe invest in a treadmill instead so your husband won't have to use Beth as a natural source of Viagra. Capital idea!

**Blood of Another**: If by the end of the day you walk out of the store with blood of any kind, spot or splash, from a fellow shopper or bystander(not your own blood) you have won this highest of achievements.

\*If you fail to complete or gain any of the above mentioned in the guide, then you have failed in your duty and honor as a Black Friday participant. No worries, though, there is always next year!

#### **ENTRY THIRTY-NINE**

## THE SHOPPING MALL: ONE BIG VAGINA

The following was said at Thanks-Giving Dinner...

Occurred—November 2013

Women still make up the majority of shoppers/consumers in the modern capitalist kingdom known as the West. Yet, acourding to recent academic studies from the University of Chlamydia we are seeing a significant increase in the number of male consumers in recent times. More women have joined the workforce, thus, more males (beta hubbies) are now doing more of the household shopping. More single-parent households are

headed by men where they participate in more traditional female-dominated aspects of household duties—including shopping. These are decent points to make but escape other more evident reasons why more men are consuming. These studies (like most studies done by Liberal Arts grads) has a femcentric bias entrenched into them due to the nature of Universities today (dominated by feminist ideology and being the protector of the Female Imperative) and tend to miss other key factors as to why humans are behaving in ways that they do.

Studies in current academia [because they are all Blue Pill] fail to point out that maybe (just maybe) the other reason why more men are 'consuming' and buying products is because they have spit out the Blue Pill and have not allowed their man-sacks to be drained by the parasitical nature of marrying a Western woman along with the skewed nature of the institution itself—including the male raping that occurs in divorce courts. To put simply, men have more of their money to spend on themselves now. After all, studies point out that the main reason men shop is due to a utilitarian reason, as opposed to the impulse nature (biological urge) those women in the same study have when they buy products. Men mainly go to the mall to seek out the new technologies, Big Screen TV's, stuff for the pad, man cave, and shit that they actually need to help be productive and happy.

**Side Note**: If you are married (God help you) I strongly disagree with the notion of having a 'man cave'. As a man, your whole house should be a man cave because it's YOUR house! More often than not it is you who will be putting that down payment on it, paying the bills, and ultimately (50% chance) going to have to get kicked out of it when your wife decides to run off with Javier the pool boy. You will then find the divorce papers ( women initiated 70% of all divorces in the West) lying on the bedroom floor while you catch her sucking a strange man's mancicle on your marital sheets; sheets that you probably bought together one Sunday morning at IKEA.

Shopping is fine just so as long as you understand that it is ultimately for the hivemind. Getting in and getting out is respectable, but if you are spending your whole afternoon wandering around with ridiculously priced coffee in hand, and swiping that credit card faster than a dying cancer patient, you pal have become part of the hive. Let us proceed then to that fucking hive.

Many people choose to view the action of consuming itself as one fulfilling his or her needs over desires. The interesting thing about the mall, consuming, and spending is: Consumers are not just deceived into wanting what they don't need/can't have, they actually learn to satisfy needs by refashioning available products—see how this is playing into female (relationships) psychology? When you walk around the mall—as a pure observer removed—you will see countless women with their hubbies or 'borefriends' (boyfriends) usually where? That's right, clothing boutiques; picking out clothes for their 'project men' in hopes they will look just like the guy they really want to fuck—celebs, the fashion model on TV, or the hunk on the in-store poster. Women love trying to polish a turd. However, once that turd is fully polished she will get bored. Just like the rabid female consumer of today— when her needs are met and the thrill is gone, the Gina Tingles are discontinued. And when the GT's stop, the Gerbil wheel starts a' spinning.

Onward.

What you may also notice while visiting the mall is that it's a place where each boutique has been properly and geographically stationed in order to maximize its potential sales as well as appropriately conforming to its surrounding to look the way the developer wishes. With exits at its extremities and clocks nowhere to be seen, one is almost compelled to spend hours walking aimlessly around in circles. Women love doing this. Out of the two sexes it is women who show higher amounts of satisfaction in their consumer experience. Why do you think you see so many men sitting on those benches outside the boutiques while their girlfriends lose themselves in the magical fairyland of No Time Town, expensive coffee, and impossible to locate exits? Why is it that more women have credit card debt? Simple, Women don't understand what money really is: Its responsibility. So they spend it to try and get rid of that anxiety of not knowing. When women do not know, or are afraid, they are all too willing to hand that responsibility over to someone else—mainly a cashier.

Men understand the mall on a cerebral level because they are the ones who built and invented it. We know it's a trap of the wallet, yet most guys are Blue Pill and will act in the Blue Pill way towards getting pussy; if that means spending hours with your girl in the mall, buying her things: makeup, panties, skirts, low-cut tops, yoga pants [aka look at my ass & snatch pants] that she will eventually use to snag the HVM (high valued male) while she uses your provisioning. The poor way is the Beta way. Women don't want another shopping buddy; they have their girlfriends for that.

The malls solitary purpose, of course, is for you to leave with an item you had no clue served any purpose beforehand. It can do so by sending you in circles with fountains and benches carefully positioned to entice shoppers into its stores. The place is entirely constructed so one feels isolated and secure all at once in an environment built to resemble locations of much greater proportions—like an amusement park, Las Vegas casino, or a modern male-female "relationship".

The mall is a vicious circle.

### As above, so below

Female psychology and behavior are also a vicious circle if not understood correctly. There are more female shoppers in today's world due to the way women survive through men; through their wallets, and not through their physical protection that was once sought after. A mall is a tool of survival for women. Beauty is an ever fading asset that they need in order to optimize their dual sexual strategy of AF+BB. To maintain their entitled 'kardashian' lifestyles they must constantly be consuming their war paint and camouflage—make-up, clothes, shiny things—in order to compete against other women for the ultimate prize: Hypergamy! Or, compete for the HVM at any point in their lives before the inevitable Wall.

Alpha men in marketing, advertising etc, created products and produced consumer goods in order to become wealthy and to keep the game going. The thing most guys (Blue Piller's) don't understand is that in order to be successful with your wallet is to not get spellbound by your own creation. Pussy can do that to most men. The circle is that women want endless amounts of resources (money). They get the majority of men (you're glorified secretarial job doesn't count nor cut it, right girls?) to pay for shit. So women will use their Beta boyfriends to boost or elevate their positions in the sexual marketplace (SMP) until they have been beautified to the point where they can swing to that next HVM branch like a socialist shitting banana- sucking monkey.

Most women can't afford to do this due to genetics or poor 'girl game'—it's not hard, just be feminine and guys will want to sleep with you—so they end up settling for any old snap-fuck who is dumb enough not to realize his own SMV and how it doesn't peak until later in life for him. The only thing constant in this world is change; along with women's hypergamy and solipsism.

So beware when your girl starts buying those new yoga pants, puts on more makeup than a deranged circus clown—or wants you to buy her new crotch-less panties and perhaps lingerie?

**Tip:** If you never see her wear them around you, gets dolled up for 'work,' or joins that new gym at the mall, she is probably looking to throw 'her cat' at some other dude. Don't be that dude who settles for the Beta life—because everyone seems to be that dude. You are better than that. Be that guy she wants to fuck, then you won't have to go to the mall!

She won't need new clothing when you're both naked and fucking all the time.

#### **ENTRY FORTY**

### VERUCA SALT WAS A SPOILED EGG

The following was finally said during a Women & Film lecture after raising my hand, repeatedly...

Occurred— winter semester UCLA 2008 (Was not a registered student)

When I look at the behavior of the majority of women [namely young adult women] today Veruca Salt from the book and film *Charlie and the Chocolate Factory* comes to mind. If there were a statue or symbol of today's spoiled 'gimmie dat' woman, Veruca Salt takes the cake and eats it too. Veruca epitomizes the vacuum of endless impulse lusting that the modern female exhibits on a day to day basis. And you know what? It's not solely her fault, for women are naturally herd like, sopolistic, and are more susceptible to media programming; propaganda, and indoctrination. For example: It was the 'Women's Vote' that eventually brought Hitler to power in 1932. Good job on that one, girls. Y'all picked a winner on that year! Again, women love assholes, and mass-murders.

### You Can't Compete with Suburban Dad's or the Government

It's half the fault of young girls today that they are so terribly broken. The other reason for the shitty product that is today's contemporary female has to do with their cul-de-sac fathers. As a young man today it doesn't pay dividends to use Beta- provider game anymore when it comes to finding a

decent woman. Unlike 60 years ago—when men acted as sole provider and protector of the female and family—today that role has been taken away; given to the government or state to fulfill via social/entitlement programs.

It is now easier for women to just collect a check from daddy government, or run to the state institutions when they have an issue or problem with the social order. The government, as opposed to a man or husband, does not ask anything in return, nor does it expect some sort of standard that women should be held to in order to receive such privileges (which they truly are instead of 'entitlements'). It is ironic because women in the present day are still dependent on men [other men's money] that they receive via a check from the government that has been accumulated through taxes [majority of the income tax collected comes from wealthy men]. With this, contemporary women since birth have their Beta-bucks side of their hypergamy already taken care of and thus need not to seek it in the general populous of males. To add, most of your hot—young, tight, and otherwise attractive girl today [ones that you gentlemen actually want to get with] are more than likely coming from well-to-do backgrounds—where the father is some big-shot CEO; or office-jockey with a 401k Boner Pension who everything for his 'little princess'. Again, why would a young, hot, modern woman respond to more Beta-provisioning when she has plenty of it? Why do you think more women now seek out 'bad boys,' cheat on their boyfriends with the Denny's waiter, or participate unabashedly in the hook-up culture? Answer: Having the Cake Cock and eating it too. The sucking and fucking are endless when the void is a bottomless vagina—lost in the endless sea of Tsunami tingles.

That old expression when you hear [Having your cake and eating it too] is actually referring to the once shrouded female hypergamy, having the best of both worlds [aka "having it all"]. This is what the femcentric society openly admits now through media and other mediums; it is the celebrated norm of having their Beta bucks and Alpha-fucks guaranteed without consequence, stigma, or social shaming.

This is what men have to deal with today in the dating/sexual marketplace: A shitty product. A shit product that suburban dads have spewed out from the cul-de-sac factories of every town and city in North America who will only respond if given GT's [namely from aloof bad boys, drug dealers, Denny's waiters, convicts, etc]. This isn't to say you should go out and commit a felony, or put a bunch of Jews in the oven like the female

heart-throb of yester-year [Hitler], but adapt the attitude and traits of said men. Women lie all the time and put on a show/illusion with their make-up, yoga pants, and faux caring attitude towards their girlfriends, so why can't you? Isn't that equality? Let's face it, today's men [young & old] have been left behind and lied to via the modern day femcentric order. The media, government, and education system have failed men collectively, duping the majority into a lifetime of Beta orbiter status – service tools for the modern woman. No, you're not the big and powerful Jupiter there Poindexter, your more like one of those many fucking satellite moons called X1500 or something [who gives a fuck] that circle Saturn endlessly. You have to understand that everything from government policies, to legislation, educational practices, and media stories have been set-up to protect the female primary culture and what has now been referred to by most smart men as 'Open Hypergamy'. It is about destroying the common man's drive, biological role, and economic capacity—thus transferring that to the government.

To rehash for the less attuned idiots: Hypergamy, refers to a woman's natural and biological predisposition towards fulfilling a nescient need of a dual sexual strategy for survival (Alphafux-BetaBuck\$\$). Whereas before, when the institution of marriage and its division of sexual roles (nuclear family) had been agreed upon by society and enforced, it efficiently kept Hypergamy in check allowing for one of the most prosperous economic periods in the history of the world: 1950's-60. Now with moronic policies and laws such as: No-fault divorce, easy access to welfare, the media programming of today, along with the celebration of single-motherdom the consequences of acting on the impulse of seeking out this dual sexual strategy has caused a social disorder and breakdown of a once prosperous society.

Yet, with all of the changes that the Western world has gone through—since the first shrills and cackles of feminism—men have still been taught, told, and lectured to that their role as men and young boys is to "man up";usually referring to a young adult male who is resisting the femcentric order in some way.

Here is a short list of the ways 'boys' (according to the femcentric order) fall into that nagging category of 'man-child' that the obese 'princesses' of today are referring to.

• Refusing to marry one of today's [majority] entitled, arrogant, selfish, fat,

ungrateful women.

- Partying too much with 'the guys' (aka not adhering to the feminine agenda/priority)
- Being politically incorrect and not adhering to the socialist/liberal agenda of control and censorship of all things masculine.
- Drafting a prenuptial agreement before marriage and or protecting one's assets in anyway shape or form as a practice of common rational sense in any legal binding agreement (to which involves the State).
- Refusing to go out with her ugly friend on a date.
- Refusing to be a 'nice guy' (aka 'carrying water' for her, her friends, coworkers, the homeless, and general handouts/ 'gimmie dats' to an otherwise perfectly capable human being.
- Agreeing with guys like me.

The list, to which I am sure is endless, is most likely an official list that you could find in the holy book of feminism, or in every relationship/dating columnist's drawer at *Huffington Post*. In short, whenever you hear 'man up,' or any equal verity of this behavior-curtailing parroted phrase, it means that you or a fellow man is not optimizing and agreeing to play the one side of a woman's sexual strategy (the Beta-Provider side).

**Side Note**: 'man up' takes the form of a shit test to which is used to screen out the Beta's from the Alpha's if a woman is in the 27-35 age range. Onward we go.

Remember, it is at this stage in a modern woman's life (27-mid 30's) that she is subconsciously or consciously seeking out her Beta-provider since she has had "her fun" on the Alpha Cock Carousel through her 'party years,' and is now looking to finally 'settle down' (i.e. security since she most likely has mountains of debt in the form of student loans or credit cards). It's ironic because the phrase aims to seek the opposite (Beta-behavior)—to which will smother any Gina Tingles a woman may have for you faster than a CIA operative with a pillow in the Critical Care Unit of a Russian hospital would. Again, it's a prime example of how feminists are only good at shooting themselves in their own vagina when it comes to happiness and fulfillment. This is because the goal for any woman, of course, is to find a mate that is balanced in both Alpha and Beta for a long-term strategy [It's rare]. Once a man submits (which is not in his biological nature to do so) to 'manning up,' it instantly shifts the two gender polarities into chaos, and thus shatters attraction. This is why monogamy has such a horrible track record today.

### So what can you take from all of this?

Well to summarize it, you just can't compete with such huge titans of industry [cul-de-sac dad's & Socialist governments]. Woman have now accepted them with rolled-up eyes, open legs, and whitened smiles as their new sausage provider. Understand that once a woman has consolidated on her Beta-bucks provider: Whether or not that takes the form of a government check, her father paying for her rent, paying her tuition during her twenties (most women today are in school until they are 30), or some boyfriend 'borefriend' she picked up along the way, she will always have a subconscious need to then pursue Alpha-Cock for better genetics and short term breeding/GT's. Not all women will cheat on their 'borefriends', but most will—or at the very least, will want to do so [Again, 70% of women today initiate divorce].

As a man, it is your job to adapt to the world that surrounds you in order to fulfill your needs. The world today is not the shimmering pearl it was 50-60 years ago—it is more like a piece of dog shit, left beside the mailbox waiting for someone to turn it into compost to grow a better tomorrow. That begins with men today understanding what the world has become and that the odds are now stacked against you. So watch where you step Poindexter, because that dog shit on the sidewalk can cause you to slip, fall, and ruin your that new pair of Docker's you got from Macy's.

### **GIVING THANKS**

The following was said the very last time I was asked to give 'thanks,' and say Grace at any gathering...

Would you like to know what I am thankful for this holiday season? Being a man, that's what. I really do love being a man and a free one at that. I love being able to drink and smoke my cigars whenever I fucking want, and without some nag telling me how I am such a piece-of-shit, or that I don't fold my underwear right.

There are very specific reasons why I love being a man and I will talk about them at length. Orthodox Jews say a prayer or a blessing every day, during every morning, about how they are blessed they were not born a woman, but a man. Here is the exact quote "Blessed are you lord our God ruler of the universe who has not created me a woman". I am not making this shit up, it's fucking true. Even though I am not Jewish, I whole hardly agree with this. Now, every morning I say this exact mantra.

Today we live in an increasingly pussified world where we are not allowed to talk about these things, or even allowed to talk about it in a masculine way or be proud of it. Yet, it's ok for women to tout and be proud about being a "strong independent woman": Hypocrisy at its finest.

The truth is, being a man is a lot better—which is why at every turn in society women are trying to be like men. It's always fashionable to rout and want to emulate the best. It's why people cheer on the winning team at a game, or invests in good companies that have a proven track record of success. If you look around you in the world— at everything that has ever been made or invented—men clearly have a great track record. Women love Facebook, Tinder, Instagram, shopping malls, driving daddy's car everywhere, Starbucks coffee, iPhones etc.—which were all invented, labored over, produced and or created by men.

Your welcome you ungrateful twats.

### Men Age A Lot Better With Time.

Ever wonder why the male and female genitals react differently when aroused? Men get hard-on's and women get wide-on's. As men age they get stronger, bigger, and increase in status —always rising.

Women over time are always trying to receive things: Resources. And

the guy who has the largest truck load will be allowed to dump his family jewels into Pandora's Box without even saying "open sesame".

We gain sophistication. The older we get the more valuable we are. At age 25 the only thing we are valued for is being able to get an erection all day long. At the age of 50 you will likely still be able to get an erection, but you will also have more money in the bank and more prestige. There are lots of women who prefer to be with older men. It is the opposite for men. Men, when they get older, prefer to be with the younger women—the ones that still have that new car smell. As a man gets older there are still women as low as 20 who will date you. In fact, many of them understand that probably at the age of 50 you don't want to get married. And or because of daddy complexes —or stereotyping—there is no shortage of pussy. The field just keeps getting wider and wider for men as they transition into their golden years (Ages 30-50). When you are 25 yrs old not a lot of women care about you. They go for men that already have their careers, money, and experience. They aren't looking at you yet. Women age like milk. You want to get them young and fresh. Then—when they get older—let someone else pay her bills and pay for her house and kids: Some Poindexter.

### There was a woman I used to fuck Date

She was married. I remember her having way more pictures of her and her kids than of the poor husband. There he was, in photo after photo, where looked like he was burdened and miserable.

There is one particular photo where he is coming back from the beach and had a pink bag over his shoulder with all the kids in tow.

Did he look happy?
Did he look like he was having fun?

Fuck no. He looked like he was carrying the world on his shoulders. He looked like he hadn't slept in days. He was not smiling, not in one photograph. You have to wonder why? More than likely, I couldn't help thinking that it might be because the sex had stopped, the fun times with his wife. Meanwhile I got the best of his wife. I got all the good sex, the good times, and the great experiences. He is the example of that "some guy" out there who will ultimately be the one be paying the bills, pulling the wagon, and carrying the kids. As a man you don't have to be like the Poindexter here, carrying the pink beach bag. You don't have any obligation. Think of Humphrey Bogart from Casablanca [You fucking millennials should go look up who that was on your digital oracle]. That's the advantage of being a man.

There will always be sperm, there will always be girls. It doesn't matter if you're married; it doesn't matter if you have a girlfriend, because commitment is not a commodity that YOU need.

Whenever possible, it is always better to NOT have kids. We are free to age gracefully as men. Let the baby-mommas and Poindexter's deal with the slavery and chains of having kids. As a man you don't need anyone to depend on.

The world now has over 7 billion people on it, and counting. Women lose value every time they have a new relationship. It is the equivalent to adding miles on the odometer of a car. Every year that passes is another extra 100 miles. With men it is not the same. It's not like after a World War where nations can barely function because humans are in short demand. And even if that were the case, you still have no obligation as a free man to release your private stock of seed to anyone, even the government. If women can scream and yell about how their bodies are sacred; and that they get to choose whether or not they want to carry a child, go on birth control, or abort that kinder surprise, then men have every right to do the same with their bodies.

Men have the right to reserve their seed. And if they want to impregnate a woman, they can choose to seed the very best of lawns [only hot chicks]. DNA is the very thing that makes up who you are and what you are all about as a man.

It is also the very thing that can be used in a court of law and ultimately destroy your life and finances if you decide that riding through a woman's slippery tunnel at full-speed without wearing a helmet is "no big deal," then you my friend deserve slavery.

Isn't that amazing? As a man you can freely depend on yourself. It is a great power that most pussified men today don't realize and it's quite frankly tragic. Women think they have us hoodwinked into believing men are scum and powerless. They try to get men to believe that getting into a monogamous relationship is the ideal—when in fact it is a raw deal for men and the best deal for women. When men get into marriages they have lost all leverage. You don't have to buy them houses, marry them, or pay their student loans off because there are plenty of women today who are giving away sex for free—or at very low costs (one or two drinks at the bar...is maybe what \$12?) However, history has proven otherwise, just look around you – everything is there because a man put it there. My goal is to enjoy women while they are young, polished, and fresh to only then pawn them off on some Poindexter. I don't care whether or not women date other guys after me because I know I have gotten the best of them and that the ones they are dating now have metaphorically bought a car with a few extra miles on her.

It's like selling your shares on a stock at a top of the price range from when you bought it at the bottom. Some loser/sucker is now picking up those shares at a premium— and with more downside risk. Marriage today for women is just a way for them to wipe the slate clean from their 'party years,' and absolve themselves from countless drunken nights of being a carousel

rider: Born-again Princess.

Amen and thanks be to God (who was a man).