

**Men are broken, women too!**



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## Foreword: I actually just wanted a beer, now I'm writing a guide

I really just wanted a beer. One damn beer. That's how every misfortune begins. You think you'll sit down at the bar, slur a few words with the bartender, stare at the old woman with the too-red lips, and go home. But then life stumbles into your face like a drunken neighbor tumbling down the stairs at three in the morning. Instead of beer, there's suddenly a whole barrel of that crap people call "relationships."

You see, people everywhere are talking about love, relationships, togetherness – as if it were a wellness weekend with rose petals in the Jacuzzi. But the truth? The truth is beer bellies, wrinkle cream, Facebook messages from old exes who are now getting Botox, and divorce papers that landmine in your mailbox.

I really just wanted a beer—and now I'm sitting here writing like an idiot because the world thinks there needs to be another book about men and women. As if we don't already have enough:

- "How to save your marriage in 10 steps."
- "How to get him to talk."
- "How to silence her."

All bullshit. Do you know why? Because no one tells the truth: that men and women are only compatible in the middle—and even then, they argue about whether the beer is cold enough or whether the ironing has been sitting around too long.

I know guys who thought they'd found paradise. Then paradise stood at the kitchen table with a perm and WhatsApp, yelling because he was late again. Or because he was "just joking" about Netflix in a chat with a work colleague. Netflix, my ass. Everyone knows what that means. "Do you want to fuck?" translated to 2025.

And here I am, typing, and I really want to puke. Because all this advice crap is making me sick. But some sadist drilled into me: "Write it down, or it'll eat you up." So I'm writing. Shoving it in your face. Nice and unfiltered. No hearts, no stars, no damned tips for "active listening."

Men are pigs, women are no angels either. Everyone wants the big thing, but no one can handle the little shit: smelly undershirts, hair in the sink, bills that no one pays. That's where the real drama begins, not in Shakespeare.

You know, I think relationships are like stale beer: It's fizzy at first, but after three days, the foam stops, and in the end, you throw the half-empty bottle down the sink. Only at least the beer is honest. It doesn't tell you that it "loves you anyway" and then secretly fucks the neighbor.

And right there, I decided: Screw it, I'll just write a book. If it's going to be misery, then at least it's humorous. If it's going to be cheating, divorce, alimony, Viagra, midlife crises, and all that crap, then at least it's going to make you laugh while you read, even if your stomach hurts.

Because that's the point, friend: When your breasts shake as you laugh and the beer shoots out of your nose – then the whole thing was worth it.

Cheers!

There are plenty of self-help books out there. Piles of printed toilet paper, written by people who've probably never had a real argument in their lives, except maybe with the coffee machine. Psychologists, coaches, gurus with white teeth who grin in your face and say, "You just have to learn to listen." Yeah, right. I'm supposed to listen while she tells me for half an hour how badly I load the dishwasher. I swear, they use that exact technique in Guantanamo.

So why am I writing this crap? Because I'm sick of the lies anymore. Everyone acts like relationships are a matter of a little patience, a little understanding, a few love letters, and a date night on Friday. Bullshit. Relationships are war. Relationships are trenches with wine glasses. Relationships are a constant guerrilla war over remote controls, passwords, Wi-Fi, and who gets to use the toilet first after they've served chili.

People buy self-help books like they do porn – secretly, with a guilty conscience, and in the end, it doesn't make things any better. "10 Tips for a Better Marriage" – and already in tip 3, you realize: It doesn't work because he'd rather watch Pornhub while she lights the candles in the bedroom. Or: "How to rekindle passion." Yeah, good luck with that when he's snoring on the couch with his beer belly and she hasn't had an orgasm in three years, except for the one on her smartphone while shopping for vibrators on Amazon.

And that's exactly why: I'm not a psychologist, I'm a computer scientist. I know about systems—and relationships are the shittiest, most unstable systems humanity has ever invented. Imagine: Two completely incompatible users trying to operate a network. Different operating systems, nobody reads the damn manual, updates are ignored, and at some point, the whole thing



crashes. That's a relationship. And you know what? In computer science, at least there are log files, error messages, and sometimes a solution. In love? There's only screaming, tears, and bills from the divorce lawyer.

I'm writing this guide because I can no longer stand the world pretending love is a pastel-colored Instagram photo. It's more like a broken database: full of leaks, full of garbage, and if you're unlucky, one of you will delete all the shit in the middle of the night because they want to "reorient themselves." And the other one gets to pay for the backups. Spoiler alert: The backups are the children, and the child support payments are paid by standing order.

So: Why this book? Because humanity finally needs a guide that tells the truth. Honest, dirty, full of anger and whiskey. No bullshit "tips for letting go." But the naked truth, which hurts, but at least it's real.

And yes, if you laugh while you do this, you're exactly the right target audience. Because laughter is the only thing that will save you from madness.

Cheers, again!

A relationship isn't a love song. A relationship is a damn battlefield. And not the epic battlefield like in "Braveheart" or "Gladiator," but more like a backyard fight between two drunken pigeons over a moldy pretzel. Dirty, embarrassing, without rules, and in the end, everyone ends up covered in feathers and dirt.

Men and women – people always talk about "two worlds." Mars and Venus, blah blah. But let's be honest: Mars is a dead desert, and Venus is a hellish ball full of sulfuric acid. It's a pretty good fit. When two planets meet, it's usually only to reduce everything to rubble and ash in a spectacular collision.

The kitchen – that's the front line. Where he stands with a beer in his hand, wondering why the dishwasher was supposedly "loaded incorrectly." Where she holds the spoon as if it were a knife. And somewhere in between, the dog, who knows: something's about to fly. The bedroom – a minefield. Sometimes it explodes, sometimes everything is silent like a graveyard. She wants to talk, he wants to sleep. Or he wants to have sex, she wants Netflix. Communication in the bedroom usually means: "Not today." And both know that "today" in most relationships roughly means "forever and ever."

And now the internet comes along. Back in the day, if you wanted to cheat, you at least went to a pub. Today, all it takes is a swipe on Tinder, a sleazy chat on Telegram, or a half-heart emoji on WhatsApp. In the past, you kept your affair

secret in the bar. Today, you delete chat histories and hope your wife isn't smart enough to find the damn backup in the cloud. Spoiler alert: She's smart enough. Women are always smart enough when it comes to spying.

And when things really get heated, things get heated. It's about more than just the bed or feelings. It's about sheer survival. About money. About houses. About children. Divorce is the invasion. Alimony is the war tax. And the divorce lawyer is the arms dealer who profits on both sides.

Do you know how many men I've met sitting in their local pub with a broken look on their faces because they pay so much maintenance each month that they can no longer afford a large beer? "I'm only allowed to drink shandys," one said. Shandys! That's not even alcohol; it's grief in a glass.

And her? She's sitting at home, talking to her friends over Prosecco about how shitty he was, and already considering whether she should give the neighbor with the six-pack a chance. Everyone acts like this is an exception. But damn it, this is the rule. Relationships IS war. With changing fronts, changing winners, and always the same losers: all of us.

The midlife crisis is the atom bomb. He buys a motorcycle or suddenly starts running to the gym at 48. She takes up yoga, posts pictures in too-tight leggings, and thinks the yoga teacher is the reincarnation of Jesus. And both of them forget that all they really need to do is plan one more damn shopping trip because they're out of toilet paper.

Relationships, my friend, are the only system that no one can debug. No patch, no update, no damn service pack. Every argument is a bug report, but no one writes the fix. You let it run until the entire system crashes—the blue screen of love. And then the shit starts all over again: new date, new face, same problems.

This is the battlefield of relationships: loud, dirty, stinking of cold coffee, hot tears, and cheap aftershave. And yet they all keep running into battle. Why? I have no idea. Maybe because we humans are stupid. Maybe because loneliness is even worse than a woman accusing you at night of having fucked someone else in your dreams.

But one thing is certain: there are no heroes on this battlefield. Only survivors.

You want wisdom? Wrong place. I'm not a guru, not a life coach, and certainly not a therapist with a raised index finger and a PowerPoint presentation. I'm

the guy who hangs out at a bar, a whiff of stale saliva on his typewriter, and yet spits more truth in your face than any of those grinning TV popes with a microphone and a toothpaste smile.

I don't have a doctorate in psychology. I have a degree in "Drinking, Arguing, Failing" and a damn good understanding of system crashes—both in love and in computers. Computer science, yes. I know how to fix networks, but between men and women, there's no damn protocol that prevents packet loss. Every "I love you" falls into a black hole and comes back as "Why weren't you listening again?"

And that's why: I'm the anti-guru. I promise you nothing. No "happy ending." No "luck." No "you just have to think positively." Think negatively, have a drink, and at least laugh while you do it. That's more honest. I don't have glossy workshops with cushions and cozy music. I have an old couch that smells of stale smoke and a fridge with more beer than vegetables. If you want advice that will save you, go somewhere else. Here, you'll only get the truth.

The truth is: relationships are damn hard work, but without an employment contract, without pay, and without severance pay. And most of the time, you get fired when you least need it. The truth is: women google "save a relationship," men google "buy Viagra without a prescription." The truth is: those who love honestly risk honest destruction.

I'm not here to talk you out of it. I'm here to let you know: You're not alone in this mess. If you're wondering if everyone else is doing it better—no, they're not. They're just better at lying. Or they've put Instagram filters on their failed marriage.

So stop comparing yourself. Read this crap instead. Laugh about it, puke about it, scream about it. But don't pretend a psychologist with an "inner child" is going to help you. Your inner child just wants you to fix the Wi-Fi and restock the fridge.

So if I'm going to be your guru, then only one: a guru who tells you that everything sucks, but that you can laugh about it. And when things really get tough, remember: It's not your fault. It's the system. The "man and woman" system—a bug since Adam and Eve.

So yes: I'm the anti-guru. And I bring you nothing except the certainty that everyone else is just as stuck in the dirt as you.

Cheers, and welcome to my church.

The evil with men and women is as old as damned humanity itself. Ever since the first hairy idiot in a fur coat peeked between a monkey's legs, the whole thing has been going on. Back then, there were no WhatsApp chats, no divorce papers, no alimony orders – there were only clubs, caves, and the miserable "You belong to me." That's the origin: possession, power, urges. We've discovered fire, the wheel, writing – but no one has ever cracked the stupid algorithm that makes men and women compatible.

The Bible? It's all one big relationship tragedy. Adam and Eve – he eats the apple because she smiles at him, and they're kicked out of paradise. Thanks, baby. That's where all the trouble started. After that, it's just intrigue, betrayal, jealousy. The Greeks? Even worse. Zeus fucks everything that isn't nailed down, and Hera gives him hell. An ancient soap opera, without Netflix, but with more blood. And now? Now we have the same crap in digital HD quality. Cheating via WhatsApp, porn flat rates, divorce lawyers with their own apps. Humanity has learned how to shoot rockets to the moon – but not how to keep a damn marriage going.

It's always the same thing: cheating, lies, power games. Men want sex, women want control, and both are dissatisfied when they get it. Midlife crisis meets menopause, and the world shakes. He suddenly starts hanging out on an online motorcycle forum, she's hanging out on some Facebook group for "strong women over 40." Both are looking for validation, both get heart emojis, both feel young again. And both end up cheating on each other with someone who looks cheaper than the whole thing was worth.

Then comes the divorce. The war of roses. Suddenly you're no longer partners, but adversaries. Everything is divided up like a hard drive after a crash: house, children, memories—all partitions in the big, shitty system of marriage. And you pay. You always pay. He pays alimony, she pays the nerves. Or vice versa. But someone always pays too much. And just when you think things can't get any worse, the next letter from Child Welfare Office arrives.

And you know what? This isn't an accident, it's humanity's DNA. We build everything on conflict. Politics? War. Religion? War. Love? War. We've built atom bombs, and we've invented dating apps. Both end in an explosion, except with Tinder, at least sometimes you get an orgasm beforehand.

Humanity wants love, but all it gets is drama. And maybe—maybe!—that's the reason we're still alive. Because we need this damn circus. Because without



arguments, without sex, without shitty divorces, we'd be so bored that we'd collectively throw ourselves off a cliff.

So yes, I'm taking a stand against humanity. With the women who make lists and drive men crazy with their lies. With the men who fuck anything that doesn't run away fast enough and then pretend they've "made mistakes." With the children who end up as alimony. With the lawyers who finance their swimming pools off the misery of others. With the psychologists who spout the same bullshit as fortune cookies, only for 120 euros an hour.

Humanity is a joke. A dirty, evil, stinking joke. And that's exactly why I'm writing this. So that at least someone will laugh out loud while the bomb goes off.

Cheers, humanity. You're an asshole.

Everyone talks about "the middle." The ultimate goal. Balance. Harmony. A shitty Zen garden with pebbles and a bonsai. In reality, the middle is where life bares its teeth. No fireworks, no drama, no first nights of greed, no final big bang. Just routine. And routine is worse than war.

The middle is the terraced house. The middle is the fridge full of low-fat yogurts. The middle is the view of her beer belly in the mirror while she stands there wondering if menopause now means forever, crying when the washing machine beeps.

In the middle, it's no longer about love. It's about taking out the recycling, changing electricity providers, child support, and the eternal argument over who resets the router. You think the middle is peace, but in reality, it's just a grave with a picket fence.

Everyone says, "You have to meet in the middle." Sounds romantic, right? Bullshit. The middle is where his beer belly meets her cellulite. The middle is where his snoring meets her headaches. The middle is where his porn and their "girls' night" WhatsApp group meet.

And if you look closely – the middle is empty. Nobody really wants to be there. Everyone is constantly searching for a thrill, a way out, an adventure. He's Googling Viagra, she's chatting with old school friends. Everyone wants to get out of the middle, but no one dares to take the first step. Because the middle seems safe. Safe like an old PC that keeps crashing, but at least still boots up when you punch it.

The middle ground is the point where you stop dreaming and start functioning. Paying bills, filing taxes, sending alimony. The middle ground is the opposite of love—it's administration. A call center with emotions.

And yet everyone acts as if that's exactly the goal: a little peace, a little order, a little quiet. But everyone's secretly pissed off. No one says it; everyone's smiling at the camera at the summer festival. An Instagram filter over a garbage dump.

If the center were a place, it would be a dentist's waiting room. Old magazines, stale air, and you know the drill is about to start. If the center were a soundtrack, it would be the hum of the refrigerator. If the center were a smell, it would be cold coffee.

Everyone's afraid of drama, but the middle eats you up. Slowly, without fire, without screaming. And by the time you realize it, you're already half dead, even while you're still breathing.

So be honest: Do you really want to stay in the middle? No. But you will. Because everyone else is doing it. Because it's easier. Because people are afraid of chaos. But you know what's ironic? Chaos is at least alive. The middle is just a waiting game.

And at some point, in the middle of this middle, you look yourself in the eyes—or in the mirror—and ask yourself: Was that all? And then you laugh. Or cry. Or drink. Most of the time, you drink.

Cheers to the middle, this fucking no man's land.

If you're expecting a happy ending, close the book immediately and read some pink bestseller where everyone rides arm in arm into the sunset. There's no happy ending here. At most, there's a happy drunk.

I promise you nothing. No solutions, no recipes, no "7 golden rules for the perfect relationship." What I do promise you is only one thing: the truth. The naked, dirty, stinking truth that no one else tells you because it doesn't fit the marketing.

I promise you stories of marital wars, alimony debts, WhatsApp affairs, midnight router fights, midlife crisis motorcycles, and menopausal emotional outbursts worse than any earthquake. I promise you words so raw you'll almost throw up your beer—and then grin anyway. I promise you sentences that will

turn your stomach and simultaneously make you choke while reading them, laughing like you've never wanted to laugh again.

Because that's the only salvation: laughter. When your breasts shake as you laugh, when the beer shoots out of your nose, when you have tears in your eyes—not from pain, but because the pain finally sounds funny—then the whole thing has been worth it.

So yeah, that's my "promise": no consolation, no healing, no stupid tips that no one ever implements. Just snot, anger, alcohol, filth, despair—and the opportunity to laugh so loudly you feel alive while all the shit falls apart around you.

Chapter by chapter. Block by block. With the determination of a Catholic priest and the snout of a drunken janitor.

If you can handle that, you're ready. If not, then go and read something nice. Read about butterflies. Read about yoga. Read about God. But if you stay: Welcome to the dirt.

And now, cheers—see you in the next chapter, where the whiskey gets heavier, the humor dirtier, and the truth even more unpalatable.

### Whiskey, women and other natural disasters

There are three things that always get you down: whiskey, women, and natural disasters. In that order or mixed up, it doesn't matter. In the end, you end up lying in the dirt, coughing up dust, and wondering why you didn't just collect stamps.

Whiskey is like an earthquake. You barely notice the initial vibrations—a small sip, a slight wobble. You're still laughing, still thinking, "Everything's under control." But then the wave rolls in. Houses crash, glasses crash, and you suddenly find yourself in a stranger's living room at five in the morning, with a half-eaten kebab as a pillow and the question, "Who the hell is that woman next to me?"

Women are like hurricanes. They announce themselves with a gentle breeze: "We need to talk." Three little words that sound like a gentle breeze. But the next moment, you're standing in a path of destruction: plates flying, tears

raining, doors slamming. And you're the idiot trying to fight the apocalypse with an umbrella. Spoiler alert: It never works.

Natural disasters? Well. Tsunami, volcano, tornado—all the same shit, just without the wedding ring. Nature always fucks you up, just like humans do. The only difference: at least with a tsunami, you don't have to pay child support.

And if you're really unlucky, you'll get all three at once:

- You're drunk as a barrel of whiskey.
- She screams like a hurricane.
- And there's a thunderstorm raging outside, reminding you that the universe hates you just as much as your wife.

That's the triad of misery. Three forces tearing you apart, and you're just the weak, sweating lump of humanity floundering in between.

And you know what? You'll do it again. You'll drink again, love again, run into the storm again – because you have nothing else. Because people never learn. Because we're all addicted to the very filth that destroys us.

Cheers to whiskey, women, and disasters. Three things that make you feel alive while destroying you.

Whiskey isn't a drink. Whiskey is a damned bandage for the soul, only instead of healing, it makes the wound bigger. But who cares when it at least burns and numbs for a moment?

People always talk about a "fancy drink." A glass, perhaps in a heavy crystal glass, with a bit of ice, gently swirling, ideally while listening to jazz. Bullshit. That's how actors drink in movies. In reality, you knock back the stuff because your wife just told you that the neighbor warned her you're chatting with your ex again. Or because your boss explained that "working from home" doesn't mean you're drunkenly staring at the camera.

Whiskey is the cheapest couples therapy in the world. A flask costs less than an hour with a psychologist, and at least he doesn't talk back. You pour yourself a drink, and suddenly the constant complaining becomes nothing more than background noise. "You never clean up!" *Swallow.*

"Why did you send a heart to your colleague?" *Swallow.*

"The children hardly see you!" –*Swallow.*

And at some point you collapse, and for a few hours there is finally peace.

Of course, women have their own therapy. It's not whiskey, it's pills. Valerian drops, hormones, mood enhancers. Different bottles, same principle: numb. Men drink, women swallow. And both act as if they still have control.

But the truth is: Whiskey is more honest than all that psycho bullshit. Whiskey tells you straight what's going on. It burns your throat and whispers, "Come on, you're a loser, but a likable one." And you nod, because you already know it.

Sometimes I think whiskey is like an old friend. One who's always there, no matter how badly you screw up. Women leave you, kids eventually WhatsApp you, "You asshole," friends disappear when you run out of money. Whiskey stays. Bottle open, glass full, problem solved—for ten minutes.

And you know what? Ten minutes of peace are sometimes worth more than ten years of marriage.

This is true couples therapy: no couch, no therapist, no "how does that make you feel?" – just a sip from the bottle and the certainty that life may suck, but at least it's temporarily at a standstill.

Cheers, Doctor Whiskey.

Women aren't a gentle breeze. Women are a hurricane on two legs. They're the earthquake that shakes you out of bed while you're lying drunk in your own sweat. And the best part? You never know when it's going to start.

You think, "Today will be a quiet day." She sits there, seemingly relaxed, her hair in curlers, her smartphone in her hand. And then—*bang!*— Storm warning. "We need to talk." And you know: Shit. Here comes the flood.

PMS? A thunderstorm that builds up for two weeks until you forget what sunshine looks like. One wrong word and lightning strikes. Menopause? That's not weather, it's continental drift. A volcano erupts, lava everywhere, and you sit there like an idiot in your boxer shorts with a beer in your hand, wondering how you're going to survive.

And here's the mean thing: Women have a built-in early warning system. They sense everything. The wrong tone of voice, the twitch in the corner of the mouth, the hidden chat history. They're like seismographs. You can try to hide everything, but they'll notice. Always. If you think you've digitally deleted your infidelity—forget it. She has the backups, she has the logs, she's the root user in your life.

Women are natural phenomena because they are uncontrollable. You can try to adapt—stack sandbags, board up windows, have a generator ready—but the storm just laughs at you. You see, in IT, that's called *unknown variable*. Sometimes the system runs, sometimes it crashes, and you never know why. And when you try to report the bug, the system screams at you: "YOU are the bug!"

And then that classic: You think you've made it through, the storm is over, peace and sunshine. And at that exact moment, she says, "Remember what you said at Christmas three years ago?" – And BAM! New hurricane, force 12, right in your face.

Women are the weather. You can be angry, you can be happy, but you can't change it. You can only hope you don't build too close to the coast.

And yet – without the storm, the world would be boring. Who wants blue skies all the time? Just wait – when one comes, forget the umbrella. The only thing that helps is whiskey.

Men like to convince themselves they're the center of the world. The rocky outcrop. The trunk on which everything hangs. The pillar that never wavers. Yeah, sure. And I'm the Pope. In truth, men stand in a hurricane like a broken gazebo tent from the hardware store: one moment the wind whistles sideways, and the thing collapses like a drunk in front of the corner bar.

The man in an argument is always the same image: beer in hand, red face, sweaty undershirt, and a desperate "Calm down!" on his lips. A phrase that has never calmed anything down in human history. Never. It's like saying to a volcano: "Now spit out a little less lava."

Men are great at puffing themselves up. Being loud, slamming doors, banging on the table. But beware if the woman starts blurting out deliberate facts: screenshots, chat histories, bank statements. Then they shrink like a balloon after a party. The air goes out, but the belly remains. The beer belly is a punching bag in a storm – you think it protects you, but it's just in the way.

And then that childish "I've got it all under control." Men like to say they can handle anything. Setting up routers, fixing cars, explaining the world. But woe betide the woman if she cries. He's as helpless as an intern in front of a blue screen. Men can't handle tears. Whiskey, yes. Screwdrivers, yes. But tears? Unknown error. "Please contact support."



I've seen men do better in war than in the kitchen. The guy who drove a tank is afraid of a woman in an apron and hair curlers. She screams, "You never listen to me!" – and he stands there like a beaten dog, unable to utter more than, "Uh." In the eye of the hurricane, there are no heroes. Only men who pretend to be.

The bitter thing is: We know it ourselves. We know that we aren't these unshakable heroes. That we're actually just waiting for the storm to blow us away. But we keep playing the role because we're afraid we'll be nothing else. And that's precisely why we drink.

So yes, men are standing in the eye of the hurricane. But they're standing there with a beer bottle, a bad joke, and the hope that the storm will eventually tire. Spoiler alert: It never will.

There are moments when you know: the world is screwed. Not because of politics, not because of the climate, not because of war – but because whiskey and women are exploding at the same time.

Imagine the scene: He staggers home at night, the flag capable of reanimating dead rats. A half-empty bottle in his hand, the gleam in his eyes of a man who believes he's still in control of the situation. She's already waiting. Curlers, iron, smartphone. The green ticks glow on WhatsApp; she has evidence, screenshots, chat histories. She's the FBI in sweatpants.

And then it starts. He: "I only had two beers!" She: "Then explain to me why you came three hours later and the damn neighbor liked your photo!" He: "That was just a coincidence!" She: "Coincidence, huh? Just like the condoms in the glove compartment, you asshole!"

This isn't a discussion, this is a force of nature. Whiskey makes a man loud, illogical, stubborn as a goat. Suspicion makes a woman sharp as razor blades. Together, it's like a power outage in a chemical factory—you know, the whole thing's about to blow up.

And it always escalates the same way. First screaming, then doors, then silence. That nasty silence that's worse than any scream. He falls over because silence is unbearable. She taps on her smartphone because, for women, silence always means texts to her best friends. "That bum's drunk again." And so the argument devours the night, while outside the wind howls as if it were taking pity on him.

The interaction between Whiskey and Woman is like two incompatible operating systems. You can try to insert an emulator between them, but it doesn't work. A crash is guaranteed. And every time you think: Maybe it'll run better this time. But it doesn't.

And yet: There's something to the interaction. As dirty, as broken, as painful as it is – without these escalations, life would be even emptier. Because somewhere between the screaming, the tears, the stammering, and the last bottle, this absurd feeling of authenticity arises. Perhaps because at least in these moments, you're not lying.

Whiskey and a woman. Fire and gasoline. Chaos and mayhem. The perfect natural disaster.

Everyone acts like they have it under control. Like their marriage is stable, their relationship healthy, their love unwavering. Bullshit. It's all just theater. A damn masquerade hiding the same broken stories as everyone else's.

Look around you: The neighbor with the neatly trimmed lawn and the always-washed car? Behind closed doors, his wife is yelling at him because she found out he's been using the Tinder account "fit\_and\_loyal74." The colleague who constantly talks about "my sweetheart"? She's already had a profile on an affair site and meets a married banker in a hotel room on Thursdays. And the influencer couples posting "Couple Goals" on Instagram? Behind the scenes, they're throwing iPhones at each other and have lawyers on speed dial.

It's always the same game. Outwardly, they smile, but inwardly they vomit. Pure social hypocrisy. Everyone knows it's true, but no one admits it.

Politicians preach family values – and shag interns. Stars swear by true love – and remarry every two years. The neighbors say, "We're so happy" – and yell at each other through the stairwell at night.

And what does society do? It sells you self-help books, workshops, and couples therapy. All to maintain the illusion. As if the "perfect relationship" exists. Spoiler alert: It doesn't exist. It never has. It never will.

The best part: Everyone knows it. Everyone knows that relationships suck, that marriage is a contract with a built-in explosive device, that love brings more pain than happiness. But everyone goes along with it because they don't want to admit it.

Because no one wants to say: "Yes, it's like the jungle camp for us too: lots of shouting, little food, and in the end everyone wants to get out."

And so the hypocrisy continues. Weddings with white dresses, wedding rings like handcuffs, Facebook posts full of hearts – and at night people google: "How do I get his chats?" or "Divorce costs Germany."

Society is a circus, and relationships are the clowns. Laughable, sad, scary—all at once. And everyone plays along. Everyone.

So yeah, the hypocrisy pisses me off. Because it forces us all to pretend everything's rosy, while in reality we're wallowing in the dirt. I'm telling you: the only rosy thing is the sunburn after the next vacation you booked to save the shit. But that'll pass faster than the argument over the hotel bill.

Hypocrisy is the glue that still holds these rotten walls together. But eventually, it crumbles. Always.

And then the house of cards collapses – amid the laughter of those who pretend to be better.

Whiskey, women, natural disasters—three things you should never underestimate. They always come when you least need them. And they never go away when you want them gone.

Whiskey drags you down when you think it's lifting you up. Woman shreds your life when you think she's your salvation. And nature shows you that you're just a pathetic sack of flesh, no matter how many muscles, banknotes, or server racks you own.

And yet – we keep running right into the thick of it. Into the bottle, into bed, into the storm. Why? Because without all of that, life would be a straight line. Flat, boring, as exciting as a fax machine in the tax office. Screw it. Better to drown in a storm than die of thirst in the desert.

Because in truth, whiskey and women are the only guarantee that anything will happen. Without them, you'd have long since become stale, a tired wreck on the couch, falling asleep with chip crumbs on your stomach. They're the chaos that keeps you alive, even when it ruins you.

So yes: Whiskey fucks you up, women destroy you, natural disasters do the rest – and in the end, you sit there with an empty glass and an empty heart. But at least you know you lived.

And the next chapter? Things get even dirtier. We'll look down into the dirtiest truth of all: men think with their things, women with everything else. This won't be a dance, it'll be a slaughter.

### Men think with the thing, women with everything else

Since the beginning of time, men have been controlled not by their brains, but by their penises. The head up is for decoration, the head down is the boss. Period. Ask evolution: Neanderthals didn't hunt mammoths because they wanted meat—they just wanted to impress the females in the cave. The entire history of mankind is a continuous loop of penis-measuring.

You don't believe me? Look at the present. Entire empires have fallen because one man couldn't control his own actions. Kings, presidents, corporate bosses—all stumbled over the slightest bump on their bodies. Clinton, Berlusconi, some CEO with a secretary—all the same pattern. Head down says, "Go ahead," head up says, "That's not a good idea." Guess who wins.

The thing has no moral module, no ethics, no foresight. It only knows two states: slack or stubborn. And when it's stubborn, its brain is out of work. Men then say the most ridiculous nonsense just to get what they want. "I love you" is thrown out like change at a cigarette machine. Not because it's true, but because the thing is pushing: "Say something, as long as we end up in bed."

And then they wonder why it's going wrong. Why they're caught, why they have to pay, why their entire marriage is suddenly in the shitter. All because of an organ that looks like a poorly designed software component: ugly, error-prone, constantly crashing when it matters most.

Men ruin everything for a bit of skin-to-skin contact. Jobs, friendships, careers, entire families. And here's the joke: They know it. Every man knows that this thing will get him into trouble – and yet he still follows it blindly. Because it's stronger than reason.

Sometimes I think God, or whoever committed this biodesign, must have been a sadist. Women get multitasking brains, intuition, sensitivity. Men get a compass that only points south.

That's the biological curse. Men aren't stupid—they're programmed. A script with an endless loop:

*if (woman within reach) { try to fuck; } else { drink beer; }*

There's no more code.

And the tragic thing is: men still believe they have control. But they're actually controlling a piece of flesh that doesn't even have its own spine.

Cheers – to the true ruler of humanity.

While a man stumbles through life with his one thing like a 1985 DOS computer, a woman's head runs an entire computer center, 24/7, without a maintenance break. She doesn't just think with her head and heart, she thinks with everything she has—gut, hormones, memories, smells, that damn WhatsApp history, and even the color of your tone of voice.

The man:*Input detected → tail reports → execute action.* The woman:*Parallel process running: shopping list, picking up the child, boss is annoying, why is that guy looking so funny, why did the router flicker last night, oh, and analyzing sex life on the side.* All at once, without a single window crashing.

Women always have five tabs open, two invisible browser windows, and a notepad in the background. Men have a single window—Pornhub—and even that lags.

You want an example? He's lying in bed, thinking:*Horny, I want to fuck.* She lies next to it and thinks:*Did I turn on the dishwasher? Where are the children's birth certificates? Why is my colleague liking his photos again? Damn, I have a meeting tomorrow morning at 8. And what am I supposed to cook when my mother-in-law comes?*

Five processes, full CPU usage, and he's only looking at them because he thinks his lower body is taking care of everything.

And the worst thing: She can remember everything. Every damn little thing. Every text message – sorry, every *News*—every "uh" at the wrong moment, every suspicious glance. They're like databases that never forget. Men are RAM: empty as soon as the power goes out.

If women are multitasking machines, then men are Gameboys. One game, one battery, and woe betide if it runs out. Women are cloud clusters. Men are Tamagotchis.

And while he hopes his thing will still get a chance today, she's already planning their entire lives, from children to tax advisors to vacations in three years.

That's not an unfair advantage—it's superiority. They fight with all their weapons, he with only one. And we know which one.

So yes, women are multitasking machines. Beautiful, dangerous, merciless. While men think:*Fuck*, she thinks:*Everything*.

Communication between men and women? Forget it. It's like sending Morse code to a spaceship. Men work instinctively, women interpret, dissect, and reconstruct. He thinks he said something, she hears five subordinate clauses, three insinuations, and a coded insult he never meant.

The classic: She: "I have a headache." He: "Challenge accepted." She's serious – he thinks it's a puzzle he can solve with his dick. Spoiler alert: he can't.

Men are visual animals. A picture, a butt, a quick smile—heck, instinct. Women are emotional hackers. They don't need a photo; they read you like a source code file. Every little change in your facial expression is a suspicious sign to them.

```
if (glance_deviates) { jealousy++; }.
```

Men run like primitive scripts:

```
if (woman attractive) {  
    try to fuck;  
} else {  
    drink beer;  
}
```

That's it. No else-if, no loop optimization, no logging.

Women, on the other hand? They're like machine learning. They record every little detail, feed the database, analyze patterns. If you said "Yeah, it's okay" three years ago and "It's okay" today – she'll notice. She'll know you're lying this time. And you stand there like a Windows 95 computer: "System error, please reboot."

And when it comes to language, the divide is even deeper. Men say what they mean – most of the time. Women say what they feel – and mean something else. "I'm fine" is actually a kill order. "It doesn't matter" means: It sure as hell doesn't matter. "Do what you want" isn't a free pass, it's a minefield. Men don't understand that. Men hear words, women speak codes.

And that's exactly where things get heated. He's talking instinct, she's talking semantics. He just wants to go to bed, she wants to talk – and they both go to sleep annoyed.



So yes, communication and instinct – they're two different operating systems. The man runs MS-DOS, the woman runs a quantum AI. No wonder the connection keeps breaking.

Men cheat because their thing screams "update." There's nothing more to it. No master plan, no deeper longing, no romance. Simply: "The program is crashing, we need new hardware." And suddenly, he's stuck somewhere between Tinder, an affair site, and the intern from the third floor.

It's simple: Men cheat out of boredom, opportunity, pure instinct. A little attention, a friendly smile, and your pants are down faster than the firewall on your Windows 98 office PC. Men act like viruses: stupid, greedy, and they leave traces everywhere. Condoms in the glove compartment, chat histories on Messenger, hotel bills—men are so sloppy at cheating that you wonder if they'll ever get caught.*want*.

What about women? Women cheat with calculations, spreadsheets, and backup strategies. They don't start because they're bored. They start because they've already figured it all out. They've analyzed: Is it worth it? What am I risking? How do I cover it up? Where's my alibi? Who's covering for me? When women cheat, it's not a spontaneous plunge into chaos; it's a military operation. Every step is planned, every message coded, every risk covered.

And that's why men get caught faster than a budget airline in a storm. He stumbles over his bad poker face, she exposes him with three screenshots, two girlfriends, and the GPS location of his smartphone. When women get caught, it's usually because they *want*. Because they've long since decided it's over.

And then come the consequences. For men: divorce, alimony, custody, half their paycheck gone. For women: drama, tears, maybe a brief bad reputation, but in the end, often better luck with the lawyer. The game is unfair – but only because men play dumb.

Because the difference is: Men cheat to get something new. Women cheat because they've found something better. And that, my friend, is the death knell for any relationship.

Fraud isn't an accident. It's the log file that shows: The system has been broken for a long time. Men don't even fix the errors; women have long since programmed a new instance.

And when things go wrong, they go wrong. Because cheating isn't just about sex – it erodes trust. And trust, once gone, is like an erased hard drive without a backup. Have fun reconstructing it.

For men, sex is fast food. Quick, greasy, cheap – and when you're done, there are crumbs in the bed. He wants it to start right away: pants down, covers up, five minutes of action, done. He sees sex like a cheeseburger at a drive-thru. No ambiance, no frills, the main thing is to be full.

For women, sex is a seven-course meal. Starter, main course, dessert. First the mood, then the atmosphere, then candlelight, then the grand finale. She wants to know: Did he shave? Does he smell of shower gel or cigarettes and beer? Is the playlist right? Are the kids really in bed? For her, it's project management; for him, it's Fastboot.

And so worlds collide. He: staggers into the bedroom, smelling of beer, his undershirt covered in pizza stains. She: scented candles set up, Spotify playlist "Romantic Chill" playing, waiting for affection.

He: grins broadly, grabs clumsily. She: rolls her eyes because he thinks foreplay is a foreign word again.

The result? Disappointment. For him: "Why isn't she in the mood?" For her: "Why does that bum think he's king in bed after just 30 seconds?"

And when she says, "I have a headache," it's not because her head is pounding—but because she's fed up with the constant junk food in bed.

The worst of all: routine. When sex becomes a routine, like taking out the trash. Friday night, after a crime scene. Same position, same movements, same silence afterward. Men don't notice. Women do. Men find it convenient, women find it dead.

Sometimes women get what they need—with a vibrator, with their imagination, with their cell phone. Men think they're still the great lover, but she's long since had a better USB device in the closet that has more power than he does after three beers.

The bedroom isn't a temple. It's a battlefield. A place where expectations and reality collide head-on. He wants porn, she wants a rom-com. He's thinking about release, she's thinking about connection. And they're both lying there, side by side, cell phones in hand.

This is everyday life in the bedroom: two bodies sleeping next to each other, but miles apart.

It's the oldest battle of humankind: He says he only wanted one thing. She says he's only thinking about one thing. Both are right, both are wrong—and yet they've been verbally sparring about it ever since language existed.

Men feel misunderstood. They say, "I'm just simple. I just want sex, affection, a little peace and quiet." Sounds harmless. But the reality is like a dog constantly hanging on its owner's leg. Women hear the constant "I just want" – and automatically translate it to "He just wants to use me."

Women feel betrayed. Not necessarily because he's cheating (that's a big deal), but because he's never fully there mentally. Because he thinks with his penis in bed and not with his head. Because he moans when she moans, but doesn't realize that she's actually thinking about whether the washing machine needs to be repaired tomorrow.

And the problem? Both are right. Men are fixated, women are overloaded. Men want release, women want connection. Both are looking for love, but they have different operating systems. Try networking Windows 95 with macOS Sonoma—that's what marriage is.

Everyday scenes that show this?

- He mutes the phone in the middle of an argument because he thinks, "Maybe she'll lie down again soon." She interprets that as, "He never listens to me."
- She wants to talk, talk forever. He thinks, "This is all about sex, right?" It isn't.
- He thinks sex is the end of the conflict. She thinks sex is only possible once the conflict is resolved. Paradox at its finest.

This is the eternal conflict: two systems that can never be patched. You can try to build bridges, you can make an effort, but in the end, the shit crashes.

And that's exactly why relationships often run like an endless loop:

```
He: I just wanted to...
She: You only think about one thing...
He: But...
She: But nothing...
```

Loop, no break function.

And while they argue, they both drink. He knocks back whiskey, she knocks back white wine. They both vomit all over themselves, both believe they're right, and both eventually fall asleep, sulking – on the same mattress, but on two different planets.

This is the eternal conflict. No victory, no peace, only a ceasefire until the next opportunity.

So, what's the deal? Men – cock-driven, malfunctioning programs who think they have the operating system under control. Women – multitasking wonders who check everything at once until they themselves die from their own overload. Together, they form a partnership that runs as stable as Windows ME after three days of continuous use.

He thinks with the device, she thinks with everything else. Result: constant crashes. It's not a match, it's a battle for bandwidth. He wants high-speed orgasms, she wants cloud backup for emotions. In the end, the line sputters, the connection drops, and they both stare at their phones as if they could solve the problem.

And the crazy thing is: they keep looking for each other. The same situation, the same mistakes, over and over again. Men hope that women will think less. Women hope that men will think more. Both hope in vain.

The conclusion? Men aren't pigs. Women aren't angels. Both are simply broken systems that aren't compatible – yet they keep connecting to the network. Because they're afraid of offline mode.

And that leads us directly on: out of the bedroom, out of our heads, right into the next disaster scene—the "middle." Because Chapter 4 shows where all this ends: not in heaven, not in hell, but somewhere in between. Where the cat lives.

Cheers – and on with the text.

### [The middle is where the cat lives](#)

Everyone always talks about "the middle." The center of life, the golden mean, balance. It sounds like a Zen garden awaits: pebbles, bamboo, a small fountain.

In reality, the middle is a dentist's waiting room: old "Landlust" magazines, stale filter coffee, and that sweet smell of sweat.

The middle isn't a goal; the middle is punishment. You're no longer young enough to be spontaneous, nor old enough to excuse everything. You're stuck in between, like a poorly programmed script stuck in an endless loop.

What does "middle" mean? It means:

- Bills pile up faster than the beer in the fridge runs out.
- Discussions revolve around electricity providers, not dreams.
- Your body makes noises when you stand up, and she googles symptoms instead of love poems.

That's the middle ground. No Zen, no happiness, just administration. You come home from work, you're exhausted, and you throw yourself onto the couch. She sits there, typing on her smartphone, checking WhatsApp groups called "Girls' Night Out" but are nothing more than complaint centers about men. And you both think, "That's it?"

The middle is the place where sex becomes a memory. Where true love shrinks to a shopping list. Where passion means the router is working again after you've both rebooted it five times.

And the bitter part: Everyone acts like it's exactly what they want. House, child, couch, middle. But ask them at night, when the silence is too loud – and they both know they're lying.

The middle is not balance. It's the no-man's-land between life and death. And everyone knows it, but no one wants to say it.

The tomcat is the unofficial patron saint of the middle. Not the purring cat that settles on your lap—I mean the skull-splitter the morning after. A headache like a jackhammer, a mouth as dry as the Gobi Desert, a stomach as sensitive as a diva. That's exactly what the middle is: a permanent state between numbness and pain.

After drinking comes a hangover. After arguments, too. After bad sex, especially. It's always the same process: First, you think it's a good idea – the fourth bottle, the tenth argument, the miserable in-and-out after work. And then, boom, hangover.

He sits on the edge of his bed in the morning, head in his hands, liver weeping. She lies beside him, staring at the ceiling, heart full of resignation. Two people, two hangovers: he biological, she emotional. Together they make a dream team of headache and migraine.

The hangover is honest. It shows you that everything that should be fun is just borrowed time. Drinking, fucking, arguing—great one moment, bitter the next. The hangover is life's accounting system, and it takes its toll mercilessly.

And this is how the middle works:

- He swears in the morning: "Never again so much whiskey." In the evening, he knocks back the next one.
- She says, "I don't want to argue anymore." Three hours later, she's screaming about toothpaste tubes.
- Both say: "We should be closer again." And then they lie back to back with cell phones in their hands.

The middle is a hangover that never completely goes away. A dull throb in my head, a tugging in my stomach, a constant feeling of "Shit, that's not all there is, but it's not going to get much better."

You carry on living, you function, but your joy of life hangs like cold smoke in the curtain. And every morning you say, "Today will be better." Lie. It won't get better. You'll just get drunk differently.

Routine is no consolation. Routine is a delayed death sentence. It sounds harmless—"stability," "security," "everyday life"—but in reality, it slowly consumes you until nothing remains but a dull shell with a Netflix subscription.

The process is always the same: Alarm clock in the morning, coffee, work. Walk home, traffic jam, supermarket, dinner. Then couch, TV series, bed. Repeat. Repeat. Repeat. An endless loop, with no exit command. An algorithm so poorly written that it never terminates.

And that's exactly where the center lies. No drama, no passion, just the same old repetition. He snores, she scrolls. He farts, she rolls her eyes. He wants another beer, she wants him to empty the dishwasher. It's like the same old play, only the actors are getting older, fatter, and more tired.

Sex? It's also routine. Friday night, after a crime scene. Same movements, same positions, same lack of orgasm. A routine, nothing more. The foreplay is a joke:



five seconds of groping, then an attack, then the end. She's thinking about her tax return, he's thinking about the next beer. Passion looks different.

And what if one of them wants to escape? Then things get heated. She wants a romantic dinner, he'd rather watch the Bundesliga. He wants to have spontaneous sex, she wants to "talk" first. In the end, no one wins, only routine. She sneaks back, lies between them, grins sneeringly, and whispers, "See you tomorrow."

Routine turns living people into zombies. No blood, no brains, just functioning. It ensures that you stay even though you've long wanted to leave. Because it's easier to empty the dishwasher than to sign the divorce papers.

And so they sit there, night after night, with chip crumbs on their stomachs, as if life were a still image. Routine has won, without anyone noticing.

This is the middle ground. No balance. A damn prison with Wi-Fi.

Everyone talks about how wonderful it is to be able to "arrive." A house, marriage, kids, a dog, two cars, a vacation on the Mediterranean. It's sold as the ultimate happiness, the holy center, the thing you have to achieve if you want to be a grown-up. Bullshit. It's a facade, a damned advertising brochure that shines on the outside and smells of mold on the inside.

"We're so happy," they say on Facebook, posting a photo from their barbecue. Everyone's laughing, the steaks are piping hot, the kids are jumping around the frame. Five minutes later, the parents are yelling at each other in the kitchen because the beer is empty and he forgot to return the potato salad bowl. Happiness? None. Just a filter.

The illusion works like this: outwardly, you radiate security, but inwardly, you're eating yourself to death. You smile for the family photo, but both know that the last time you had real fun was years ago—back when you were young and drunk, throwing yourself onto the grass in the park. Today, all you have are rattan garden furniture and barbecue tongs with thermometers.

And that's what you call "luck." The neighbors say, "Oh, you have it so good." But they're doing the same shit—just with different wallpaper. Everyone compares themselves, everyone lies, and everyone is stuck in the same filth.

The truth: The middle ground isn't happiness. The middle ground is stagnation, and stagnation is death by installments. Happiness is just a word you use to cover up the suffocating feeling that you've been in a cage for a long time.

Happiness is when you stop asking questions because the answers hurt too much.

And yes, sometimes you believe it yourself. You think, "It's not that bad." Then you sit at dinner, she talks about school, he talks about work, and both of you talk past each other. Then one of you laughs briefly, and you cling to it. *Maybe that's luck.*

But deep down everyone knows: This isn't luck, this is a damn good acting course.

A middle ground is like a used car with a fresh MOT. It looks okay, drives okay, but you know the rust is starting to set in. And at some point, the car breaks down – in the middle of the highway.

So yes: The illusion of happiness is the most powerful placebo of the middle. Everyone swallows it, but no one gets better.

The middle isn't still. It's bubbling. It appears calm, but in reality, beneath the surface lies a volcano that could erupt at any moment. Not because of big things like fraud or financial ruin—no, the middle escalates over small things.

Want some examples?

- The toothpaste tube. He presses from behind, she from the front. The result: an argument that lasts three days and ends with, "Then buy your own toothpaste!"
- The milk. He buys whole milk, she wants low-fat. An hour of silence, followed by a loud "You never listen to me!"
- The router. The internet is down, he tries to fix it, she says, "You have no idea." He yells, "I'm a computer scientist!" – while she googles "router not working" on her phone.

These are no longer discussions. These are miniature world wars. It's not bombs that fly, but frying pans. But the effect is the same: devastation, scorched earth, a few bruises—mental or physical, depending on the force of the throw.

And when routine gets boring, both look for loopholes. He: whiskey, porn, affairs with someone who pretends to "understand" as long as he pays. She: shopping, gossip, affairs with someone who pretends to "listen" as long as he has enough time. Both plug holes, both cheat, both know—and both keep quiet because it's more convenient to pretend they don't know anything.

And that's precisely what makes the middle ground so explosive. Because the big dramas are silently accepted, the little things explode. It's not infidelity that destroys the marriage, but the open toilet paper roll. It's not debt that makes the cup overflow, but the forgotten wedding anniversary.

The middle is a powder keg full of little things. Each little thing would be harmless on its own. Together, they create chaos worse than a volcanic eruption.

And at some point, in the middle of the night, one of them screams, "I can't take it anymore!" – and both know it wasn't the milk that was to blame. It was everything.

"Meet in the middle," they always say. Sounds reasonable, sounds like harmony, a place where both are happy. In reality, the middle ground is a damn horse-trading game where both lose.

Example: He wants sex, she wants to talk. Middle ground? They talk briefly, he gets lousy sex. Both are dissatisfied. Or: She wants a romantic dinner, he wants to watch football. Middle ground? They go to a sports bar. He can't see the game properly, she can't get any candlelight. Both are frustrated. That's how it always goes.

The middle ground isn't balance; it's a dead end. A compromise that solves nothing. It takes away passion, it takes away extremes, and in the end, what's left is a lukewarm stew that no one wants to eat.

And yet, everyone sells us this middle ground as the ideal. Psychologists preach it, couples therapists praise it, and self-help books write entire chapters about it. But what's the result? A life in the gray area. Not hot, not cold, just lukewarm. And lukewarm is the worst – nothing happens at all.

Life on the margins is dangerous, exciting, and full of drama. But it's real. The middle is safe, but dead. Those who constantly seek "the middle ground" end up like a driver who never accelerates, never brakes, always creeping through the world at 30 km/h. Sure, but everyone else hates you—and you hate yourself most of all.

The truth about the middle ground: No one really wants to be there. It's chosen out of fear. Fear of conflict, fear of loss, fear of being alone. But in truth, everyone dreams of experiencing the riots again. Passion, risk, chaos. What the middle ground can never deliver.

But most people stay in the middle because it's comfortable. There are no big explosions there, just small hangovers. And they think they'd rather have a permanent hangover than the big bang. Until, at some point, the big bang comes anyway.

The middle path isn't a place where you live. It's a place where you slowly enter.

The middle isn't balance. It's not a place of peace, a haven, or a Zen garden. It's a damned no-man's-land. A perpetual hangover. Not drunk enough to have fun, not sober enough to cope. A constant buzzing in your head, a dull ache in your stomach that reminds you you're still alive—but not really.

Here, passion dies on the toothpaste tube. Here, the dishwasher replaces foreplay. Here, the big word "love" becomes a footnote on the shopping list. And everyone calls it "happiness."

The truth: The middle is life's dead end. A cage with Wi-Fi, a grave with a garden fence, a waiting room with magazines that are ten years old. And everyone knows it. Everyone feels it. But everyone keeps playing because breaking out would require too much courage.

But the good thing about a hangover is that it reminds you that things used to be different. That you once drank, loved, argued, and lived. The hangover is the reminder of the chaos—and perhaps the only reason you even get out of bed.

So yes: The middle is where the hangover lives. And whoever stays there should at least learn to laugh at the pain. Otherwise, it will eat you alive.

And now on to Chapter 5: **"Why their shoes are more important than your brain"** A new battlefield—the closet. And the realization that men's brains don't stand a chance against women's shoes.

Cheers – we stumble on.

### Why their shoes are more important than your brain

Women don't have a closet. Women have a shrine. A damn sanctuary. You open the door, expecting a pair of shoes—and instead, you find yourself

standing in a cathedral of leather, glitter, heels, and dust bags. Stacked in rows, neatly sorted, color-coordinated, each box treated like the ashes of a saint.

For you, they're shoes. For her, they're memories, symbols, weapons, trophies. A pair of pumps isn't just a pair of pumps. It's "the night we went dancing in Prague." It's "the job interview I won." It's "the day you were late again, you jerk." Shoes are her biography—just without the ISBN.

Men only see function in shoes. "Do they fit? Do they keep you warm? Can you walk in them?" Women see fate. They see drama. They see a reflection of their mood. Flats today, heels tomorrow, stilettos the day after, because she wants to show she's still got it.

And you stand there like an illiterate person in a library. You see a thousand colorful book spines, but you don't understand a single word. "Why do you need so many?" you ask. And she looks at you as if you'd just asked why the moon is in the sky.

The closet is a shrine, and you're only allowed to touch it after you confess. And woe betide you if you push her new pumps next to her old sandals without observing the holy order. Then Poland is open.

This shrine is more powerful than your brain. You can study computer science for 20 years, you can configure servers, debug networks, understand cryptography—but if you think you understand why the red shoes don't match the red dress, you're screwed. Your brain is a calculator, her shoe cabinet is a quantum computer.

So bow before the shrine. You will never understand it, but it will always be there.

It's a law of nature: No matter how many shoes are in her closet, she still "needs" another pair. You think: 37 pairs, unworn, in their original packaging, with the prices still attached – that's enough. Wrong. Women don't buy shoes because they need them. They buy shoes because they exist.

Men would never buy twelve identical screwdrivers. Women would – just in twelve different colors and with slightly different heel heights. "These are beige, the others are sand." The same thing for you, two different universes for them.

The shopping spree is endless. Shopping malls, boutiques, online stores. Delivery drivers carry boxes into your house like pallbearers, and you know:

another pair she'll probably wear twice. You ask, "Why?" She says, "They don't match anything I have!" – and you think, "But the others don't either!" Logic is forbidden.

And you know it's going to escalate. Scene in the store: He, annoyed, on a stool, scrolling on his phone. She, with five boxes in her arms, beams: "Just trying it on." An hour later: credit card glowing, account bleeding, tears of joy for her, headache for you.

The worst thing is, women lie to themselves. "They were on sale." Sure, from 300 to 250. "That was a bargain." Sure, if your benchmark is a small car. But she believes it – and you'd better keep your mouth shut, because you know: If you argue, you're dead.

And online shopping makes it even worse. Back then, you at least had to accompany her into town. Today, all it takes is a click in your pajamas, and DHL delivers the next disaster. You come home, a package on your doorstep. She: "Oh, it's just a little thing." You: "It's a whole damn container."

The shopping spree never ends. It's like a black hole: No matter how much you throw into it—money, patience, intellect—it sucks everything in. And while you think your brain has value, it's long since decided: The next paragraph is more important.

And there's nothing you can do about it. Because in their minds, shoes aren't a commodity. Shoes are therapy, shoes are identity, shoes are the last bastion against everyday life.

Your brain? Nice, but replaceable. Shoes? Sacred.

For women, shoes aren't just shoes. They represent status. They are armor. They are what the sword was to knights. The heel is their armor, the glitter their flag, the brand their crest.

And here's the trick: She's not wearing them to impress you. You're secondary. Men don't even notice the difference between high heels and pumps as long as they end up in the bedroom untied. No—those shoes are for other women. Shoes are a declaration of war, a battle cry, a demonstration of power.

The scene in the office: She walks in, heels clacking like machine gun fire. All her colleagues turn around. Immediately, the silent ranking begins: brand, height, color. Men only hear "click, click," women hear "I'm above you, you cows."

For you, it's absurd. For her, it's war. If you think she's wearing these expensive things to be sexy for you, you're as wrong as a computer scientist who thinks the printer *just like that* functions.

Women use shoes like weapons. They lengthen legs, they conceal weaknesses, they distract. They know they dominate the room if the shoes are right. And if they don't, they feel naked. Shoes are a confidence-boosting thing to wear.

A comparison with computer science: The male brain is all about function. "Do the shoes do what they're supposed to? Yes? Good." The female brain is all about design + function + status. She thinks in layers. Below: comfort. Above: looks. At the top: what it says about her. Shoes are her API to the outside world.

And woe betide another woman who wears similar shoes. Then it's not a coincidence; it's war. Men wouldn't argue at a barbecue whether they both have the same screwdriver. Women? Two identical pairs of shoes at a party, and the atmosphere will be colder than your beer.

Shoes are status. Shoes are armor. Shoes are her silent victory. Your brain? Forget it. You're just the idiot who pulled out the credit card.

There are those moments when you stand up, full of logic, full of reason, full of self-confidence—and think you have a chance. "Why did you spend 200 euros on shoes when we have to cut costs?" you ask calmly, like a judge who thinks he already has the verdict in his pocket.

And then she looks at you as if you'd just explained the theory of relativity with play-doh. "Because I NEED it!" she says. And boom—your brain is dead. The end. Finished. No more processes running.

The male brain thinks logically. A new hard drive because the old one is full – necessary. A new graphics card because the games stutter – necessary. Shoes in ten variations, all looking the same – unnecessary. But here's the trick: The female brain calculates emotionally. "These shoes make me happy." Discussion ended. Your brain can use the word *Luck* nothing to do unless it's written on a beer bottle.

And then comes the ultimate weapon: "You just don't get it." This sentence is kernel panic for the male brain. You can't debug anything anymore; all you can do is reboot—and even then, the system won't boot.

Seriously: Your brain has no chance against the shoe cabinet. You can do calculations, draw diagrams, print out credit card statements—it all bounces off. It knows it's won before you even start.

Because shoes aren't consumer goods for women. They're religion. And you don't argue against religion. You either pray along or you shut up.

The male brain loses. Always. And at some point, it capitulates. You go to the shoe store with her, sit obediently on the chair, play on your phone – and know that your role is merely that of chauffeur and financial assistant.

Men's brains out, shoes in. That's how the game works.

It always starts innocently. A box in the hallway. A small, innocent box with an innocent logo. You casually ask, "What's that?" She: "Oh, nothing important." Nothing important is women's German for "A pair of shoes that costs more than your monthly rent back in the dorm."

And then the war begins. He: "We have to save money." She: "That was a bargain." He: "You already have ten pairs that look exactly the same." She: "Those look completely different, you blind fish!"

Cut. He's lying on the couch, she's slamming doors, and the pair of shoes stands like a triumphal arch in the middle of the bedroom.

This spreads through everyday life like a virus.

- He wants to go to the cinema. She wants to go shopping. In the end, they sit at *Pretty Woman* in the cinema, and he knows that this was no coincidence.
- He wants to throw away his old shoes when he moves. She defends them like a dog defends a bone. "They're still good!" – Yes, "good" like the old cables in the basement that no one has used for years, but no one is allowed to throw away.
- He says, "They all look the same." She screams, "You don't understand anything!" And that's exactly where she's right—he really doesn't understand.

Relationship warfare in everyday life doesn't mean plates are flying. No, it means boxes from Zalando are lying in the hallway like mines. Every new purchase is a provocation, every credit card statement a war report.



And him? He defends himself with logic. She with emotion. And as in every war, it's not the stronger weapon that wins in the end, but the tougher stubbornness. Spoiler alert: Women have more ammunition.

The male brain calculates, the shoe cabinet feels. And emotions beat Excel spreadsheets every damn time.

So he withdraws. He eats his frustration. He drinks more whiskey. And his shoe cabinet grows like a fungus.

This isn't consumption. This is a proxy war. And the man is losing it while he still believes he has a chance.

The bitter part about the whole shoe thing? Most pairs never leave the house. They sit there, freshly bought, expensive, shiny – gathering dust like New Year's resolutions. Shoes as reminders of moments that never come.

She says, "I'll wear these the next time we go out for a fancy meal." Spoiler alert: You're not going out for a fancy meal. You're going to the kebab shop around the corner, or at most to the Greek restaurant where the ouzo costs more than the salad. Result: shoes unworn, but "essential." Or: "They're perfect for XY's wedding." The wedding goes ahead, but she buys another pair for the same day. Bought twice, never worn.

The shoe cabinet is thus a museum full of hope. Every heel tells of a life that never happened. Every box is a failed screenplay. And eventually, the things end up in the basement, yellowed, musty, forgotten – like old love letters that no one reads anymore.

And that's the irony: She buys the shoes like men buy affairs—full of passion, full of urgency. And a few months later, both are just collecting dust. Shoes in the basement, memories in my head, both equally embarrassing.

Men laugh about it. "You have 40 pairs, but you always wear the same three." Women cry about it. "The others are important too, you don't understand!" And both are right. Shoes are just like relationships: shiny, exciting, and way too expensive at first. Later, they become uncomfortable, dusty, and no one wants to wear them anymore.

The sad thing is that the collection is still growing. Because hope never dies. *Maybe this Couple, this Cut, this Color* makes everything better. Just like men believe the next woman is the right one.

Shoes aren't fashion. Shoes are projections. And like every projection, they end in disappointment.

In the end, they lie there, in boxes, in the basement, forgotten. Like half of all "forever" promises.

So, let's summarize: Women love shoes. Men love logic. And logic doesn't stand a chance against shoes. Shoes are religion, status, armor, therapy—all rolled into one. Your brain is just processing power. Practical, but boring. Nobody celebrates a hard drive, but everyone admires the new pumps.

The male brain always loses. You can argue, complain, present the bills – she'll keep the shoes. And you'll pay. And if you're lucky, she'll even wear them once. Maybe. But even if not – it doesn't matter. Because the shoe cupboard is holier than your mind.

The irony of it all: Men are no better. Just stupid in a different way. He stacks motherboards, hard drives, and graphics cards as if they were relics. She stacks shoes. Different objects, same obsession. Both bury themselves in things that don't fill the hole in their souls, but at least plug them for a while.

And so it remains: Shoes are more important to women than your brain. You have to accept that. If you don't, you'll end up in an argument—or on the couch, alone with your whiskey.

Because one thing is certain: when shoes, money and logic collide, the next argument is guaranteed.

Cheers – wear comfortable shoes, it's going to be loud.

### How to argue without the police calling

Arguments are the backbone of every damn relationship. Without arguments, there would be nothing. No pulse, no blood, no shit that keeps everyday life going. Anyone who tells you they don't argue is lying, and they're lying so pathetically that even the dog in the hallway is laughing. Or worse: they're already dead and have simply forgotten.

Arguing is the only constant. Breakfast, lunch, dinner—there's always a reason to yell at the other person. "Where are my keys?"—whoosh, an argument. "Did

you buy the milk?"—argument. "Why are you breathing so loudly?"—argument deluxe. Relationships aren't love poems; they're a shouting orgy with a beer during breaks.

Arguing is a national sport. It's not a metaphor—it's the only sport everyone participates in without ever paying an entrance fee. There are no referees, just neighbors listening through the thin walls, having their own soap opera. "Oh, look, the Millers are yelling again—this time it's probably about the toothpaste." And while the lawnmower chugs along outside, plates fly inside.

This whole "We love each other, we talk peacefully" thing is lying nonsense. Humans aren't built for peace. Men are blunt instruments, women are ticking time bombs, and if you lock them both in an apartment, it's going to blow up – ALWAYS. Anyone who says otherwise is living in a fairytale, and even then, it usually ends with murder and poison.

Arguments are mess. Arguments are sweat. Arguments are the morning-after hangover, when both partners are still offended and silent, but still drink the same coffee because neither wants to move out. Arguments are the ugly truth behind every marriage certificate. Without arguments, a relationship is dead, stuffed like a fish in a shop window.

So stop sugarcoating it. Arguments aren't the exception, they're the rule. You can set your watch by it. And sometimes—I swear on my whiskey—it's almost fun, because it's the only thing that makes you feel like you're still alive.

Conflict is a national sport. And everyone is a national player.

It's never the big things that drive you crazy. Not the affair, not the divorce papers, not the bankruptcy. No, it's always the everyday shit that eventually turns you into a beast.

The toothpaste tube. He squeezes from behind, she from the front. And suddenly it's no longer toothpaste, but war. Three days of no word, just slamming doors, and finally the decision: two tubes, separate. Relationship saved? Awkward.

The toilet seat. He leaves it up, she wants it down. "That's disrespectful!" she screams. "That's biology!" he screams back. And then you stand there, in the middle of the night, peeing like a criminal in the dark because you don't feel like the next escalation.

The router. The internet is gone. She says, "You have no idea." He says, "I'm a computer scientist, for crying out loud!" – and at that moment, half the house explodes. Because nothing is as safe as an argument about technology that no one can win.

The shoes. "They all look the same!" he says. "You don't understand anything!" she screams. Bang, World War II. He thinks she's crazy. She thinks he's blind. Both are right, both are wrong. The result: another evening of silence thicker than the whiskey he downs afterward.

And that's how it goes, every damn day. It's not the big dramas that kill the relationship. It's the little shit. The milk in the fridge. The wrong garbage bag. The missed "I love you" on the phone call. All the little shit that eventually wears you down so much that you lie awake at night thinking, "What's all this fuss about?"

In IT we call this a*Bug*One small error in the code, and the entire system goes to hell. In relationships, these aren't bugs; they're features. The crap is built in. It's part of the game.

The truth: You can shout more about toothpaste than about fraud. Because toothpaste is there every day. Fraud only sometimes.

These are the triggers. Small, ugly, ridiculous—and deadly.

Every argument is a ritual. It's always the same routine, like a bad play that's been on tour for years. You know the lines, she knows the lines, yet it's performed anew every night. And no one leaves the show because the tickets are for life.

### **Level 1: Whisper.**

It begins quietly. A venomous "Mhm" here, a piercing "Oh, I see" there. No explosion yet, just the first drops of rain. But you feel it, you know: the clouds are gathering.

### **Stage 2: Accusations.**

"You never listen." - "You're exaggerating." "You always do it wrong." - "You always just complain." Bingo. Now the program is running. Accusations are the subroutine of every argument. Copy & paste for years.

### **Stage 3: Screaming.**

Now the shit hits the fan. Loudness replaces arguments. Doors slam, plates

clatter, neighbors listen. Men roar like lions, women scream like sirens. A concert that no one wants to hear, but everyone knows.

#### **Stage 4: Door slamming.**

The door is the punching bag of the relationship. It slams for everything: for anger, for drama, for the last word. Sometimes three doors slam in a row. BAM. BAM. BAM. And he stands there, thinking: "What was that?" Answer: Level 4, my friend.

#### **Level 5: Deadly Silence.**

The worst stage. Not a word, not a glance. Just silence so loud it rings in your ears. Men think the argument is over. Women know: It's just beginning. Because silence isn't the end. Silence is a countdown.

And the best part? This process repeats itself. Over and over again. Like an endless loop in a broken script:

```
while (relationship == true) {  
    argue();  
}
```

You think you know the climax, but no—it'll be next time. Same lyrics, same noise, different tube of toothpaste.

And if you're unlucky, Level 5 will become a prelude to the next war. Because nothing is more deadly than a woman who is silent and thinks at the same time.

These are the escalation stages. No drama, no Shakespeare—this is everyday life. This is a relationship. This is the only thriller that never ends.

When it comes to arguing, women are no amateurs. She's a general, she's a field marshal, she's the CIA, the FBI, and the Stasi all rolled into one. Men yell, women plot. And that's precisely why men ALWAYS lose.

#### **Your first weapon: Facts.**

She's documented everything. Screenshots, chat histories, bank statements. She could appear in court, and the judge would immediately lower the gavel: "Guilty." While you're still stammering, she already has the evidence on her smartphone, ready to present in PowerPoint.

#### **Your second weapon: Memories.**

You thought you forgot the number? Haha. Wrong. She remembers everything. Every text message—sorry, every WhatsApp message—every suspicious like,

every "I'm fine" in the wrong tone. She has an archive in her head, better organized than any damn data center.

Your third weapon: **Emotion.**

Tears at the touch of a button, combined with targeted accusations that rip your heart out. "You don't even love me anymore." – Bam, hit. No matter how innocent you are, you suddenly feel like dirt.

And if all that isn't enough, the atomic bomb comes:

**"You haven't changed!"**

This is the final boss. Game over. No answer will save you. If you say "Yes!", they'll say "But not enough." If you say "No!", they'll say "See!" – it's over. Time to go.

And the best part: Women don't argue linearly. They regress. While you think you're discussing toothpaste, she suddenly reverts to Christmas three years ago. You're lost. Your brain is wrestling with the present; she's playing chess across multiple dimensions.

Men are like boxers in a fight: they punch, hoping the other person falls. Women are like snipers: quiet, precise, deadly. You're bleeding before you even realize you've been hit.

So yes – the woman has the better argumentative strategies. You're not her opponent. You're just the idiot who thinks he can keep up.

Men in arguments are like drunken clowns with boxing gloves: loud, clumsy, and they punch themselves more often than their opponents. We don't have strategies—we have excuses.

**First "strategy": volume.**

When arguments are lacking, people shout. Men think seriously, decibels replace logic. "BECAUSE I SAY SO!" – great, Shakespeare. You've gained absolutely nothing with that, except that the neighbors are already glued to the wall.

**Second "strategy": sarcasm.**

"Oh yeah, so it's all my fault again?" – Yes, you complete idiot, that's exactly the point. Sarcasm is like pepper spray in your face: it doesn't do anything, it just hurts.

**Third "strategy": silence.**

The ultimate discipline of male failure. Men withdraw, put on their poker faces,

and remain silent like a wall. In their imagination: "This is how I show strength." In reality: adding fuel to the fire. Women hate nothing more than silence. Every second of silence on your face is a confession to them: "Yes, I fucked the neighbor."

#### **Fourth "strategy": alcohol.**

The classic. "I need a whiskey first." And while you think you're the cool cowboy, you're actually the idiot, staring glassy-eyed at the fridge while she fires the next salvo behind you. Whiskey doesn't make you a warrior, whiskey makes you a drooling idiot.

#### **Fifth "strategy": hope.**

The stupidest of all. Men seriously believe they can "win." That there's an ending where they stand triumphant while she gives in. Wrong. There is no "winning." There is only survival. And even that is questionable.

In short: Men in a fight are like an old router. They freeze up, they hum loudly, and in the end, the only thing that helps is unplugging it.

So yes – these are our "strategies." Ridiculous, embarrassing, doomed to failure. And yet we keep falling back on them. Because we can't do better. Because we're dull.

And women know this. They know it and play with it.

Cheers. To the world's most pathetic warrior: the man in a marital dispute.

And then, my friend, comes the point where everything tips over. No more discussion, no more logic, no more "let's be objective." Now it's all over. Escalation. The storm that tears everything apart.

First, doors fly. *BAM!* The door slams so hard that the plaster crumbles from the ceiling. Every door isn't just wood in one sense—it's a weapon. "ZACK, now you know I'm angry!"—Yeah, thanks, we would have noticed even without the crack in the door frame.

Then objects fly. Cups, plates, the remote control. I swear, remote controls are the Kalashnikovs of marriage. Never loaded, but always within reach. And always thrown so accurately that you duck just wide, thinking, "Next time, she'll get me."

The neighbors are listening. Oh, they love it. A free radio play, better than Netflix. "Did you hear that, Heinz? Now it's about the mother-in-law again!" -

"Yeah, yeah, wait, maybe we should call the police." The neighbors are the audience, and you are the gladiators in the arena's living room.

And sometimes the police really do come. They ring the doorbell in the middle of the night, two uniformed officers in the hallway. "What happened?" – and you stand there, sweating, with a beer breath, heart racing, and say: "Nothing, Sergeant. We were just discussing the toothpaste." Sounds ridiculous? It is. But that's exactly how it goes. One damn misunderstanding involving Colgate, and suddenly you're standing there like a felon.

The absurd thing is: While you're still hyperventilating, she's already broken down in tears. The police are looking at you like you're Jack the Ripper. They're looking at her like she's Snow White. You're the guilty one, no matter what. End of discussion.

And if the police don't come, there's silence afterward. The worst escalation. Both are breathing heavily, both full of rage, both know: This place is broken. But no one says it. Instead, he knocks back whiskey, she types on her phone – and both hope that the next day will somehow fix it.

Escalation is inevitable. It's not the exception – it's the climax. The concert without an encore. The finale without a happy ending.

And sometimes, when it's over, you laugh. Not because it was funny, but because it's so absurd that there's no other reaction.

Arguments aren't accidents; they're part of the system. They're the software that runs in the background, even if you never started it. And no matter how often you think you've closed the program, it reboots on its own. Always.

It's never about the actual topic. Never. Toothpaste, toilet seats, shoes, routers – those are just triggers. In truth, it's about everything: love, respect, disappointment, expectations. And it's played out in an ugly symphony of screaming, slamming doors, and tears until the curtain falls.

And you know what? That's normal. Every argument is proof that something's still alive. As long as you're yelling at each other, it's not completely dead. It's only dead when no one says anything anymore, when there's only silence in the room and both of you are staring at their phones as if that's where the better life lies.



Arguments cannot be avoided, only survived. Some argue like professionals, others like drunken amateurs – but everyone joins in. And no one wins. Never. Arguments have no winners. Only survivors.

And the next chapter? It delves into everyday life, where men rot on the couch and women write Excel spreadsheets for their lives.

**Men love the couch, women love the plan.**

The next theater of war.

Cheers – don't take off your gloves, we're not done yet.

### Men love the couch, women love the plan

The couch isn't a piece of furniture. It's a man's kingdom. The only place where he truly rules. In the kitchen, he's merely a guest, in the bedroom, a supplicant, in the bathroom, an intruder—but on the couch, he's king. There, he has his beer at his fingertips, the remote control as a scepter, and chip crumbs like royal jewelry in the cracks.

The couch is home. It's refuge. It's a man's Noah's Ark, saving him from stress, his wife, his kids, his job, and the rest of the miserable world. Here, on this worn-out cushion, he can finally be what he truly is: a lazy ass with zero ambition. And he loves it.

The couch isn't just comfortable—it's identity. Men define themselves through sofas. The student with the flea-market sofa, the bachelor with the bargain Ikea piece, the married man with the giant corner sofa that looks like a stranded cruise ship. The older you get, the bigger the sofa. The bigger the sofa, the smaller your dreams.

And what's he doing there? Nothing. Absolutely nothing. Watching TV, channel surfing, staring, dozing. Netflix on an endless loop, binge-watching sports until he's coma-stricken, YouTube videos about things he'll never do. Men and the couch – that's stagnation in perfection. And they love stagnation because it's easy. No discussion, no planning, no responsibility. Just cushions and silence.

The couch is the fortress wall against life. And when she comes in with her note, her app, her voice: "We still have to..." – then he curls up deeper, as if the couch were a trench. The couch isn't furniture – it's his last bastion.

On the couch, he's free. And simultaneously trapped. Because the couch provides peace, but it eats up time. And while he thinks he's king, he slowly becomes the court jester of his own life.

If the couch is a man's throne, then a plan is a woman's bible. Without a plan, nothing works for her. No movement, no conversation, not a damn breath. She plans everything: shopping, vacations, children, taxes, divorce—all in parallel.

Her brain isn't a lazy couch. Her brain is a project management tool with 20 tabs open. She lives in lists. Shopping lists, to-do lists, bucket lists, post-its on the fridge, reminders on her phone. If she could, she'd stick a QR code on your forehead so you'd never forget to take out the trash again.

And these plans are sacred. She wakes up in the morning, still in her pajamas, and her first thought is: *What's on today?* Not “Where is the coffee?”, not “What will the weather be like?” – no, *Planning*. While you're wondering whether to pee or sleep, she's already planned the entire weekend.

The best part: She's planning for you, too. You don't know it, but you've been busy for a long time. Saturday, 2 p.m.: hardware store. Sunday, 10 a.m.: visit parents. Tuesday evening: “time together” (which really means Ikea). You think you're free. She knows: you're an NPC in her game.

Women only feel alive when there's a plan. No plan = panic. Men hate plans; women need them like oxygen. An empty calendar makes them nervous, just like a full couch makes you happy.

And she loves to include you in her plans. “Honey, we still have to...” – and *we* always means *you*. You are the agent. The plan dictates what happens, and you are authorized to carry out the order.

While you think the evening belongs to you and your couch, her mind is already on next week: daycare, dentist, parent-teacher conference. And you're the clueless beast that drives her from appointment to appointment.

The plan is their kingdom, just as the couch is your throne. And these two worlds are as incompatible as Windows 95 and an iPhone 15.

It's always the same image: He's lying on the couch, slumped like a corpse in a coffin. Beer on his stomach, remote control in hand, eyes as blank as a smoke-stained monitor. And at that very moment, she arrives—with the plan.

"Honey, we still have to..." And *we* always means *you*. Taking out the trash, hanging up the laundry, rebooting the router, doing my taxes. He grunts and mumbles, "Yeah, yeah, later." Later means never.

The plan hits the couch like a wrecking ball on concrete. And the concrete doesn't give in. Men can do nothing for hours. Women can't sit still for ten minutes without working through at least five to-dos in their heads.

Scenes from everyday life:

- She: "Did you take out the trash?" He: "I'll do it right away." Four hours later: Trash stinks in the hallway, she explodes, he doesn't even lift his head.
- She: "We have to do our tax return." He: "There's still time." She has already made an appointment with her tax advisor, he prefers watching the Bundesliga.
- She: "Can you configure the router? The internet is acting up." He: "It's still working." She curses because the video conference breaks down, but he continues to chill.

The clash is inevitable. Couch and plan are like fire and water—they extinguish each other. She brings movement, he brings stagnation. She wants everything to run smoothly, he wants nothing to run smoothly.

And when it escalates, it gets personal: "You're so lazy!" "You're so exhausting!" And both are right.

The daily duel: sofa versus paper. Laziness versus organization. Whiskey versus calendar app. In the end, there are no winners, only two losers – and the trash still sits in the hallway.

Men have a built-in radar for technology. Routers, TVs, consoles—these are their children. They invest brainpower, passion, and every damn second they can spare from the couch into them. Women? They invest the same amount in organization.

Men can spend hours discussing refresh rates, RAM clock speeds, and the right router firmware. But ask the same guy when the next parent-teacher conference is—no idea. "I think next week... or was that already?" He can set up three networks at once, but he can't remember a damn calendar appointment.

Women are the opposite. They're project managers with a birthmark. A plan every week, every hour scheduled, every detail jotted down. Doctor's appointments, birthdays, tax deadlines—all in their head or on some Post-it stuck to the microwave. Ask them for the router password—no idea. But ask them when Aunt Gertrud's birthday is—right there.

It's like in IT:

- Men are the hardware. Strong, but dumb. Plug in, power on, it works – most of the time.
- Women are the operating system. They manage, organize, and coordinate, and when something goes wrong, they're the first to report an error.

And then these systems collide. He wants to calibrate the new 4K TV, while she stands next to him and says, "We still have to practice with the kids for the math test." He doesn't understand why she has no respect for his sacred technology. She doesn't understand why he puts hours of energy into pixel quality but zero into real life.

He lives in "attitudes," she lives in "memories." He optimizes systems, she optimizes time. And they look at each other as if they came from different planets—which is basically true.

Technology vs. organization. Logic vs. structure. He wants the Wi-Fi to work, she wants life to run smoothly. Spoiler alert: Both regularly break down.

There's no more irritating issue in the middle of a relationship than male inactivity. The image is always the same: He's lying on the couch, practically drooling on the pillow, beer in hand, eyes as blank as a dead lightbulb. And she's standing next to him, to-do list in hand, on the verge of a nervous breakdown.

"You're just sitting there!" she screams. "I'm just resting for a minute!" he says. Three hours later: He's still sitting there. Same beer, same pose. Only the chips are empty.

And then it all explodes. Because her world is all movement, planning, and implementation. His world is all standstill, silence, and ignoring. For her, inactivity is provocation; for him, it's a survival strategy. Men seriously believe that doing nothing is a statement: *I show strength by doing nothing*. Women see it as just a child in a man's body who refuses to take responsibility.

Escalation is inevitable:

- She taps her foot.
- He turns to the side.
- She screams.
- He says, "Yeah, right away."
- It explodes.
- He goes into the fridge. Game over.

The problem: Men underestimate how deeply their couch love is dragging them into the abyss. They believe the couch is a safe space. But for women, the couch is a symbol: laziness, disinterest, passivity. Every hour he spends there is proof to her that he's abandoning her.

And so the couch transforms into an atomic bomb. She sees him lying there and thinks: *He will never change anything.* He sees them raging and thinks: *She's annoying me again.* Both are right. Both are wrong. And both are so aggravated that the living room becomes a battlefield.

Escalation through inaction – that's a true classic. No affair, no bankruptcy, no big lie. Just: couch. A couch, a beer, a man – and all hell breaks loose.

Society loves to point fingers. The lazy man on the couch—a joke, a meme, a perpetual laughingstock. He's in an undershirt, beer belly, beer bottle in hand, chips on his chest. He's mocked in every sitcom, in every commercial. "Haha, the idiot who can't get anything done."

And the woman? The diligent planner, the multitasking queen. She juggles children, work, household, and mother-in-law. And everyone applauds: "Wow, what she accomplishes!" She's praised like a saint—and simultaneously criticized when she doesn't do everything perfectly.

The problem: Both clichés are bullshit – but everyone plays their role. He fits the image of the lazy bum because it's easier. She fits the image of the all-organizing woman because she believes it's supposed to be that way. And both suffer as a result.

Because, of course, men aren't just couch potatoes. They toil at their jobs, toil in the dirt, get burnout—and then lie on the couch because nothing else works. But nobody sees that. Everyone just sees the drooling guy with the remote control.

And women? Sure, they plan everything. But not because they love it, but because no one else does. They take on responsibility because others let them down. And then they say, "Women are just better organized." Bullshit. They're just forced to pull the cart.

The clichés are comfortable. They keep the facade intact. The man is allowed to be lazy, the woman is allowed to be controlling. This keeps the game stable – until both of them puke.

Society sells these images like cheap comics: He's Homer Simpson, she's Marge. But in real life, it's no joke. It's frustration, it's imbalance, it's poison.

In the end, both go along with it because it's easier to conform to the cliché than to break it. But deep down, everyone knows: These roles kill the relationship. Not the couch, not the plan – but the idea that it should be like this.*must*.

In the end, it's simple: Men love the couch, women love a schedule. One wants peace, the other wants movement. One wants stagnation, the other wants progress. And both feel betrayed by the other because neither understands that it's not malice—it's nature.

The couch isn't a crime; it's a survival instinct. Men withdraw because otherwise they'll die from the world. The plan isn't harassment; it's a survival strategy. Women organize because otherwise everything falls apart. Two systems, two strategies—both justified, both fatal to the relationship.

Society laughs, makes jokes, and paints clichés – he's the lazy bum, she's the annoying organizer. But in truth, both are prisoners of their roles. The couch and the plan aren't weapons, they're shackles. And each pulls on the other's rope until both can barely breathe.

The bottom line? Nobody wins. The couch makes him fat, the plan makes her tired, and love lies somewhere in between, like a squashed bag of chips under the cushions.

And because it fits:**Why sex is never like it is in advertisements.**

Forget the glossy image—in real life, no one has sex by candlelight, perfectly lit, with smiling faces and silky-smooth skin. In reality, you squeeze yourself between chip crumbs and a tax folder, he fights the smell of beer, she fights her mood, and the whole magic is as erotic as a broken vacuum cleaner.

Advertising lies, the couch and the plan win, and both lie there like two dead fish.

And that makes it clear: the next theater of war is already waiting in the refrigerator.

### The Oracle of the Refrigerator: Who Stole the Last Beer?

The refrigerator isn't a piece of furniture. The refrigerator is the damned temple of the house. No sofa, no television, no bed can touch it. Anyone who opens the refrigerator door is stepping onto holy ground. Cold light, cool air, bottles like prayer candles—that's religion.

Every trip there is a pilgrimage. Men waddle there like monks at night prayer. Open the door, look inside, and look at the shelves as if a miracle might suddenly happen. Nothing there. Just forgotten tubes of mustard, three dried-up carrots, and—hopefully—beer.

The refrigerator is both a democracy and a dictatorship. Everyone can look inside, but not everyone can take. It's where they decide who's in charge in the house. If there's beer inside, they've won. If there's wine inside, she's taken over. If there's only soy milk left, then you know you've lost for good.

And one more thing: The refrigerator never lies. It shows you the unvarnished state of your life. A full refrigerator = your relationship is going well. An empty refrigerator = a crisis. A refrigerator full of diet foods = a divorce is imminent.

No television, no couch, no smartphone can match the authority of this white box. It is the oracle. It knows everything, it says everything. And it decides whether the night ends peacefully or in an argument that lasts until 3 a.m.

Because the truth lies in the fridge. And the truth almost always means: The last beer is missing.

The last beer isn't a drink. It's a symbol. A test, a vow, a piece of trust in bottle form. Whoever takes the last beer doesn't just take the hops and malt—they take the other person's dignity with them.

You know the scene: He comes home, exhausted, sweating, full of hatred for his job and the world. The fridge opens. Cold light. Empty. The last beer is gone. Cardiac arrest. Heart rate is racing. The world is ending.

She sits on the couch, unimpressed. "It was just one thing," she says. Just one thing? Just one thing?! That wasn't "just one thing." That was *the* Beer. The promise that after all this shit, at least a sip of comfort awaits. Now it's gone—and she drank it all without batting an eyelid.

And suddenly it's no longer a beer. It's betrayal. It's disrespectful. It's a slap in the face. It's no longer about drinking, it's about the principle. He: "You knew I was looking forward to it!" She: "Then you should have taken one sooner." He: "It was MINE!" She: "Nothing in the fridge belongs to anyone."

And there, precisely therein lies the mystery. For men, the last beer is property. For women, it's common property. Men see possessions, women see household. Men see "my beer," women see "our fridge." Two philosophies, two incompatible worlds.

The last beer is an oracle because it always predicts arguments. Those who drink it know things are about to get heated. But they drink it anyway. Because they need it. Because they believe they have the right. Because thirst is stronger than peace.

And when it's empty, it's never just empty. It's proof that the other person hasn't been thinking about you again. And that's worse than any warm bottle from the cellar.

For men, beer is simple. Beer is beer. Period. Whoever finds it can drink it. No protocol, no negotiation, no proof of ownership. Is it in the fridge? Freely available. That's male logic: simple, direct, cold as the hops themselves.

Women see it differently. Women have their own beer math. It's not about finding it, it's about earning it. The last beer belongs to the person who needs it most emotionally. And surprise: It's always her. "I've had a bad day." "I'm stressed." "I had to take care of everything." All valid reasons why the last beer automatically belongs to her—no matter who bought it.

Men's logic: Whoever pays, decides. Women's logic: Whoever suffers, gets.

And that's exactly where it explodes. He: "I bought it." She: "I had the worst day." He: "I was looking forward to it."

She: "Then you should have brought me one too." Discussion over, mood dead.



The sick thing is: Both are right. Men, because possessions are possessions. Women, because the last beer in a relationship is always more than possession. It's a token of love, a symbol of "I was thinking of you."

The problem: Men don't think. Men act. See the bottle, open it, drink it. Women think it all through. "Who does it belong to? What does it say about us? What does it mean if he drinks it?" Men's logic is beer – women's logic is philosophy.

And when two logics collide, the bang is louder than any bottle cap.

The last beer isn't a drink. It's a battlefield.

When the last beer is gone, the living room transforms into an episode of CSI. Only this time, it's not about murder, but about hops. And yet the atmosphere is just as deadly.

Crime scene: refrigerator. Door open, light cold, shelves empty. Where yesterday there was liquid happiness, today there is only a gaping void. The victim: a bottle of beer. The suspect: everyone in the household.

The gathering of evidence begins.

- Bottle caps in the trash? Suspicious.
- Empty glass with foam residue on the table? Exhibit A.
- A telltale burp from the kitchen? The evidence is clear.

And the interrogations begin immediately. He: "I didn't touch it!" She: "Me neither!" Both know one of them is lying – but neither gives in. Instead, the investigation continues as if the marriage were hanging in the balance.

The woman works like the FBI: She checks the garbage bag, she scans the dishwasher, she scours WhatsApp to see if he's secretly chatted with his friends about "that last beer." The man works like a drunk: He simply checks the fridge again, hoping that by some miracle the beer will be back. Spoiler alert: never happens.

And at some point, you end up with the absurd CSI scene: Both of you stand there, the fridge open, staring into it as if the thing could speak. "Tell us the truth. Who stole the last beer?" The fridge is silent. But its cold light makes it clear: One of you is a liar.

The investigation never ends with justice. It always involves blame, drama, and silence. In the end, not only is the beer gone, but the evening is ruined.

This is how a bottle of beer turns into a crime. CSI: Kitchen. And the murder weapon is always thirst.

When the last beer is gone, the big improv show begins. Backup strategies. Neither is happy about it; both act like it's okay – and both know: It's not okay.

### **The man:**

He reaches for the whiskey. Sure, whiskey also gets you drunk. But whiskey isn't beer. Whiskey is a punch to the liver, while beer is a friendly pat on the back. Whiskey is therapy, beer is everyday life. Whiskey says, "You're at the end of your rope." Beer says, "It's not that bad." Without beer, he slides two steps deeper into despair.

If there's no whiskey, he reaches for the warm beer from the pantry. Dust on it, tastes of metal, temperature like dishwater. But it's better than nothing. Men are primitive in that regard: liquid + alcohol = drink it. He'd never admit it, but he's crying inside.

### **The woman:**

She goes for wine. White, red, rosé—it doesn't matter. The main thing is a full glass and a dramatic mood. Wine is to women what a console is to men: a distraction and an excuse. "I've been so stressed." And then the bottle is half empty. Add a little WhatsApp whining with her best friend: "That bum has done it again..."—and she feels justified.

If there's no wine, then gin and tonic, Aperol, something "lifestyle-related." The main thing is that it looks better than the beer she secretly stole.

### **The result:**

No matter what they're drinking, the missing beer remains a hole in the fridge and in their relationship. Whiskey makes him aggressive, wine makes her melancholy. Both drunk, both dissatisfied, both aware: A single beer would have made everything easier.

Substitute strategies are like band-aids on a bullet hole. The bleeding continues, only more beautifully decorated.

The fight over the last beer isn't an isolated incident. It's ancient, archaic, ingrained in humanity's DNA. In the past, tribes would butt heads together over

watering holes – today, it's couples in three-room apartments fighting over a bottle of pilsner. Same fight, just a smaller refrigerator.

In society, beer is still considered a man's thing. The man with the bottle in his hand – that's the image promoted by advertising, football, and locals. Beer is masculinity in liquid form. Anyone who steals beer steals respect.

Women, on the other hand, are often shoved into the wine category. More elegant, more refined, more cultured. As if they have nothing to do with beer. Bullshit. Every honest woman drinks beer. Sometimes even prefers it to wine. But no one wants to see the image of a woman with a foamy head and a belch, so everyone acts like it's unfeminine. Hypocrisy deluxe.

And that's precisely where the social dynamite lies: Beer is a damned symbol. For men: status, comfort, peace. For women: equality, freedom, "I take what I want." That's why the last beer isn't just alcohol—it's a political issue.

When he drinks it: "Typical man, selfish, only thinks of himself." When she drinks it: "Emancipation, self-determination, I'll take my share." In the end, it's the same beer, the same throat, the same emptiness—only the story around it is different.

The truth? Everyone wants it, but no one approves. And society is making the divide even more tense by declaring beer a male symbol and wine a female symbol. Yet everyone will drink anything anyway, as long as it's a blast.

The last beer is a miniature version of the great battle: man versus woman, possession versus sharing, ego versus "us." And that's precisely why things always clash, even though it was "just one beer."

In the end, the last beer is more than just alcohol. It's a ritual, a symbol, a damned oracle. Whoever takes it makes a statement. Whoever steals it risks war. And whoever defends it isn't fighting for hops, but for respect.

The truth is: No one wants to go without. Men need beer because it's their religion. Women drink it because they've long known that equality applies to the fridge, too. And yes – women can drink very well. They can tip over, burp, and crash just as much as any guy at the bar. And sometimes, damn it, they can even swallow better than we can. Cheers to this divine justice.

The oracle of the refrigerator never lies. If there's no beer, there's no peace. And no matter how many spare bottles of wine, whiskey, or Aperol you lug in, it will never be the same. The last beer always has special status.

Bottom line: Beer isn't a drink. Beer is relationship politics. Whoever drinks last makes history. And that history usually ends with arguments, silence, and a hangover.

Because if you have to drink the fridge empty, you can at least learn how to scrape the money back together.

Cheers – and welcome to the tax office of love.

### The art of pretending to listen

Women talk. Always. About everything. It's not communication, it's constant noise. A waterfall, an endless stream that never dries up. You come home, just wanting a beer and some peace and quiet, but no—you're greeted with a monologue longer than any phone book.

Topics? It doesn't matter. A colleague has been gossiping again. A neighbor parked illegally. A girlfriend broke up. A child was rude. The dog is looking weird. And right in the middle of it all: shoes, hormones, the dentist, the mother, and the fact that the colleague wore the same shoes to a meeting the other day – but of course, the colleague looked terrible.

The problem: Women don't just expect you to listen – they expect you to *sympathize*. That you absorb every shitty nuance of their stories as if they were state secrets. While in reality, you've mentally checked out after two minutes. Your head is calculating: "How many minutes until the beer? Will Bayern get the three points today? When's the Tatort rerun on?"

But you can't get out. She keeps talking. Women can talk for 90 minutes, without stopping, without pausing, without taking a breath. Men could play an entire World Cup in that time – and she'd still be talking about the colleague who "looked so stupid."

And woe betide you if you really switch off. Then comes the trap: "Honey, are you even listening to me?" Of course not. But you say, "Yeah, right." And whoosh – you're in the middle of a cross-examination: "So, what did I just say?"

The constant flood of talk is no coincidence; it's a law of nature. Women talk, men don't listen. And the whole art isn't listening, but surviving.

Over millennia, men have perfected a technique that determines life and death in relationships:**pretend**Don't listen, but create the impression. A performance that has saved more marriages than any couples therapy.

The standard tools are simple:

- **Nod.**Not too fast, not too slow. Steady like a metronome.
- **"Mhm."**In different tones. Low means agreement, high means surprise.
- **"Yes, dear."**Universally applicable, always works, as long as you don't say it ironically.

And while your mouth reels off these automatic processes, your mind is somewhere else entirely: soccer scores, your Pornhub playlist, wondering if the beer is still cold. Men are world champions at multitasking when it comes to doing nothing while simultaneously appearing to be fully engaged.

The best camouflage maneuver:**fix your gaze.**Not at your cell phone, not at the TV. Just look at them, but switch off your mind. A man can stare at a talking face while his brain lies on a beach in Mexico, sipping margaritas.

Advanced technology:**Echoing.**Repeat the last three words she said. Her: "And then the stupid cow actually said..." You: "The stupid cow?"  
Bam – she thinks you're all in. In reality, you're thinking about the next router reset.

This camouflage is vital for survival. Because genuine listening would destroy you. Your brain would implode after five minutes if you had to seriously process every detail about your colleague, cousin, and neighbor. So men need camouflage like divers need their oxygen tank.

It's not about listening. It's about simulation. And the male technique is perfected: input in, "Yes, honey" out. In between: blackout.

Women aren't idiots. They know full well that you're not listening. That's why they build traps. Small, perfidious tests with which they try to break your cover – like trappers in the jungle, waiting for the sound of the idiot stepping into their net.

The first trap:**"Are you even listening to me?"**

The man: "Yeah, sure." She: "So, what did I just say?" That's a death sentence. Your brain chitters like an old router: No connection. Timeout. 404 – Not Found. You stammer something – wrong. She explodes. The end.

The second trap:**Details.**

She tells a 20-minute story about her colleague. At the end, she asks, "And what was the name of that guy she was with?" You have no idea. You don't even know if it was a guy or a dog. But she knows. And she knows you don't.

The third trap:**Silence.**

She talks, talks, talks – and suddenly stops. You're long gone, thinking about beer or FIFA. And then silence. You raise your head. She's looking at you, eyes narrowed, lips pressed into a line. This isn't a bug, this is a feature. She's paused the transmission to check if you're still receiving. Spoiler alert: you're not.

The fourth trap:**Emotion.**

In the middle of small talk, she throws in, "...and that really hurt me." If you don't react immediately, you're dead. She has tears in her arsenal, and you're cannon fodder.

The worst part: These traps are unavoidable. Men can train, rehearse, and disguise themselves – women always have a new method. They're like hackers who see through your fake program and find a new vulnerability every time.

The bottom line: Pretending while listening isn't difficult. The trick is surviving the traps. And most of the time, you don't.

The male brain is a damn single-threaded processor. One core, no hyperthreading, no parallel processing. Input in, output out – but always one thing at a time. So if you want a man to "drink beer" and "listen" at the same time, you can forget it. The program will crash immediately.

The female brain, on the other hand? A damn cloud cluster. Multithreaded, multi-core, distributed across dozens of servers. It can talk, think, plan, and type messages simultaneously, all while still noticing that you hesitated over the last "um." It runs like a high-performance server park. You're a Gameboy.

And that's why the man loses every conversation. She's firing on 15 threads at once: colleague, child, feelings, hormones, fears about the future. Your head, on the other hand, is frantically trying to process one line of code:

```
if (she_talks) { say("Mhm"); }
```

That's all that's going on. No logging, no backup, no recovery.

The bad thing: Women notice when your system crashes. They're like monitoring tools. Your gaze wanders → error message. You react too late → alarm. Your "mhm" sounds automatically → red flag. They know immediately: the server is no longer listening.

So, men are simulating. They run like bots in the background. Input in, standard output out. "Mhm, yes, honey, right." → sounds human enough not to trigger the firewall. In reality, the processor has long been idle, just calculating how many beers are left in the fridge.

This is the curse of computer science: Men's brains are yesterday's hardware, women's brains are tomorrow's software. They run on completely different systems – and yet they have to pretend they're compatible.

In short: Listening isn't a skill for men. It's emulation. Like an old emulator trying to get modern games to run—it stutters, freezes, and ultimately crashes.

Women sense immediately when you're off. They're like damn metal detectors for indifference. Your glance flicks to the clock → she notices. Your "mhm" comes a second too late → she notices. You breathe wrong → she notices. And then it all happens.

"You don't care about anything!" – this sentence is the Molotov cocktail of every conversation. It doesn't matter whether you were thinking about beer, your work, or the Bundesliga – for them, your inner logout means: *You do not love me*. Zack, relationship drama at its finest.

And then the escalations begin:

- She speaks louder to get you back.
- You become quieter because you've already given up.
- She accuses you of never listening.
- You think, "If it were important, she would have sent it by email."

This is the point where listening and disinterest explode. For her, it's a question of respect and closeness. For you, it's a question of calm and nerves. And because no one gives in, the whole thing burns down.

The sad thing is: She really just wants you to be there. Not even solutions—just attention. But men function like machines: attention consumes battery life. And battery life is better spent on porn, soccer, or router configuration. Result: battery dead, woman angry.

And then the classic: She stops mid-stream, looks at you, and says, "You're not listening to me at all!" And you? You stammer something, a lame "Yeah, right" – and she knows you're lying. Because men aren't experts at lying when it comes to listening.

Escalation due to disinterest is like a domino effect. You just wanted to unwind for a moment, and suddenly you're the center of relationship drama. One wrong "mhm" can be worse than a forgotten wedding anniversary flower.

And in the end, you're sitting there, your beer empty, your nerves frayed, and she's furious. All because you spent three minutes thinking about football while she moaned about your colleague.

Listening isn't a talent for men. It's a camouflage technique, a performance, a survival skill. And if you survive long enough, you develop little tricks—the master class of pseudo-listening.

**Trick 1: Repeat keywords.**

She: "And then that stupid cow from accounting..." You: "That stupid cow?"

She: "Yes, exactly! You finally understand me!" In truth, you don't understand anything, but she thinks you're totally on board.

**Trick 2: Mirror emotions.**

If she sounds angry, you frown. If she laughs, you grin briefly. If she gets sad, you sigh softly. It's like emojis in real life—you just insert them without needing any context.

**Trick 3: General phrases.**

"Unbelievable!" "That's outrageous." "Such a cheek." These phrases are universal weapons. They fit any story. Whether it's about shoes, colleagues, or the dentist—they're always valid.

**Trick 4: Throw in a little insult.**

She's talking about a friend who's annoying? Say, "That stupid goat!" → She laughs, you're the hero. It always works, as long as you don't accidentally insult her mother.

**Trick 5: Emergency excuse.**

If she catches you in the act of being distracted: "Sorry, honey, I was just deep in thought." Sounds romantic, but what she really means is: "I was wondering how many beers are left in the fridge."



That is the art: not listening, but the perfect **imitation program** Like a chatbot pretending to be human—except that sometimes your system freezes, and she notices immediately.

The masterclass is to make her believe you're truly present. To make her feel taken seriously, while in reality you're thinking about porn actresses, Bitcoin prices, or router configuration.

And if you manage to get her to say, "Thank you for listening to me," at the end, then you've won. Not because you listened, but because you ran the simulation perfectly.

Listening isn't a skill. It's acting. Men don't listen; men fake. The nod, the "mhm," the echo—all just placebos to make the woman believe she's arrived with her endless stream of data.

The truth: Men don't have an ear for 90 minutes of coworker drama. They have an ear for beer bottles, game saves, Pornhub intros. The rest gets filtered through like spam emails in your inbox. And yet, it works, as long as the simulation runs.

The dangerous thing is: women are damn detectors. They sense the gap, the emptiness, the disinterest. And then things escalate. But that's part of it. It's the cat-and-mouse game. Men pretend, women test, men improvise. An endless loop – until one of them eventually gets fed up and the relationship ends.

The conclusion? Listening is the art, *to pretend* Those who master this survive. Those who can't, die in a hail of accusations. A relationship isn't about being together; it's about mutual deception – but if both partners play along, it lasts a surprisingly long time.

And the next chapter? Things are really getting going:

**Women and Messenger: World War II via WhatsApp & Co.**

Because if conversations are deadly, then chats are even more of a digital battle plan.

## Women and Messenger: World War II via WhatsApp & Co.

In the past, you had to have courage if you wanted to cheat. Phone booths, letters, secret meetings in the park. Risk, thrill, real sweating. Today? A thumb is enough. WhatsApp, Telegram, Signal – the new battlefields. Everything in your pocket, always at hand, always charged.

A winking smiley, and the bomb is detonated. A heart to an ex, a "How are you?" to a colleague – and the war is already raging in the background. Messengers are the front lines of modern fraud. No longer a covert operation, but a serial production, 24/7.

And the cool thing is: everyone's joining in. Men, women, young and old. Everyone has those little green, blue, colorful icons on their screens – and everyone knows: the abyss lurks beyond.

- Men use Messenger like a free brothel. They fire off photos, jokes, and silly flirtations.
- Women use messengers like a secret archive. They plan, organize, and record evidence. While he's still thinking, "Haha, funny GIF," she already has an entire chat history that will kill you in court.

The joke is: Messenger isn't communication. It's war. Every "Hi" can be a gunshot, every "I'll be right there" a betrayal. And the biggest joke: Nobody deletes properly. Everything stays. Forever. Messenger is the black box of your relationship—and at some point, it will be read.

The smartphone is no longer a phone. It's a minefield. And every chat is a landmine. Step on it – boom.

Cheating used to be complicated. You needed time, planning, and excuses. Today, all it takes is a damn smartphone. Two clicks, and she can choose from 100 guys drooling over heart and flame emojis. This isn't flirting anymore—it's an online supermarket for cheating.

Instagram: Upload a picture, and 1,000 likes from some guys sitting in front of the screen with their hands down their pants. Comments like "Wow, Goddess" or "👀👀👀" And she wallows in it, bathes in digital sperm – and then tells you at dinner: "Honey, you have to trust me."

WhatsApp: 500 contacts, and at least 50 of them are guys who text at all hours of the day and night. "How are you?" "Thinking of you." "Are you coming over?" – all at the touch of a button. Pocket-sized parallel relationships. You

think she's chatting with her best friend. In reality, she's coordinating three affairs at once, with appointments more precise than a Google calendar.

And you should trust. Trust while your gut tells you: *She's currently texting another guy.* Trust, even though you see the push notifications popping up in the middle of the night. Trust, while she takes her phone to the bathroom while she pees because "the light is so bad."

Men have always been pigs. But women have upgraded in the digital age, bro. Where men still clumsily send a blurry dick pic, she has long since established an entire network of orbiters, admirers, and flings, all neatly organized into folders. She knows exactly which guy is currently delivering her attention, gifts, or the next thrill.

And you? You sit there with your beer, like a complete idiot. And your brain screams: *Put me in some liquor, I don't want to have to think about this anymore.*

100% alcohol, otherwise you won't be able to stand it.

This is cheating 2.0. No lipstick marks on your shirt, no embarrassed call from the hotel. Just an innocent screen full of hearts – and all the shit behind it.

Messenger apps are the porn tickers of the modern age. Porn used to be VHS, dirty magazines, secretly under the bed. Today? You don't even need Pornhub. You just need WhatsApp. Or Insta DMs. Or Telegram. And the filth flutters right into your living room.

### **Men:**

We're the idiots. We blast out dick photos without asking. Out of focus, bad lighting, half-erect, panties in the background. Simply pathetic. No work of art, no eroticism, just an ugly lump of flesh that looks like an offended bratwurst. And the guys seriously think, "Wow, that turns them on." In reality, it only turns them on—to laugh with their girlfriends.

### **Women:**

They've long since figured out the game. They don't send random photos. No, they curate. Angles, lighting, filters, "random" photos in the mirror. Everything is planned, everything is staged. And they know: A single snapshot of their ass gets more reactions than all of our dick pics combined. Women have taken control of eroticism with messengers. Men drool, women rule.

And then comes the perfidious part: These pictures don't disappear. Nude pictures are data records. They're stored on servers, in backups, in chat histories. He doesn't delete anything, she saves everything. One single screenshot, and you're done for. One dick pic – and your dignity is dead. Forever.

The absurd thing is: Men send their souls in the form of photos of flesh, while women capture their power in pixels. And both destroy trust faster than any real-life affair. You don't have to stick your dick in someone else to kill your relationship. One incorrectly sent photo is enough.

Messenger has destroyed the last vestiges of decency. We send each other our body parts as if they were greeting cards. Merry Christmas – here's my dick. Happy holiday – here's my ass in a bikini. That's not eroticism. That's total cultural decline.

And yet everyone joins in. Because it's easy, because it's instant, because we're all addicted to validation. We've sold the eroticism, exchanged it for pixels, filters, and chat histories.

This is the true abyss: an endless stream of dicks and boobs – and no one is laughing anymore, except for the server admins who could read everything.

The cell phone isn't a phone. It's a ticking time bomb. Every chat, every photo, every crappy emoji is a bullet in the magazine, and at some point, someone will pull the trigger.

In the past, you could lie. "It wasn't me, it was someone else." Today? No chance. Everything is saved. Everything has a timestamp. Everything is accessible. WhatsApp doesn't delete anything, Telegram encrypts everything, but the screenshots are immortal. Your phone isn't a communication device; it's an archive of evidence.

Women know this. They're hunters. They screenshot, archive, and save. They have folders in the cloud, entire albums of your missteps.

- A heart emoji to the colleague: saved.
- Your "I'll be right there" at 2 a.m.: saved.
- Your half penis in the semi-darkness: stored, forwarded, distributed.

Men are amateurs. We never truly delete. We honestly believe that "chat deleted" means the shit is gone. Spoiler alert: nothing is gone. The cloud is

laughing, the backups are grinning, and your girlfriend has long since sent the proof to her best friend as a screenshot.

And so it happens: You're sitting at the kitchen table, thinking everything's fine. She walks in, phone in hand, eyes like a damn judge. "What is this?" – and she shoves your own chat log in your face. Black on white, you yourself as your worst traitor. No excuses, no escape. Just cold hard evidence in her hand.

This is the ultimate disaster for your relationship. Not the cheating itself. Not even the nude photo. But the fact that your phone betrays you. Your phone is the mole, the spy, the traitor.

Evidence in your pocket is like walking around with a rope around your neck and hoping no one pulls.

And believe me: She'll pull eventually. Always.

Group chats are the trenches in the digital world war. Where men and women forge their strategies, where weapons are distributed, and enemies are created. Two worlds, two completely different warfronts.

### **The men's groups:**

Beer, soccer, porn, stupid jokes. One person sends a meme he's seen a hundred times, another sends a pixelated photo of his boobs, supposedly "the neighbor." Discussions about Bundesliga, PlayStation, and politics are at the bar level. All childish, all dull, but harmless. Men's groups are like a poorly ventilated basement: stinky, but harmless.

### **The women's groups:**

Another level. Military precision. Planning, analysis, and evaluation are all happening. Every message from a partner is picked apart like an enemy radio message. "He wrote: 'I'm tired' – what does he really mean?" Five girlfriends, three theories, two strategies for the next attack. And if one of them cheats? Screenshots are uploaded to the group, immediate mobilization. Women's group chats are like NATO command centers: every man is a target, every weakness is discussed, every counter-strategy is developed.

The difference: Men's groups are kindergarten. Women's groups are warfare. While he's still laughing at a dick pic meme, she already has a detailed battle plan for nailing it to the wall during the next argument—complete with screenshots as ammunition.

And the worst part? Both sides know about each other. Men suspect that women tell each other everything. Women know that men have their group chats. But while his group consists only of stupid sayings, hers is a database, a tribunal, a tribunal with an absolute death penalty: exclusion, embarrassment, closure.

Group chats are the front lines. And no peace is made on these fronts. There, people gather, mock, and plan. And always, ALWAYS, you are the topic of conversation—even if you don't know it.

Messengers have done what no war, no religion, no alcohol has ever managed: They have completely destroyed culture. There used to be shame. Now? One click, and all the filth of humanity goes viral.

The smartphone is no longer a tool; it's a mobile whore. Available 24/7, always ready, always horny. A woman doesn't even need an office fling anymore—she has five backup cocks in her messenger, all waiting in line. One tap, and she's got compliments, dick pics, and "When will we see you?" messages. All convenient, all risk-free.

And the men? We're the dogs who run after them. We send dick pics in the hope of a like. We drool in the comments. We're willing idiots who think they have a chance, while they're just busying themselves with the next number in their digital harem.

The worst part: Nobody deletes anything. Everything stays. Entire generations have outsourced their love lives to screenshots, voice messages, and emojis. Relationships, marriages, affairs—everything is stored in the cloud, ready to be used against you if necessary. Maybe you once had a love letter in your shoebox. Today, she has your nude photos on Google Drive, password-protected and backed up in your best friend group.

And we're supposed to find this "normal." But nothing about it is normal. It's pure perversion.

- Dick pics at three in the morning.
- Ass selfies with filters.
- Infidelity agreements between two voice messages.
- Porn links in men's groups, therapy WhatsApps in women's groups.

Messengers have killed loyalty. They've killed honesty. They've destroyed the last vestige of intimacy. Everything is shared, everything is judged, everything passes through a hundred eyes before you even realize what's happening.

This isn't progress. This is a digital Sodom and Gomorrah. Only without fire from above—but with Wi-Fi from below.

Messenger apps have ruined humanity more than any drug, any war, or any dark web. Because you had to find the dark web first; you needed courage, knowledge, and the Tor browser. But WhatsApp? Telegram? Instagram? Everyone has it in their pocket. Everyone carries a gun, everyone uses it, no one is innocent.

These things have shredded relationships, pulverized trust, and digitized the last vestiges of decency.

- Today, cheating happens in HD resolution via emojis.
- Cheating no longer needs an excuse – just Wi-Fi.
- And the evidence? It's lying in the chat history like a rope that just needs to be tightened.

Messengers aren't communication. They're the digital divorce lawyer, the affair agency, the confessional protocol—all rolled into one. They've killed the culture. And the most perverse point: everyone's involved, everyone knows it, and no one stops.

So yes: Messenger apps are worse than the dark web. Because you had to search the dark web, but here the filth comes directly to you. Free, unfiltered, 24/7.

Bottom line: If you're in a relationship, your worst enemy isn't your neighbor, your ex, or your colleague. It's the damn green WhatsApp icon on her phone.

And with that, welcome to the next battlefield:

**Men and feelings: One spilled beer is enough drama.**

Because while women wage entire world wars via messenger, for men all hell breaks loose when half a beer hits the carpet.

## Men and feelings: A spilled beer is enough to cause drama

Everyone says: Men have no feelings. Cold dogs, unfeeling pigs, robots with beer breath. And most of the time, that's true—until you spill the beer. Then the same guy who just nodded when his grandma died turns into a whimpering heap of misery.

Women cry at movies. *Titanic* For example, when Leonardo drowns. Men? Zero reaction. Leonardo is dead, so what? But woe betide you if the beer bottle tips over during movie night and drips into the crack in the couch—then you hear the man's primal scream. A mixture of pain, rage, and grief, as if someone had shot their dog.

Beer is more than a drink. It's a symbol. A source of comfort. Stability in chaos. You come home from work, everything's getting on your nerves, your relationship is in the shit, your bank account is empty, but you know: There's beer waiting in the fridge. And if *thelf* it's then spilled, the last lifeline is gone. No more grip, just wetness on the carpet.

And that's the moment when men show their emotions. They scream, they moan, they curse like medieval executioners. Women sit by, look annoyed, and think, "That bum cries about beer, but not about our relationship." Exactly. Because beer is reliable – and relationships aren't.

Men's emotions are rare, but when they erupt, they do so in the most seemingly ridiculous places. And women don't get it. They think, "He's cold." No, he's not cold. He's a volcano that only erupts at the wrong times.

One spilled beer – and the volcano vomits lava.

Men often seem like stones. Breakup? Poker face. Death in the family? A nod, a handshake, on to the fridge. A doctor's diagnosis? "Yeah, fine." But let the same guy watch a beer glass crash to the floor—and he'll double over as if his heart had been ripped out.

Small dramas, big reactions.

- Scratched car? Racing like a fighting dog.
- Dropped your PlayStation controller? Curses like someone insulted their mother.
- PC crashed, save game lost? Crying fit, punching the wall.
- Spilled beer? Apocalyptic atmosphere, a funeral service in the living room.



And women sit next to them, looking on in disbelief. “Really?*the*Are you upset?” – Yes, damn it! Because it's tangible. A beer, a car, a game – you can immediately see the damage. Relationship crisis? Feelings? Blah. Way too vague. Men need concrete dramas to freak out.

A man can quietly shuffle through a broken relationship for months without flinching. But when the TV suddenly goes black during the Champions League final, he screams like a pig being slaughtered.

Women think this is ridiculous. In truth, it's male logic: Feelings are too precious to waste on everything. They only erupt when it hurts directly, when the pain is visible—and nothing is more visible than a beer stain on the carpet or a blown tire.

Major tragedies – indifference. Small everyday dramas – the end of the world. That's how the damned human operating system works.

Women think men are cold-hearted. That we don't feel anything, that we swallow everything, that we're just functioning refrigerators in vests. They see us standing at funerals like concrete blocks and think, "He doesn't feel anything." But if a beer spills, they look at us like we're completely crazy.

This is the misunderstanding: men*have*Feelings. They only show them where women don't expect them.

- Not the love drama, but the spilled beer.
- Not during breakup conversations, but when the Playstation eats up your save data.
- Not when “We need to talk,” but when the grill won’t start.

For men, beer isn't beer. Beer is a ritual. It's the last refuge. If that's lost, the world collapses. Women see only a puddle on the carpet – men see the destruction of their last safe moment.

Women cry about movies, relationships, feelings. Men cry about things that give them stability: technology, football, alcohol. And women don't get it because their emotional world works completely differently.

For her, a spilled beer is just a stain. For him, it's betrayal, catastrophe, meaninglessness in liquid form.

And then come the accusations: "You cry about beer, but not about us!" – Yeah, damn it! Because beer is honest. Beer doesn't cheat. Beer doesn't play

games. Beer is there when everything else goes to hell. And when it's gone, the house of cards collapses.

The misunderstanding is complete: She thinks he's cold. He thinks she's blind. Both are wrong, both are right.

The male brain functions like an old computer with too little RAM. Emotions aren't an endless cloud that can store everything at once. No – there are only a limited number of slots. And when one is full, the other is thrown out.

Slot 1: Beer. Slot 2: Football. Slot 3: Technology (router, console, PC). Slot 4: Sex (optional, sometimes in sleep mode).

That's it. There are no more slots. Then a woman comes along with "We need to talk" → system overload. No more RAM available. Blue Screen of Death appears on the man's face.

Women run multi-core, multi-threaded, and with infinite memory. They can simultaneously have feelings for you, gossip about their girlfriend, plan their shopping list, and even get upset that their neighbor looked the wrong way. Men, on the other hand, run on single-threaded processors. If there's beer in the memory, there's no room for romance.

That explains everything:

- A spilled beer completely blocks the RAM. No other feeling gets through.
- Relationship conversations crash the system when football is on the memory.
- Romance only loads when all other programs happen to be closed.

Women don't understand this. They expect men to process emotions in parallel. But that's impossible due to hardware constraints. We're old mainframes, not cloud systems.

So yes: men have feelings. But they're limited. And beer takes priority. Always.

So when the question comes, "Do you love me?"—and you just spilled the beer, the answer is, "Damn, I'm grieving."

Men's emotions are like a storm: loud, brief, brutal—and then suddenly silence. He freaks out when the beer spills on the carpet, yelling, cursing, making a fuss like an opera singer on crack. And the next day? Gone. Forgotten. New beer, new day, all good.

Women don't understand this. For them, every feeling is a tattoo. It stays, it is stored, it is never erased. They remember it years later. *this one look, this one word, this one evening* Men, on the other hand, delete automatically. Cache clear. Log files gone. Restart.

Example:

- Her: "Remember how you ignored me at the barbecue three years ago?"
- He: "What kind of barbecue?"

That's precisely the difference. Men's feelings are fleeting, temporary, like RAM without backup. Women's feelings are persistent, like databases with infinite replication.

The hangover is typically male: After the outburst over spilled beer, he sits peacefully at the table the next day as if nothing had happened. She, on the other hand, still sulks, holds it in her head, and analyzes it with her friends in a WhatsApp war.

He lives in the present, she lives in history. And that's precisely why things keep clashing: Men forget, women remember. Men drink away, women file away.

Put this way: Men's feelings are like a hangover. Loud in the moment, weak the next day, completely gone after a shower and a fresh beer.

Society always says, "Men aren't allowed to cry." We're taught this as children. If you fall and tear your knees, your father says, "Don't be such a baby!" – and your mother says, "An Indian doesn't know pain." Just like that, emotions are trained out of you, like a dog that's forbidden to howl.

But there are exceptions. Society only allows men three emotional outlets:

1. **Football.** If the team loses, he can scream, cry, throw things.
2. **Beer.** If the beer is empty, warm or spilled, he may despair.
3. **PlayStation/PC.** If the save game is lost, he can slam the controller against the wall.

Anything else? "Unmanly." Crying during a breakup? Weak. Showing emotions during an argument? Ridiculous. Writing a poem? Suspicious.

Women mercilessly use this cliché against men. "You don't even cry for me, but for your beer!" – Damn it. Because beer doesn't lie. Beer comes when you call

it. Beer doesn't leave you because it needs "more attention." Beer doesn't cheat on you with the neighbor.

And society laughs. The man cursing over a spilled beer is meme material. "Haha, look, the babies are crying over beer." But there's a whole truth in it: Men have feelings. They're just incredibly limited, like a dam that only breaks at the slightest crack.

The cliché turns men into jokes and women into judges. And so everyone goes around in circles: He's not allowed to cry, except over a beer. She's allowed to cry anytime, but laughs when he does it over a beer.

Society throws roles at us that no one questions anymore. And we dutifully play along – until the next glass tips over.

Men have feelings. They just hide them where no one expects them. Not in romantic dramas, not in heartbreaking conversations – but in things that are sacred to them. Beer, football, technology. Little things that are insignificant to women are, for men, their last refuge in a world full of chaos.

A spilled beer is therefore no joke. It's a symbol. It shows that men can handle drama too—just in their own way. Not drawn out, not in endless WhatsApp messages, but as a short, loud eruption. A volcano that immediately dies down again.

Women rarely understand this because they store emotions like databases. Men, on the other hand, delete everything after a crash and start over. A tragedy for them, a survival strategy for us.

Conclusion: Men aren't cold-hearted. They're just poorly programmed for romance and interpersonal relationships. But beware, the beer spills. Then everything comes out—raw, honest, ridiculous. And that's precisely why men's emotions, while rare, are genuine.

### When her breasts shake when she laughs

There are moments so pure that even the biggest cynic shuts up for a moment. One of them: when she laughs. Not that polite smile for her mother-in-law or the fake giggle at work. No – real, loud, unbridled laughter. The kind that

comes from the gut, that roars out uncontrollably, like an old engine that still runs.

And then it happens. The body wobbles. The breasts dance, bounce, and tremble as if they were little seismographs of happiness. For a split second, the world is perfect. No WhatsApp drama, no relationship yelling, no stress. Just laughter and that movement that is more honest than any "I love you."

Men stare then. Of course. Because it's beautiful. Because it reminds us that life isn't just stress, lies, and spilled beer. But also pure, simple joy. An earthquake, but without victims. A small tsunami that doesn't destroy you, but redeems you.

And the best part: It's involuntary. No pose, no filter, no Instagram face. Just nature, raw and unadulterated. That's exactly why it hits you. Because you know: This isn't fake. This is real.

At this moment, you're not thinking about child support, alimony, or router configuration. You're just thinking: *Damn, that's nice.*

And that, my friend, is the rare miracle in this broken world: a laugh, two wobbling breasts, and for five seconds life makes sense.

For men, it's clear: bouncing breasts are pure bliss. A gift from nature, a free live concert without a ticket. There you sit, she's laughing, gravity is doing its thing, and you think to yourself: *Thank you, God, that I can still see.* It's not gawking, it's not porn, it's not a dirty plot – it's simply amazement. Like a child in front of fireworks. Only the fireworks have two beats and bob right in front of your nose.

Women, on the other hand, see something different. It's often embarrassing for them. They laugh, notice the movement, and then—the hand automatically goes to their chest. "Stop staring, you pig." The movie immediately plays in their heads: *Am I too fat? Does it look weird? Does he find it ridiculous?*— while you're actually just thinking: *No, baby, this is art.*

Men's gaze: enjoying, quietly admiring, pausing briefly. Women's gaze: insecurity, defensiveness, guilty conscience.

The misunderstanding is gigantic. The man wants to celebrate, the woman wants to hide. Yet it's the most natural, most beautiful side effect of laughter. A bonus level. But women don't trust it because they've heard their whole lives: "Keep your breasts still, be good, be tidy."

The man thinks:*That's perfect.*

The woman thinks:*He stares again.*

And that's where the two worlds collide: admiration vs. shame.

But one thing is certain: No man on this earth sees wobbling breasts when laughing and thinks of mistakes. He thinks of joy. Of life. Of the most wonderful side effect evolution has ever programmed.

For the man, it's the most harmless thing in the world: She laughs, her breasts jiggle – that's it. An innocent, beautiful moment. No ulterior motive, no "What does this mean?", no drama. Just nature, gravity, and happiness.

For women, it's more complicated. Women carry a built-in self-criticism software that analyzes every moment to pieces. They laugh, notice the wobble—and immediately the inner drama begins:

- *Oh god, does this look silly?*
- *Am I too fat?*
- *Is there too much jumping?*
- *Does he look disgusted right now?*

He thinks:*Awesome! Please do it again.*

She thinks:*Disaster, I look like a trampoline.*

And that's exactly where the joke lies. What he sees as the most wonderful side effect in the world becomes a source of insecurity for her. For him, it's pure pleasure; for her, it's the fear of ridicule. She forgets that men aren't analyzing things in that moment. We don't look at cellulite, at differences in size, or at supposed flaws. We only see life. Joy. Energy.

But women have been trained so hard to look at themselves critically that they question even the most beautiful moment. A liberating laugh turns into a minefield.

For men, it's like a sunset. For women, it's a mirror test. And that makes the moment bittersweet: The innocence is there, but the drama lurks immediately behind it.

If she knew how much we love this moment, maybe she'd stop reflexively putting her hand over her chest. And we could all finally laugh, without drama.

The wobbling is no accident. It's pure physics. Gravity, acceleration, resonance—all orchestrated together in a moment that nature has kindly incorporated into the laughter as a bonus.

When she laughs, her chest moves. Muscles tense, air flows, her whole body bounces. And what happens to the two semi-free masses hanging from the front? They follow the movement—but with a slight delay. This is called oscillation. Any computer scientist or physicist could draw you a formula for this, but reality is more beautiful than any chalkboard.

Comparison: A monitor with too low a refresh rate. Movement starts, and the pixels lag behind for a moment. That's roughly how it works with breasts. Only much more exciting.

Or to put it another way: A bus hits a pothole – the suspension works, it bounces twice, then quiets down. Breasts don't care whether it was a bus or laughter – the principle is the same. Except men don't drool when they see a bus, but they do when they laugh.

And then there's resonance. Every body has its own frequency at which it vibrates particularly strongly. Breasts too. A real laugh brings them into exactly this resonance frequency – and then the living room shakes like a small magnitude 3 earthquake, only more beautiful.

Women see this as uncertainty. Men see it as a miracle of mechanics. For us, this isn't "wobbling"; it's applied science. An experiment that succeeds every time – without a lab, without a whiteboard, without a database.

And that's why, upon seeing wobbling breasts, a computer scientist might even say, "Yes, that's pure physics." But he thinks, "Thank you, universe."

A man who doesn't at least grin inside when her breasts jiggle is dead. Either dead inside, completely unfeeling, or he's in a different league. Because honestly: This isn't a fetish, this isn't dirty—it's instinct. As deeply rooted as hunger or thirst. She laughs, she jiggles, you're happy. The end.

But be careful: this moment is also a test.

- **Case 1:** You stare too long. She notices and raises her eyebrow. Bam, an argument. "Stop staring like that!"
- **Case 2:** You comment. "It's awesome how they jump." And suddenly, relationship terror. She feels like she's in the circus.

- **Case 3:** You remain completely neutral. No reaction. For her: "Does he no longer find me attractive?" Drama level 10.

The only way: balance. You have to enjoy it briefly, grin, but not drool. Admire, without comment. Smile, but don't gawk. The golden mean – as difficult as defusing an atomic bomb.

Because the shaking is a relationship test. Not for her—for you. She doesn't show it consciously; she doesn't want to provoke anything. But your gaze will decide whether there will be peace afterward or whether things will blow up.

And the truth: Every man only half-passes the test. Too much reaction = arguments. Too little reaction = arguments. It's like a damn multiple-choice puzzle where all the answers are wrong.

But still: The moment is worth it. Because if you're honest, there's hardly anything more beautiful than that natural, unintentional wobble. Even if you have to make the couch as punishment afterward.

Everyone acts like it's taboo. Breasts can be quiet, buttoned up, controlled – but woe betide them if they move freely and visibly. Then people stare, then they whisper, then they moralize. Pure social hypocrisy.

Breasts are constantly shown in advertising. On posters, in clips, in every other Instagram feed. They wobble, bounce, are filmed in slow motion through the pool – all "aesthetic" and supposedly "art." But when the same movement happens during real laughter, in reality, unposed, it's suddenly embarrassing. "Put on something proper!" "Be decent!"

Bullshit. Everyone stares. Women too. Women stare at other women just the same, even if they'd never admit it. Only men get a slap in the face when they show it openly.

And yet, this unposed wiggle is precisely the most honest thing. No filter, no stage set, no porn pose. Just life. But because our society immediately transforms any naturalness into shame, we feel compelled to cross our arms as if it were a sin.

The hypocrisy is perfect: Publicly, everything is staged, sold, and marketed. But privately, no one is allowed to enjoy it without being instilled with a guilty conscience.



The truth: Breasts wobble. They always have, they still do, and they always will. It's normal. It's beautiful. It's the most natural rhythm in the world. But instead of celebrating it, we wrap it in shame, rules, and taboos.

And that's exactly why this little miracle is often talked down, even though everyone knows: It's one of the most beautiful side effects that life has to offer.

There are moments that make all the shit in life bearable for a few seconds. No money, no arguments, no Messenger hell – just laughter filling the room and the uncontrolled shaking that nature has given us. That's honest. That's pure. That's more beautiful than any staged shit on Instagram.

Men see it as the small miracle that hasn't yet made them completely cynical. Women, on the other hand, often see only insecurity, shame, a supposed "problem." And that's precisely where the tragedy lies: They think we're staring. But we're amazed. They think we want to laugh at them. But we're celebrating them.

Breasts when laughing are proof that life sometimes delivers something good. No fake, no filter, no script. Just nature, gravity, joy. A shock that hurts no one.

Bottom line: If her breasts jiggle when she laughs, you know all is not lost. The universe has a sense of humor.

### Romance is when you take the trash down

Romance isn't a €30 bouquet of roses from a gas station fridge. Romance isn't that fake candlelight dinner with candles that stink more than they shine, and certainly not that Hollywood shit where some guy whines under the balcony with a guitar. It's all bullshit.

True romance happens where it stinks. At the trash can. When he takes the trash bag, ties it, puts on his shoes, and walks down three flights of stairs, that's love. That's the only form of affection that truly counts. Not a poem, not a heart symbol on Messenger—just a simple act that makes everyday life easier.

A man who voluntarily takes out the trash has understood what a relationship means. It's not about big words, it's about the little things. It's like a silent "I love you" in the form of a smelly bag full of leftover food.

And yes, romance exists in everyday life. In the kitchen, in the bathroom, at the mailbox. Small gestures that no one would post on Instagram because they're unsexy. But that's precisely what makes them valuable. If he goes out again at eleven o'clock at night because the trash stinks, that's more honest than any rose that wilts after two days.

The great truth: Men aren't poets. Men are garbage carriers. And there's more devotion in this simple act than in any crappy Hollywood movie.

Women grow up with fairy tales: princes on white horses, candlelight, rings in champagne glasses. Hollywood and Instagram feed this bullshit day and night. They expect grand gestures, red carpets, sparkling diamonds. And then they land in reality: a guy in an undershirt, beer in hand, the greatest proof of love is him finally getting up and taking the trash out.

And that's when things get heated. She: "Romance is when you give me flowers." He: "Romance is when you don't wake up in the stench of the organic waste bin." Both are right—and both are talking past each other.

Men understand romance practically. They express love not with poems or candles, but with actions: changing lightbulbs, configuring routers, repairing cars (or computers). That's their "I love you." Only, hardly any women notice because they're still waiting for the Hollywood bullshit.

The drama arises because expectations are not synchronized.

- She wants fairy tales, he delivers garbage disposal.
- She wants champagne, he takes away empties.
- She wants a balcony serenade, he picks up the deposit bottles from the hallway.

And you know what? That's more honest. You can buy flowers, you can light candles. But anyone who voluntarily trudges into the stinking garbage room to spare her the stench means business.

The problem: Women rarely notice. They see it as duty, not romance. They complain: "Finally, you did it." Instead of recognizing: That was his silent "I love you."

So both remain dissatisfied: she because the grand gesture is missing. He because his small act of love isn't appreciated. Welcome to the romantic hell of everyday life.

Garbage isn't just trash. Garbage is a relationship in its purest, ugliest form. Everything you both produce in a week ends up in the bag: leftover food, empty bottles, expired yogurt cups, used tissues, broken condoms, bills that no one wants to pay. This is your life together, squashed into plastic.

And whoever takes out the trash doesn't just carry dirt outside. They carry the entire burden of the relationship. They say without words: *I take care of our shit.*

This is pure symbolism.

For men, it's a silent statement: "I carry your leftovers, your mistakes, your everyday life—and I take them away so you don't have to see them anymore." For women, it seems more banal: "He's finally doing something around the house." But actually, there's a damn poetry behind it that no romance film will ever be able to achieve.

IT comparison: Taking out the trash is like clearing the cache. All the data garbage that slows down the system is disposed of. Afterward, everything runs faster, cleaner, and easier. That's exactly what relationship management is: regularly getting rid of old junk.

Garbage has something sacred about it. It's a reflection of your togetherness. You argue, you love, you fuck, you eat—in the end, everything ends up in the trash. And when he takes it out, it's his way of saying, "I'll clean up the mess so we can move on."

Romance doesn't always have to smell sweet. Sometimes it smells like fermented organic waste. But that's exactly what love is in real life.

"Why don't you ever take out the trash?" – this phrase is as old as any relationship after three months. A classic. A phrase that has destroyed more couples than Tinder.

For men, garbage is irrelevant. There's that bag lying in the hallway, it might stink, but as long as you can ignore the stench, everything's fine. Men have a built-in tolerance system for garbage. Women, on the other hand, don't. For them, every overflowing bag is a declaration of war.

And this is how it works:

- She: "The garbage stinks, take it down."
- He: "I'll do it right away."
- Two hours later: Garbage smells worse.

- She: "Still not done."
- He: "I just wanted to wait a moment."
- Three hours later: The bag rips, food scraps in the hallway, the end of the world.

And now it's no longer a garbage issue—now it's a relationship issue. "You never listen to me!" "You don't care about anything!" "I always have to do everything on my own!"

All triggered by a smelly plastic bag.

The classic argument works so well because it combines everything: responsibility, attention, respect. For women, taking out the trash is proof of whether he's thinking for himself. For men, it's a small thing he's parked on his "someday" list.

He thinks:*Relax, this is just garbage.*

She thinks:*If he can't even do that, how can he take care of us?*

And suddenly – a bag of organic waste turns into a marital war.

This is the classic: A small bag of dirt that grows bigger than any bouquet of roses.

Men aren't poets. They don't write poems, send heart-shaped texts, or write WhatsApp novels about feelings. Men show love by doing something. And usually, it's something no one else wants to do.

For him, romance isn't saying "I love you" by candlelight, but rather "I'll take that stinking sack and carry it downstairs." No applause, no photo, no hashtag. Just action.

This is the language of men:

- He screws in the light bulb so she doesn't stumble in the dark.
- He changes the battery in the remote control without her noticing.
- He configures the router so that the Wi-Fi works again.
- And he takes out the trash, even though he could puke because the organic waste bin smells like a morgue again.

For women, these are small things. For men, they are proof. Every time he takes out the trash, he quietly says:*I take care of things. I do the shit nobody wants to do.* That is his romance.

The problem: Women often overlook these gestures. They're looking for the big picture, but love lies in the little things. Men love practically, not poetically. They take out the trash while wishing she'd realize: That was his "I love you."

Romance isn't found in roses. Romance is found in scumbags who disappear in time.

Society has a completely distorted idea of romance. Movies, advertising, Instagram—everywhere it's the same old story: Romance means candles, champagne, sunsets, a bouquet of roses. All glossy, all staged, all utter bullshit.

In reality, things are different. Romance means:

- Take out the trash before it overflows.
- Clean the toilet without her having to tell me three times.
- Reconfigure the router at 2 a.m. so she can make a Zoom call in the morning.
- Screw the cap onto the toothpaste tube, otherwise it will spin.

This is a true labor of love. No cameras, no applause, no "ooh" moment in the cinema. Just everyday life.

But because society never portrays these small gestures as romantic, women believe men are "unromantic." This isn't true. Men are romantics—just programmed differently. Instead of a bouquet of roses, it's trash bags. Instead of a candlelit dinner, it's collecting deposit bottles. Instead of "I love you," it's "I've already preheated the grill."

Women are told they need grand gestures. Men are told they're too dull for that. And both are overlooking the truth: Romance isn't a show. Romance is work. Romance is about making the drudgery of everyday life a little easier for the other person.

The societal image ruins it. Men toil quietly in the background, women wait for Hollywood – and in the end, both are disappointed.

Romance isn't an Instagram filter. Romance smells like garbage bags, sweat, and sometimes a beer breath. But it's real.

Romance isn't glitter, candlelight, or Hollywood crap. Romance is the little stuff no one wants to see—the smelly bag, the full organic waste bin, the empty bottles. Men don't show love with words, but with actions that reek of sweat and everyday life.

When he takes out the trash, he is saying: *I carry our shit for you*. It couldn't be more romantic. No bouquet of roses lasts as long as peace when the trash is taken down in time. No candle burns more beautifully than a living room that doesn't stink of rotten fish.

Women often seek grand gestures and overlook the obvious. Men seem dull, but in reality, they're practical, romantic assholes. They don't love loudly, but quietly, with hand gestures instead of hearts.

Conclusion: Romance isn't found in poetry or perfume—it's in everyday life. Anyone who understands this will stop complaining about garbage bags and instead see the genuine "I love you" behind it.

### Why women make lists and men lose them

Women love lists. There's hardly a woman who can live without them. Shopping lists, to-do lists, packing lists, birthday lists, even lists for the lists themselves. Their lives are an endless list of bullet points. Without these little notes or phone memos, they feel naked, lost, and exposed.

A woman without a list is like a router without internet. It still functions somehow, but no one knows what for. With lists, however, she's running at full speed. Every move, every second is documented. Shopping? List. Vacation? List. Relationship talk? List.

And the lists aren't just reminders. They're their nervous system. Women don't just store tasks; they store responsibility. A list means, "I control the whole damn thing." And they expect you, as a man, to go along with it.

The funny thing is: Women have a list for every situation. Does she want to go on vacation? A list of outfits. Does she want to go to IKEA? A list of things she doesn't need anyway. Does she want to argue with you? A list of accusations that go back years.

Men only see paper or notes on their phones. Women see order, security, survival. Without lists, they say, life would be chaos. With lists, we men say, it's even more chaos—just nicely written down.

For women, lists are like a drug. A small check mark next to a completed task – and voila, they feel like heroes. Men only see: *a note that annoys me*.

But that's the omnipotence of lists: They're not just small tools. They're the key to their entire worldview.

Men and lists go together like beer and diet. Men don't write lists. Men say, "I'll remember that." Spoiler alert: they don't.

The male brain works according to a very simple principle: It will be okay.

- Shopping? "I just need beer and chips."
- Vacation? "Passport, pants, ready."
- Everyday life? "I'll remember the most important things when the time comes."

And that's precisely why men lose every list handed to them. Because they fundamentally don't believe in it. For them, a list is superfluous. Men rely on their memory—which, however, is as reliable as a Windows 95 system after 48 hours of continuous operation.

Result: chaos. She gives him a shopping list, and he comes back with meat, beer, and something from the freezer that caught his eye. Half of it is forgotten, the other half is wrong. She: on the verge of a nervous breakdown. He: "But I have everything I need!"

Women make lists to organize the world. Men ignore them because they believe the world is manageable enough. The problem: It isn't. And both of them only realize this when it's Sunday, the fridge is empty, and he's just bought chips again without a list.

Men and lists – a perpetual joke. They never have a pen with them, never have a piece of paper handy, and even if they do, it's gone by the checkout line at the latest. Men are chaos. They live in a state of "Oh, it'll be okay," while women have long since created the next subcategory, "Oh, it won't be."

For men, lists are unnecessary ballast. For women, they're the backbone of civilization. No wonder half of all relationship wars break out in the supermarket.

For women, a list isn't a piece of paper. It's a test. A touchstone. A damned token of love. When she hands you a list and says, "Please bring this," it's not about shopping. It's about: *Can I rely on you?*

And this is the moment where men regularly fail. They're given a clear assignment: ten items, all neatly written down. And yet they still manage to

come home with a bag of chips, two six-packs of beer, and maybe some Nutella – and NOTHING from the list.

Example:

- List says: milk, butter, eggs.
- He brings: grilled meat, beer, chips.
- She: “And the eggs?”
- He: "I wanted to get it, but there was a sale on the ribs."

For women, this is treason. For men, it's logic. Because in their eyes, beer and meat are always more important than milk and butter.

And that's where the drama begins: Women see the list as a promise. Men see it as a recommendation. For them, it's a contract. For him, it's a "you can do it, but you don't have to."

The insidious thing is that she tests you every time. If you manage to complete the list, you score points. If you mess up, you're the asshole who can't even remember three things.

This turns the list into an arena. Not a small shopping list, but a relationship barometer.

- If you pass, there will be peace.
- If you fail, you're the unreliable idiot who "never does anything right."

A simple piece of paper? No. It's a damn test. And men fail because they don't check the game.

Lists are nothing more than external storage. Women have long since figured this out. They know: Your brain is like a server full of tabs – something's constantly running, a new process is constantly beeping. So everything is outsourced. Shopping lists, to-dos, birthdays, even sex plans. Redundant storage on paper, cell phones, and messenger groups. A RAID system to prevent forgetting.

Men, on the other hand, rely on RAM. Short-term memory. Fleeting, volatile. Sure, he hears "Get milk, butter, eggs" – and five minutes later, the memory is overwritten by: *Oh, special beer offer*. That's called a memory leak. Everything's gone.



Women have backups. One list hangs on the fridge. A second is in their purse. A third is a WhatsApp message to their best friend. And when he comes back without milk, she says dryly, "It's on the list." Men don't have backups. Men are systems without redundant backup. Once the information is gone, it's lost forever.

And that's the joke: women are databases, men are unsecured caches.

- Women: SQL Server with full-text search.
- Men: RAM stick from the 90s that forgets everything at the slightest power outage.

This also explains why men lose lists. It's not meant to be malicious; it's just system design. Paper notes? Fall out. Phone notes? Battery dead. WhatsApp? Not read. Men are like old computers without a cloud.

Computer science doesn't lie: Women are saved, men are forgotten. That's why lists exist in the first place.

A list is never just a list. It's a trigger. A small piece of paper that can trigger the biggest argument. The process is as reliable as a damn script:

1. **She writes the list.** With devotion, in beautiful handwriting, sometimes even with hearts.
2. **She gives it to you.** With clear instructions: "Please get everything, it's important."
3. **You lose them.** Already on the way. Somewhere between the front door and the supermarket, the thing disappears as if by magic.
4. **You improvise.** No notes, no plan. In the end, you have chips, beer, and something else that was on sale.
5. **She freaks out.** "I wrote it down for you!"
6. **You defend yourself.** "Yes, but the list was gone!"
7. **End times.** Discussion, slamming doors, silence.

The classic: shopping. She wants milk, butter, and bread. You bring whiskey, grilled meat, and a frozen pizza. She: "Where's the rest?" – You: "I forgot." For you, it's a small mistake. For her, it's a symbol: You're not taking her work seriously.

And that's exactly where things escalate. For you: Oh, it's just a note. For her: That's disrespectful.

It's not about the bread, not about the milk, not about the garbage bag with the note in it. It's about her thinking you don't give a shit about her efforts.

And when women feel like their lists don't count, they turn up the heat.

- “You can’t remember anything!”
- “I always have to do everything alone!”
- “You can’t be relied upon!”

All because a piece of paper disappeared in your pocket.

This is how lists become bombs. Small notes, big explosions.

The cliché is as old as marriage itself: Women = organized, men = absent-minded. She with a notebook, calendar, and Post-its on the fridge. He with pockets full of crumpled notes that will eventually end up in the laundry. And society keeps selling it as a joke: "Haha, men can't remember anything, women can."

But the thing is: clichés don't just happen. Women really do write lists like crazy. They structure their lives in bullet points because they've learned: Without control, everything goes wrong. Men, on the other hand, have learned: It'll be okay, it'll be fine, it'll work out. Different programming, different priorities.

And this is how the picture emerges:

- She: the planner who has everything under control.
- He: the chaotic person who forgets why he went to the supermarket.

Sure, there are exceptions—the pedantic man type with Excel spreadsheets for parking, and the woman who lives like a hoarder. But overall, 90 percent of couples confirm the cliché.

Men fail not because they're too stupid. They fail because they don't want to be micromanaged. A list reminds men of school, of control, of patronizing. Women, on the other hand, see it as freedom: the security that nothing will be forgotten.

Society laughs at the man who comes home without a list and only with beer. They call him dull, absentminded, and unromantic. But no one says: Perhaps it's also his silent protest against a world full of to-dos, Excel spreadsheets, and perfectionism.

So the cliché remains: women with lists = hardworking, men without lists = idiots. And every relationship has to play out this joke until both partners are just laughing in annoyance.

Women make lists because they want to get a grip on the world. Men lose lists because they believe the world is beyond control. Between these two extremes, the daily guerrilla warfare erupts in the supermarket, in the kitchen, and on vacation.

For women, a list is security, a plan, a piece of order in the constant cacophony of life. For men, it's ballast—a piece of paper that gets in the way, that gets misplaced, that you never read anyway.

And therein lies the eternal joke: Women write, men forget. Women check things off, men shrug. Women see romance in getting things done, men see romance in "It'll be alright."

Bottom line: Lists aren't just shopping lists, they're relationship symbols. Those who take them seriously have peace. Those who lose them have war. In the end, it's always the same dance: order versus chaos, list versus beer, plan versus gut feeling. And nobody wins.

### Sex is not a marathon, but a short cigarette break

There's this myth that sex has to be a damn marathon. That men should toil for hours as if they were on an Olympic course: one hour of foreplay, one hour of acrobatics, another hour of afterplay. Porn, women's magazines, self-help books—they all tell the same shit: endurance, technique, three hours of pure ecstasy.

Reality? Ten minutes of action, then the end. And that's not bad. That's normal. That's the human norm. Anything beyond that is just show, Viagra, or editing in a porn film.

Men want to release pressure, turn on the valve, and be done. They're not endurance runners, they're sprinters. Women, on the other hand, often dream of a marathon—of candles, music, romance, an hours-long symphony of love. The only problem is that the man is already done after track three, while she still thinks foreplay has just begun.

And that's where it all comes together: Society raves about super-fuckers who work for hours on end, while reality delivers a guy who, after ten minutes, lies next to you, drenched in sweat, reaching for a beer. And the kicker: It's absolutely okay.

Sex isn't meant to last for hours. It's a short, intense kick. A reset. Like a cigarette break. Not healthy, not glamorous, but damn satisfying, if we're honest.

The marathon myth is destroying everyone. Men feel like failures because they can't last forever. Women feel betrayed because they believe the fairy tales. And neither realizes: Ten minutes of honest action are worth more than two hours of strained acting.

Women often imagine sex like a damned chapter in a novel: candlelight, scented oil, background music, long foreplay, endless tenderness. Hours of closeness, feelings, words—and ideally, all synchronized to their favorite Netflix soundtrack. That's their fantasy: love as a grand epic, a stage play with a red velvet curtain.

Men, on the other hand, write short stories. Direct, crisp, without a prologue. Pants down, in, done. Ten minutes of action, sweating, moaning, orgasm – and then he wants some peace and quiet, maybe another smoke, maybe a beer. For him, sex isn't an opera, but a quick jam session.

And this is precisely where the conflict lies:

- **She:** wants epic, wants emotions, wants a sea of candles.
- **He:** wants a quick firework display, not a burning bonfire that crackles for three hours.

Women then say, "Men are so unromantic!" Men think, "Women have completely unrealistic expectations!" And both are wrong. Because actually, both want the same thing: fun, satisfaction, closeness – just with completely different perceptions of time.

The woman waits for the marathon runner who can rack up the mile after mile. The man, on the other hand, is happy if he can manage the ten-minute sprint without thinking about his tax returns.

A woman's fantasy meets a man's reality – and what's left? A slew of misunderstandings in bed. She sulks because she had the movie in her head. He falls asleep contentedly, thinking he's delivered.

The quickie is the honest form of sex. No drama, no sea of candles, no hours of foreplay that almost always ends in laughter anyway. Quickie means quick, direct, without detours. A quick light, a quick burn – like a cigarette. Not a feast, but a snack, but exactly what you need.

Nothing else works in everyday life anyway. Anyone who still wants a two-hour erotic drama after ten hours of work, screaming kids, WhatsApp battles, and tax notices is lying. The only option is: short, intense, done. Ten minutes, maybe fifteen if you're not distracted. Then a shower or a smoke – and the world keeps turning.

Quickies are honest because they acknowledge reality. We're not porn actors, we're not novelists. We're human beings with limited energy. A quickie means: I want you now, not tomorrow, not by candlelight, not with a soundtrack. Now.

And the best part: Quickies save relationships. They're a little reset in between. No high-gloss, no marathon—just a short cigarette break for the soul and body. Sometimes that's enough to make the rest of the day bearable.

And while women like to complain that quickies are unromantic, they know deep down: Without them, sex would die down completely. It's the little shots of espresso that keep the place from shutting down completely.

Quickies are the pure truth: short, dirty, satisfying. And damn often, exactly what both of you need, even if you don't want to admit it.

Sex is pure computer science—only with sweaty bodies instead of cold machines. Men and women run on completely different operating systems, and nobody installs the damn updates.

### **Men:**

Male sex functions like a process manager. Tasks pile up in the background – stress, anger, pressure. The fastest way to free up memory? End the task. Click, done. This is what it looks like in your head:

```
if (pressure > 0):  
    End_process()  
    RAM_free()
```

Ten minutes of action, orgasm = clear memory. After that, the system runs stably again.

### **Women:**

Women want multi-threading. For them, sex isn't just about completing a

process, but a whole program. It's not just about output; it's about the user experience. Emotions, closeness, cuddling, candles, a soundtrack—the full UX package. They expect not just functionality, but design thinking.

And that's exactly where it all goes wrong. The man thinks: Process finished, everything's fine. The woman thinks: Server is running, but where's the pretty GUI?

Men are task killers. Women are long-running programs with interfaces and add-ons. Men want to free up RAM, women want cloud synchronization. Two worlds that never fit together perfectly – unless you learn that compromises are necessary.

For computer scientists, the truth is clear: For men, sex is garbage collection. Clearing away trash, freeing up resources. For women, it's a long-term process that runs through all layers of the system.

A misunderstanding is inevitable. He's happy when the memory is empty. She's disappointed because the user interface closed too quickly again.

Conclusion: Men see sex as a function, women as an application. The rest is debugging.

Porn has fooled us all. It's created a myth that makes every normal guy look like a novice. Here's a guy with a monster boner, banging for three hours straight, not even breaking a sweat, and grinning at the camera. Cut, camera change, Viagra, pause – and we idiots think: *That's how it has to be.*

The result: Men feel like failures. Women feel betrayed.

- He thinks: *Why can't I last two hours?*
  - She thinks: *Why are you finished after ten minutes?*
- And neither of them realizes that what they are comparing is fake.

Because in truth, porn sex is as real as Marvel movies. It's all tricks, all editing, all staged. Scenes are interrupted, Viagra is injected, a new camera is used, and new lighting is added. No one could endure that in real life.

But the pressure remains. Men work themselves to death until they look like asthmatics running a marathon. Women wait for the love god who will fuck them for hours while candles burn. In the end, both are disappointed because reality can never compete with this Photoshopped scam.

The joke: Nobody needs this marathon. No one. Honest sex lasts as long as it lasts. Ten minutes of action, maybe fifteen, then a break, a beer, a cigarette. Everything else is cinematic illusion.

And yet we continue to watch porn as if it were educational films. Instead of understanding: This isn't standard, this is theater. Just as an action film isn't a real shootout, a porn film isn't a real sex scene.

Bottom line: Porn has sold us an image that no one can fulfill. And that's precisely why we're all constantly dissatisfied—men with themselves, women with men. All because of a show that's as real as wrestling.

It's no good acting in bed. No man is the perpetual fuck-stick from porn, no man is the romantic god from chick flicks. Anyone who acts like that will sooner or later fall flat on their face.

Honesty means: Ten minutes of honest action is better than two hours of drama. Nobody needs the drama with candles, incense sticks, and hours of fiddling around that only ends in back pain anyway. Better short, honest, and intense – than hours of moaning that leaves both of you thinking about dinner.

Men who are honest say: *I am not a machine, I am a human being.* Women who are honest admit: *Ten minutes, but more often, is better than two hours of someone shouting for perseverance.*

And yes, humor is part of it. No man is a marathon runner in bed—at most, when it comes to getting a beer. Understanding this takes the pressure off and makes sex human again.

Theater destroys. Honesty saves. If both parties know that it's not a marathon, but more like a cigarette break—short, dirty, satisfying—then it works better than any glossy drama.

Sex isn't a casting. Sex isn't a film set. Sex is a brief moment in which you let yourself go. No script, no perfection. Just honesty. And that's better than any show.

Sex isn't the Olympics. It's not a competition, it's not a marathon, it's not a crappy Netflix series with ten seasons. Sex is a quick cigarette break—a moment that's enough to release pressure, feel close, and then stumble through life again.

The marathon myth is the biggest lie that porn, self-help books, and Hollywood have drummed into us. No man has to toil for hours, no couple has to fuck all night long to be "fulfilled." Ten honest minutes are worth more than three hours of fake, glossy porn.

Women sometimes want more drama, men sometimes just want a quickie – and the truth lies somewhere in between. In the end, it's not the duration that counts, but that both parties are honest for a moment. No drama, no masks, no expectations that neither can fulfill.

Conclusion: Stop playing marathons. Be a cigarette smoker in bed. Short embers, deep drag, exhale – and afterward, the world is a little more bearable.

### Men dream of sex, women of built-in wardrobes

Men and women dream differently, so differently that sometimes you think they live on different planets. He dreams of sex. Always. Everywhere. Every night, every daydream, every fantasy boils down to the same thing: naked skin, tits, ass, action. Whether it's the office, the supermarket, or the parking garage—men's brains transform everything into potential porn backdrops.

What about women? They don't dream of a wild ride on the washing machine. They dream of a built-in closet. Of storage space. Of order. Of the perfect corner where everything has its place. While he moans at night imagining a threesome with two neighbors, she lies next to him and wonders whether the bedroom might be better designed with sliding doors.

This is no joke, this is biology and socialization in an ugly marriage. Men think about reproduction, pleasure, and primitive gratification. Women think about security, nest-building, and stability. For him, paradise is a porn shoot. For her, it's an IKEA catalog.

And the best part: Both dream with equal intensity. Both are full of longing. Just for completely different things. For him, the bed is a setting. For her, the bed is a storage space for winter blankets.

Two kinds of dreams that constantly cross paths without ever meeting. He drools over sex, she over planning. And in the morning, they both wake up annoyed: He because he's not getting laid. She because he still hasn't built a damn closet.



The male brain is a never-ending porn channel. There's no off button, except for a standby mode when he's asleep – and even then, he continues to dream. Men's dreams in the bedroom are simple: no plot, no story, no build-up. Just tits, ass, and action. A 24/7 stream without a host.

Comparison: Imagine a browser with 50 tabs. All Pornhub. And all running at once. That's exactly how the fantasy works in men's minds. No romance, no "cuddle first, then see where it leads." Men dream in fast forward: Pants down, in there, done that.

And it's on repeat. In the morning in the shower, at lunchtime at the office, in bed at night. Men are masters at turning every everyday scene into a sex fantasy. Cashier? Porn. Colleague? Porn. Neighbor with the laundry basket? Porno deluxe.

Women find that childish. "You only ever think about one thing." – Yes. True. Welcome to male logic. But that's not stupidity, it's biology on speed. The brain is simply programmed to fill every available CPU with sexual images.

The problem: Women dream of drawers, organizers, and the perfect wardrobe for bedding at the same time. He lies there drooling, thinking: *Doggy style*. She thinks: *Sliding door system*.

Male logic in the bedroom means 4K porn fantasies, nonstop, without depth. And that's precisely why they always clash so brutally with women's fantasies.

While he drags every woman with a halfway functioning circulation into his head cinema, she thinks about closets. No joke. Women's brains don't make porn, they make interior design shows. Instead of "Doggy Style in the Living Room," hers is: "How many shelves can I fit in there?"

The built-in closet is the ultimate symbol of female fantasies. It's not just about furniture—it's about order, security, and control. A closet with sliding doors means chaos outside, structure inside. And that's to her what a threesome is to him—pure satisfaction.

She browses Ikea catalogs the way he clicks on Pornhub. Picture by picture, shelf by shelf. And while he's watching porn, he thinks: *Cool, she does it in the office!* she thinks: *Awesome, that fits perfectly next to the wardrobe.*

And this doesn't just happen in their dreams at night. Women's brains spend all day calculating storage space. Shopping lists, tidying plans, decorating ideas.

This is their porn. This is their quickie. An organized closet makes them happier than a spontaneous grab of their butt.

He: "Come on, let's fuck." She: "Come on, help me set it up."

That's reality. Men crave sex, women crave storage space. And both wonder why the other is constantly "not in the mood."

Women's everyday logic says: Built-in closets are more important than quickies. Order beats orgasm.

It's the oldest battleground in a relationship: He wants to fuck, she wants to remodel. Two battlefields, one living room.

Typical scene:

- He sits on the couch, glances over, his hand already halfway down his pants.
- She comes in, folding rule in hand, measuring tape around her neck.
- He thinks: *Cool, the tape measure could be used for bondage.*
- She thinks: *Will an 80cm wardrobe fit next to the dresser or do I need the 100cm one?*

He's groping, she's planning – and both are talking about completely different things.

When he touches her, he thinks: *Mattress, right now.*

When she touches him, she thinks: *He has to help carry boards right away.*

For him, the bedroom is a place of pleasure. For her, it's a project. He wants to moan, she wants storage space. He wants a quickie, she wants a drawer system. And each is disappointed when the other doesn't jump on board.

This leads to absurd dialogues:

- He: "Well, how about...?"
- She: "Not until we've put the closet together."
- He: "Then I don't feel like it anymore."
- She: "Then I don't want you."

Clash of the century. He's fighting for sex, she's fighting for order. And neither realizes they share the same instinct: the urge for gratification. Only one downstairs, the other in the closet.

This is the daily crash test of every relationship. And no one passes it.

The male brain runs like an endless loop with a single variable:

```
while True:  
    SEX = True
```

Often, there's nothing more to it. Male programming is simple: the same loop over and over again, incessantly, without an exit command. Only the occasional short sleep(600) after orgasm.

The female brain, on the other hand? Complex project management software. It has tasks, subtasks, deadlines, and priority lists.

- Main project: built-in closet.
- Subtask 1: Measure shelf boards.
- Subtask 2: Select color.
- Subtask 3: Build up, but without swearing.

So while he's stuck in an endless loop, she's juggling Gantt charts. For him, there's only "popping" = "yes." For her, there's resource planning, milestones, and quality management.

This also explains why the conversations are so at cross-purposes:

- He: "Do you want to?" (Variable SEX = True).
- She: "We need to sort out the storage space first." (Project status: in progress).

Two operating systems, zero compatibility. One is a minimalist script that repeatedly produces the same output. The other is an enterprise program with hundreds of interfaces and security features.

And when you try to link the two systems, it happens: Crash.Blue Screen for him, overload for her.

The conclusion of the analogy: Men are scripts, women are management software. No wonder he's always wanting to "fuck" while she's thinking about the built-in closets. Different programs, same memory – and yet nothing runs synchronously.

Society loves these stereotypes. Men are driven fuck machines who think about nothing but boobs all day. Women are planning nest-builders who run through

life with rulers, shopping lists, and home decor catalogs. And, as always, there's some truth in them – but the clichés are so platitudes they're almost offensive.

Men are ridiculed: “Always only one thing in their head!” – as if their brain were a defective radio that only receives one station: *Poppen FM*. Women, on the other hand, are idealized: “So organized, so forward-thinking, so practical.” In reality, both are annoying. One slobbers, the other plans.

And society grins its head off. Advertisements, movies, comedy shows—the same joke everywhere: He wants sex, she wants furniture. He lusts, she rolls her eyes. He pulls down his pants, she pulls out the ruler.

The problem: Both role models are exaggerated, but neither can escape them. Men feel under pressure because they believe they constantly have to deliver. Women feel validated because everyone says they're the only sensible ones. But the reality is much more banal: Both are equally annoying. He with his perpetually horny mode, she with her obsession with order.

Society holds up the mirror and exclaims, “Haha, do you see how different you are?” And couples shrug their shoulders – because they notice it themselves every day. Men's dreams and women's dreams collide like two trains on the same track. And a crash is inevitable.

Men and women both dream big, just in completely different directions. He wants sex – quickly, often, anywhere. She wants built-in closets – organized, stable, perfectly fitted. Both are desires, both are needs, but they run on two parallel tracks that rarely intersect.

The problem isn't that either of them is wrong. The problem is that neither understands that the other's dreams are just as important. For him, sex is freedom; for her, the closet is security. He thinks with a dick, she thinks with a ruler—and both look at the other as if he were from the moon.

Conclusion: Men's dreams are short, wild, and physical. Women's dreams are long-term, practical, and domestic. Together, these two create the constant clash of every relationship – sexual fantasy meets closet planning. In the end, both get headaches, and the closet is just as unfinished as the sex.

## Beware of candlelight: It sees every belly

Candlelight is considered the epitome of romance. Advertising, movies, and entire generations of relationship guides sell us the same rubbish: light a few candles, and any hut becomes a temple of love. He's supposed to look like Casanova, she like Aphrodite—everything soft, mysterious, sexy.

The reality is different: Candlelight is merciless. It casts shadows, it emphasizes every dent, every wrinkle, every damn belly. In the advertisement, it looks like a perfume commercial. In reality, it looks like an interrogation by the secret service—only the enemy is your own belly.

You imagine it romantically: a candle lit, music, maybe some red wine. Then you take off your shirt – and boom, your belly hangs like a freshly inflated balloon in the candlelight. The light falls from the side, dramatically highlighting every curve. It no longer looks erotic, but more like a Picasso sketch that someone threw too close to the wall.

And things aren't any better for her. In candlelight, every little dent on her thighs looks like a crater on the moon. The cellulite casts shadows that would make even a NASA telescope jealous. Romance? Forget it. Candlelight is a dick.

The myth says: candles make you sexy. The reality screams: candles are the toughest lighting there is. There's no soft focus, no Instagram filter, no mercy. Candlelight shows you as you are – and usually that's less Aphrodite, more Aldi.

Candlelight is pure torture for men. The guy who still feels like a half-god in the dark suddenly looks like a cross between a beer keg and a beached whale in the candlelight.

The beer belly is no longer concealed; it's staged. Every curve gets its own shadow play. Instead of a sexy six-pack, you see a topography map that could be covered in geography class: hills, valleys, ravines. The light creeps into every crack, and you think: *Damn, I'm a relief.*

Tattoos? A disaster. What was once a cool skull now looks like a botched potato print in the candlelight. Old sayings inked in the '90s look like runes about to summon a demon.

And the skin—oh God, the skin. By candlelight, you can see every scar, every bump. Even pimples from puberty make a comeback. "A man in his prime" becomes "a victim of bad lighting."

He thinks:*Awesome, romantic evening.*

She thinks:*Has this guy ever looked in the mirror?*

And the worst part: Men have no strategy. Women at least know how to position themselves to their advantage. Men? They stand there like a sausage in a shop window, completely exposed.

In short: candlelight is the final boss of the beer belly.

Candlelight is supposedly flattering to women. "So soft, so mysterious, so sexy," lifestyle magazines babble. Bullshit. In reality, candlelight is the most brutal lighting there is – and women notice it immediately.

The flame flickers, the shadow shifts, and suddenly every tiny dent on your thighs looks like a crater in moon rock. Cellulite casts shadows in candlelight that seem deeper than the Grand Canyon. Every tiny wrinkle, every sliver of belly, everything is magnified tenfold.

Instead of a goddess in the candlelight, she sees herself as a mixture of shriveled apple and corrugated iron. While he thinks:*Awesome, the woman shines like a damn work of art*, she sucks in her stomach, crosses her arms in front of her breasts and tries to sit in such a way that as little wobble as possible ends up in the shadow.

Women tense up around candlelight because they've been taught it's supposed to be perfect. But the light isn't perfect; it's merciless. It forgives nothing. She sees that – he doesn't.

He stares at tits, she stares at shadows. He thinks about sex, she thinks about Photoshop. For him, candlelight is erotic. For her, it's an insult to nature.

The result: He wonders why she's suddenly so stiff. She wonders why he doesn't notice that she's sucking her belly inward with all her might.

Candlelight shows everything – but women see too much.

The nasty thing about candlelight is not only that it illuminates every unevenness – but that men and women perceive it completely differently.

### **The man:**

The guy doesn't see the flaws. He doesn't see shadows, dents, or a belly. He sees boobs. Period. When candles flicker, he doesn't think, "Oh, her hips look

wider." He thinks, "Wow, those boobs are dancing in the light." To him, the rest is invisible. Men have a built-in tunnel vision that blocks out everything else.

### **The woman:**

The woman, on the other hand, only sees the flaws. She sees the belly, the shadow, the wrinkles, the bumps. She analyzes herself like a damn 3D scanner. While it's already halfway into position, she's wrestling with a horror movie of shadows and silhouettes in her head.

The result:

- He wants sex.
- She wants to suck in her stomach.
- He is relaxed.
- She is tense.

The unequal gaze turns candlelight into torture. The man sees the beauty, the woman sees the flaws. And neither realizes that the other is operating on a completely different frequency.

He wonders, "Why is she blocking me?" She wonders, "Why is he staring so uncritically?"

The truth: Men want pleasure, women want control. So candlelight isn't a romantic charm at all—it's a reflection of insecurity.

Candlelight is essentially debug mode for the human body. In normal light, the program runs smoothly: everything seems smooth, clean, and reasonably orderly. But as soon as you turn on candles, you activate the damn developer mode—and suddenly you see every bug in the system.

A normal room is like a user interface: pretty, sleek, and tidy. Candlelight, on the other hand, turns off the interface and shows you the source code—full of errors, gaps, and ugly comments.

For men it looks like this:

- Bug detected: Beer belly. → Ignored.
- Bug detected: Scars. → Never mind.
- Bug detected: Wrinkles. → "Who cares?" Men will run the code anyway, even if half of it is marked in red. The main thing is that the program starts.

For women, things are different:

- Every shadow = critical error.
- Any belly fat = system crash.
- Every hiccup = virus warning. They want to fix all the bugs before launching the program. But love isn't debugging—it's always running in beta mode.

Candles are like an automatic scan that shows you everything you've easily managed to suppress during the day. Men click "Continue, start anyway." Women click "Cancel – patch first."

And that's precisely the difference: Candlelight isn't a filter, but a scanner. And while men live with bugs, women want perfect software. Spoiler alert: it doesn't exist.

Candlelight has been sold like a magic potion for decades. Movies, advertisements, self-help books—they all preach the same nonsense: "Candlelight makes everything more beautiful." Candles on the table = romance. Candles in the bedroom = eroticism. Candles in the bathtub = paradise.

The truth? Candlelight isn't a soft focus, but a torture lamp. It doesn't just reveal love, it also reveals fat. It doesn't cast magic, it casts shadows – and they're harder than any neon tube in a supermarket.

But society clings to this lie. Why? Because candles are cheap. Any idiot can light up three tea lights from a discount store and feel like a romantic god. Candles are the excuse for anyone too lazy or too broke to make a real effort. Candles are supposed to save everything—from crappy dates to broken marriages.

And so the greatest joke arises: People put out candles to beautify themselves – and don't realize that in doing so, they're actually embarrassing themselves. Candlelight isn't an Instagram filter. It's an x-ray view of self-doubt.

Society sells candles as the "magic of intimacy." In truth, they are the flashlight of horror. They don't burn to seduce—they burn to show you unvarnished. And that's the reason so many romantic evenings end in a gut-wrenching funk.

Candlelight doesn't lie. But society pretends it does.



Candlelight isn't magic, it's a trap. It's sold as pure romance, but in reality, it puts its finger on every wrinkle, every dent, every damn belly. Men see it as relaxed, women see it as a tribunal. He wants to fuck, she wants to suck in her stomach.

The lie of "flattering candlelight" is a social invention—cheap, practical, but merciless. Candlelight is the enemy of self-esteem, a torture spotlight that brings every insecurity to light, only at night.

And yet we keep lighting it. Because we hope it makes us more beautiful. Because we believe the other person doesn't see the shadows. Because we convince ourselves that romance resides in the light of a flame.

The truth: Candlelight shatters illusions, but it creates a mood. And that's precisely why it stays that way. In the end, it's not about whether the belly shines or the cellulite casts a shadow. In the end, it's about whether both of you laugh despite everything – and move on.

Romance isn't the candle. Romance is when, despite your belly, despite your shadows, despite your flaws, you say, "Screw it, we'll do it anyway."

### Women smell everything – except their own white wine breath

Women are convinced they have noses like bloodhounds. They can smell everything. Whether it's someone else's perfume that you accidentally picked up on your jacket as you walked past, or the smoke still hanging in your hair from passing the smoking area in a bar – they smell it. Immediately.

They can even smell your guilty conscience. You come home, nothing's wrong, everything's fine – and she sniffs you like a drug-sniffing dog at an airport. "Where were you?" "With whom?" "Why do you smell like that?" You're sweating even though you haven't done anything. Because her nose doesn't just detect smells, it scans your soul.

Men, on the other hand? Men are olfactory illiterates. You could stand next to him, smelling like five cloves of garlic and two cans of beer – he wouldn't notice. Men only smell when things are really bad. Garbage, shit, dead fish – that's okay. But subtle nuances? Forget it.

And women celebrate that. They consider their nose a superpower. "I can smell it right away." – Yes, that's true. And often even when there's nothing there. Because sometimes their nose isn't just sensitive, it's paranoid. They smell betrayal where there's only laundry detergent.

But one thing is certain: women smell everything. Perfume, smoke, alcohol, other women, even thoughts. Men notice nothing. And that's precisely the daily madness: They detect everything – except their own stench.

It's the great irony: women smell everything—except themselves after two bottles of white wine. They sit there, giggling, swaying slightly, thinking they're sexy goddesses in candlelight, and breathe in your face. And what do they get? Not an aphrodisiac, not the sweet scent of passion—but the breath of a fermented fruit salad.

You sit next to it and think: *Jesus, it's like a cross between a champagne cellar, mouthwash, and a glass recycling bin.* Your face twists, your eyes water – and she looks at you with that "So, are you into me?" look.

Women can tell from your shirt in the morning that you've been near a colleague wearing rose perfume—but they don't notice that their own breath smells like a barrel of fermented apple juice. Their super-nose scanner has one built-in exception: white wine. Suddenly, the system goes silent.

And heaven forbid you mention it. "Honey, your breath..." – Bam, war. "Oh, you're exaggerating!" "Only you can smell that!" "You're so sensitive!" – No, baby, that's not exaggerating. That's like making out with a drunken gas station.

Women are bloodhounds when it comes to you. But when they breathe into the mirror, their senses stop working. White wine is the cloak of invisibility for super-noses. It transforms them from Sherlock Holmes into Mister Magoo.

The paradox: The more they drink, the more certain they are that they're irresistible. In reality, they smell like a night out at the pub with five cheap cartons from the discount store.

And that's exactly the joke: women smell everything – except their own white wine breath.

Women don't just smell things—they smell stories. A strange scent on your shirt doesn't simply mean, "You were standing next to a woman on the

subway." For them, it immediately means, "You fucked her." Period. No doubt, no proof needed—your nose did the talking.

You come home from work, just had a coffee next to a colleague in the office – and suddenly, she's sniffing your collar like a customs dog looking for drugs. "Who was that? Smells like roses." You: "It was soap in the washroom." She: "Don't lie to me."

It's even worse with smoke. You go to a bar with the guys, dutifully stay in the non-smoking area – and the stench still clings to you. As soon as you get home: "Have you been smoking?!" – "No." – "Don't lie to me, I can smell it!" – She smells betrayal where there were only drafts.

And even if there's nothing wrong, they smell something. Women can sense the mere thought of cheating. Did you look at the waitress for half a second too long? She can smell it. Did your phone vibrate briefly? She can smell it. Your guilty conscience is oozing from every pore, and she's absorbing it like an inhalant.

Men? Zero chance. At most, we'll notice that the pizza is burnt or the beer is stale. But a strange perfume in the air? No idea.

Women smell betrayal—whether it's there or not. And that's why you never win. Even if you're innocent, their noses will build the case against you.

When it comes to smell, women's brains function like damn malware scanners. Constantly in the background, always on red alert. There's a process running that checks your every move, every smell, every suspicious detail.

- Foreign perfume? → **ALARM: Suspicion of infidelity.**
- Smoke in your hair? → **ALARM: Visiting a bar without permission.**
- Alcohol? → **ALARM: You got drunk while she was waiting for you at home.**

Men, on the other hand? Our system is running in energy-saving mode. Antivirus software from 1998 that barely gets updates anymore. We don't notice anything until the place is on fire.

The funny thing: The women's scanner has a bug. Everything that concerns them is hidden. Her own white wine breath? No warning. Her perfume, which smells like an explosion of flowers? No error messages. The scanner runs selectively – everything that concerns them is marked as "trusted."

Computer science language:

- Women = intrusion detection system, but completely oversensitive.
- Men = fire-and-forget software that waves everything through when in doubt.
- White wine = try/except block that suppresses all intrinsic errors.

The result: They scan you for every fart, while she lies next to you with a blood alcohol level of 3.0 and wine breath, thinking she's as fresh as morning dew.

The female nose system is like an antivirus program that constantly produces false alarms – but simply waves its own viruses through.

Women like to portray themselves as super-noses who can smell everything. But when things get really serious, they suddenly go blind. They smell every strange perfume, every beer, every cigarette smoke – but they can't smell the real disasters.

### **Cuckoo child – the apocalypse for every man.**

That's the ultimate blow. You think you're raising your child, you're paying, you're sacrificing yourself – and years later it comes out: It wasn't yours at all. And what does she say? "It's your child too, you raised it." – Bullshit! That's hell. Every man collapses at the thought. Because that's not just betrayal in bed, but betrayal of the family tree. And her nose? Didn't smell anything. She didn't care, as long as you paid up.

### **Sexually transmitted diseases – the souvenir of infidelity.**

Here too: Women sniff out every damned little thing, but if it smells like itching, burning, and a rash, they say, "Maybe it was the toilet." Sure. Gonorrhea from the train station toilet, syphilis from the restaurant bathroom—tell that to your family doctor. The truth is: She cheated, or you did, and now you're paying the price in the form of antibiotics.

Women can smell it if you've only been standing in an elevator with a colleague for five minutes. But they can't smell it if your entire life has been built on a lie. They don't sense that she's bringing the plague into bed with her.

The great irony: Her nose is sharp as a knife when it comes to you. But blunt as a blunt axe when it comes to herself.

This is the double standard that makes every man reach for the bottle.

Society likes to celebrate women as "subtle beings." They have intuition, they have instinct, they are the bloodhounds of humanity. Men, on the other hand, are the idiots who don't even notice when the milk has been sour for three weeks.

But the truth is different. Women often smell too much. They smell things that aren't even there. A strange scent immediately turns into an affair, a whiff of smoke into an escalation. They build entire relationship dramas around a single molecule trace, which may have only come from their neighbor down the hall.

And at the same time, they don't smell when it really matters. Their own white wine breath? They don't smell it. Their own perfume that suffocates a room? They don't smell it. The cuckoo child they're foisting on their husband? For them, it's not a "smell" of betrayal, but simply everyday occurrences. The sexually transmitted disease that screams infidelity? Oh, probably from the toilet.

Society sells the myth: Women are sensitive, men are dull. In truth, they're both equally crazy—just on different levels. Men don't notice enough, women too much. And both suffer as a result.

Pure irony: Women smell the slightest traces like CSI agents, but are blind to their own abysses. Men, on the other hand, walk around like amateur nose-watchers, but that's precisely why they sleep better at night.

Women smell everything—but always in one direction. You. Your perfume, your smoke, your beer, your guilty conscience. They sniff out everything like a police dog on drugs. But when it comes to themselves, they suddenly go blind. Their own white wine breath? No problem. The cuckoo child? It's simply sniffed away. Sexually transmitted diseases? Oh, probably just from the toilet.

Men, on the other hand, smell almost nothing—and that's often what saves them. Because those who smell less have fewer doubts. Women smell too much, men too little—both are wrong.

In the end, it's not the breath that stinks, not the cigarette, not the beer. In the end, it's the mistrust that stinks. It ruins every relationship long before the trash can is full.

Conclusion: Women smell everything – except their own inner selves. Men smell nothing – and are therefore at least more relaxed.

## Men only hear “Blah blah blah... beer”

Men don't really listen. They listen selectively. Anything that isn't immediately important, loud, or dangerous simply passes through. Women mistake this for laziness or stupidity—in reality, it's a built-in self-protection mechanism.

An example: She: "We need to talk about our relationship, your mother is annoying, the vacation plans are still pending and besides the bills..." He: sits there, nods, and all he can think about is: "...*Beer.*"

This is how a man's ear works. It automatically filters out the superfluous and retains only what he understands or needs. Words like "food," "sex," "rest," and "beer" make it through. Everything else falls into the category *Bla bla bladelay*.

This isn't malice, but efficiency. Men's brains work like a damn spam filter. All the emotional baggage women throw into conversation gets flagged as spam and deleted. "We need to talk" is in the same category for him as "You won the lottery" – sounds suspicious, best ignored.

Women talk in stories, men listen in buzzwords. She talks for 15 minutes about her argument with her colleague. He only hears "Argument... office... beer?" – and after three seconds, he's already thinking about the TV.

Men and selective hearing are like a law of nature. It's not an option; it just happens. Women can shout with a megaphone—if they don't use the right keyword, it's just *Bla bla bla*.

Women talk. Incessantly. Without stopping. For them, talking isn't communication; it's therapy. It's not about the man finding a solution—it's about him listening. Or at least pretending to.

The problem: Men are out after 30 seconds. While women are just getting warmed up, men have long since mentally switched off. She tells an epic saga about shopping, including a dialogue with the cashier and the exact order she placed the cucumbers on the conveyor belt – and all he hears is static.

For her, talking is processing. She organizes the world by telling it. For him, it's background noise, like the refrigerator humming in the background. Except at least the refrigerator keeps beer cold.

Women can talk for half an hour about something that could be explained in one sentence. And they expect the man to absorb every detail, store it, and be

able to recall it if necessary. Spoiler alert: he can't. Men's brains aren't hard drives, they're RAM – volatile, quickly deleted, at the latest after the next beer.

And that leads to the crash:

- She wants to talk to feel better.
- He wants peace so he doesn't feel worse.
- Result: permanent war.

Women talk, men tune out. And both think the other is sick. In reality, they're just running a completely different operating system.

"You never listen to me!" – this sentence is as sure as the amen in church. Every woman says it, every man has heard it, and everyone knows: It's true.

The classic scenario goes like this: She talks, talks, talks. About her work, her neighbor, the bills, vacation plans. He nods, says "mhm" every now and then, and his mind is already on football, beer, or absolutely nothing.

At some point, she asks the follow-up question: "What did I just say?" – and he's screwed. He stammers something like, "Um... yeah... vacation?" – and she explodes. Because she knows full well: The idiot didn't hear anything.

For men, this is no big deal. They think: *Why should I remember all this? Most of it won't change anything anyway.* For women, it's betrayal. They think: *If he doesn't listen to me, he doesn't love me.* Two worlds, one living room, one war.

And it escalates the same way every time:

- She: "You don't take me seriously!"
- He: "Yes, yes..." (but has no idea what it's about).
- She: "Tell me what I just said!"
- He: "Something with your mother?"
- You: BOOM.

The eternal argument is unsolvable because it's built in. Men listen selectively, women expect a full reception. He wants peace, she wants resonance. He hears "blah blah blah," she hears "you don't love me." And that's precisely why couples have been going through the same loop for centuries.

The male ear functions like a spam filter. It scans everything that comes in and immediately deletes anything that doesn't sound "important." To this system,

women's monologues are like newsletters from online shops: endless, detailed, full of offers you don't need. The result: Everything ends up in the trash.

Women, on the other hand, are like server logs. Every detail, every subordinate clause, every tiny remark is saved and archived—preferably with redundant backup. They remember conversations from five years ago, complete with timestamps, locations, and background noise. Men, on the other hand, experience a memory leak after just five minutes, and the system automatically empties itself.

Technically speaking:

- Men communicate like **UDP protocol**—The main thing is that something arrives. Packet loss? Who cares.
- Women, on the other hand, are **TCP**—every detail has to go through, everything has to be confirmed and acknowledged.

This leads to catastrophe:

- You expect error-free transmission with feedback.
- He sends in broadcast mode, hopes something sticks, and thinks, "It'll be fine."

And then the inevitable happens: the connection drops. She rages because her packets aren't arriving. He looks at her as if he'd just fallen out of another Wi-Fi network.

Men listen selectively because their system is designed that way. Women talk endlessly because their system is designed that way. And when you pair two incompatible protocols, you don't get a stable connection—you get constant drops.

Society turns this whole hearing problem into an endless comedy show. Sitcoms, jokes, commercials—it's always the same scene: She talks, he sits there with a blank stare. She makes a play, he only hears the word "beer." Audience laughs, applause, curtain call.

Men are seen as deaf, dull, and disinterested. Women, on the other hand, are seen as communication geniuses who feel everything, express everything, and share everything. The truth is much uglier: Men can hear perfectly well—they just don't want to. And women can speak more concisely—they just don't want to.



Society reinforces these role models because they fit so nicely into the cliché drawer:

- Men = dull beer drinkers who only understand football.
- Women = annoying chatterboxes who never shut up.

And couples play this joke every day. She complains, "You never listen." He makes the dead fish and thinks: *The main thing is peace and quiet.* She complains to her friends: "He never listens!" – and they laugh because their guys are the same.

The irony is that both sides could change it. Women could talk less, men could listen more. But nobody wants to. Because it's more convenient to simply live by the cliché.

So society laughs at the old game, while arguments rage in every other living room. She talks, he doesn't listen – and both feel vindicated.

To be honest, men only really listen when it comes to the three holy words – **Sex, beer, football**. Everything else is background noise. When she tells you about her colleague who behaved unfairly—blah blah blah. When she explains to you why her mother is offended again—blah blah blah. When she explains in detail why you need to talk about the relationship again—blah blah blah.

But beware, should the word "beer" accidentally pop up in the monologue? ZACK, suddenly your ears are open. "What? Beer? Where?" Or she says "no sex today" – red alert, system reboots, full attention. Everything else immediately slides back into the digital trash can.

The brutal thing about it is that men have internalized this selectivity so deeply that they can ignore even the biggest dramas. It sounds like it's heralding the end of the world – to him, it sounds like static on the radio between two stations.

And the truth is: Many men wouldn't want it any other way. Because if you listened to everything women say all day, you'd end up in the nuthouse after three weeks. Men listen selectively because otherwise, there's no way to survive.

Of course, this drives women crazy. They feel rejected, ignored, unloved. But let's be honest: If you spend 20 minutes talking about the right color for sofa cushions, you shouldn't be surprised if your man mentally runs off to the refrigerator after the third syllable.

When things get messy, it means men aren't listening because they don't have to. And because they know that in the end, all that's left is the important thing—sex or beer.

Men don't hear everything. They hear selectively. Women talk in novels, men hear short stories – and usually the short story consists of just one word: beer. This has been the cause of arguments, tears, shouting, and slamming doors for centuries.

Women want you to absorb every detail like a stenographer in a courtroom. Men want silence and only the key words. He hears "blah blah blah," she hears "you don't love me." Two worlds that can never be synchronized.

Society turns it into a joke, a cliché, a sitcom punchline. In reality, however, it's a constant war. Men filter, women overload. Men are UDP, women are TCP. In the end, the connection is lost.

Conclusion: Men don't listen, women talk too much – and both are to blame. The drama repeats itself every day, in every living room. She talks, he thinks about the beer. And both wonder why it's not working.

### Shopping vs. Drinking: An Insoluble Conflict

Shopping and drinking are the two major surrogate drugs of the sexes. Women shop, men drink – and both claim it's a "hobby." Bullshit. They're addictions, nothing more.

Women go shopping when they're frustrated, when they want to party, when they're sad, when they're happy—basically, all the time. Men drink for exactly the same reasons. The difference: her drug causes consumer debt, his drug causes liver cirrhosis.

She needs the thrill of the cash register, he needs the fizz of opening a beer. She comes home with bags full of shoes she'll never wear. He comes home with a odor she never wants to smell again.

And both tell themselves they are right:

- She says, "Shopping is self-care."
- He says: "Drinking is relaxation."

- Translated, this means: Both of them are wasting money on shit they don't need.

The conflict is inevitable. Her credit card is burning, his liver is burning. She's stacking bags in the closet, he's stacking empties in the kitchen. Two addictions that fuel each other until nothing's left but debt, moles, and a constant argument about who's worse.

Shopping vs. drinking – this isn't a hobby duel, it's a battleground.

Women don't buy because they need something. Women buy because it makes them feel good. The dopamine rush at the checkout, the rustling of bags, the scent of new goods – that's their high. Shoes, bags, decorative items – it doesn't matter if they already have a hundred of them at home. The main thing is that it's *new*.

The closet is overflowing, but still: "I have nothing to wear!" – a classic. Every woman knows the phrase, every man has heard it and wanted to hang himself with his belt. The closet is a damn secondhand store in XXL size, but to them, everything is "old."

Even worse: Many women bring consumer debt directly into their relationships. Credit cards are inundated, installment payments are running out, and online orders are endless. And then they wonder why their account is always in the red.

For her, shopping is "self-care." In reality, it's self-destruction in installments. She fills the hole in her heart with stuff from Zara and Amazon. And when the buzz is over, she's left with another pair of shoes no one needs and a bill no one wants to pay.

And woe betide the man who dares to criticize this. Then the immediate response is: "But you're a drinker!" – Well, that's true. Both have their addictions, both ruin their bank accounts. Only society calls their madness "joie de vivre" and his "alcoholism."

Shopping mania is nothing more than drinking with a receipt. Only he empties the bottle and it fills the cupboard.

Men drink. Not because they're thirsty – but because they have to. Because beer is cheaper than psychotherapy. Because whiskey is more honest than couples counseling. Because the buzz at least lasts until the next morning.

Beer is a man's currency. A case costs less than a purse, and it lasts longer than any lipstick. Men drink because it's simple: bottle open, neck open, head out. No drama, no locker room, no argument. Just honest, wet peace in the glass.

Drinking is their answer to life. Frustration at work? Beer. Stress with their wife? Beer. No sex? Beer. Sex? Beer too. A man doesn't need a reason—beer is the reason.

Of course, they're also wasting money they don't have. But unlike women shopping, at least they're honest about it. When the bottle's empty, it's empty. No installment plans, no fine print. Just the end.

The problem: The price still comes. Not on the credit card, but in the liver, in the mind, in the broken relationships. Men drink their problems away until they themselves become the problem. And then they sit there, with a red head, a beer breath, and a life consisting of hangovers.

Drinking is like a software reset: shut everything down for a moment, then the same shit all over again. No wonder men hang out at the bar so often—at least the operating system crashes, and you can forget for a few hours that bills and shoes are waiting outside.

Men drink, women shop. He drinks his wallet dry, she buys it dry. The difference? Just the packaging.

It always happens the same way.

**She:** “You’re wasting too much money!”

**He:** “And you waste it all on shoes you never wear!”

And both are right.

The daily conflict is a zero-sum game. He sees her shopping bags, she sees his crates of beer. He thinks: She's running around town like a madwoman with a credit card. She thinks: This guy is drowning his whole life away.

She comes home with three new dresses that look like her old ones. He comes home with a breath that smells like yesterday's. Both think the other is exaggerating—and neither realizes they're on the same trip, just with a different drug.

This leads to dialogues like those from a bad sitcom:

- She: “We don’t have any money left!”
- He: “Yes, because you’re the one who says it!”
- She: “No, because you’ll drink it away!”
- Both: “Asshole!”

And so they go around in circles. The apartment fills with shoes, the kitchen with empty bottles. Bank accounts empty, cupboards full, livers at their limit. A vicious circle that never ends because no one acknowledges their own addiction – only that of others.

The daily conflict is: She buys, he drinks. And each accuses the other of waste, while both have long been dancing on the edge.

Shopping and drinking are basically just two different ways of destroying a system.

### **Shopping = endless download.**

Women click "Download" like crazy until their hard drives fill up. Shoes, bags, blouses—all pointless software that nobody needs. The system slows down, the registry bloats, and eventually, no one knows what all this junk is for. Shopping is like adware: colorful, tempting, pop-ups everywhere—and yet it still renders the computer unusable.

### **Drinking = Format C:.**

Men don't install new programs; they simply delete everything. Open a bottle, shut down the memory, reset the system. Problem: After a reboot, everything is back, only with more bugs – headaches, debts, arguments. Alcohol is like a cleaning tool that supposedly cleans things up, but in reality only deletes half of what's left, rendering the rest unusable.

Technically speaking:

- It fills the reservoir until it collapses.
- He kills the process and hopes that the system will somehow reboot.

Shopping is like a Trojan horse that slowly infiltrates your system. Drinking is like a virus that destroys everything instantly. The result is the same: a system crash.

And no matter whether you fill your hard drive with pointless downloads or format it with vodka – in the end, the operating system screams: “Not enough resources!”

Shopping or drinking – two ways to completely screw up your computer life.

Society makes it easy: A man who drinks is a failure. A woman who shops is "full of life." He with the beer breath = pathetic bum. She with the ten shopping bags = successful woman who treats herself.

Completely distorted perception. Because in truth, both are equally broken.

The drunkard is stigmatized: an alcoholic, a family destroyer, a weak character. His liver slowly deteriorates, his money runs down the tap, and he becomes the enemy of every women's magazine.

The shopping woman, on the other hand, is celebrated: "Self-care!" "Retail therapy!" "She treats herself!" – as if tearing a hole in her future with a credit card were self-love. No one calls her "purchase-dependent." No, she's "fashion-conscious."

And so it goes: Men ruin their livers and are despised. Women ruin their bank accounts and get applause. Pure social hypocrisy.

The result can be seen in one in three relationships: He drinks himself into bankruptcy, she shops him into bankruptcy. Both destroy their lives together – but only one gets insulted. The other gets likes on Instagram for their new pair of shoes.

In the end, both are equally dangerous. Drinking eats away at your inner life, shopping eats away at your outer life. Difference? Society celebrates one and demonizes the other.

Shopping and drinking aren't hobbies—they're wars by another name. She runs through the shops with a credit card, he runs through his liver with a case of beer. She stacks shoes, he stacks empties. She brings debt into the house, he brings hangovers. Different weapons, same massacre.

Society lies: She calls him an alcoholic and she calls him "fashion-conscious." Truth: Both are addicts. His drug is in the glass, hers is in the shopping bag. The end result is a negative account, a fridge full of beer, a closet full of clothes—and a relationship drowning in constant arguments.

Shopping vs. drinking isn't an insoluble conflict; it's a losing war. Two addictions that consume each other until only ruins remain.

Conclusion: Love can survive many things – but not when it is drowned in alcohol on the one hand and in consumption on the other.

### Women can do 12 things at once, men not even one

Women constantly celebrate their ability to multitask. "I can do everything at once!" is their favorite phrase when they want to play the martyr. Men, on the other hand, regularly get a dig at their heels: "You can't even do one thing right."

But the truth is: multitasking isn't a superhero skill. Multitasking is often just chaos with better marketing. Women do many things at once, yes – but often half-baked. She's on the phone with a friend, stirring the soup, hanging up laundry, and yelling at the kids all at the same time. Sounds impressive, but in practice, it looks like a traffic accident with a to-do list.

The result: The soup burns, half the laundry falls on the floor, the friend on the phone feels like she's not being taken seriously, and the kid cries anyway. But hey, "she can do 12 things at once" – except 11 of them go wrong.

Men, on the other hand, are honest: They're only good at one thing. When he drinks, he drinks. When he watches football, he watches football. When he fumbles, he fumbles. No multitasking, no parallel work. He gets it done – sometimes well, mostly badly, but at least with full concentration.

The myth of multitasking is nothing more than disguised competition in chaos. Women do everything at once and call it efficiency. Men do one thing and are labeled idiots for it. The fact is: They both screw up—just in different ways.

Everyday women are the prime example of alleged multitasking. They're standing in the kitchen, their phone to their ear, a pan on the stove, a child on their hip, hanging up laundry with their free hand—and WhatsApp messages slipping through their fingers.

To outsiders, it looks like pure efficiency. To the man, it looks like a circus with too many juggling balls.

Because the truth is: If you do 12 things at once, you do 11 of them halfway.

- The phone call ends with: "Sorry, what did you say?"
- The food tastes like burnt bread.
- The laundry hangs crooked and falls down again after two hours.
- The child still cries.
- And the WhatsApp message is full of typos.

Nevertheless, she's considered a hero. "Look at all the things I do at once!" – Yes, but how? It's the same logic as a DJ playing 15 songs at once: It sounds impressive, but it's just noise.

Multitasking becomes a relationship joker. She holds it up to him like a trophy: "You can't even take out the trash without forgetting your phone!" – and he stands there, beer in hand, thinking: *True. But at least the trash is downstairs.*

Women multitasking daily don't prove they're superior. They only prove that they're willing to wear themselves out for housework—and still make a drama out of every fart.

Men aren't multitaskers. Men are single-taskers. One thing at a time, everything else gets lost. And if we're honest, they often don't even do one thing properly.

When he drinks, he drinks. Completely focused, with the devotion of a monk in a monastery. There's no sideline, no washing dishes, no small talk. Just beer, sip, burp. The end.

If he watches football, he watches football. Ask him in the 89th minute if he'll take the trash out, and he looks at you as if you'd suggested sacrificing the cat. For him, the system is overloaded. Input denied.

When he fumbles, he fumbles. No multitasking, no "oh, by the way, we have to go shopping tomorrow." There's only a primitive focus on a single task. Everything else crashes.

The problem: Women expect men to be able to do two things at once—listen AND drink beer, have sex AND remember their anniversary, take out the trash AND remember the shopping list. But men's brains aren't designed that way.

Single-tasking doesn't mean men are stupid. It simply means they're wired differently: They can do everything—just not at the same time. This makes them slow for women, but often more stable for themselves.



But in relationships, single-tasking becomes a disaster. She talks, he thinks about beer. She expects help, he sits glued to the TV. She juggles, he blocks. And the drama ensues.

The whole thing is best explained with computer science – because computer science never lies, even if it hurts.

**Male brain = single-core processor.**

One process, one thread, full power on a single task. Stable, but mercilessly limited. Want more? The system crashes. When a man drinks beer, the CPU load is at 100%. Nothing's running in the background. Ask him for his shopping list while he's watching football – and you'll get a blue screen expression.

**Female brain = multi-threading.**

Twelve tasks simultaneously, all running, all consuming the CPU. Making phone calls, cooking, raising children, WhatsApp, laundry, thinking about the weekend—all in one cluster. Sounds great, looks impressive in benchmarks, but: The system is constantly running at its limits. Fans roar, battery drains, burnout inevitable.

Technically translated:

- Men =**stable batch processing**: one job at a time, reliable but slow.
- Women =**parallel processes**: fast output, but high error rate because of constant context switching.

And that's where it all happens:

- Men seem like old computers that can only open one window.
- Women look like high-end laptops with 20 tabs open, but half of them crash.

Computer science shows: Neither is better. Men are more stable, women more flexible. But both systems crash – just in different ways.

Society celebrates women for multitasking as if they were superheroes. "She manages kids, job, household, and relationship all at once!" – sounds great, but in reality, it often looks like a harried circus act where every plate ends up falling down.

Men, on the other hand, are ridiculed. "He can't even take the trash down without losing the bag." - "Typical man, completely overwhelmed." Socially, men are considered idiots, while women are the queens of efficiency.

But the truth is uglier: Multitasking makes you sick, single-tasking causes trouble. Women are destroyed by constant stress, men are seen as failures under constant stress. Both suffer, but each in their own way.

The cliché persists nonetheless because it fits the image so well: She, the strong all-rounder. He, the lazy single-celled organism. Advertising, comedy, self-help books—they all play on the same stereotype, and everyone laughs about it. Only in the apartments, no one laughs. There, she screams because he can't get anything done, and he screams back because she never shuts up.

Society admires women for the same madness for which men are reviled. She overextends herself, he refuses—and both are attacked for it. Pure irony.

In the end, these role models are nothing more than accelerants for the relationship war. She feels underappreciated, he feels constantly humiliated. And an argument is inevitable.

Multitasking only gets really messy when it comes to cheating. Men are too stupid for that. When a man cheats, he acts like an amateur hacker: He leaves endless trails. Perfume on his collar, messages on his phone, condoms in the glove compartment. He can't do two things at once—stay married and hide an affair—so sooner or later he'll be exposed.

What about women? Multitasking deluxe. They manage to keep three guys busy at once, and the man at home doesn't notice. One pays, one fucks, one builds the built-in closet – and she juggles the appointments like it's a damn project calendar. On top of that, she has to manage the house, kids, and a job. Perfidious efficiency.

This is the dark side of the multitasking myth: Women don't just use it to stir their soup and type on WhatsApp at the same time—they use it to build an entire double life. With ease.

And men? They couldn't even put their phones on airplane mode while having an affair without giving themselves away. One calls, she answers – boom, war.

When things get messy, it becomes clear: women's multitasking isn't just annoying, it's extremely dangerous. Men are simple failures, but at least they're transparent. Women can do 12 things at once—and that means, in plain English: They can cheat on you while she's simultaneously serving you dinner and putting the kids to bed.

This is the true apocalypse: not the man who's too stupid to hide one thing. But the woman who manages to hide everything at once—and you only notice it when the alimony arrives in your mailbox.

Women can multitask, men can't. Period. But the myth that multitasking is a blessing is just as false as the claim that men are complete failures.

Women juggle twelve things at once, but often half of them get left undone or burn. Men only do one thing – and sometimes still fail spectacularly. Different methods, same terrible result.

Society celebrates women as heroes and laughs at men as idiots. The reality is: Both are prisoners of their own damned way of thinking. Women are constantly stressed, men are constantly frustrated.

And when things get really dirty, the price becomes clear: Men can't lead double lives, women can. Men stumble over their own paths, women build patchwork parallel worlds without batting an eyelid.

The bottom line is: multitasking isn't a magic trick, but a constant barrage. Single-tasking isn't laziness, but a survival strategy. And both still lead to the same war: she does too much, he does too little – and both of them are sick of it.

Conclusion: Women can do 12 things at once, men can't even do one – and that's exactly the mix that destroys any relationship.

### Why she's crying and you have no idea

Women cry. Always. About everything. About nothing. About things that have happened and about things that will never happen. Men sit by like a dog trying to figure out chess. Perplexed, sweating, annoyed.

She sits there, snot and water, and you think: *Did I say something? Did I do something? Was I just breathing?* You search your mind like a hacker for the

error in the code, but there's nothing. No error log, no crash report. Just endless tears.

Sometimes they cry because of a scene in a movie, sometimes because of a WhatsApp message, sometimes simply because it's Tuesday. They don't need a reason. Tears are their default mode when the system is overloaded.

For men, tears are like a DDoS attack: Your brain is bombarded with millions of requests and crashes. You sit there, stammering something like "It'll be okay" or "Calm down" – and you know: Both were wrong. Everything you said is wrong.

The mystery of tears is that they aren't logical. Men need logic: If glass falls → broken glass. If a tire goes flat → pump. With women, there's no if-then. There's only crying. Without cause, without any discernible connection.

And the worst part: They expect you to understand why she's crying. But you have no idea. All you see is snot, tears, drama. And somewhere in between, you're dying inside because you know: no matter what you do, you're the asshole.

That's the mystery of tears: They flow, you don't notice anything – and both are dissatisfied.

Women don't just cry because their hormones are raging. Tears are also a tool. A damn weapon.

You know the scene: She cries, and you feel guilty, even if you're innocent. She doesn't even have to talk. Just snot, a few sobs—and you sit there like a beaten dog. You immediately think: *Okay, I screwed up. Somehow.*

Tears are like the atom bomb button in relationship drama. No man can endure that for long. You can scream, you can ignore, you can argue – but you always lose to tears. They trigger guilt like a damn reflex.

And women know this. They use it deliberately. Sometimes real, sometimes fake, sometimes half and half. They don't have to explain anything. They cry, you give in. They cry, you do what they want. They cry, and suddenly you're taking the trash down, even though you were supposed to be watching football.

The perverse thing is: Even if you know it's a tactic, you remain powerless. Men aren't prepared for tears. No defense, no firewall. If their eyes get moist, you're done for.

Tears aren't just an emotion—they're also manipulation. A cheat code in the relationship game. Women press start, men lose control.

This is the bitter truth: women cry, men pay. Whether with money, favors, or their time.

Men are simple: If something's broken, fix it. If nothing's broken, no problem. That's how the world works, according to male logic.

Women? Completely different. Tears are not a “problem” for them, but *aprocess*. They don't cry because they want something fixed—they cry so you sit there and look and say, “Oh, honey.” Men don't understand that.

For him, tears are like a red warning light in a car. “Shit, something's broken, I have to do something.” For her, tears are like a scented candle ritual. “It feels good, now just let me do it.”

And this is where it collides:

- He wants to find the cause, tighten the screws, fix the problem.
- She wants him to take her in his arms and endure the whole drama without looking for reasons.
- He asks, “Why are you crying?”
- She screams: “Does there always have to be a reason?!”

This is the moment when men wonder if they've accidentally landed in a damn parallel universe. For him, it's illogical to cry for no reason. For her, it's illogical for him to ask for a reason.

Men's logic versus women's tears – it's like a hammer versus fog. You hit, but you don't hit anything.

And in the end, he sits there, helpless, she sits there, tearful – and both feel misunderstood.

There are tears that aren't just drama—they're pure hell. And the apocalypse for every man is: cuckoo child.

Imagine: You bust your ass, pay bills, get up at night, change diapers, carry, raise, love. You sacrifice years of your life, your money, your health. You look at this child and think: *My work, my blood, my legacy.*

And at some point – sometimes after years, sometimes after decades – it turns out: It wasn't yours at all.

She knew. She repressed it. Maybe even deliberately concealed it. And now you sit here, with a life full of lies, with photos, memories, moments – and suddenly everything is worthless. You weren't a father. You were a payment machine. A substitute dad for life. A fool who believed what he was told.

And when you freak out, when you scream, when you want to give up—that's when her tears come. "But you're still his father..."—No, damn it. You're the guy who was cheated on, lied to, and used. The tears aren't an apology; they're the final smokescreen to silence you.

For men, the cuckoo child is worse than any divorce, worse than any affair, worse than anything. Because it strikes at your foundation. Your blood, your name, your future—all fake.

And her tears? They're not even pity. They're proof of the greatest humiliation a man can experience.

Cuckoo child = the atom bomb in your relationship. And the man sits there, sees the tears, but has no idea that his entire world has just collapsed.

Men's brains function like a clear code: Input → Process → Output. When glass falls, output = broken glass. When a car won't start, output = dead battery. Clear causality, clear solution.

Women's tears, on the other hand, are like an undefined exception. You get the error message, but no stack trace. Just a red window: "**Mistake!**"—without specifying what's wrong. You click "OK" and hope the system fixes itself. But it doesn't.

Even worse: Women's tears are like an endless loop. You think you've solved the problem, and suddenly the tears start flowing again. Like a program you can't quit. Ctrl+Alt+Del doesn't work. Neither does unplugging the power cord.

And the cuckoo child? That's the Trojan horse in your system. Smuggled in, unnoticed, active for years. It consumes your resources, costs you energy and money – and you think it's part of your program. Until an update comes along,

a DNA test, a stupid coincidence – and you realize: This script was never yours. It was malicious code.

The male brain can't handle this kind of thing. We need clear data. But women's tears only give us Error 404: Cause not found. And while we're still stuck in the debugger, the program continues running—and crashes our entire lives.

That's the thing with women's tears: no log file, no clues, just a system crash. And we sit there, pressing keys and hoping it's not final. Spoiler alert: It is final.

Society pretends women are pure, sensitive beings. "They're emotional, they're vulnerable, they need protection." Men, on the other hand? "Cold, rude, unsympathetic." And when the tears start to flow, the cliché immediately resonates: She's the poor victim, he's the unfeeling asshole.

But the truth is different. Women know exactly what they're doing when they cry. Some tears are genuine, sure – but many are weapons, tactics, manipulation. And society plays along: Tears = truth. Always. Nobody questions that.

And the really tough topics? They're hushed up. Cuckold children, for example. The fact that men are lied to for years, raise someone else's child, and pay for it – that's simply swept under the rug. "But he's still a father." No, he was cheated on, lied to, and taken for a ride. But no one talks about it.

When men break down over this, when they turn to alcohol, when they give up everything – then the response is: "Typical man, weak, irresponsible." Not a word about the fact that the root of the problem was cheating, lies and tears that only served to keep him quiet.

The hypocrisy is brutal: Men have to pay, perform, and function – and women are allowed to cry, manipulate, and conceal. Society applauds their "feelings" and despises their "weakness."

In reality, it's the other way around: Women use emotions as a tool of power. Men are destroyed by it. But no one notices – because everyone is hypnotized by the spectacle of tears.

Women cry, men don't get it. It's the simple formula that poisons every relationship. Sometimes the tears are harmless—an outlet, a stress reliever, a quick shiver. Sometimes they're a weapon—manipulation, a blame game, a

power play. And sometimes they're the smoke from a burning house that destroys your entire life—keyword: cuckoo child.

For men, tears are illogical, unpredictable, and deadly to the brain. No manual, no error code, no solution. Just snot, drama, and the feeling that no matter what you do, it's wrong. For women, tears are universal: communication, therapy, leverage.

Society plays along: She's saintly, he's heartless. She's the victim, he's the perpetrator. But it's long been the other way around: She cries, he loses. Sometimes money, sometimes nerves, sometimes his entire life.

Bottom line: Tears aren't always water. Sometimes they're poison. Sometimes they're camouflage. And sometimes they're a silent confession that for 20 years you weren't a father, but just a complete idiot with a standing order.

### Men love computers, women love when men configure the router

Men and computers – it's a love story that lasts longer than any marriage. For many men, their first computer was more sacred than their first girlfriend. While she was still doing Barbie's hair, he was already playing Doom or racking his brains with Basic.

For men, technology isn't a tool, it's a damn temple. Hardware is pampered, benchmarks are like confessionals, and every new graphics card feels like Christmas and a birthday combined. A BIOS update? A sacred rite for him. For her, it's a foreign concept, sounding like a new yoga pose.

Men love digging into the innards of technology. Cables, circuit boards, fans—it's their religion. They see logic, structure, clarity. Things that never exist in everyday life with women. No drama, no tears, no hints. Just 0s and 1s, whether it works or not. For men, that's salvation.

And when he sits at his computer, he forgets the world. There he is God, there he controls everything. No mother-in-law, no shopping addiction, no relationship drama. Just code, games, systems. Men love computers because computers give them something women never give: reliability.

Sure, computers crash too. But they don't cry when they do.



For women, computers are like coffee machines: press a button, it works. And when it doesn't work – panic. "Nothing's working!"

They don't see technology as a playground, but as a necessary evil. Laptop = Netflix. Cell phone = WhatsApp. Printer = curse. It doesn't have to be anything more. As long as the icons are there and you can click on them, all's right with the world. But woe betide them if an error message pops up. "Oh my God, my computer is broken!" – in reality: just a window that needs to be closed.

Women treat technology like a car, where they only know the pedals: gas and brake. The rest is witchcraft. Settings, updates, backups—all black voodoo. If something doesn't work right away, it's not the user's fault, but "this damn device."

And then comes the classic: "Honey, can you take a look?" That could mean anything: the printer isn't printing, the Wi-Fi is acting up, the TV isn't showing a picture. And he has to answer it, whether he wants to or not. Because she knows: technology + woman = error message, technology + man = solution (at some point).

Women don't love technology, only fear it. They want results, not processes. Netflix has to work, WhatsApp has to vibrate, the router has to blink. Everything else is witchcraft, which they immediately outsource: to the man.

The internet goes down – and suddenly the world stands still. No WhatsApp, no Instagram, no Netflix. For her, it's the end of the world. For him, it's a chance to finally feel like a hero again.

He crouches under the desk, disassembles the router, unplugs the cable, plugs it in. Diagnosing it like a doctor in surgery: "It's not blinking anymore... wait... it's blinking again!" He feels like a damn hacker in a Hollywood movie.

She stands there, annoyed, with her cell phone in her hand. Every two minutes: "Are you okay now? Are you okay now? ARE YOU GONNA DO IT NOW?!" He growls: "Let me do it!" But she can't keep quiet. Without Wi-Fi, she transforms from a woman into a walking siren.

For him, it's an adventure. He configures IPs, tests ports, and logs into the admin interface. For her, it's all magic. She just wants to hear: "Yes, it's working again."

And when it finally works—when the little green light flashes again, as if it were a sign from God—then he feels like a hero. The router flickers, the Wi-Fi is

there, and she screams, "FINALLY!" No praise, no recognition. For her, it's a given that he'll fix the technical mess.

Router drama is the perfect metaphor for relationships: He works hard, she gets in the way, and in the end, there's not even a thank you—just the next complaint when things go wrong again.

Men's brains function like an operating system. Clear structure, logic, rules. When an error occurs, they search logs, patch, reboot, and that's it. Women's brains, on the other hand, function like a normal user who clicks on everything, hopes, and screams "Virus!" at the first pop-up.

Men = admins. They love digging around in the backend. IP address? DNS? Port forwarding? All awesome. Women = annoyed users. "Why isn't it working? Fix it immediately!" – without understanding that this thing requires more than just pressing a button.

Technically speaking:

- Men love processes, women love results.
- Men are kernel level, women are GUI.
- Men hack the code, women click buttons.

When the internet goes down, he sees a challenge: "**Error 404 - Mission accepted.**" All she sees is: "WhatsApp doesn't work, disaster."

The computer science picture is clear: He thinks like a programmer—causes, processes, debugging. She thinks like an end user—the main thing is that it works, no matter how.

And that's precisely where the clash lies: For him, technology is a game; for her, it's a duty. For him, it's a passion; for her, it's stress. He builds routers; she puts pressure on them. Two operating systems that will never be compatible.

Society has been selling us this stereotype for decades: Men = nerds, women = tech noobs. He's in the basement tangled up with cables, she's in the living room rolling her eyes. He builds PCs, she takes selfies.

But the truth is more complicated—and uglier. Yes, men love computers, but they often get completely lost in them. The guy who spends hours updating drivers, flashing BIOSes, or browsing forums instead of doing his taxes. Nerdiness as an escape from real life.

What about women? They're not really stupid, they're just impatient. Technology is a tool for them, not a passion. If it doesn't work right away, it's "broken." While men enjoy tinkering, women enjoy the results. They don't want to see an admin interface; they want Wi-Fi bars. Period.

And society laughs about it. In commercials, it's always the man who fixes the router, while the woman stands by annoyed. In sitcoms, he's the tech geek, and she's the annoyed viewer. And everyone laughs because it's so "true."

But in reality, this is exactly what destroys relationships. Men feel unappreciated because their love of technology is considered "nerd stuff." Women feel overwhelmed because every error message sends them into a panic. In the end, they sit next to each other—he with a tangled mess of cables, she with a shopping app—and both think the other is crazy.

Socially speaking, men and computers are accepted as long as they deliver something useful. Women and computers are only accepted as long as they click "Like" as users. Everything else is a joke.

Technology isn't just nerd stuff—it's also a battleground for relationships. Routers, computers, smartphones: all small battlefields.

There he sits, gripping the router, sweating like an electrician in a war, and she screams, "Are we finally getting it working? I still have to annoy my girlfriend on WhatsApp!" Every minute without Wi-Fi feels like meth withdrawal for her. And he knows: If he doesn't get it working, there'll be a fuss, as if he'd burned down the entire house.

Or the topic of porn. The internet is down → she yells: "Maybe because you were on your dirty sites again!" He: "That has nothing to do with it!" – But in truth, he knows that he really did have five tabs open last night, and they were as dubious as a train station bathroom at midnight.

Or the topic of jealousy. Router acting up, laptop slow – suspicion immediately arises: "What are you doing? Are you texting someone again?" For them, technology isn't just a tangled mess of cables, it's evidence. Every mistake is a possible clue to cheating.

And he? He freaks out because she's back on OK pressed the power button even though the window said "Don't press." Because she entered the password incorrectly three times and is now screaming "Everything's locked." Because she thinks a virus is coming through the socket.

Technology becomes a stage for the deepest neuroses. She suspects him, he curses her, and in the end, the router is the thing that stands between them—a small, flickering device that has more power over their relationship than any couples therapist.

Men love computers because they're predictable. A bug has a cause, a cable is plugged in incorrectly, an update is missing – logical, understandable, solvable. Women only love computers when they work. When everything clicks, lights up, and connects. Everything else, to them, is witchcraft, which they immediately blame on the man.

The router drama illustrates it best: For him, it's an adventure; for her, it's the end of the world. He sweats in the tangled cables, feeling like a hacker god, and she stands there and just says, "Finally." Zero recognition, zero respect—as if it were a given that he's the damned IT support for life.

Society laughs about it, women despair, men drink—and the Wi-Fi keeps blinking mercilessly. In the end, it remains the same: men love the machine, women love it when the machine is running. He lives for the configuration, she lives for the result.

### Kissing is sweet, garlic is more honest

In commercials, it always looks perfect: two people in the sunset, she tosses her hair, he tilts his head, and then their lips slam together like two damn vanilla croissants. Everything's sweet, soft, butterflies in your stomach, and some soft piano music is blaring in the background.

The reality? More like a car crash in slow motion. Noses collide, teeth clack, drool runs. And sometimes it smells like someone just had lunch at the kebab shop. Kissing isn't cotton candy; kissing is often more like a wet circus.

Sure, kissing can be beautiful. It can be sexy. But that's not because of the romance; it's because you're drunk enough at the time to ignore the flaws. Kissing is sweet—but only because we convince ourselves it's sweet. In reality, it's an attempt to do gymnastics with your face until one of you loses the rhythm.

And yet, the kiss is overvalued in every relationship. It's the currency of affection, the "proof" that everything's going well. "We don't kiss as often anymore." – Yes, maybe because we're older and don't feel like constantly shoving toothpaste residue into each other's mouths.

In short: The kiss is romanticized. In truth, it's sweet, yes—but also sticky, impractical, and often overrated.

Garlic doesn't lie. You eat it, you smell it. Everyone smells it. The end. No romance, no sugar coating, no soft-focus sunset. Just an honest, brutal stench that will ooze from every pore the next day.

And therein lies the truth: Garlic is authenticity. It hides nothing, it sugarcoats nothing. It tells you straight: *"Brother, you stink—but at least you stink."*

In contrast, kissing is a show. An overblown ritual in which both parties pretend everything is sugar. Lip ballet with a built-in lie. Garlic, on the other hand, is the unvarnished reality. You can slap on as much deodorant as you like, but it will still show through.

Whether it's a date, marriage, or a one-night stand—garlic is the litmus test. Anyone who still kisses you after a garlic orgy means business. Anyone who flinches just wanted the Disney program anyway.

Garlic is more honest than any kiss because it shows you where you stand. No masquerade, no lies, no romantic trap. Just honest stench.

In short: Kissing is sweet – but garlic is the truth that no one can deny.

For men, kissing is usually foreplay. Lip contact signals "We're about to get started." Romance? It could be, but it doesn't have to be. For him, kissing is the starting menu before the real game. And if the kiss is slobbery, messed up, or tastes like garlic—who cares? The main thing is that it leads somewhere.

Garlic, on the other hand, is just a side dish for men. Whatever's on the pizza gets eaten, that's it. If it stinks afterward, so what? The man says: "Then I'll just stink—deal with it."

### **Women's perspective:**

For women, kissing is validation. Daily proof that he still desires her, that he's "serious." Kissing is more important to them than the actual act. They interpret every kiss, every pressure, every hesitation. For them, a kiss is a relationship thermometer.

Garlic? A betrayal of lipstick. If he comes with garlic breath, she sees it as an attack on romance. "How can you think about garlic NOW?" – While he thinks, "How can you NOT think about garlic?"

In short: Men see a kiss as a ticket to sex. Women see a kiss as a contract for love. Men see garlic as food. Women see it as a relationship breakdown.

And that's exactly why things keep clashing. He wants the kiss as a shortcut, she wants the kiss as a marathon. He takes garlic lightly, she takes it personally.

Kissing is like a user interface. Pretty, sleek, colorful. Everything appears perfectly designed, icons glow, animations run smoothly – but behind it all, it's often just a show. A surface that looks nice, even if the backend has long since become a pile of garbage.

Garlic, on the other hand, is the log file in the backend. Nothing is sugarcoated there; you see everything: errors, warnings, brutal reality. No glitter, no heart emojis. Just the naked truth.

Technically:

- **Kiss = UI design.** Superficial gloss so that the user (partner) clicks satisfied.
- **Garlic = debug mode.** Honest data that shows how things really work.

So, The Kiss is like an app demo. A nice interface, a bit of music, everything polished. But if you look deeper, the code is full of bugs. Garlic is the error report—direct, ugly, merciless.

And that's how it is in relationships: The kiss is the pretty mask, garlic is the naked truth. The kiss sells illusion, garlic reveals reality.

Conclusion in nerd language: Want to know if the relationship is real? Forget the UI. Read the log file. Eat garlic.

Society sells the kiss as the ultimate currency of romance. Whether it's a Hollywood melodrama, a lipstick commercial, or that cheesy Valentine's Day trash, the kiss is always the holy grail. Kissing is sweet, pure, flawless. Every movie ends with two mouths crashing together, sealing the happy ending.

But what does reality tell us? Nobody talks about the kiss after a kebab. Nobody films the kiss after five beers and a pack of cigarettes. Nobody writes poems about the morning breath when two people wake up next to each other with hangovers.

Society pretends that kissing is always cotton candy. But the truth is: relationships aren't held together by kisses, but by whether you can stand the smell. Garlic, beer, sweat—those are the real tests.

Garlic is more honest than any kiss because it shows what really matters: whether you can stand the other person even when they stink. Any idiot can give you a kiss. But breathing in someone's face after a garlic orgy and still being able to stand closeness – that's the real test of mastery.

Society wants sugar, reality smells of garlic.

Kissing can be romantic—until you breathe in reality. There you are after a drunken night, cigarettes like a chimney, stomach full of beer, and she sticks her tongue in yours. It's not a kiss, it's an ashtray of saliva. And yet you do it anyway. Because you think "love" should be able to withstand that.

Or garlic: two plates of pasta, plenty of garlic in there, followed by a kiss. No perfume in the world will save you. It tastes like a damn kitchen explosion. But: It's honest. You know where you stand. No masquerade, no sugarcoating. Just pure truth that scratches your throat.

The difference: The kiss after garlic is brutal, but genuine. The kiss after a Disney romance scene is sweet, but fake. Women always want the first, men usually go for the second – and in the end, you both end up somewhere between drool and stench.

Things get even dirtier when the kiss becomes a chore. Couples who have been together for years eventually kiss like old relatives – fleetingly, mechanically, without emotion. But beware, he comes back with a garlicky smell. Then there's drama, as if he'd just insulted her mother-in-law.

The truth: Garlic kills the kiss, but saves honesty. Better to be honest and stink than fake sweetness.

Kissing is sweet, yes. A ritual that society celebrates as the Holy Grail. But in reality, it's often just drooling, chattering teeth, and lip ballet. Nice, but overrated.

Garlic, on the other hand, is brutally honest. You stink, everyone knows it, and there's no filter. If someone kisses you after garlic, it's not because of romance, but because they can really stand you.

That's the difference: Kissing is show, garlic is truth. Kissing is sugar, garlic is salt. Kissing is the Instagram filter, garlic is the unvarnished selfie in neon light.

Conclusion: Kissing is sweet, garlic is more honest. And if a relationship is truly worth it, it won't survive a perfect movie kiss—but rather the moment when both fall into bed after a garlic orgy and still grin and pounce on each other.

### When he says “right away”, he means next week

"Equal" – this little word is the greatest weapon of mass destruction in male communication. Women hear it and think:*Okay, he'll do it right away.* Men say it and mean:*Someday. Maybe. If the stars align.*

For men, "In a minute" isn't a time reference, but a placeholder. A magical spell to shut down a discussion without doing anything. Woman: "Take out the trash, please." Man: "I'll do it right away." Translation:*As long as I say that, you'll stop annoying me, and I'll have peace. The trash can wait – but not the TV.*

For women, "right now" is a deadline. For men, it's a flex ticket with no expiration date. She thinks he'll do it in the next two minutes. He thinks:*Well, maybe sometime before my funeral.*

And this leads to the typical scenes in the household:

- She stands there with her arms crossed, looks at the clock, her anger rising.
- He sits calmly on the couch, beer in hand, game on TV.
- She: "You said right away!"
- He: "Yes... right away."
- Translation:*Ask me again in three days.*

The male term "equal" isn't a lie—it's a parallel universe. It's true for him, but not for her. And that's precisely why things get heated every time the word is mentioned.



"I'll do it right away" – that's the standard script in every relationship. And the scenes are so universal that they play out in every household, whether it's a prefab apartment building or a villa.

### **The garbage**

She: "Can you please take the trash down?" He: "I'll do it right away." Two days later: The bag is still there, the organic waste already alive. She freaks out, he shrugs. "I told you: right away."

### **The shelf**

A picture is hanging crooked, a screw is loose. She: "Honey, can you fix that, please?" He: "Right away, after the game is over."

Three weeks later, the shelf is still crooked, but he has since watched the entire Bundesliga.

### **The sex**

She: "Honey, come here." He (with controller in hand): "Right away, let me finish the level." An hour later: She's asleep. And he thinks, "It wasn't that important."

### **The tax return**

She: "We finally have to do our taxes." He: "Yes, I'll do it right away." Six months later: The letter from the tax office arrives. He: "Oh, that was quick."

The pattern is always the same: She expects immediate action, he sees no reason to rush. She thinks he's playing a joke on her. He thinks she's exaggerating. And in the end, the trash is lying on the street, the shelf is crooked, the sex is dead, and the tax office is laughing up its sleeve.

Everyday scenes that show: "Equal" is not just a word – it is the endless loop in which men and women have been driving each other crazy for centuries.

For men, "equal" isn't a time concept, but a priority filter. Men live by an internal to-do list, and the same three things are always at the top: **Beer, football, peace and quiet.** Everything else runs on background processes.

When he says "right away," it doesn't mean "immediately," but rather "as soon as I feel like it." And he only feels like it when his basic needs are met. When the beer is cold, the game is over, and the couch is soft enough—then he can consider whether the trash might be worth a trip to the yard.

From a male perspective, this makes sense: Why act immediately if the world isn't going to end? The bag can sit for another day. The screw can hang crooked

for another three weeks. Taxes can wait another six months. For men, the clock ticks differently: Anything unpleasant is postponed until it becomes unavoidable.

Women, on the other hand, expect "right away" to be something like a real-time command. Like with a dog: "Sit!" – and he does it. But men aren't dogs; they're sloths with their own schedules. And sloths, as we all know, move slowly—very slowly.

Male logic says: If something doesn't cause acute harm, it's not a priority. She sees this as laziness, he sees it as efficiency. The result: She explodes, and he loses his grip on the world.

In short: For men, "equal" is a strategy to avoid stress. For women, it's cheating.

The male brain functions like a task manager. Every task is assigned a priority. Drinking beer?**High Priority**. Watch football?**Critical Process**. Lying on the couch?**System task, must not be terminated**.

And then she comes with "Take the trash down." →**Low priority, background task, will be scheduled at some point – maybe**.

"Right away" is nothing more than a batch job that's at the very bottom of the queue. It won't be executed until all important processes are completed. And since "important processes" for men are often endless (beer, TV, gaming, peace and quiet), the junk job will just be done in a week – if at all.

A woman's brain, on the other hand, functions like a real-time operating system. It expects every task to be executed immediately as soon as it is thrown into the pipeline. "Do it now" = interrupt command. No discussion. Immediate processing.

And that's where it all happens:

- He thinks: "No problem, get in the queue."
- She thinks, "He's doing it now."
- Result: Deadlock. Relationship hangs.

Technically speaking: Men are batch processors, women are interrupt-driven. Men rely on "someday," women on "now." Two systems that are never compatible—unless you debug them with beer or arguments.

Society has long been familiar with the "equal" problem and turns it into comedy. Every sitcom, every commercial, every advice book vomits up this cliché: He sits lazily on the couch, she despairs beside him. She wants action, he wants peace and quiet. The audience laughs, the credits roll.

But in real relationships, this isn't a joke; it's explosive. Women are forced into the role of the eternal pushers. They're the ones who whine, push, and "nag." Men become the opposite—the lazy bastards who can't get anything done. Both feel misrepresented, and both simultaneously confirm the cliché every damn day.

Society laughs at this instead of being honest: Men postpone because they can. Women push because they have to. In the end, it all crashes. Not because one of them is bad, but because two completely different concepts of time clash.

And yet it's always sold as if it were a little joke. "Haha, that's just how men are!" – while out there, thousands of couples are breaking up in arguments over whether "right away" means five minutes or five days.

The hypocrisy is this: Men are laughed at for being "equal," women are despised for their pushiness. Both are wrong, both are right—and both are destroyed by it.

"Right away" isn't just a delay—it's pure teasing. Men use it like a condom for conversation: they pull it on to keep things quiet for a while. "I'll do it right away" means nothing other than: *Now leave me alone, maybe something will happen, maybe not.*

And at some point, women realize: "right away" means "never." At least not without a tantrum, drama, or threat. Only when she screams, slams doors, or puts the garbage bag in the middle of the living room does he move his ass. And then? He also says, "Well, you could have done it yourself."

It gets even nastier when "right away" becomes a constant excuse. Tax return? "I'll do it right away." Dentist appointment? "I'll do it right away." Helping the kids with their homework? "I'll do it right away." Everything gets postponed until it's impossible – and then disaster strikes. Reminders, anger, debt. But the main thing was that he had some peace and quiet.

The worst part: "every moment" erodes trust. Every woman realizes at some point that it's not meant seriously. And once she understands that "every

moment" is a miniature lie, she won't believe the big things you say either. First it's the garbage, then the taxes, then eventually, fidelity.

"Equal" is the small poison that slowly seeps through the entire system. It doesn't kill immediately, but it destroys everything in the long run. Relationship cancer, in a word.

"Right away" is the most innocent, deadly word in the male vocabulary. For him, it means "Leave me alone for now, I'll postpone this until I feel like it." For her, it means "right now." Two interpretations, one endless war.

The trash is rotting, the screw is stuck, the tax return is rotting in the mailbox—and all because he said "right away" and she believed him. Men see it as time management, women see it as betrayal.

Society laughs at it, but in truth, "equal" is a ticking time bomb in every relationship. Because it's not a small thing, but a pattern. A small delay that erodes trust. First it's minutes, then days, then entire lifelong lies.

### If she says "it's okay", run for your life

"It's okay." Three words, as harmless as chamomile tea—and yet the deadliest poison ever to pass a woman's lips.

Men hear this and breathe a sigh of relief. *Phew, lucky me. The matter is settled.* But the truth is: Nothing's over. It's just beginning. "It's okay" isn't a peace offering—it's the starting signal for the execution.

Because when a woman says that, she means the exact opposite. She means: *You're screwed, buddy. I've registered it, stored it, and at some point fate will screw you—from me.*

"It's okay" is the dagger behind your back. It's the quiet smile before she snips off your balls with nail scissors. It's the silent preparatory phase in which she's already considering which WhatsApp contact she'll keep warm next, while you think things are relaxed.

The mean thing about it: Men are so stupid, they really believe it. They hear "okay" and think: *Everything's fine, I can continue.* Wrong. From that moment

on, the clock starts running backward. It's just waiting for the perfect moment to grill you.

If a woman says "it's okay," you have two options: run away immediately—or stay and die.

Men's biggest problem: They believe in words. They hear "okay" and take it at face value. As if women ever say what they mean.

"It's okay" is like a license for the man. He thinks: *Cool, she's done with it. The issue is closed.* So he pours himself another beer, continues gambling, falls asleep – and doesn't notice that inside her she's creating an Excel spreadsheet in which every one of his mistakes is saved with the time and date.

Men are like naive children. They believe what's being said. Women, on the other hand, communicate on a completely different frequency. If she says "It's okay," it means: *Nothing is okay. I hate you right now, I'm saving every second, and I'm going to make you pay.*

And that's exactly why the crash always sounds so brutal later on. The man doesn't understand the explosion because he thought it was over. "But you said it was okay?" – and that's when she laughs like hell inside.

Women never mean what they say. "It's okay" is the biggest trap of all, and men fall for it every time like rats in a cage.

The misunderstanding is simple: He thinks she's forgiving. In reality, she's just taking a run-up.

As long as she's still screaming, you have a chance. If she's raging, throwing plates, slamming her phone against your head—then you're screwed, but at least you know where you stand. Arguing is dangerous, yes—but arguing means there's still something to be salvaged.

But if she quiets down... if she just looks at you, smiles, and whispers, "It's okay"—THEN you're dead. That's not forgiveness. That's delayed execution.

The quiet woman is the true monster. She no longer argues, she takes notes. She no longer shouts, she plans. She has already decided the matter internally – you just haven't.

"It's okay" means she's long since taken control. While you think you've won, she's building her counteroffensive in the background. She's making lists, she's

writing messages, she's already keeping in touch with the "just friend" on WhatsApp.

When women stop getting upset, you're not saved—you're done for. It's the calm before the storm. The brief silence before the hurricane tears your life apart.

Many men don't get this and stay put. But the smart ones run. Because they know: shouting is love, silence is war.

Women immediately condemn men as pigs when they cheat. "*You lousy asshole, you cheated on me!*"—and they're right, of course. But here's the catch: these same women have WhatsApp full of guys who are "just friends," Instagram with hearts under every other photo, and an ex who still texts "How are you?" at 3 a.m.

This is the great double standard: Men are pigs if they cheat. Women are "wounded souls" who are "getting revenge" or "finally living life." If HE ends up in a brothel, he's a bastard. If SHE sleeps in other people's beds, it's "self-discovery" or "he drove me to it."

Slut Logic 101: She's allowed to do it because she has feelings. He's not allowed to do it because all he has is his dick. But in the end, the difference is zero. Cheating is cheating. Whether in a luxury hotel or on a coworker's couch.

And the perverse part? Many men end up paying the price. She cheats, cries, says "it's okay" — and suddenly you're the one to blame. YOU are the reason she tried other cocks. YOU are the asshole who "made" her do it.

Prostitution always operates under double standards. He = pig. She = victim. And that's precisely why "it's okay" is the most dangerous phrase: It can mean she's already started her own side job as a hobby prostitute, while you think everything's fine.

Do you know what the worst part is? Hookers are more honest than many relationships. Yes, you heard right. You know exactly where you stand: money for sex. No drama, no "it's okay," no two-week sulking because you forgot your anniversary. A clear deal.

With a prostitute, you don't have to pretend to be romantic, light candles, or write WhatsApp novels. You pay, you come, you go. That's it. It doesn't get any more honest than that.

In relationships, things often work the same way – only disguised. He pays rent, bills, and gives jewelry. She gives affection, sex, sometimes even peace and quiet. It's nothing more than a hidden barter. Except there's no receipt, and the reckoning is much more gruesome.

And when the drama comes—when she says, "It's okay"—then you know: Nothing is okay. You've already overpaid. Not in cash, but in nerves, time, and life energy.

At least the hooker will give you a genuine blowjob for your money. The woman in "it's okay" mode will make you feel guilty, silent, and eventually, divorce papers.

Some guys say, "I'd rather go to a brothel, where I know where I stand." And as sad as that sounds, they're right. It's definitely more honest than the drama at home.

"It's okay" sounds harmless, but sometimes it means she's already had her own whorehouse going on. She already has a replacement ready. The colleague who's "just a friend." The guy from Tinder who's been sending her heart messages for weeks. Or the ex who never really disappeared.

While you think things are relaxed, she's already off somewhere else. And the worst part? She sleeps peacefully like a baby at night, while you fall asleep believing everything's fine. "It's okay" = cloak of invisibility.

Many men don't realize this until it's too late. When the evidence suddenly appears: messages, photos, maybe even someone else's condom in the bathroom trash can. And then you stand there like an idiot and hear the standard phrase: "But I was so hurt..." – as if that were a free pass for prostitution.

This is the point where "it's okay" becomes the apocalypse. It doesn't just mean she's angry. It means she stopped being faithful to you long ago. That she's lying to you with a sweet smile and a few tears while she's already waiting for the next adventure.

When things get really dirty, "It's okay" isn't just a lie. It's a ticket to a double life where you're the complete idiot who pays while someone else fucks.

"It's okay" isn't a sentence. It's a delayed death sentence. Men hear "okay" and believe in peace. Women say "okay" and mean war.

That little word is poison. It eats away at trust, it eats away at peace, and eventually, it will consume you. There's never forgiveness behind that phrase—only planning. Planning for arguments, for manipulation, for revenge. And sometimes for whoring.

Because that's where the problem lies: While you think everything's been resolved, she's already keeping her options open. A new guy, a chat that's been kept warm, a stranger's bed. "It's okay" isn't just a lie—it's a cover.

The irony: Hookers are more honest than women with this line. With them, you know what you're getting. "It's okay," on the other hand, is like cotton candy with razor blades hidden underneath.

Bottom line: If she says "it's okay," then nothing is okay. Then it's time to run. And run far. Because if you stay, you'll end up a fool—cheated, lied to, and with a fridge full of beer, which you need to wash down the pain.

### Men are lazy, women are thorough – the disaster in the household

The household is the frontline of every relationship. And the basic conflict is always the same: Men are lazy, women are thorough. Period. No poetry, no excuses.

Men view housework like a tedious update on their computer. They know it has to be done, but they put it off as long as it somehow works. "It'll be okay." As long as the garbage bag doesn't implode and they can turn their T-shirt inside out, all's right with the world.

Women see things completely differently. For them, the household is a project, a religion, a damned war against chaos. "Everything has to be perfect." "It's okay." It just has to be shiny, smell good, and be tidy. Every sock in the right place, every crevice clean, every closet organized.

He wipes it once – to him, it's clean. She wipes it five times – to her, it's still dirty. He thinks:*Life is too short for cleaning products.*  
She thinks:*Life is too short to die in the dirt.*

So worlds collide: sloppiness versus obsession with cleanliness. Minimalism versus perfectionism. He wants a couch, she wants a feather duster. And both think the other is crazy.



The result is inevitable: strife. Because standards are never the same. Men's laziness meets women's thoroughness – and the household becomes a battlefield where every sock is a piece of shrapnel.

In everyday life, the war over the household shows itself in the smallest things – and it is precisely these little things that slowly eat away at every relationship like moths in a closet.

**Example cleaning:**

He wipes the table once with the rag. For him: clean. For her: "How can you be so blind?" So she scrubs with three different cleaning products, polishing the surface until the bacteria in the microscope commit suicide. In the end? She's dissatisfied, he's offended because "it was already clean."

**Example laundry:**

He: Open the laundry basket, throw it in, and put everything together. White, colored, black—it doesn't matter, as long as the machine is running. She: Sort by color, temperature, and fabric type. Cotton, delicates, wool. Then add fabric softener, dry-clean, and iron. He doesn't understand this and happily wears a faded pink shirt—she's fuming inside because he messed up the whole plan.

**Example kitchen:**

He cooks spaghetti, lets half of it stick, pours sauce over it, and it's done. She comes in, sees the leftover pasta in the pot, the splashes on the wall, the pile of dishes. For him: after-work beer. For her: disaster.

**Example of cleaning:**

He: Yesterday's socks are just lying there. They can wear them tomorrow. She: Socks belong in the laundry basket, otherwise the apartment will explode. He: "The apartment's alive." She: "You're disgusting."

Everyday life consists of a thousand of these little wars. Each one insignificant, but together they're a constant barrage. She wants perfection, he wants peace. She sees chaos, he sees "it's still okay." And both are right—in their own twisted ways.

Every day becomes a minefield. A sock here, a crumb there – and suddenly the world collapses.

If normal households are already war, then patchwork families are the final stage of nuclear warfare. Chaos doesn't just move in—it builds a holiday home.

Imagine: Three children, three different fathers. Each with a different last name, like it's a damn FIFA team. You call out to one person: "Lisa!" – two fathers jump up because both are listed somewhere in the paperwork. No one knows which child actually belongs to whom anymore. The main thing is that the child support keeps coming.

The fathers? Faceless ATMs. Transfers by standing order. Some drink themselves to death because they realize their only life's work is to regularly ruin their bank statements. They haven't been "dads" for a long time, just IBANs with a child benefit supplement.

And while the ex-husbands are toiling and paying outside, the new boyfriend is inside. The unemployed guy in sweatpants who can't do anything except fuck and play PlayStation. He calls himself "bonus dad," but in reality, he's just a babysitter in exchange for cash. He fucks his mother, keeps the couch warm, and lives like a squirrel off other people's alimony.

The household? A mess. Children with different rules, different schedules, different weekend dads. The mother, who thinks she's the hero, juggles WhatsApp parenting groups, child support lawsuits, and IKEA assembly plans. And in the middle of it all, the new couch king, who doesn't even know how to turn on a vacuum cleaner.

The result: a household that never works. A family that smells more like a welfare office than a home. Men pay, women organize, children are neglected – and no one lives, everyone just survives.

Patchwork families aren't a colorful puzzle. They're like a construction site where the architect got drunk and the site manager took off. And every man caught in such chaos knows: Household? No chance. It's just devastation.

Male laziness around the house is legendary. It's not an excuse; it's a lifestyle. Men don't see housework as a chore, but rather as an obstacle between them and the couch. Everything they do is half-hearted—so half-hearted that even a cat seems more productive when dozing.

### **Want some examples?**

- Dishes: He doesn't put the plate in the dishwasher, but right next to it. "It's almost in."
- Garbage: He doesn't carry the bag downstairs, but leaves it in front of the door. "Someone will come by later anyway."

- Laundry: He manages to take off his socks, but not throw them in the laundry basket. Instead, entire piles of socks grow, like archaeological layers of a filthy life.
- Cleaning: He roughly wipes the table with his sleeve. For him: spotless. For her: bioterrorism.
- Vacuuming: He briefly runs the vacuum over the middle of the carpet and thinks he's gotten rid of the dirt. He ignores the corners because "nobody looks there."

The excuse is always the same: "I'll do it right away." Only "right away" never comes up. "Right away" is male code for "sometime between the end of the world and never."

Male laziness isn't malice. It's a survival instinct. Men think: Why do it now when they could do it later—or better yet, when she does it? It's a perfect system of self-relief.

The problem: Women are different. For them, the chaos is an attack on their dignity; for him, it's just a backdrop for a beer drink. And that's exactly where things get heated.

Male laziness in the details means: He doesn't see problems. She only sees problems. And that's the stuff every household war is made of.

If men are the minimalists in the household, then women are the damn perfectionists. Men say, "It's okay." Women say, "Not by a long shot." And that's precisely why every home is a battlefield.

### **Examples:**

- Cleaning: She scrubs with five cleaning products until the tiles shine like an operating room. He thought a damp cloth would suffice.
- Kitchen: She not only wipes the work surface, she also cleans the joints that can only be seen with a flashlight and magnifying glass.
- Laundry: He stuffs everything together. She sorts it by color, fabric type, temperature—probably even by moon phases.
- Bathroom: He sees a sink. She sees a crime scene full of invisible germs that must be destroyed with disinfection.
- Organization: It creates shopping lists, cleaning schedules, laundry cycles—like a damn project management tool.

Her thoroughness is so pathological that she cleans things he didn't even know existed. "Have you ever cleaned behind the heating pipes?" - "Behind what?"

For her, housework isn't a necessary evil, but a stage on which she proves she's got everything under control. Every clean corner is a quiet triumph. Every layer of dust she finds is an attack on her honor.

He thinks: What's the point? Tomorrow it'll be dirty again. She thinks: That's precisely why it has to be perfect today.

A woman's attention to detail means: Everything has to be neat, clean, perfect – even if it costs time, nerves, and the last remnants of the relationship. She wants control, he wants peace and quiet. She scrubs, he drools. And they both look at each other as if they were from another planet.

Society loves simple images. Men = lazy bastards. Women = domestic heroes. Every advertisement, every sitcom, every crappy family show thrives on this pattern: He lounges on the couch with a beer, she toils like a cleaning lady with an apron and a perm. And the audience laughs because everyone knows it.

But as always, the truth is uglier and more complicated. Yes, men are lazy—not because they can't be, but because they're fed up with the endless pressure to be perfect. They don't see housework as the purpose of life, but rather as background noise. For them, a house is a place to live, not to be sterilized.

And women? Yes, they're thorough—but sometimes to the point of being pathological. They don't clean because it's necessary, but because they have to. Because society has instilled in them that order equals value. A woman whose apartment shines is considered a "good woman." One whose place is chaotic is immediately considered a failure.

So both are trapped. He: the lazy asshole who does nothing. She: the over-the-top perfectionist who is never satisfied. Society applauds the cliché and grins: "Yeah, that's just how they are."

Both of them are secretly throwing up. Men because they're constantly labeled as work-shy people. Women because they never get anywhere in their cleaning frenzy. This isn't harmonious coexistence—it's a constant barrage of accusations, justifications, and eye-rolling.

Society turns it into comedy. In reality, it's tragedy.

A household isn't a nest; it's a battlefield. Men are too lazy, women are too thorough—and right in between, a dirty war breaks out every day. He does too little, she does too much. He says "it's okay," she says "it's not nearly there yet." And both are right—and both are wrong.

Patchwork makes the catastrophe even worse: children with five surnames, fathers as paymasters, mothers as drill sergeants, and in the middle of it all, a new boyfriend who does nothing but have sex and laze around. A household that looks like a welfare office on speed.

Society laughs at the cliché: lazy man, hard-working woman. But in truth, it's the perfect poison. Men refuse, women overdo it—and the household becomes a permanent construction site. Not a home, but a war zone where every sock, every speck of dust, and every dirty plate triggers a new escalation.

Conclusion: Men's laziness and women's thoroughness don't complement each other—they destroy each other. And the result isn't order, but chaos with the smell of cleaning products.

### Beer belly vs. cellulite: Final game in the middle

The human body is a damned construction site. As a child, a temple, at twenty, a disco, at thirty, a run-down pub—and at forty, a smoking room at the train station.

Men and women age—both in their own shitty ways. Men's bellies grow forward, women's asses recede. Men get belly fat, women get bulges. He sweats while climbing stairs, she cries when she looks in the mirror. They both hate it—and both act like the other has it worse.

The man strokes his belly, laughs and says: “It’s all just male reserve, beer belly, sexy dad bod!” – while she stands next to him, squeezes her thighs together and thinks: *If he only knew how many creams, diets, and massages I've tried to get rid of the dents.*

In the end, it's the same thing: decline. No filter, no Instagram, no tube of cream can stop it. Beer belly versus cellulite – that's not a competition, it's a damn downward trend.

The battlefield is midlife. And whether male or female: gravity always wins.

Men talk themselves into believing their beer bellies are great. "It's all just man fat, sexy dad bod, women love it!" – Yeah, right, bro. As if a belly that looks like a bloated beer keg was ever sexy. The only thing women really like is a man with enough belly to make them look slimmer next to him.

And women? They fight cellulite like gladiators. Creams for €80 a tube, anti-dimple massages, fitness classes with fancy names—all just to smooth out the butt tissue. Results? Zero. The dimples remain as if they were carved in with a damn chisel. Cellulite laughs at creams the way beer laughs at non-alcoholic versions.

Both sides are waging the same hopeless war. He sits there, shirt unbuttoned, belly hanging over his jeans, and claims, "Comfortable!" She stands in front of the mirror, tugging at her butt, squeezing her thighs together, and pretends it's just "bad light."

The truth? Nobody looks hot. But everyone's laughing at each other. He makes jokes about her bumps, she makes jokes about his belly. Two ruins mocking each other, while both are already sitting in the same boat – and the boat is sitting low in the water.

In your mid-40s, your body becomes the stage for the most embarrassing show in the world: the midlife crisis. The man sees his belly growing, his hair falling out, and thinks: *Shit, I need a motorcycle.* He suddenly shaves off his chest hair, puts hair gel in his hair, buys expensive sneakers – but his belly still hangs over his pants like a sack of cement.

The woman? She fights the dimples like demons. Gym memberships, juice cleanses, Botox on her face, hyaluronic acid in her lips – but her thighs still tell a different story. No Instagram filter app, no string of lights above the mirror, can help. The cellulite remains, as loyal as a dog.

The tragedy: Both believe they can stop the decline. He tries accessories, she tries diets. But nature laughs. She says: *You'll still rot.*

Midlife crisis in body image means: Men cover up their bellies with coolness, women their dimples with makeup. Both hope the other won't notice – while simultaneously both know exactly what's going on.

It's a tragicomedy in stereo: He with his belly, she with her ass – and both act as if the other has the worse flaw.

The beer belly is essentially nothing more than a bloated database. Decades of input: beer, pizza, chips. Zero optimization, no indexing, never a backup of muscle. In the end, the system requires twice as much storage space – and still runs slower.

Cellulite, on the other hand, is like a buggy user interface. A surface full of rendering errors, tiny dents that can't be fixed even with a thousand patches. You can slap on as much as you like, but the code behind it remains the same.

Both systems have the same core flaw: obsolescence. Hardware works, but with massive fragmentation. Male bodies = legacy servers with bloated tables. Female bodies = pretty frontend with UI bugs.

And the sex? It's like two old computers on a network pinging each other. It still works somehow, but every timeout reminds you that the performance has long since gone to hell.

Technically speaking:

- Beer belly = memory overflow.
- Cellulite = display error.
- Result = System still alive, but with warning message: *"Please upgrade urgently – unfortunately not compatible."*

Society turns the same physical decay into two completely different stories.

The man with the beer belly? "Comfortable, robust, down-to-earth." The woman with cellulite? "Ugh, neglected, unsexy."

Men are allowed to get fat, women aren't. Men call it "dad bod" and even get likes for it. Women call it cellulite—and get smeared with ads for expensive creams.

It's exactly the same game: decay in the middle. He drinks too much beer, she struggles with hormones. Both bodies sag, both change. But only in women is it sold as a flaw. Men are allowed to be barrels with legs, women have to look like they've been Photoshopped.

Media, advertising, films—everything reinforces the lie. A beer belly is portrayed as charming, cellulite as a disaster. He can slump on the couch, while she has to run to the beautician.

This is the societal hypocrisy: men are trivialized for the same physical waste, women are slaughtered for it.

In the end, it doesn't matter what the world says: They're both lying in bed, lights out, sweat on them – and neither is an Instagram filter anymore. There's just beer belly and cellulite sniffing each other in the dark.

The truth is: They both resent each other, but neither admits it. She thinks: *My God, my stomach is hanging over me like a wet sack.* He thinks: *Dude, the dents on my ass look like a torn mattress cover.* And yet they continue, because—what's left? Tinder? The same wrecks are out there, just with filters.

When things get really dirty, sex only takes place in the dark. She insists the lights be off. He doesn't take off his T-shirt because he knows his stomach is bobbing along to the rhythm like a damn rubber bladder. She pretends she doesn't notice, he pretends the bulges don't bother him. A play in the dark, starring: repression.

Even worse: Both act as if they don't have the problem. She buys creams, he buys loose shirts. She talks about "bad light," he talks about "physique." Both know full well: This is shit. But they keep up the facade until the final curtain.

In the end, beer belly and cellulite lie next to each other in bed, secretly stuffing themselves with chips, embarrassed, and simultaneously laughing at each other. A finale that neither wins, but both see it through to the final whistle.

Beer bellies and cellulite aren't cosmetic defects—they're declarations of war by nature. Both sides lose. The belly grows, the butt crumbles, and in between lies the bed where both pretend everything's still the same.

Men talk themselves up for their bellies, women downplay their dimples. But in the end, it's the same thing: decay in the middle, just packaged differently. Society calls him "comfortable" and she "ugly." But in reality, both are equally screwed.

Bottom line: Beer belly vs. cellulite isn't a contest. It's a tie in ugliness. Neither wins, neither is more beautiful—both have just aged more honestly than they'd ever care to admit. And anyone who doesn't accept that should keep doing this shit in the dark.



## Why relationships are like boxing matches (but without a referee)

Relationships are nothing more than constant brawls in the ring. Two people, one room, no escape. At first, it looks like a dance, a bit of feint, a few loose movements. But after the first round, at the latest, you know: This isn't a dance—it's a damn fight.

How's it different from a real boxing match? There are rules, there are rounds, there's a referee who intervenes when someone is down. In relationships, that doesn't exist. No bell, no breaks, no neutral authority. Just two people who have been working each other out and still aren't allowed to leave.

In boxing matches, there are gloves. In relationships? Bare fists, sometimes even words that hit harder than any uppercut. There are no points, no draws, no winners. Just two people who beat each other to the death, round after round – sometimes quietly, sometimes loudly, sometimes with words, sometimes with silence.

And the best part: There's no damn towel to throw in. No way out without someone bleeding. Relationships are boxing matches with no breaks, no rescue, no protection.

At first, it seems harmless. The first blows are little teasing, jokes about his mess or her shoes. A light jab, a quick chuckle. Both pretend it's fun. But everyone quickly realizes: These aren't caresses—they're test blows.

The man: "Another new pair of shoes?" The woman: "And another new beer?" Smiles on their faces, fists in their pockets. This is the moment when the referee in a real fight would warn both of them. In relationships? No judge, no stopping. It's straight on.

Then come the first hard hits:

- Money issue: She fights with bills, he counters with overtime.
- Household topic: She hits him with the vacuum cleaner cord, he defends himself with the couch blanket.
- Jealousy: She brings up WhatsApp chats, he defends himself with silence.

And the first round is already over – both sweating, both annoyed, neither wants to admit it. But the blood is already flowing inside.

The opening blows are never fatal, but they lay the foundation. Every little remark, every dig, is remembered. And playfulness turns serious. Jabs become uppercuts. And the relationship goes into round two.

Forbidden in real boxing, standard in relationships: low blows. Low blows that hit so hard they take your breath away.

The woman is a master of the psychological jab. She brings back old stories that are long past the statute of limitations. "Remember back in 2007, when you smiled at that blonde at the party for too long?" – Bang, liver punch. Or: "My ex never did it like that." – A direct hit between the legs.

The man? Clumsier, but no less brutal. He throws a sledgehammer: "My mother cooks better than you." Or the classic: "Stop crying, it's no good." That's not a blow, it's an attempt at a knockout – but often so clumsy that he stumbles himself.

Low blows exist in every respect:

- Accusations about sex ("With you it's like filing your taxes...").
- Comparisons with ex-partners.
- Blame reversal ("It's your fault that I drink!").

The mean thing: In boxing, you get disqualified for low blows. In relationships, they're simply stored away, like ammunition for the next fight. No referee to say, "Stop, that wasn't fair." No – everything stays in the system, everything will eventually be thrown back.

And so every fight turns into a ground fight where no one plays fair anymore. Because without a referee, any means are permitted – and every word could be the blow that finally takes you out.

A relationship without a referee is like a process without a timeout. An endless loop, no exit, no damn reset button.

Imagine: Two programs are running simultaneously, both are hungry for memory, both are blocking each other. Deadlock. Nothing works anymore except screaming until one of them crashes. This is a relationship in a permanent crisis.

Boxing without rules = code without exception handling. Every error crashes the entire system, and instead of a clear error message, there are only blue screens in the form of doors slamming and WhatsApp chats.

Low blows are like malware. They burrow deep into your system, remaining invisible in the background until they eventually explode. An old argument, a forgotten message, an ex-boyfriend – all Trojans that will eventually completely paralyze your computer or relationship.

Men's brain = batch processing. One hit, full force, then quiet again. Women's brain = multithreading. Ten hits at once, no pause, all hit. Result: CPU overheats, system freezes.

Conclusion in nerd language: A relationship is not a stable server. It's a hackathon full of bugs, with no admin and no backup. If it works, it's only because both parties are too tired to keep banging on it.

Society sells us relationships like wellness. "Partnership is teamwork." - "Two who complement each other." - "Love conquers all." Bullshit. In truth, relationships are constant battles, and everyone in them knows it. Nobody talks about it.

From the outside, it looks like an Instagram filter: happy couple photos, vacations, selfies with toothpaste smiles. From the inside, it's UFC fight night: blood, sweat, tears – and both are waiting for the other to finally fall over.

The media is helping out a lot. Women's magazines write: "How to fight properly." Men's magazines: "How to maintain the upper hand." All just instructions for better fighting strategies. No one says, "Just let it go." No, instead, boxing is glorified as a romantic "partnership."

And society applauds as long as both partners act as if they have everything under control. Divorce? Scandal? Constant arguments? "Oh, that's normal." It's accepted that couples constantly fight each other – the main thing is that they stay together, so the statistics are accurate.

In the end, the whole thing is nothing but hypocrisy. Relationships aren't harmony. They're violence with a nice twist. And everyone laughs about it until they're in the ring themselves.

There are rules in real boxing matches. No punches after the bell, no punches below the belt, no kicking after someone is already down. In relationships? Anything goes.

After an argument, people continue to kick each other on WhatsApp, months later, old sins are dredged up, and people stay silent in bed until one of them

goes out crying. Every low blow counts, and there's no authority that says, "Stop, that's enough."

And when things get really messy, the aftermath hell begins. In the ring, there's a result after twelve rounds; in relationships, the real stress starts after that: divorce, alimony, custody. It's like extra rounds you can't win. You're already knocked out, and yet you still have to compete. Every blow takes away your money, your apartment, your children.

The worst are the fights that never end. Couples who are officially separated but still keep fighting for years. Courts, lawyers, letters, threats. This isn't a boxing match anymore; it's a street brawl with knives – and you're in the middle of it.

A relationship without a referee means the fight never ends. Even when one of them is down, the other keeps kicking. And no one calls the bell.

Relationships are like boxing matches – only unfairer. In the ring, you have rules, referees, rounds, and timeouts. In love, you have nothing. No bell to save you. No "Stop!". No neutral judge. Just two people who beat each other up round after round until one of them bleeds – and yet it still goes on.

The drama: There is no winner. Sometimes he's on the ground, sometimes she's on the floor. Sometimes he wins the round with silence, sometimes she with tears. But in the end, both are broken, exhausted, burned out. But instead of quitting, they move on to the next round, because that's supposed to be what "love" is supposed to be.

Conclusion: A relationship isn't a romantic dance. It's a fight without gloves. And anyone in it knows that you always end up on the ground. The only question is: How many rounds can you survive before you throw in the towel?

**Women want to talk, men want peace – and both want to be right**

Women want to talk. Always. About everything. About the weather, about the neighbor, about the feeling that you "looked at me differently today." For them, talking is the elixir of life. If she doesn't talk, she dies inside like a goldfish without water.

Men, on the other hand, want one thing: peace and quiet. A couch, a beer, maybe even some football. No chatter, no analysis, no endless loops. Peace and quiet are like oxygen to men – they die without it.

And that's exactly when it all comes together. She starts chatting the rest of the evening, while his mind is already on the Bundesliga standings. She talks about feelings, he thinks: *What does the old woman want now?* He remains silent, she rages. She rages, and he remains even more silent. A spiral that leads ever deeper into hell.

The eternal conflict: For her, talking is synonymous with love. For him, quiet is synonymous with peace. She wants dialogue, he wants silence. Two completely opposing basic needs living under one roof. That's not a relationship—it's a ticking time bomb with two completely different operating instructions.

For women, talking isn't a simple exchange of information—it's a war tactic. Words are their ammunition, and they have endless magazines. They don't talk to find solutions; they talk to wear you down.

A woman can spin the same topic for three hours like a barbecue. First from left to right, then from right to left, then chewed over again until you soften up. And just when you think the topic is over – whoosh, she starts all over again. That's not dialogue, that's waterboarding in syllables.

Men try to resist at first. But the longer she talks, the quieter he becomes. At some point, he just nods, says "Hmm" or "Yeah, sure, honey," and doesn't realize he's already making the next mistake. Because she immediately thinks: *He doesn't listen to me at all.*

For women, talking isn't an outlet; it's a weapon. She can hurt with words without using a single swear word. "Why aren't you like Anna's husband?" – that's an uppercut, harder than any punch to the face.

And while men long ago want to hear the bell, she just keeps talking. Relentlessly, mercilessly. A continuous barrage of words until he gives up.

Men need rest like other people need insulin. Couch, beer, silence – that's not a luxury, it's survival. For men, rest means recharging their batteries, switching off their brains, and not fighting for a while.

But for women, male silence is sheer horror. When he's silent, she doesn't think: *Ah, he's relaxing.* She thinks: *He doesn't love me anymore. He has secrets. He's already gone inside.* And just like that, the verbal taunt really begins.

The man remains silent because he wants peace. The woman speaks because she is afraid. He wants peace, she wants answers. He wants emptiness, she wants fullness. Two worlds that are incompatible.

And then it happens: The more she talks, the quieter he becomes. The quieter he becomes, the more she talks. It's a vicious circle. She talks herself into a rage, he withdraws into inner nirvana. She wants closeness, he flees into silence.

Men flee in peace because they have no other weapon. A man who keeps his mouth shut uses it to defend himself against constant fire. But that's exactly what drives them mad.

In short: His calm is her torture. Her speech is his.

Women are like endless loops in logging mode. They constantly generate output. Every thought is logged, every emotion fed into the system. No interruption, no timeout. It just keeps going until the memory is full—or the man collapses.

Men, on the other hand, are like sleep mode. Pause processes, turn down the fan, save battery. For men, rest is a system command: `shutdown -h now`. Do nothing, say nothing, just idleness.

And that's where it all happens:

- She: `while(true){ reden(); }`
  - He: `sleep(infinite);`
- This is incompatible. One process runs hot, the other freezes. Result: deadlock. Relationship hangs. Restart required.

Even worse: If he remains silent, she interprets it as an error. "Why isn't he saying anything? Is he offline? Is he chatting with someone else?" – and she immediately fires even more output into the log file. The more she talks, the more his system freezes.

Technically speaking, women are constantly logging in debug mode, men are in power-saving mode. If both are running at the same time, the system crashes. No patch, no update, no app will fix it.

Society loves this cliché: women are the great communicators, empathetic, talkative, and emotionally intelligent. Men, on the other hand, are the closed-

off blockheads who say nothing, swallow everything, and end up dying like a broken lawnmower.

Talk shows say, "Men need to learn to talk more." Women's magazines say, "Listen to your wives." But no one ever tells women the truth: that talking doesn't automatically mean quality. That constant chatter doesn't equal depth. That 3,000 words about your neighbor's new curtain isn't "communication," it's torture.

Society pushes men onto the couch: "Talk about your feelings." Women are celebrated for doing so. But the reality is: men don't keep quiet because they're cold. They keep quiet because otherwise they would drown in constant chatter. Silence is self-protection, not disinterest.

And women? They often babble not to establish closeness, but to prove themselves right. Society glorifies this as "exchange," but it's actually a constant barrage.

This perpetuates an unfair image: She's the communicative heroine, he's the stubborn idiot. All he wants is five minutes of peace – and she just wants him to tolerate her 500 words per minute. Two exaggerated role models that, on the outside, look like funny comedies, but on the inside, are eroding entire relationships.

When things get really heated, the conversation is no longer about the actual topic. Women start with yesterday's argument, move on to 2015, then dig up a text from some ex, and eventually arrive at "You never listen to me" – while you haven't even been in the room for an hour, mentally searching for your beer in the fridge.

Men try to be calm, but that's exactly what makes everything worse. "Say something!" – he remains silent. "Aha, so you admit it!" – he remains silent. "You bastard, you must have something to hide!" – and then the first glass flies. Calmness becomes provocation, talking becomes torture.

But the dirtiest part is that neither of them wants the truth. Neither of them even wants peace. Both of them only want one thing – RIGHT. She wants him to admit she's right. He wants her to finally shut up so his peace can be justified. This isn't dialogue; it's trench warfare.

And this is where things get perverse: She talks until he explodes. He stays silent until she explodes. Two ticking bombs that turn each other on. And when

it all blows up, the whole relationship is in pieces – and no one knows how it all started.

This is the truth: Talk versus silence isn't a communication problem. It's war with different weapons. She with continuous fire, he with silence. And both end up shooting themselves in the foot.

Women want to talk, men want peace—two completely opposite worlds. And yet they clash every damn day. She thinks: talking = love. He thinks: peace = peace. She talks, he stays silent, both of them freak out.

Society celebrates her chatter as empathy and labels his silence as coldness. But in truth, the two are just different battlefields. She bombards him with words, he buries himself in silence. No winners, only two losers.

In the end, it's not about communication. It's about being right. She wants him to admit she's right. He wants his peace to be considered right. And that's precisely what turns every relationship into an endless tribunal in which both are judge, prosecutor, and defendant in one person.

Conclusion: Talk or keep quiet—it doesn't matter. In the end, both parties just want to be right. And in relationships, no one is ever right. Both are guilty, both are innocent—and in the end, both talk or remain silent until they're worn out.

### Bedtime whispers: Between moaning and tax returns

Pillow talk – the word itself sounds kitsch. Soft voices, warm skin, loving glances, sweet smiles in the pillow. Hollywood sells it as intimate magic, while Instagram turns it into couples' romance with a latte macchiato in bed. It's all fake.

The reality is different: He snores, she sweats, one of them has a stomachache from dinner, and the sheets are sticky like freshly painted walls. "Bedtime talk" actually means: He asks for a blowjob, she thinks about the pile of laundry.

And if she does whisper, it's not "I love you," but "We have to do our taxes again." Romance dead, eroticism over—welcome to reality.



The bed is not a temple of passion. It's a battlefield between moans and everyday life. Between spilled beer and Payback points. Between candle wax and the smell of sweat.

Pillow talk is the biggest lie in human history. It doesn't exist. There are only embarrassing sounds, unsexy thoughts, and two bodies trying to pretend, for five minutes, that they're still young, wild, and hot.

During sex, a woman's mind often has a damn movie playing. Candles, romance, passion, words like velvet. She wants moans, closeness, rose petals on the sheets. For her, the bed is both a stage and therapy.

A different program is running in the man's head: *"How long until I cum?"* and immediately after: *"Shit, I have to do my taxes tomorrow."* While she analyzes emotions, he makes to-do lists. While she focuses on mood, he focuses on time management.

It's the eternal joke: While she thinks sex is a symphony, he treats it like a quickie between two commercial breaks. She wants five acts with a red curtain, he wants three minutes without a crash.

And that's precisely why romance quickly falls into a coma. He thinks about deadlines, she thinks about feelings. He wants to release pressure, she wants closeness. The result: They lie next to each other, one disappointed, the other exhausted. And the only common thread is that neither of them ever admits how shitty it was.

Moaning vs. tax – this isn't a back and forth, it's a battle of realities. She wants eroticism, he wants efficiency. Two worlds, one bed, zero synchronicity.

Cheating never just brings drama—sometimes it also brings little, scratchy, burning souvenirs that no one ordered. Sexually transmitted diseases are the worst thing that infidelity can do.

Whether he went to a brothel or she was "just with a friend" – illnesses are proof that pleasure isn't free. Chlamydia, gonorrhea, herpes – the playlist is long, and it's on repeat a hell of a lot. Nothing destroys trust like a call from the doctor saying, "We've found something..."

And the best part? Both of them then act like they have no clue. "Must have come from the toilet!" – sure, bro, gonorrhea from the toilet seat, I've heard that a hundred times. "Can't have come from me!" – classic, as if diseases were carrier pigeons that just happened to land on you.

The truth: Those who cheat often end up with more than just a guilty conscience. Illnesses are like Trojan horses that you get from dubious sources – first you get horny, then it burns. And unlike porn, you can't just turn the shit off when it hurts.

Infidelities aren't just moral garbage, they're also biological warfare. And in the end, both partners pay the price—with doctor visits, pills, and the last vestiges of trust going down the drain.

If it isn't the cheating, then it's the damn toilet. Public restrooms – the biological version of Russian roulette. Men pee everywhere, women hover like ballet dancers over the bowl, as if they were in a yoga class. And yet, there are more bacteria lurking down there than in a health department petri dish.

Some swear you can't catch anything from the toilet. Others have the stories: herpes from the seat, fungus from the lid, gonorrhea from the train station toilet. True or myth? It doesn't matter. The mere thought of it is enough to make you pee with bated breath.

Men have it easy: unzip, spray, and you're done. Women, on the other hand, crouch over the bowl like skydivers in a last-minute split second. In doing so, they wipe away more viruses than anyone has ever seen in biology class.

And the best part? That's where couples sometimes get their "unexpected gifts." He swears he's faithful. She swears she's never been a stranger. But both get a rash – and each thinks: *Shit, where did this come from?*

Public restrooms are the dark web servers of everyday life. You go in, hope nothing happens – and walk out with malware in your crotch.

Cheating is like downloading something from a dubious website: It looks awesome at first, runs smoothly at first, and then you end up with a massive virus that eats away at your system. One unprotected landing on the wrong file, and your dating PC just blinks red.

Sexually transmitted diseases are nothing more than malware for the flesh. Gonorrhea = Trojan horse. Herpes = spyware, keeps coming back. HIV = rootkit, stays in the system forever. No antivirus program, no condom, no excuse can protect you 100%.

And public restrooms? They're unpatched servers full of exploits. Anyone who sits on them risks a zero-day. You never know which complete idiot uploaded

their malware there before you. You're just a clueless user hoping to get through with a bit of toilet paper as a protective barrier.

In this image, relationships are nothing more than a firewall – and it's constantly being circumvented. Sometimes through infidelities, sometimes through toilet horror. The result: system compromised, trust broken, a reboot necessary.

Conclusion in tech language:

- Sex without protection = inserting a stranger's USB stick.
- Cheating = downloading from the Pirate Bay.
- Toilet at the train station = unsecured hotspot full of hackers.

And in the end, every idiot wonders why the system collapses.

Society loves to talk about love – but remains silent when it comes to the filth behind it. In every movie, people are having sex as if everyone were sterile, freshly showered, and perfectly healthy. No one coughs, no one scratches, no one runs to the doctor with wet feet. Everything is clean, everything shines.

Advertisements sell condoms with hearts and smiling models – but no one shows what it's really like when you're sitting at the urologist's with a burning penis after a strange adventure. Women's magazines write about "passion and devotion," but fail to mention that this same devotion ends in the waiting room at the gynecologist's.

And no one talks about the everyday horror: public restrooms. While influencers post selfies in club restrooms, every normal person knows: This is a biological battlefield. But society acts as if it's all harmless.

The hypocrisy is brutal: Sex is sold as pure romance, while illnesses are kept secret. No one talks about the gonorrhea rate, the chlamydia epidemic, the fungus that's sweeping through half of the student dorms. Everything is swept under the rug because the illusion of clean sex sounds better than the truth of dirty beds.

Socially speaking, everyone wants to talk about moaning, no one about rashes. But the two belong together, damn it.

Bedtime talk sounds romantic, but in reality, it's just camouflage. Behind the moans lurk bills, mistrust, and sometimes even itching. The dream of passion

quickly turns into a doctor's nightmare if the affair has left you with more than just a guilty conscience.

Sexually transmitted diseases are the price you pay for cheating—or for the misfortune of ending up on a toilet that's already seen 300 strangers' asses. Whether it's a Tinder date, a visit to a brothel, or a train station bathroom—they're all just different versions of the same lottery, and you rarely win.

Society prefers to talk about candles and kisses, but not about gonorrhea pills. No one reveals the truth that love often ends in the pharmacy.

Bottom line: Sometimes there's only a tiny step between orgasm and a visit to the doctor. Bedtime talk is nice – until you realize you've not only caught sweet words, but also a virus. And then "I love you" won't help; only penicillin will.

### Finding the middle ground: Somewhere between whiskey and white wine

Alcohol is the most honest metaphor for relationships. Whiskey is the man: hard, burning, direct. No frills, no fruit flavor, no heart on the bottle. One sip and you know immediately: *It will either crash or you'll fall over.* Men love this – because it's easy.

White wine is for women: sweet, playful, socially acceptable. Sounds harmless, tastes of fruit and sunshine – but beware if you drink the third bottle. Then you'll be lying in bed with a headache and swear never to touch such a devilish thing again. Women love it – because it creates "ambiance," even if it ends up going down like a shot of cheap whiskey.

Whiskey = bitter, honest, straight forward. White wine = sweet, treacherous, blinds you.

And just like with drinking, the two extremes collide in relationships. The man wants the direct effect: *Bang, ready, quiet.* The woman wants the mood: *Light, sparkling, endless chatting.* Two types of alcohol that don't get along – and yet always end up at the same table.

The big question: Where is the middle ground between whiskey and white wine? Spoiler alert: It's not between fine cognac or some fancy "gin with rosemary sprig." The middle ground lies in the bargain basement at the gas station.

Pfeffi. Apple schnapps. Sangria from a bucket. Something that tastes like a youth club party and ends up like vomit in the sink. The middle isn't glamorous; it's embarrassing. But that's precisely why it works.

Because whiskey is too strong for many women – "Yuck, that burns!" – and white wine is too lame for many men – "What's with all that sweet shit?" So they meet up for green peppermint schnapps, which tastes like mouthwash, or apple schnapps, which screams headache even in the bottle.

The middle ground isn't classy, it's cheap. No tasting, no ambiance. Just throw it in, as long as it gives both of you the same kick.

And that's exactly what relationship compromise is in liquid form: Neither gets what they actually want. Both drink what they hate – and end up throwing up together.

Men drink with one goal in mind: to make an impact. Get drunk quickly, relax, and think about the end of the day. A man downs whiskey like a system command: `shutdown -h now`. Short, tough, efficient.

Women, on the other hand, drink for the mood. White wine isn't just alcohol; it's an event. "Let's open a bottle and chat." She sips, he knocks back. She wants atmosphere, he wants numbness.

When the two drink together, their worlds collide. She wants to enjoy the evening, chat, and philosophize, while he's already thinking by the third glass: Are we going to have a blast, or are we just going to spend the whole night talking about feelings?

The middle ground emerges when both indulge in cheap booze. She takes a Pfeffi because it "tastes funny." He takes it because it at least packs a punch. She finds Apfelkorn "snackable," he says, "Screw it, the main thing is that it works." For a brief moment, the man and woman are the same: two idiots with sticky glasses in their hands, getting drunk because neither of them got the drink they actually wanted.

It's the truth: Men drink for peace and quiet. Women drink for drama. And somewhere in between, the bottle of Pfeffi is there, ruining both of their mornings.

Whiskey is like a low-level programming language. Direct, uncompromising, close to the hardware. You have to know what you're doing—otherwise, the entire system will explode. Whiskey is C: hard, dangerous, but efficient.

White wine, on the other hand, is like a colorful user interface. Everything's pretty, colorful, and easy to use – but beware if you look at the backend. There you'll find nothing but chaos, crashes, and a CPU that groans like an old fan. White wine is PowerPoint: beautifully packaged, but with zero substance.

And what's the middle ground? Pfeffi and Apfelkorn are like poorly documented libraries that everyone uses anyway. Downloaded from somewhere, no one knows exactly how they work, but they serve their purpose: to create chaos in the system.

- Pfeffi = a green flashing beta version, tastes like mouthwash, explodes like a memory leak.
- Apfelkorn = deprecated software, old, sticky, but still runs on too many systems.

In relationship terms, this means: Whiskey (he) and white wine (she) are incompatible. Only when both load the crappy library (Pfeffi/Apfelkorn) do they run "synchronously." Briefly, until the system crashes with a massive core dump (puke).

Society always sells alcohol with a fine veneer. Wine tastings with cheese cubes, whiskey tastings with cigars and leather armchairs. Everything looks classy, everything smells of culture. In reality? Most people just swig the cheapest stuff until their brains shut down.

A "wine night with friends" is nothing more than a chat over booze, where by the third bottle at the latest, everyone starts crying or gossiping. A "whiskey tasting with the guys" doesn't end in philosophical discussions about vanilla notes, but in a drunken stupor, where one person pukes and the other gets beaten into a taxi.

And the middle ground? Society never talks about it. Pfeffi, apple schnapps, sangria from a bucket – these are the true drinks of the people. No stemmed glasses, no crystal carafes. Plastic cups, cardboard straws, sticky hands. This is the reality that no one portrays in advertising.

Just like in relationships: On the outside, everything seems fine—fancy photos, romantic dinners, everything polished. But the truth is, most couples survive on cheap, compromised booze. No great love, no noble harmony—just a smoky smoky smoky in the middle that equally numbs both.

Society romanticizes alcohol just like relationships. Shine on the outside, headache on the inside.

When things get really dirty, the middle isn't romantic, but puke-green. Pepperoni puke in the sink, apple schnapps burps on the couch, sangria in the carpet. Two bodies that were actually still trying to touch each other suddenly find themselves hanging over the bowl, praying to God that the room finally stops going around like a carousel.

This is the true "middle ground" in relationships: Not fine whiskey, not fine white wine—but the cheapest booze that drags both down to the same level. Men and women equally miserable, sweating, stinking, at their limits. And right there, in the shared gagging over the toilet bowl, closeness suddenly arises. A sick form of equality, but at least honest.

Because there's no mask left. No fine facade, no romance. Just two wrecks who, the next morning, use chlorine cleaner to remove traces and swear: "Never again!" – until the next round.

This is what it looks like when relationships find their center: in the crash, not in the glass.

The middle ground between whiskey and white wine isn't a noble compromise. It's cheap, sticky, and it's found at the bottom of the shelf—with schnapps, apple schnapps, or some other booze that screams headache the moment you open it.

Whiskey is too strong, white wine is too sweet—the middle ground is the garbage they both actually hate, but drink together anyway because nothing else is available. Just like in relationships: neither gets what they want, so they both compromise. And it tastes terrible, but it's a reliable hit.

In the end, what's left isn't subtle romance, but shared misery. Two bodies choking down the same booze, sharing the same headaches, and repeating the same crap the next day.

Conclusion: The true center is not harmony, but Pfeffi. Not love, but apple schnapps. Relationships don't work through fine wine—they work through gulping down cheap stuff together until both are equally broken.

And if you stay single: at least you don't have to let anyone vote on your snoring

Being single has a bad reputation. Everyone talks about being "lonely," "sad," "lost." Bullshit. Being single means, above all, finally breathing freely. No old woman pulling on you at night because you snore like a jackhammer. No arguments about blankets, pillows, or "could you turn over, I can't sleep."

As a single person, you can saw like a lumberjack and no one will take minutes of your breathing. You can sleep naked, with a thick wool blanket in winter, or on the cold laminate floor in summer—it doesn't matter. No one will croak in the middle of it.

And the best part: Your apartment belongs to you. Your mess belongs to you. Your fridge belongs to you. No arguments about whether beer or pickles are more important. No whining about "we have to take out the trash again." You alone decide whether to knock back another one or just puke in the corner.

That's the freedom of being single: no compromises, no whining, no "We need to talk." Just you, your snoring, your peace and quiet. And when you wake up in the night because you were snoring so loudly yourself, you laugh, turn over, and go back to sleep.

Snoring is war in relationships. At night, people punch, kick, and whine. "You kept me awake!" – as if sleep were a democratic project. Entire marriages have been torn apart by this noise. Couples have had arguments like those in the Bundestag: *On the left, the party of snorers, on the right, the party of the annoyed.* And in the end, the one with the quieter lungs always loses.

Single? It doesn't matter. You can snore like a truck driver who's crashed after three days at a festival. No one complains, no one kicks you, no one threatens you with separate bedrooms. You're your own party, your own judge, your own damn sleeper.

And it goes even further: Being single doesn't just mean peace in bed—it also means peace in your wallet. While married people blow their money on shoes, fitted kitchens, or children's birthday parties, single people hoard their money



like Scrooge McDuck. No alimony, no €50 bouquet of roses, no damn scented candles. Everything stays in your bank account—or in your minibar.

Singles snore louder, but they sleep better. That's the truth no one wants to hear: Relationships cost money, being single pays dividends.

The best thing about being single is: these days, you don't even need a relationship to find someone. Back then, you had to get drunk and pick up some half-assed bar acquaintance whenever you felt like it. Now? Click on eBay or Amazon – and two days later, rubber tits, silicone asses, or sex dolls are sitting in a box on your doorstep. Prime shipping for your horniness.

There are spare parts for everything. Artificial mouths that suck without whining. Inflatable women who never ask, "Honey, do you still love me?"—but only ask for a little Vaseline. Dildos, vibrators, entire cyber sex machines that have more stamina than any human relationship.

The irony is: These replacement parts are easier to maintain, cheaper, and, above all, quieter. No complaining, no snoring vetoes, no "Turn off the light, I look like shit right now." Plastic doesn't judge. Plastic gives you what you order.

Sure, that's not romantic. But honestly, what's more romantic—a relationship that drains you financially, or a 99-euro silicone kit that never demands alimony?

The spare parts market proves: Being single doesn't mean being alone. It means you can pump up your company—and when you're fed up, you simply pull the plug.

A relationship is a multi-user system. Multiple users share the same resources: bed, refrigerator, bank account. Conflicts are guaranteed. Deadlocks are inevitable. If she wants CPU time to talk while he needs the GPU to watch porn – boom, crash. No load balancing in the world can handle this properly.

Being single, on the other hand, means single-user mode with root privileges. You have full control; no one can start processes except you. No fighting over storage space in your closet, no access to your paycheck. Everything runs on your user account, everything according to your priorities.

And those rubber tits from eBay? Those are plugins. Cheap third-party libraries that can be installed without much compatibility checking. Some are prone to bugs, others run reliably for years. But one thing is clear: They don't demand updates in the form of "vacation by the sea" or "new kitchen."

Computer science translated:

- Relationship = shared hosting → loud, slow, constant crashes.
- Single = Dedicated Server → full performance, full freedom.
- Spare parts = add-ons → not perfect, but they do the job as long as you know how to use them.

In short: As a single user, you're your own admin. No extraneous processes, no annoying users. Just you, your root access—and a few plugins from China when you get bored.

Society treats singles like lepers. "You're so alone." - "Don't you want to finally find someone?" - "Growing old alone is terrible!" Blah blah. In truth, it's usually the couples who are alone—alone in their endless arguments, alone in their dead marriages, alone in the bedroom where no one has slept in months.

Singles, on the other hand, have freedom. They don't have to blow money on shoes, honeymoons, or children's birthdays. They can buy things they really want: new technology, travel, or even a pair of silicone breasts from eBay. And yes – society laughs at it. But who has the better deal? The married idiot with a permanent overdraft or the single person who keeps all their money for themselves?

Women in relationships post filtered photos of bouquets of roses while secretly keeping backup men on the hook via WhatsApp. Men in relationships talk big about responsibility while getting into their cars after work, considering whether they really want to drive home. And singles? They chill, sleep whenever they want, and quietly get rich.

Society presents couple life as the ideal, but for many, it's just a prison with decorations. Being single is portrayed as sad, but for some, it's pure luxury: complete control, a full bank account, shelves full of spare parts.

When things get really messy, the difference becomes brutally apparent: Couples end up with a lawyer, singles end up with a delivery service. Couples argue about alimony, custody, and who gets the damn Thermomix. Singles, at most, argue with themselves about whether to get pizza or kebab.

Married men work hard, pay their way through the roof, and still end up in court because they supposedly didn't "give" enough. Single men, on the other hand, sit there, count their money, and laugh their heads off. No alimony, no

divorce lawyers, no childcare—at most, a Pornhub premium bill, and that's voluntary.

And yes, the single man has his spare parts. Rubber tits, inflatable dolls, silicone asses. Ridiculous? Maybe. But you know what's even more ridiculous? Paying for 30 years for a woman who's already been sleeping with your "best friend." Plastic will never take you to court. Plastic doesn't demand child support. At most, plastic will fuck you if it bursts—but that can be fixed with a patch.

Dirty truth: Relationships are expensive wars, singles are cheap battles with oneself. And if you come to the point, puking alone after drinking apple schnapps is still better than sitting with someone at a lawyer's office arguing about the refrigerator.

Being single isn't a punishment—it's damn freedom. You snore as loudly as you want, and no one keeps track. You squander your money on yourself, getting rich on the side, while married people drown in consumer debt and alimony.

Yes, you don't have a woman next to you – but then you don't have a war in bed, no arguments about thermostats, no obligation to give roses on Valentine's Day. Instead, you have peace, a bank account with no drain, and if you get the itch, you can just order rubber tits from eBay. Cheaper, more honest, and guaranteed without a divorce lawyer.

Society calls you "lonely." But in truth, you are free. Free from the circus, free from the constant torment, free from the trench warfare that others call a "relationship."

Conclusion: Better to be alone with snoring, plastic, and Pfeffen than trapped in the constant drama of alimony. Single means peace, wealth, reality. And that's more than most couples will ever have.

## Afterword: In the end, only the crackling of cigarette embers remains

Everything said, everything spat out, everything written down like vomit after a night of heavy drinking. Men, women, cheating, beer, Pfeffi, all that deceitful relationship garbage—it's here now, in black and white. A guidebook that doesn't want to be one, just a pile of filth in letter form.

And what's left in the end? No advice book, no recipe for happiness, no stupid marriage proposal. Just the last drag of a cigarette that's long too short to hold properly. Ash on your pants, smoke in your lungs, a bitter ache in your throat.

That's life: you pull on it, it glows, it burns, it slowly goes out. And yet you still reach for the next cigarette. Just like the next woman, the next piece of misery. Because you don't learn anything from it. Because no one learns from it.

The last move is never the last. It's just the pause before you grab the same shit again.

Smoke is the most honest metaphor for relationships. At first, it burns hot, wild, and uncontrollable. You puff greedily, savoring it, feeling alive. But the longer the cigarette goes on, the bitterer the taste becomes. The embers eat away at the cigarette, the filter stinks, your fingers stick. And eventually, all that's left is ash.

It's the same with love. It starts out full of fire, but by the end, it's just burnt stuff in the ashtray. You cough, you swear never again, and yet you do it again. Because you're addicted. To the warmth, the kick, the brief feeling of being alive.

Relationships burn out like cigarettes. First, flickering passion, then smoke in the room, then a stench you can never get out of the curtains. But no matter – you reach for the pack again. Everyone does it, no one learns.

Smoke is the symbol: It sometimes looks beautiful in the light, but it destroys you from within. Just like love.

Men and women – two species that have been hunting, fucking, cheating, and destroying each other for millennia. He with his beer belly, she with her bumps, both with their neuroses. Neither is perfect, neither is better – but each wears the other down.

It's a never-ending cycle: meet, fuck, fight, cheat, break up. Then it starts all over again. New faces, same problems. New body, same dirty soul. A wrestling match that never ends.

Men seek security in their drunkenness, women seek validation in drama. In the end, both just get headaches. Sometimes from alcohol, sometimes from life.

And yet: They can't let it go. The man goes back to the bar, the woman back on Instagram. One is looking for the next fuck, the other for the next savior. Both continue to stumble through the same quagmire, calling it love, calling it relationship, calling it fate.

The truth: It's not fate. It's just human stupidity. An endless loop, a game with no winners. Men, women—two smoke rings that dissipate before they reach the ceiling.

I'm not a guru, a therapist, or a self-proclaimed relationship coach with teeth whitening and an Instagram smile. I'm just someone who's seen, smelled, and lived through the shit. Someone who's drunk enough whiskey to know that relationships burn like cheap cigarettes—hot at the beginning, nasty at the end.

I have no solution, no "10-step program to happiness." All I have are words that stink of smoke and taste of beer. Snot on paper, with no regard for the consequences.

Maybe you'll laugh, maybe you'll curse, maybe you'll see your own misery between the lines. And if not, screw it. Then you just wasted an evening and drank a few beers. It still wasn't worse than any relationship.

In the end, I'm just a guy without a gallows bell, a tattered heart, and enough cynicism to write it all down. No happy ending, no "they lived happily ever after." Just the sound of cigarette papers slowly collapsing.

The paper is full, the ashtray is overflowing, the bottle is empty. Time to go outside. The night stinks of rain and street dust, the neon lights flicker, a siren wails somewhere. Welcome to the real epilogue.

I trudge to the Späti on the corner, the only one still open when everything else is already closed. Behind the counter sits a man who looks like he's also given up long ago. The perfect priest for my confession.

I'll grab a Sternburger Export beer— cheap, honest, no fake labels. Just like this book. Plus a flask of Pfeffi, green as the devil, which will greet you the next morning with a brain explosion. Two products that contain more truth than any love guide on the bestseller list.

With that, I go outside, sit on the curb, open the lighter, and light another cigarette. I toast the night, myself, and every asshole out there going through the same mess.

This is how I celebrate this masterpiece: with a Sterni in my fist, a Pfeffi in my throat, and the knowledge that life is one big Späti — always open, always dirty, always honest.

In the end, nothing remains of all the chapters, all the curses, all the jokes— except smoke, beer, and the sound of a night that never ends. Men and women will continue to argue, continue to drink, continue to cheat, continue to lie. The world keeps turning, even if you've long since passed out drunk.

But maybe you laughed here. Maybe you shook your head, nodded, cursed while reading. And if your breasts jiggled while you laughed, then it was all worth it.

The crackling of the cigarette embers, a last sip, and then —**Quiet.**

## imprint

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