

Solomon II Blog

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Welcome to The Solomon Group

by Dalrock

Let the wise listen and add to their learning, and let the discerning get guidance. How long will the simple ones love their simple ways? How long will mockers delight in mockery and fools hate knowledge?

These are the words of King Solomon, sovereign of ancient Israel during four of its most peaceful and prosperous decades. Legend says the good King was given wisdom unlike any other by God almighty himself, and that all who knew him regarded him as the wisest among rulers. Under his leadership, ancient Israel moved closer than it had ever been to the Messianic Ideal.

As with any wealthy and successful man of influence, Solomon was a pussy magnet. He had 700 wives and 300 concubines. Not surprisingly, this led to his eventual downfall. It seems not even god-like wisdom can save a man from losing his damn mind when subjected to the coercion and incessant bitching of the fairer sex.

Many men today are members of The Solomon Group. They are successful, knowledgeable and wise in the ways of the world – yet they underestimate how their decisions and interaction with the opposite sex impacts their lives until it's too late. In Solomon's case, his nation began to degrade and his son's rightful kingdom was divided. Moral of the story: Trust your wisdom and judgment when it comes to women or God is going to fuck you so hard your children will feel it.

This blog is a collection of modern day Proverbs for men derived from personal experience and information gleaned from the most talented writers and insightful commenters in the Manosphere.

As iron sharpens iron, so one man sharpens another.

- King Solomon

Welcome to The Solomon Group.

Original post date: August 19, 2010

Proverb 1: Man

by Dalrock

I am not a guy, a dude, or a boy. I am a man. I will refer to myself as such and demand others do the same.

Men are responsible for 99.9% of everything worth celebrating, lamenting, embracing and shunning in recorded history. Good and evil are defined, constructed, and introduced to the world by men. Take your societal position seriously, and never allow women or feminized pussyboys to erode what it means to be a man. Never let them use shaming language to strip you of your title.

SUGGESTED READING: The Catalog of Anti-Male Shaming Tactics by Jaded Guy

Originally Posted: August 23, 2010 by Solomon II

Proverb 2: Level the Playing Field

by Dalrock

Women are intelligent, creative and cunning. Society at large and the legal system guarantee a woman's right to use her natural abilities while diffusing a man's defenses. Fight fire with fire and level the playing field by granting yourself the impunity of a woman.

Women socialize. Men fight. Women are encouraged to embrace their feelings and act upon them with impunity, while men are shamed for displaying anything but chivalry, emotional fortitude, and honor.

This allows women in the workplace and at home to use their natural abilities to influence the outcome of social interaction – especially conflict – and get their way. They have the right to cry, be theatrical, manipulate, lie (if they believe the lie to be true-ish) and engage in passive aggressive behavior as long as they're being "honest about their feelings". Men are shamed for displaying such traits, while their natural instincts to intimidate or physically fight for what they want are terms for dismissal at work, incarceration on the street, and divorce/breakups at home.

To combat this phenomenon, men must grant themselves the impunity of a woman. Her "by any means necessary" approach sets the rules of engagement. Whether at work or at home, engage a woman using her own tools and tactics. The phrase "you fight like a girl" is not an insult in the 21st Century.

SUGGESTED READING: What Women Can Teach You About Real Strength by Richard Conniff

Originally Posted: August 23, 2010 by Solomon II

Pingback: [As long as they're being honest about their feelings « Becoming Alpha](#)

Proverb 3: The Bright Side of Feminism

by Dalrock

Feminism is a great way for Alpha males to control Beta males by proxy.

At work and at home, the fairer sex demands the rights of a modern man but the consideration, value and protection of a traditional woman. While this "having it both ways" scenario can be unnerving to say the least, it's not going away so we might as well use it to our advantage.

Let's look at a scenario featuring a mother daughter combo, an Alpha, and his Beta counterpart.

SCENARIO: At work, a 48 year old woman wants to be promoted to Regional Manager for office locations in 4 states. She's competent and reasonably qualified, and since there's a gender gap on the management team, the company gives her preference. Less than 1 month after taking on her new role, the woman complains about traveling all the time and not spending enough time with her 22 year old daughter who will soon be graduating from college and moving away. She also needs help getting the marketing materials that have been mailed to her hotel transferred to the convention center on every trip because she's not able to carry such heavy boxes in a taxi. In addition, she's offended that the other male regional managers don't seem to value her opinion because she's only held her position for six weeks, and of course, because she's a woman.

Billy Beta's Response: Why can't women pull their own weight and do the same work men are expected to do blah, blah, blah...

Alan Alpha's Response: It's terrible that no one is here to support you and listen to your feedback. I for one think you're to be commended for excelling in a toxic environment that refuses to recognize the contributions of women.

Notice he doesn't actually do anything for her; he merely validates her position and reinforces her irrational behavior like an overprotective parent makes excuses for a spoiled child.

Now Billy Beta is viewed as a typical misogynistic pig, but Alan Alpha has earned her loyalty. Sure, the Alpha has zero respect for her and knows she's nothing but a worthless, aging, nagging femcunt, but she doesn't know he feels that way. She's in his corner as long as he continues to placate her. The Alpha male has embraced the feminist system and has basically bought a Regional Manager that he can manipulate in the future.

After handling the Regional Manager, Alan Alpha and Billy Beta stop by their favorite bar on their way home for happy hour.

At the bar, Alan Alpha and Billy Beta just happen to bump in to the Regional Manager's 22 year old daughter. She enjoys a lifestyle of serial monogamy accented with bursts of soft hedonism. She parties and fucks whoever she wants, whenever she wants, however she wants, but still expects to be valued on the marriage market like a chaste 19th Century Victorian virgin. Sure, she got her ass stuffed last week by a man she had only met two hours earlier, but hey, she's just enjoying her youth. Besides, she's had a few long term boyfriends along the way and guys do it all the time, so what's the harm? She self-righteously works to discredit the evil double standard one hot salty load at a time.

Billy Beta's Response: Women today are such sluts. They have no self esteem or place any value on themselves. I'd never have a long term relationship or marry a woman like that blah, blah, blah...

Alan Alpha's Response: I value a woman who has the strength and sense of self to explore her sexuality. It's healthy, natural, and normal for a woman to be in tune with her wants, needs and desires. I'd far rather be with a woman who has experienced life to the fullest than some moralistic prude who is bound by the rules of men. A strong woman who isn't afraid to be herself is sexy and desirable.

Once again, Billy Beta is viewed as a typical controlling misogynistic pig and a jealous little boy who needs to grow up while Alan Alpha is perceived as a grounded, progressive and educated man of the world. Sure, Alan Alpha has zero respect for her and regards her as merely a cum dumpster to the masses, but she doesn't know he thinks this way. She's in his corner (and on his cock) as long as he continues to placate her. Alan Alpha has embraced the feminist ideals of promiscuous self exploitation and can now add another notch to his bedpost. As he pulls his dick out of her mouth and squirts his load all over the lips that will one day kiss the first born son of a pathetic Beta, he looks into her eyes and knows that thanks to her espousal of feminist propaganda, he's not taking advantage of her at all. He's simply giving her exactly what she wants – the right to be a Sexually Liberated Urban Tart.

END

Alan Alpha has controlled Billy Beta by highlighting his insecurities and childishness for the women in his sphere to see and judge. Of course Alan Alpha knows that maintaining antipathy for Western women does not mean a man is insecure or childish, but that revealing that antipathy through Beta rage in public certainly makes it seem that way. He coaxed the Beta out into the open, poked him with a feminist stick, and let him make a fool of himself for all the women to see.

So in the end, the Alpha has neutered the Beta both at work and in the dating marketplace. Then the Alpha made his own professional life better by keeping Regional Manager Mom happy while he fucked her slutty daughter.

Following Alan Alpha's game plan and pacifying the dumbest bitches on the planet is akin to drinking your own piss. But when trapped in the collapsed mine shaft of feminism, a man has to do what a man has to do in order to survive.

[SUGGESTED READING: The Sunny Side of Civilizational Decline by Ferdinand Bardamu](#)

Proverb 4: The Power of No

by Dalrock

The most powerful word in a man's vocabulary is "no". Learn how to say no to a woman without hesitation, reservation, or explanation.

One of my best friends is a high school basketball coach, and his wife is an elementary school teacher. The other day my buddy and I went to play basketball at the school, and we stopped by her classroom on the way in just to say hi. As we approached her room, we noticed she was outside in the hall talking to a little boy and a little girl. Uh oh, somebody got in trouble! Anyway, we stood there for a moment waiting for her as she finished talking to the kids.

I don't know the whole story, but evidently the little girl took something from the little boy (stole his ball, or something like that). What the teacher told each of them really opened my eyes and caused me to reflect on my entire childhood. The bottom line was this: The little

boy needs to treat the little girl like a lady by sharing, and the lady needs to ask nicely if she wants something and she'll get it.

Basically, if the girl wants something, she should ask for it – and the boy should give it.

We live in a culture where as early as the 2nd grade, young men are conditioned to believe that they should never tell a woman “no”, and that if a woman asks for something, she should expect to receive it.

Think about how many times you've been played or watched your friends be played by a woman. How many free drinks, shopping sprees, trips or gifts have been purchased by men who received nothing in return? (By the way, I'm typing this on a \$1,900 laptop some chump bought for my girlfriend because he wanted to fuck her. She says he didn't get to, and I believe her because of that smug little grin on her face – the one women get when they play a man big time). How many times have you gone against your better judgment and dated a woman a little too long, let her move in, or made the six hour \$900 trip to see her parents at Christmas when you knew it wasn't going to last – all because you couldn't say no? I was always too smart to be played for cash or gifts, but as far as the other stuff, I've been there a few times and it's embarrassing.

Men, we must undo our social conditioning which has taught us that everything with a clit is a lady and should be treated as such. It's not only untrue; it's detrimental to our emotional wellbeing. Society teaches us how to treat a lady, but not how to define one. That's where we have to step in and determine for ourselves who is a lady and who just happens to have a vagina.

We all know that arguing with a woman or trying to explain our thought process when we refuse to give in to her is pointless. You might as well go talk to a damn wall. Women are unprincipled which means all they know is that either they want it or they don't. Your job is to comply, or you're a selfish prick. That's why you should trust your gut, follow your principles, and learn to say no without hesitation, reservation, or explanation.

Warning: If you take this Proverb to heart, you're going to be dealing with some very pissed off women. Be prepared.

[SUGGESTED READING: Women Who Use Men \(Q&A\) with Doc Love](#)

Proverb 5: Little Critters

by Dalrock

Deep inside the female mind lives two little critters: The Rationalization Hamster (*Whorus justifyus*) recently popularized by Roissy if I'm not mistaken, and the Entitlement Monkey (*Twatus privilegeus*). Any man who desires to be successful with women at any stage from pickup to long term relationship must know when to engage, and more importantly, when to steer clear of this dynamic duo.

If you're a woman reading this, please note I'm talking about every woman but you, so no worries. Let's start with the Rationalization Hamster.

Whorus justifyus is believed to be the single most powerful creature on earth. Scientists theorize the creature evolved from the cells of a busted hymen approximately 200 million years ago when a meteor crashed into the planet bringing with it radiation that increased estrogen levels in unborn fetuses. Over time, the rationalization hamster grew stronger until it completely took over the left side of the female brain, rendering women unable to be reasonable or logical regarding anything that goes against their wants, wishes or desires regardless of evidence to the contrary.

Basic characteristics of the Rationalization Hamster include:

1. Never sleeps.
2. Can't be killed, starved, poisoned, tamed, reasoned with, minimized, or controlled.
3. Can rationalize anything a woman feeds it with the greatest of ease.
4. Can't be overworked – the more use it gets, the stronger it grows.
5. Turns female lies into truth, and male truth into closed-minded insults.

There are numerous ways to tell you are dealing with *Whorus justifyus*. The most common way is by listening to your girlfriend talk about her slutty friends. When she badmouths her friends for their sexual promiscuity by calling them sluts, and you point out that by her own admission she's engaged in the exact same behavior, *Whorus justifyus* will take the lead and produce a completely logical explanation of why it was growth and self exploration for her, but whoredom for her friends. As you marvel at the hamster's handy work, go ahead and throw in the fact that you're mortified that she could criticize her best friends so harshly, and see what the hamster comes up with next! Of course it's all fun and games until the hamster helps her rationalize cheating on you because you're an insensitive prick.

Ah, but where would the Rationalization Hamster be without the Entitlement Monkey?

The Entitlement Monkey, or *Twatus privilegeus* is an engineered species. Unlike the Rationalization Hamster, the Entitlement Monkey was originally a social construct – not a genetic flaw. It's been theorized that *Twatus privilegeus* has been around for thousands of years, but gained mainstream popularity around the 18th Century as part of the first wave of feminism. By the early 1960's the Entitlement Monkey actually beat out Prada purses to become the #1 must have accessory for Western women, and its popularity continues to grow to this day.

Basic characteristics of the Entitlement Monkey include:

1. Never Sleeps.
2. Flings its own poo – known to men as “shaming language”.
3. Feeds rationalization hamsters and keeps them busy.
4. Boosts self confidence to undeserved levels, causing overvaluation.

5. Can be temporarily muted by an Alpha male, but never killed.

So there you have it. The two critters that live in your woman's brain are a force to be reckoned with. But don't be dismayed – men have been dealing with women's little brain buddies for eons. Below is a photograph of what archeologists believe is a primitive caveman drawing dating back over 100,000 years. Discovered in a cave somewhere between the Tigris and Euphrates rivers in 1991, the drawing is believed to depict an Entitlement Monkey (right) pumping ideas into the mind of a woman (center) that are then ran through the rationalization hamster (left). Even more curious are the little snowflake-like drawings which seem to be generated from the hamster.

So there you have it folks. You can't argue with science.

SUGGESTED READING: Women Are Most Deluded at 31 by Chateau

Proverb 6: The Grizzly Bear Rule

by Dalrock

You do not owe a traditional wedding to any woman who cannot give you a traditional honeymoon.

Each and every day I commit a social crime. I have the audacity to be a 31 year old healthy man with a good job, a modest condo in the financial district, an Infinity G convertible and a desirable debt-to-income ratio. The crime? I had dated the same 28 year old woman for nearly 11 months and hadn't shown any signs of being ready to "take the next step".

The Femcops were hot on my trail, too. I had to hear about it from my mother, both of my sisters, my female coworkers, the princess herself, and many of her friends.

Now I wouldn't have taken so much offense to this scenario if it were framed differently. If my girlfriend simply "wanted" to take the next step, that would be one thing. I still wouldn't have done it, but I would have understood. Instead, she and her troop of Femcops insisted she "deserved" it and that I owed it to her since she was the greatest thing since sliced bread and I'd been awarded the pleasure of her company. Of course scores of other men had known the pleasure of her company for as little as three shots of tequila and two Miller Lites – but in recent months she'd upped her asking price to compensate for her biological clock.

Her entitlement monkey got a karmic kick to the balls.

We all know what traditional marriage means in a post agricultural world. It means that in order to ensure the son who inherits your land is really your offspring, women offer you a clean, dedicated womb to impregnate. In exchange for her contribution, you make sure she doesn't starve to death or get carried away by a grizzly bear.

Kind of outdated huh? I agree. With the advent of the pill, condoms, and DNA testing, a man can reasonably assume that he is the father of a child even if his woman has been with three dozen men before him. In addition, we also don't grow our own food anymore, so having a large family to work the farm isn't of any real importance.

Marriage has outlived its usefulness, yet many women demand it in order to continue having sex with a man. They want it, need it, and fantasize about it to the extent that they can only feel loved, needed and sexually fulfilled when marriage – or the promise thereof – is present.

In essence, marriage is a fetish.

So the next time some broad shames you for not honoring the tradition of marriage, feel free to shame her for not honoring the tradition of chastity. If she comes back at you with the usual “you’re not a virgin either” argument, simply remind her that virginity is not part of the traditional bargain for men. Tell her to come back when she’s a virgin and you’ll marry her and protect her from grizzly bears.

[SUGGESTED READING:](#) *Don’t Get Married by Chateau*

Aint That A Bitch

by Dalrock

We’ve all read about social proof and preselection: Basically, a woman will find a man more attractive if one of her peers has already chosen him. Commonly known as “wedding ring syndrome”, where men claim to get hit on more after they get married than when they were running game on everything with a skirt, preselection is evident in our daily lives.

About a month ago I went out with one of my female colleagues. I outrank her at work by at least two managerial levels, and she’s a bit of a bitch about it, but I get along famously with her boyfriend. It just so happened that I dumped a fling who had overstayed her welcome that morning, so I was up for going out and having a drink. I wasn’t in the mood to game, so going out with my buddy and his girl seemed like a good idea.

We walked into a bar together and ran in to one of my coworker’s friends. She was at least a solid 7, and in great shape. My coworker introduced me, and then proceeded to tell her friend that I had just broken up with my “girlfriend”. I didn’t feel the need to point out that there’s a huge difference between a girlfriend and just some random chick I had fucked for a few weeks, so I let it slide. The two girls ended up cackling on about girl stuff, so I sat there and drank with my buddy.

Fast forward to last night, and I found myself at a house party where my coworker’s friend showed up. I said “Hey Rachael, remember me? I met you the other night with Stephanie and Michael”.

She looked me dead in the eye and said “oh yeah, you’re that guy who got dumped by his girlfriend”.

I could tell by the look on her face that she didn’t want anything to do with me. Regardless of what the real story was, all this girl saw me as was a recently dumped loser who showed up alone at a house party. She saw absolutely no value in me whatsoever. She even had an evil little smirk on her face as she delivered what she thought was a blow to my ego. I decided not to do the whole “nuh uh, I dumped her – she didn’t dump me” thing so as to avoid looking like a childish prick. I simply decided to walk away from Rachel and not give her another thought.

Later that night I bumped into a cute young artist and starting chatting. We exchanged numbers and decided to go somewhere quiet where we could “talk”. As I walked her towards the door, I made sure I passed Rachael so she could see that I had just picked up a girl slightly more attractive than she was. I was so excited to see the look on her face when she realized I wasn’t a recently dumped chump.

But instead of having the look of “oh my god, I was wrong about that guy”, she simply looked at the girl I was leaving with, tilted her head, and had a look on her face that seemed to say “that poor girl has no idea what a loser that guy is”.

I’ll never underestimate the power of preselection or social proof again. Once you slip in to the friend zone or the loser zone in a woman’s mind, its damn near impossible to crawl your way back out.

SUGGESTED READING: Social Proof by Adam Lyons

Filed under [Random Brain Thinkin’](#) Tagged with [pickup](#), [preselection](#), [PUA](#), [social proof](#)

Proverb 7: Emotional and Financial Resources

by Dalrock

Never spend money on a woman you’re not banging – no lay, no pay. Never argue with a woman you’re not banging – no ass, no sass.

When you get right down to it and strip away all emotional euphoria, the interaction between men and women is nothing more than sex/procreation in exchange for a man’s emotional and financial resources. Marriage is (arguably) about the promise of lifelong sex/procreation in exchange for a man’s lifelong commitment of emotional and financial resources.

Women want our emotional and financial resources just as much as we want their tight little bodies. Keep it an even exchange, and make sure you get the best bang for your buck.

SUGGESTED READING: Study: Beautiful Women Want It All by Lee Dye

Filed under [Proverbs](#) Tagged with [alpha male](#), [pickup](#), [PUA](#)

Proverb 8: The Myth of the Double Standard

by Dalrock

I’m not even going to throw my hat in the ring on this one since Hawaiian Libertarian’s article over at The Spearhead covers the topic brilliantly. You can (and most definitely should) [read the entire article by clicking here](#).

Here are a few excerpts from the article as well as a couple of my favorite reader comments:

What men bring to the table and what women bring to the table in what we now refer to as the institution of Marriage 1.0, were two different assets to be exchanged for the mutual benefit of the children created by their union.

Men's primary marital asset was their resources and ability to labor to acquire more resources, to support the family.

Women's primary marital asset was their guarantee to their husbands that children born of their union were his. Women with an openly promiscuous past are viewed as less desirable marriage material because of the greater chances of cuckoldry and infidelity, regardless of her ability to be a provider.

There cannot be this so-called sexual double-standard, because men's contribution to the nuclear family unit was his capacity to be a provider, not his sexual purity.

A woman could find a willing virgin who has no provider capacity to marry her...but her own hypergamous instincts would cause her to view him as less than adequate in terms of marriage material...

...the real double-standard that actually exists today, is the entire family court/divorce industry that enforces a system for which women have the right to withdraw their reproductive capacity and their nurturing and care giving – but men are not allowed to withdraw their provider role.

READER COMMENT: ...my view on the so called "sexual double standard" is that it's largely of women's making. They're the one's who line up to sleep with the male versions of "sluts and whores". They're the one's who have made those guys the envy of other men.

READER COMMENT: Women used to be the "gatekeepers" of sex. Now the floodgates are open!

READER COMMENT: ... you young chaps need to understand that women have a very different life trajectory than men. Hard to see it when you are 20. They peak and decline quite rapidly while a man has a slow and long curve. Marriage 1.0 protected women from this phenomena.

READER COMMENT: ...women are saying it is hypocritical (and so by extension unacceptable and wrong) for a person (man) to desire in a mate any attribute that they themselves do not possess.

Filed under [Proverbs](#) Tagged with [feminism](#), [alpha male](#), [rationalization hamster](#), [double standard](#), [sluts](#), [studs](#)

[Proverb 9: Get It While the Gettin's Good](#)

by Dalrock

September 2, 2010 by Solomon II

The article [“What modern women want: a beta male”](#) by Kate Mulvey is a great piece highlighting women’s ability to adjust in today’s marriage market. I can bottom line this article for you in one phrase:

Sport fuck Alpha males while you’re young, attractive, and climbing the corporate ladder, then find a beta male who will gladly commit to your used up ass when you feel like getting married.

If this isn’t a challenge for Alphas to get that ass while the gettin’s good and a warning for betas, I don’t know what is. It’s as if women have finally figured out that they can’t have their cake and eat it too, so they opted for the next best thing: having their cake and eating yours.

My advice to Alpha males: Avoid marriage and stay at the top of your game. There’s lots of easy pussy in your future.

My advice to Beta males: Avoid marriage and learn game. If you can’t learn game, then go for *game lite: beta bait*. Use your betatude to attract these 30-something year old women who are looking for a provider, fuck the living hell out of them, then send them on their way.

From the article:

The widespread view is that accomplished women are at a disadvantage in the marriage market because men start out by saying they want a strong, powerful woman and then end up running off with the secretary. I should know. A few years ago my Swiss banker found my conversation too arty and cast his attentions on a lovely Spanish girl who worked in his office.

Men value youth and beauty. My guess is she offers neither. So instead of saying her man left her boring old ass for a hot little number, she rationalizes it by saying he was intimidated by her arty banter.

The second-generation feminists – that is, women in their twenties and thirties – have found a new way to solve the alpha-beta paradox. The 21st century sisters have a terrifyingly clear agenda when it comes to finding a mate. They map out their life plans early: rise to the top of their chosen career, get the smart house, the cute kids and curl up in bed with a loving beta male.

Pretty good plan. If it works.

Penelope, 34, a high-earning public relations executive, is married to an actor. They are both comfortable acknowledging that the wife is the chief breadwinner. So it makes sense that it is her career that gets fast-tracked. “John is really irreverent and playful and after I have had people kowtowing to me all day, it is nice to be brought down to earth with a joke.”

Is it just me, or is she talking about her beta boy like he’s a pet? I’m sure her actor husband has a harem of women in supporting roles.

With their increased earning power, women are less hung up on the Jane Austen model of finding a providing husband. “Women can choose a man who has charm and looks, instead of going for the grumpy, ugly alpha just because he is solvent,” says Penelope. So is this a liberating thing?

No, it’s a rationalization thing. Alphas are not ugly and grumpy and she knows it. She can’t get an alpha to commit, so she’s tricking herself into believing that alphas are not worthy of HER commitment. Classic.

This value system recognizes the trend of female supremacy, which while not as yet the norm seems to be pointing the way for future relationships.

Don’t count on it.

Filed under [Proverbs](#) Tagged with [alpha male](#), [beta male](#), [feminism](#), [rationalization hamster](#)

[Proverb 10: Monkey See Monkey Do](#)

by Dalrock

September 3, 2010 by Solomon II

As if finding a woman suitable for marriage isn’t already hard enough, a new study shows that divorce is contagious. So when dating a woman and considering her for a long term relationship, be sure to scrutinize the relationships of her friends, coworkers, and family members. Women initiate 73% of divorces in some states (with a national average of 66%) and are awarded custody of the children 83 to 87% of the time. Monkey see monkey do.

[Link to a PDF of the study here.](#)

Synopsis:

The study from three universities shows that people are 75% more likely to be divorced if someone they are directly connected to is divorced. The chances drop to 33% more likely to get divorced if a friend of a friend — two degrees of separation — is divorced. The study found that having children didn’t improve a couple’s chances of staying married.

Filed under [Proverbs](#) Tagged with [alpha male](#), [rationalization hamster](#), [dating advice](#), [divorce](#), [relationships](#)

[What a Modern Woman Wants blah blah blah...](#)

by Dalrock

September 7, 2010 by Solomon II

[What a Modern Woman Wants and Seeks in a 21st Century Relationship](#)

A revealing, honest, in-depth exposé by Sarah Nean Bruce

PART 1 of 3

I'm a 40-something, thrice-married, childfree, single, modern woman living and writing in Los Angeles. On my journey and journaling of Becoming Beauty since the new millennium began, my friends often remark that I have gained a rare and realistic perspective on what modern women truly want and don't want in a relationship. From many years of reading, writing, speaking and sharing personal experiences, I was encouraged by these friends to reveal in my books, screenplays and articles the thoughts, secrets and opinions of the Modern Woman. I believe I have put together a straightforward, objective and noteworthy breakdown of what many modern women seek in a 21st Century relationship. This brief exposé is presented in three parts. Here is Part 1 of the series. ~ sarah nean bruce, storyteller & filmmaker ~

STAGE I – INCEPTION:

Modern Women function under plain and simple truths when it comes to dating and relationships.

Wrong. They function under delusion. For example, some women think a 40-something, thrice-married woman would be worth anything other than a pump-n-dump to a successful man with options.

Honestly, most women are attracted to men with a great personality over great looks. They often like and admire the funny and fun men more than handsome and debonair guys.

...as long as he's handsome and debonair too. If not, they'll either settle or it's off to the friend zone with him.

They like men with personality, confidence, courtesy and strength. They admire men who are leaders and decision-makers. They want men to have a positive attitude, engaging presence, enthusiastic disposition, and to be confident, but not domineering or arrogant.

I'm assuming she'll decide the subtle differences between confidence and arrogance and strength and dominance on a case-by-case basis according to her wants and wishes at the time.

And even though we live in the 21st Century, many modern women want 21st Century Gentlemen to ask them out in person or on the telephone, not in an email or a text or an IM or on Facebook, which seems weak.

Fair enough. A man with good game should have the balls to talk to a woman in person.

Modern Women often like to wear dresses and to be treated like a woman. They are fond of stronger men who are polite and gallant. They notice and appreciate the little conscientious things modern men do for them, and for others. They like men who offer to pick them up for their date, open the car door and the restaurant door for them.

The perfect man she's describing here sounds just like my father. Unfortunately for her, men like my father are only interested in women like my mother. This is another example of female entitlement and delusion: they want to live in the 21st Century where an aging broad with multiple divorces can win the affection of a gallant 14th Century Knight.

STAGE II – IMPRESSION:

Modern Women consider etiquette during dating and beyond. There are taboo topics and misbehaviors that annoy and turn off both women and men.

They don't want to hear about the "eX" and how much he dislikes her or how she's poisoned his friends or his kids or his boss or his dog. They think men might badmouth them that way if things don't work out. They don't want to hear about how his mother ruined his life, or didn't care for him or that she loved him too much. Modern Women often equate how a man treats, and speaks about, his mother as an indicator of how he will deal with them.

That's actually some pretty good advice. Men, take heed.

In the beginning, they don't want to know how much money a man has lost in the real estate market or the stock market or a business. Or how bad the economy is treating him or how bad business is for him. They don't want constant mentions of how stressed he is and his fear about a lack of money or paid work, or that he needs to get these clients or gigs or sales. Modern Women are not gold diggers, but they want security as much as men do.

Translation: She's not interested in hearing about what you think your financial situation is or the reasons behind it. She'll determine your worth on her own – one shit test at a time.

Equally, they don't want men who are gold diggers and looking for Ms. Moneybags to facilitate the guy becoming a kept-man to live the life of Riley and total leisure.

Most men value youth and beauty 10:1 over a woman's ability to provide resources. But if you're not young and beautiful, you may want to keep that checkbook handy.

They don't want men to apologize for living in a small house or condominium or apartment. Nor do they need to hear that they want to get that big house again like the one they had when they were married. They don't want men to make excuses for their residence, their CB2 furniture, or their work in the home office since they had to shut down their big office.

Conversely, Modern Women don't want to hear how much money the men have or how many sports cars or SUVs or hybrids they own. They like men who are successful, assertive and self-assured, but they don't like boasters and show-offs. On the other hand, they definitely don't want men who are narcissists, posers, interlopers, opportunists, freeloaders, con artists, chico espartos, or couch-surfers.

Again, she'll shit test the truth out of him. No need for his take on the situation.

Many Modern Women date within, or above, their financial class because they want a partner who has the similar goals and aspirations. They have read that an artist and a scientist can both be motivated and enthusiastic about their work and have tons of things in common but they also are realistic that it can be hard when a modern woman is financially more successful than her man because it's societal, it's social and it's psychological. It doesn't mean that a relationship is impossible; it just means Modern Women recognize paradoxical challenges of the 21st Century.

Female hypergamy thrives on brilliantly executed rationalization.

Modern Women don't want men to flood over them like a tidal wave of too many communiqués and too many calls that hint of a quiet desperation to keep them monopolized, attracted and distracted while men evaluate potential or financial portfolios.

I have no idea what the hell she's saying here. I assume she's saying that a guy who calls too much is desperate and controlling. Of course, I'm sure the guy who doesn't call enough is an insensitive prick. I hope the next guy who busts a nut, uh, I mean makes passionate love to her, is a Jedi with mind reading capabilities.

They want men to make the dinner plans and know that women won't change those plans that took time to make. Modern Women enjoy men who will plan and make them dinner, or go to the gourmet food store to gather a dinner. Modern Women want men to know that they appreciate it and will say thank you after that dinner date planned, or made or gathered for them.

Translation: I'm a modern woman who doesn't need your financial resources in order to survive, nor do I need your emotional resources in order to be happy. But I'll still take them because I want them. If you want to be that perfect man, you should comply without hesitation. Thanks.

Modern Women believe that developing a deep connection takes time. They want to know if they're physically and intimately compatible with each other and maybe even by the third week, around the third or fourth date, they will explore that.

I had no idea you could develop a deep connection in less than the amount of time it takes to regrow your hair after a bad cut. This is another example of the rationalization hamster at work. In essence, what she's saying is that if you treat her nice and spend money on her AND you seem like the type of guy who will continue to do so, she'll give you some ass. It's just a basic exchange of sex for resources, but women have to get Disney and Hallmark involved so they feel like less of a prostitute.

They definitely don't like men who try to make them feel bad about wanting to use protection (condom) during intimate relations.

After three marriages and that bucket full of dicks she's undoubtedly sat on in her younger years of self exploration and sexual liberation, I doubt many men would argue the need for a condom... or two.

And they really don't want to be with men who are sleeping around.

When women fuck, they're "exploring options" and "being intimate" but when men do it they're "sleeping around". Women never judge actions – they judge the intentions that led to those actions. This ensures they're never in the wrong since their motives are always pure. Feelings are handy that way.

Modern women know that early on there are bonding behaviors that intensify a relationship. They like to enjoy the quixotic ride a bit. They like to have the benefit of that romantic, electrifying bonding period.

I hope she finds what she's looking for. There's a beta male under every rock and she's actually pretty damn good looking for her age, so I'm sure she'll do just fine. Now let's all bow our heads and have a moment of silence for the poor bastard who would find himself lucky enough to be this modern woman's husband #4.

Filed under [Random Brain Thinkin'](#) Tagged with [alpha male](#), [beta male](#), [divorce](#), [entitlement monkey](#), [feminism](#), [rationalization hamster](#), [relationships](#), [sluts](#)

Proverb 11: Beta Bait

by Dalrock

September 10, 2010 by Solomon II

If you're gaming women over the age of 25, presenting yourself as a hapless beta eager to commit and provide for a family can actually work in your favor at times. You won't get same night sex, but you'll get laid soon enough for sure.

I'm no master PUA. I don't get laid by beautiful women every other weekend. But in comparison to the general public, I do ok. After a quick count back through the past few years, I average a different woman about every two to three months. It's nothing to really brag about, but I'm happy with it because I sleep with or casually date some pretty decent looking women – young, in shape, and at least a 7 on the scale.

I've never been with a 10. I've banged boat loads of 7s, about a half dozen 8s, and two 9s.

One of my friends is dating a 10. I mean a perfect, jaw-dropping, every man and woman in the club stops in amazement when she walks in 10. She's a 5'9" half Latina half American Indian fitness instructor with a tiny waist and large natural C cups. Dear god almighty it hurts just thinking about her.

A few weeks ago we were all hanging out in a club and she was leaning in talking to me. She said “I wish Jeremy would just settle down. We’re too old to be out clubbing like this.” She’s 26 years old, by the way.

Thinking there was no way in hell I’d ever get her to leave my buddy – her 6’3” Abercrombie & Fitch model lookalike boyfriend, I decided to try a different approach on her. I tossed out the game, the negs, the framing, etc. and simply said:

“I agree. We really are too old to be partying like this. I’m really at the point in my life where I just want to settle down with a woman I love, have a family, and enjoy the next phase of my life. I know it sounds strange to hear a man say this, but I think I’m finally ready for a baby.”

Her eyes dilated. She put her hand on my elbow. With her boyfriend not ten feet away (albeit looking the other direction ordering more shots) she leaned in to me and said “You know, you’re a good man. If I wasn’t with Jeremy, I would so be with you.” Then she kissed me half on the lips/half on my chin and smiled.

She waited a few seconds to gauge my reaction.

I said nothing. I just looked at her.

She said “We’re always in a group. Why don’t we just ever hang out together? We can do some grownup stuff like check out a museum or see a show”.

About that time, the lights came on in the club. Closing time. Jeremy went out to hail a cab and told me to round the girls up and get them to the curb. On our way out, she said to me “Where are you traveling to next for work?” I said “Vegas” which was a lie. Then she said “That sounds nice...”

She was clearly waiting for me to invite her.

I put her in the cab with her boyfriend – one of my good friends – and sent them off. It’s been two weeks, and I haven’t spoken to her since.

I’m not going to bang my buddy’s girlfriend. But if I wanted to, I could have had my very first 10. I haven’t said a word to my buddy about this, and I’m not going to. He knows who he’s dealing with, and there’s a reason he avoids commitment with her like the plague.

Beta Bait works. I actually mentioned the B word (babies) to a perfect 10 at a club and it worked like a fucking charm. So if you bump into a former party girl who has all of a sudden decided to become the traditional Little House on the Prairie wifely type, try this approach.

REMINDER: This will only work on women whose biological clocks are ticking louder than a freight train.

THOUGHT: I’m not sure how this would work in a cold approach since I’ve never done it. I’ve known this girl for about 4 months, so she’s comfortable with me. I’m not sure to what extent this changes the dynamic.

[SUGGESTED READING](#): *Tough Times are a Bounty for Betas* by Chateau

Filed under [Proverbs](#) Tagged with [alpha male](#), [beta bait](#), [dating advice](#), [relationships](#)

Proverb 12: Daddy Issues

by Dalrock

September 13, 2010 by Solomon II

Weak women fill the hole left in their soul by an absent/distant father with cock and feel bad about it later. Strong women fill the hole left in their soul by an absent/distant father with cock and brag about it later. In the end (somewhere around the age of 27 – tick tock tick tock) both types of women will rationalize their behavior away and try to pass themselves off to you as LTR material.

Thanks to a culture that encourages and celebrates promiscuity, it's open season on self righteous sluts and there's no limit on how many you can tag. Someone is going to fuck these girls, so it might as well be me and you.

While trolling the interwebs, I came across a comment by an anonymous reader on [this post](#) by The Real Assanova:

...a similar situation which is related is when the girl comes from a broken family, or has a bad relationship with her dad.

These girls are a fucking goldmine. Once you get this info from girls, the blueprint is simple. Treat them like trash, make fun of them... basically, be as mean as possible to them and treat them like absolute shit. They love it. It reminds them of their dad. They fucking love it and they always put out fast because they hate their dad.

The one thing that game has really instilled in me is a literally hatred of women. This may sound strange, but it works wonders for interacting with them. When the hottest bitch seems to be nothing more than a stupid cum receptacle in your eyes, everything is so fucking easy when talking to them.

Most modern women (daddy issues or not) swing from cock to cock like a monkey swinging through the jungle – never letting go of one branch until they have another firmly in their grasp. Then they're shocked when comments like the one posted above surface. They refuse to acknowledge that men with options put so much emphasis on their sexual behavior when seeking a long term mate. They either confuse sex with love, or, if they're still in their "slut phase", expect that their future hubby will gladly accept that she's spread her legs for so many men that he'll have to bury her in a Y-shaped coffin.

I hear the girls at work and in my personal life rage against guys who dare to question their sexual integrity. They call these men childish or controlling and insist they have low self esteem. "Most other guys don't care about that stuff" they say. While they may be right, it's only because most other guys simply want to fuck them and could care less about their sexual past. Caring about a woman's reputation generally only comes along in a man's life once it becomes a possibility that the woman in question will be tasked with raising his daughter. It's

not a double standard or a Virgin/Whore complex. It's a using the right tool for the job strategy.

But none of this advice or logic will matter to women – especially women with daddy issues. They'll just continue being season pass holders on the cock carousel, certain that it will all work out when Captain Save-A-Ho comes along to rescue her from her decade-long series of “bad decisions”. So until they meet their White Knight and are ready to stop fucking guys whose last names they don't even know, here is the most important thing I've picked up from female friends, girlfriends and flings who readily and openly admitted to having daddy issues: There seems to be two types of women with daddy issues, and two reasons for said daddy issues.

Daddy Issue Reason #1: Her dad was distant, violent, or nonexistent.

This one is pretty typical. I'm also convinced that 50% of women who tell this story are lying through their jizz stained teeth, and are just making up excuses for being the Grand Marshal of a very impressive dick parade. A woman's greatest strength is her façade of weakness and vulnerability, so she leverages this strength to melt the hearts of White Knight betas.

Daddy Issue Reason #2: Her dad was such a good man that she learned to trust men too much.

I shit you not. I have actually heard this twice in the past year alone. But the common theme between reason 1 and reason 2 is that her promiscuity is not her fault, so the reason really doesn't matter. Remember dads, you're damned if you do and damned if you don't. Keep an eye on your little snowflake or you'll get blamed for every bad boy load she swallows.

Women With Daddy Issues Type 1: The Victim

She has no earthly idea how all that cock got in there. She was simply looking for the right one just like every other girl, but somehow, she ended up fucking enough men to sail a small ship into battle. The good news is that she figured out it was all her daddy's fault, and she doesn't behave like that anymore. Oh, by the way, she's ready for a ring.

Women With Daddy Issues Type 2: The Super Bitch

She saw how her dad treated her and her mother, and decided that would never happen to her. So she jumps from relationship to relationship – ending it the very moment something doesn't go her way. She feels powerful when she dumps a man, and loves doing the fling or one night stand thing because she leaves him wanting more. She's a borderline sociopath and feels justified in teaching men a lesson. She has no idea that on her way out the door – feeling powerful and in control – the guy left standing behind is simply glad he got a little ass. He may be bewildered or even a little saddened by her sudden departure, but it's only been a month or two so she'll never be more to him than an easy piece of tail to brag about to his buddies. The Super Bitch has unknowingly allowed another man to respect her less than her daddy ever did.

Women with daddy issues are the easiest to fuck. The victim type will go down early and easily, as will the Super Bitch type if you have good asshole game. She'll be dying to fix you or teach you a lesson.

Never have a LTR with a woman who has daddy issues. Simply fuck her then pass her off to the guy on your left. And don't feel like a creep during the process either – keep passing her around, and eventually she'll end up on a beta's lap and find her "happily ever after". Make no mistake: this type of woman isn't stupid. She's learned time and time again that love and emotional attachment doesn't come from a penis, but she starts her quest for it below your belt anyway. She'll eventually accept what she already knows, but in the meantime she wants the Alpha cock, she actively pursues it, she demands the right to do so with impunity, and she won't stop until she's had her fill.

Help her out with that.

[SUGGESTED VIEWING](#): A humorous video about Daddy Issues

Filed under [Proverbs](#) Tagged with [alpha male](#), [daddy issues](#), [dating advice](#), [relationships](#)

There's Still Hope For Lying Sluts

by Dalrock

September 2010 by Solomon II 11 Comments

Praise be lifted on high to the beta gods! I just ran across this wonderful post on a website that I wouldn't link to here if my life depended on it. It's a website where men go to get relationship advice from women. Lots o' great material there.

Ladies, please don't ever stop slutting it up. I need you. Other alphas and greater betas need you. Plus, when you're done servicing our needs (read: when you're done finding yourself by finding our penises), you can always marry a real keeper like this guy:

My wife's sexual past that I didn't know about has made me a different person today.

A male age 36-40, anonymous writes:

My wife lied to me about her sexual past and has now told me... 12 years later!!!

Hi guys, I just wanted to say how much this site helped me become a different person i am today.

what ive learned is that if my wife would of told me about her sexual past back then, and the person i was then would of made me walk out of her life and i would have never found out what kind and great wife she is today.

I mean she does everything for me that no other women has ever done for me. shes always been there for me all are ups and downs of life of 12 years we have been together.

So what im trying to say to my male friends is women are always afraid of telling us their sexual past because we always judge them for it. instead of looking at what kind of person they really are, like my wife good hearted and loving person she is and many other women out there today.. so guys dont be like i was 'pretty much blind' you can always find a virgin, but is she gonna treat you with love and respect all your life maybe or maybe not.

I would never trade what i have today for a virgin because i have something better, my wife's love respect honesty and the most thing her body that she has given me for life. what more can a guy ask for? So good luck guys hope everything works out for you like it did for me.

FEMALE READER RESPONSE: You are a lucky man indeed. Cherish your life together – many “mature” people may not understand that love is going beyond the initial attraction and being together thick or thin days and it can overcome every roadblocks.

FEMALE READER RESPONSE: Good you saw the future before you the past.if not time would have told you what u lost.good for you

MALE READER RESPONSE: Well said, my friend. All I will say is that some guys get hurt not by the fact that their wife has had a sexual past other than themselves, but the fact that they lied about it all this time. But they just have to remember just what you said, women can be afraid to tell us their past because they feel they will be judged and therefor penalized. From there their lies snowball because the longer you are together, the harder it is to tell.

The moral of the story? Just what you said... base your opinion and reaction on the life she has led with YOU. Nobody is perfect, especially us guys.

FEMALE READER RESPONSE: I wish this site was more like facebook so I could like this statement =]

Manginas do exist. Men who will settle for a woman who lies about ANYTHING serious, including her cockhopping habits, should be punished with marriage.

He got what he deserved. She got what she wanted. The world makes sense.

Filed under [Random Brain Thinkin'](#) Tagged with [alpha male](#), [beta male](#), [sexual past](#), [slut](#)

[Proverb 13: The Slut Algorithm](#)

by Dalrock

September 2010 by Solomon II 3 Comments

I write quite a bit about sluts because I have a love/hate relationship with them. I love them when they're young and embrace their nature without apology, but I loathe them when their clocks start ticking and they think they can lie their way into a marriage contract by swearing they are nothing less than sweet little near-virgin angels. It insults my intelligence, and I respond with all the fury of hell.

The sluttiness of her past bothers me much less than her deceitfulness in the present.

By the way girls, tell whatever good girl stories you'd like. Your Facebook, MySpace, Flickr, Photobucket, and those old blogs you forgot about tell on you. Sure, you may be smart enough to clean them up a bit, but your friends still have you tagged in that wet t-shirt contest in Cancun with great comments like "I can't believe you hooked up with those two guys lol =)" Plus, google cache is not your friend.

But I digress. Let's have a little fun, shall we?

To determine a woman's slut factor, use this formula:

First, find out her Good Girl Number (GGN) by computing $(0.5 * \text{Age}) + (-7)$. The GGN is the amount of sexual partners I'm guessing most men would deem more or less appropriate for her age.

Now that you have her GGN, you can determine her slut factor (SF). Her slut factor is the amount of partners over and above her good girl number, or $(\text{GGN} - \text{Actual Number of Partners}) = \text{SF}$.

Example: Jessica is 24 years old and has slept with 26 men. Her GGN is 5, because half her age minus 7 equals 5. But she has fucked 26 men, so her slut factor is 21 because the actual number of men she's banged minus her GGN equals 21.

Here's a few thoughts:

1. This entire post is stupid, and was written with a smirk. You'll never know her real number so you should stop reading this and go get laid.
2. Outside of a farm in Iowa or a religious cult in Texas, there's probably not a woman on the planet who could live up to her GGN, so again, reading this post is a waste of time. Every man's snowflake is another man's whore. Get over it. Go find some chick and give her something else to lie about.
3. So if this post is half retarded, why am I writing it? Because this algorithm could actually wake you the hell up if you're considering marriage – an equally retarded move.

Here's how I view the sexual market value of different women according to their Slut Factor. Again, this is the number of men she's slept with over and above her GGN. Click on the image to enlarge if you need to.

Slut Factor (SF)	If She's Ugly or Fat	If She's Deable
1 to 3	Worthless cunt, but I'd introduce her to an ugly buddy.	I'd do her and let her hang around. She's probably a really cool chick. Possible LTR material, but not marriage material.
4 to 5	Worthless cunt, but I'd introduce her to an ugly buddy I didn't like.	I'd do her and let her hang around. She's probably a really nice chick, but that's too much cock to consider her for an LTR of any kind.
5 to 9	Worthless cunt.	I'd do her then carry on with my life. If she hangs around, fine. If not, no loss. I'd put zero effort into this one.
10 to 12	Worthless cunt.	I'd do her and put her in rotation with other chicks. No commitment of any kind whatsoever for her.
12 and above	Worthless cunt.	First class pump-n-dump material. I'd do her then kick her to the curb if she wouldn't hook me up with a threesome with her slutty friends.

What's your current girl's Slut Factor? I'm guessing the one I've been seeing for the past two weeks probably weighs in between 9 and 12. Just a guess though. Too early to tell. It's ok though because due to a need to confess or the urge to brag, she'll tell on herself. They always do.

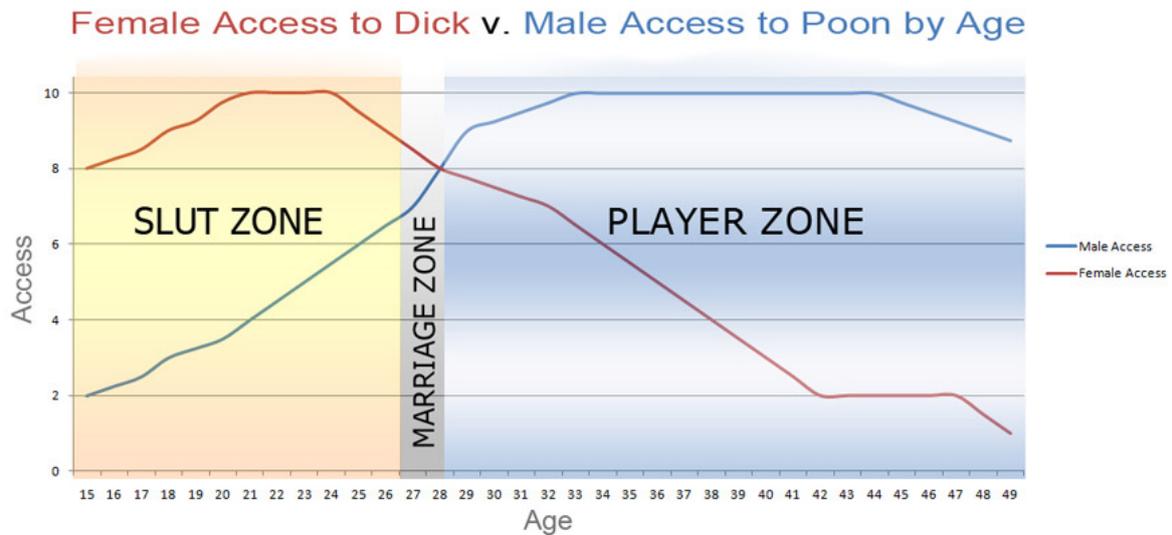
Filed under [Proverbs](#) Tagged with [dating advice](#), [feminism](#), [relationships](#), [sexual past](#), [sluts](#)

Proverb 14: The Marriage Zone

by Dalrock

September 2010 by Solomon II 2 Comments

Most men – average men – can only begin enjoying life at age 29 the way women do at age 19 because it takes them that long to gain the resources women find attractive. The point in life where men's and women's access intersect is the marriage zone. She has to get him to commit in that zone before he realizes that his life is really just starting. My recommendation: she's enjoyed her "wild and free" days, so avoid marriage and go enjoy yours. Travel. Sex up a variety of women. Explore your hobby now that you have both the time and resources to do so. In short, live life with the access of a carefree 19 year old party girl.



The Chart:

Ages 15 to 19: The chart starts at age 15. Here women are at an access level of 8, which means they can pretty much do whatever they want whenever they want. By the time she's 19 and has a fake ID, she soars up to a 10 which means the world is her oyster. Your average man in this same category is lucky if he gets a blowjob from the ugly chick in 2nd period, and feels truly fortunate if he can keep a steady girlfriend and get laid on a semi regular basis.

Ages 20 to 25: Women are at their peak during most of this time, and even though their access starts to decline, it declines only because they themselves are being more selective while staging for marriage. Men during this time are steadily learning how to deal with women and are increasing their earning potential, so things are getting slowly better. Still, they haven't reached the level of access that their female counterparts have enjoyed since age 15.

Age 26 to 28: This is the start of the **marriage zone**. Women's clocks are ticking, and men have finally turned a job into a career. Though women's access is still at a very high 8, she notices the men around her have more choices. They've reached an access level of 7 and are steadily rising. Though she gets roughly the same amount of attention from men that she used to, she notices the men are far less likely to catch oneitis in her presence. Men are getting smarter and they have more options because of their increased access. She has to get him to commit as soon as possible before he realizes just how numerous his options really are.

Age 29 to 30: This is a superb time for men to be alive. The tables have now turned. She's finally learned that while finding dick takes very little effort, finding **committed** dick isn't as easy as she was told it would be. Even though she screwed up in the marriage zone and wasn't able to secure a partner, she's going to stay on the prowl and be "in it to win it".

Age 31 and up: As her sexual and marriage market value slowly decreases, so does her access to committed dick. Meanwhile, the men who were smart enough to avoid her in the marriage zone have a long and happy life ahead of them. Even at age 40 – if they are successful and have stayed in shape – these men can find a 28 year old woman to bear their

children if they want. The men have nothing to lose. The women continue to slowly decline until they settle for a beta or convince themselves that being a career woman in Cougarville was really what they wanted all along.

After men avoid the marriage zone, their access soars. They can enjoy a series of fulfilling monogamous relationships with women who are on their best behavior since they're desperately trying to get married, and fill in the time in between these relationships by banging easy targets such as single mothers, divorcees, and rabid feminists who are second-guessing their decisions.

So gentlemen, stay in shape. Focus on your career, build a stable financial portfolio, and keep your access soaring. If you absolutely must have a child, do it in your late 30's or early 40's with a hot little number in her 20's. It can happen. If you're like me and children aren't in your future, the possibilities are endless.

Avoid the marriage zone!

[SUGGESTED READING: Marriage is Dying – How Will Women Respond? By Ferdinand Bardamu](#)

Filed under [Proverbs](#) Tagged with [alpha male](#), [beta male](#), [marriage](#), [relationships](#), [wedding](#)

[Proverb 15: Hubble Yourself](#)

by Dalrock

September 2010 by Solomon II

Alpha males are like the sun. They're hot, bright, gassy, and will fry you to a crisp if you get too close. Women are like the earth. They're comfortable, giving, and enjoy seasons of emotions because they are held on a naturally balanced path by the Alpha Sun's magnetic pull.

But then there are the orbiters. The space trash. Betas and Omegas.

These guys orbit your girl just waiting to bust through and smash deep into her crust. Fortunately, most beta and omega orbiters are destroyed in her atmosphere before ever landing – the one good thing about her hypergamous nature – but you should still keep a keen eye on them. Sooner or later, you'll need to be a Hubble telescope boyfriend.

I try to avoid dating girls with too many guy friends. I won't go into how many times I've heard the "they're just friends, and I don't fuck my friends" argument only to have to see the stupid look on her face when I reply "so were we, and so was the boyfriend before me". I've since given up even trying to explain myself and just quietly move on to the next romantic interest.

Women get it. They just pretend not to. Cue the "you don't trust me" shaming language.

Every single girl I have as a friend fits into one of these three categories:

- 1) I work with her so we developed a 9 to 5 friendship out of necessity.
- 2) She's dating my buddy, therefore I must tolerate her.
- 3) I want to fuck her until she can't walk straight.

So gentlemen, if your dating one of those "all my friends are guys because women bring too much drama" girls, take a look and see which category she fits in for *them*. If it's not 1 or 2, there's a 95% chance you've got an orbiter on your hands. And of course, an orbiter can use categories 1 and 2 as cover when he really sees your girl as a category 3. If you're interested in a LTR with a girl who has mostly guy friends, you had better keep an eye on the sky and do a great job of tracking the strays in her orbit.

I personally don't think it's worth the time or the effort.

So what to do? Nada. There's not a damn thing you can say or do that won't piss your girl off about having too many guy friends. Just stay quiet about it, but know the score. If she's an attention whore like most women, she needs a group of male friends to make her feel desirable, and she hates the competition that other women bring to her world – competition for sexual attraction, emotional stimulation, and whatever the hell else is going through her pretty little head at the moment.

If you become inquisitive, you're a controlling jerk. If you don't care and don't question who/what/when/where, she'll eventually think you don't care about her and are not trying to protect her. Either way, you can't win with a woman who has all guy friends.

The most powerful thing I ever said to one of my girlfriend's orbiters was "Dude, you can fuck her if you want. But if you do, you gotta keep her because I'm off to the next one."

Of course he went and told her what I said within two days thinking she would run to him for comfort. Nope. Instead she did her best to fuck my brains out to prove that I could never find another woman as awesome as her and that I shouldn't even THINK about moving on.

Silly girl.

Remember the next time you're on a business trip and your girl tells you on the phone "I'm just chillin' with Jim, Mike, Frank, Tom, Bill, Billy, William, Corey, Bob, Dave..." You have an attention whore on your hands and you may need to Hubble yourself.

[SUGGESTED READING: Men and Women: Just Friends? By Tatiana Morales](#)

[You're Welcome](#)

by Dalrock

September 2010 by Solomon II 3 Comments

Last night I let a 29 year old go. She's a solid 8, and can fix herself up to be a low 9. She demanded "proof of commitment" and proceeded to grace me with shaming language at a professional level. It was quite impressive, actually.

She's gone.

The look in her eye – the hatred and disgust for a man who would ignore the demands of a beautiful woman – lets me know what's in store. Today is Friday, and she will undoubtedly spend it bitching and man hating with her gaggle of friends. Ah, but within a week, some lucky bastard is going to receive the revenge fuck of his life. This girl, according to my experience, will give you the full porn star treatment. You'll get anal if you just take it (50/50 chance if you're a pussy and ask for it), and if she asks you if you've recently been tested, that means that she's going to swallow your load.

Whoever you are, you're welcome.

But just so you know what you're in for, the moment you bust a nut, you're going to be enrolled in her program. She'll immediately tell you she's "not that kind of girl" and she "hasn't really ever done anything like that before". Then she'll start working her way towards commitment in record time. Tick tock tick tock. Even at the age of 29, and with the boatloads of cock she's hosted from scores of other men, she's failed to learn a very important lesson. In the words of [Ferdinand Bardamu](#):

I recall reading a feminist somewhere on the Web write that going on a date with a girl (and paying) didn't entitle a man to sex, or even to a kiss goodnight. Well ladies, the flip side of that truth is that getting banged stupid by a guy doesn't entitle you to marriage (or any kind of relationship). It doesn't even entitle you to a phone call back the next day. Gender parity is a bitch, bitches.

She's simply one more example of two truths I've learned down through the years:

- 1. No one will be able to hate you faster than a woman who "loves" you.**
- 2. No one will fuck you faster than a woman who has been recently rejected by the guy she'd rather fuck.**

And they wonder why we don't take them seriously. Whoever the lucky guy is, I expect to get a thank you card in the mail with photos.

Suggested Reading: Female Desperation: Project Husband by What Men Are Saying About Women

Filed under [Random Brain Thinkin'](#) Tagged with [women](#), [dating advice](#), [relationships](#)

[The Online Dating Project: First Entry](#)

by Dalrock

September 2010 by Solomon II

I have been reading a lot lately about online dating. I've never tried it, but I figured what the hell. It'll be fun to write about, and having a "virtual me" working to pick up women even while I'm at work, asleep, or banging the girl who lives on the second floor of my building can't hurt.

Here are the details:

Duration: From now until I don't feel like doing it anymore. But I'm going to shoot for six months.

Method: A popular free online dating site.

Statistics: Once per week I will post the number of emails I sent, the number of women who responded, the number of women I meet, the number of women I bang, how fast they dropped their panties, and the cost per bang.

Privacy: I will not post identifiable photos of the women with whom I interact, so you'll just have to accept the strategically cropped and edited photos or decide take my word for it.

Disclosure: When I'm done with this project, I will give the details of the most successful version of my profile as well as the emails I sent that garnered the most responses.

Guidelines: Alcohol can be used as a social lubricant, but I will not fuck a completely wasted chick or one who seems mentally whacked out. Each woman I bang will be in a stable frame of mind or I will eject from the situation. In other words, I will earn it – not take it.

Target: Women of reasonable intelligence and at least average looks between the ages of 24 and 29. No fat chicks and no chicks over 30.

Rating: I will rate the attractiveness of each woman based on a 10 point scale. I found these definitions in an online forum and tweaked them just a bit. These are the standards I'll use to rate each woman:

10: Extremely rare, almost flawless. Super models, centerfolds, and movie stars must strive to achieve this rating.

9: In a large group of women, she's almost always best in show. Includes: Models, Actresses, Pop stars and girls touted as the "Hottest girl in..."

8: Extremely attractive. If you're with an 8, you have serious bragging rights.

7: Very attractive. These are the girls most any man would consider "hot". She's not always the hottest in the room, but no man in his right mind would turn her down, and any man would be proud to be seen with her.

6: Attractive. Slightly above average. She's cute, and you wouldn't mind being seen with her in public in an LTR.

5: Can be slightly attractive or slightly unattractive depending on the day and what she's wearing. Looks alone won't get her far, but at least she's not overweight.

4: Unattractive. Barely fuckable even if you're going through a dry spell. You'd never be seen with her in public.

3: Ugly.

2: Induces a gag reflex. There's no amount of alcohol in the world that could make her look good.

1: Half human half beast.

Goal: I'm not simply going for notches. I want to see if I can keep a steady stream of women in my bed by using online dating sites only. If she's cool, she gets to stick around for a bit. If not, on to the next. It's not about quality or quantity. It's about variety.

I've signed up for the site, and will be accessing my account in a moment. I'll write my profile today, choose photos, and then start the project when I get home from work. I'll give you the week 1 wrap up next Monday.

Wish me luck.

Filed under [Online Dating Project](#) Tagged with [online dating](#)

Proverb 16: Mistakes, And The Women Who Love Them

by Dalrock

September 2010 by Solomon II

I had a rare opportunity last night. Through a series of miscommunication, unreliable friends and last minute schedule changes, I found myself alone at a bar with a woman I know. It was supposed to be a group thing. She's 28, very attractive (a solid 7 at her worst) and recently engaged to a beta. A tall, handsome, successful beta – but a beta nonetheless.

We had known each other for a little over a year, and we struck up a close friendship, but she had been dating beta boy the whole time, so I never got a chance to fuck her. One of my few regrets.

ME: Congrats, Mel. I hear you're engaged to Brad.

HER: Yeah. He's a real sweetheart and I love him to death. I've wanted this for so long.

ME: Then why don't you seem happy?

HER: I am. I really am happy. Honest.

ME: Bullshit. I know a happy Melanie, and this isn't her.

HER: He just doesn't give me butterflies. I know I'm just being a stupid girl, and things aren't always like that, so I should just be happy.

ME: Why are you going through with this then?

HER: He's a good man. I mean, he's totally awes (I assume she meant awesome) what more could a woman want?

ME: Gina tingle.

HER: Huh?

ME: Oh, I mean those butterflies you mentioned earlier.

HER: I've made a lot of mistakes in my life. I mean, you know me, I'm a good person but I've made a lot of mistakes with guys.

ME: Save it, Mel. Looking through your Facebook page, it seems like you really enjoyed the hell out of those mistakes. Nothing wrong with being a party girl.

HER: I am NOT a party girl. Why does everyone always say that? Even Brad gives me a hard time about that and it's just stupid. That's not who I am now.

ME: You're right. I'm sorry. Didn't mean to judge. I'm just being a dick. You know how I am.

HER: I'm just fucking sick of hearing that. I'm a good person, but yeah, I guess I've made some mistakes so now I want to make sure I'm not making a different kind of mistake with Brad.

ME: What do you mean?

I'll stop there because there's no need to subject you to the typical girl rationalization you've undoubtedly heard a million times before. I sat there in delight, completely silent as she took 45 minutes to say, and of course, I paraphrase:

"I had a blast. I fucked anything and everything with tattoos and a guitar (her weakness). I was taken on trips, got to visit different bars while on tour with my bad boy musician fuckbuddies, stayed in nice hotels, hung out in recording studios, drank top shelf drinks, and got fucked stupid by beautifully tattooed men with long hair and dangerous attitudes – all without paying a dime. It was great. I wouldn't trade any of it for anything in the world because it made me who I am today.

Oh, but it was all a mistake."

As she sat there talking to me, her loins yearning for a bad boy pole to explode inside her and save her from the beta fiancée who gave her a ring but fell short on the butterflies, I began thinking about "mistakes". What exactly is a mistake in girl terms? I mean, even a toddler is smart enough to stop touching a hot stove after the first or second burn, but a woman will make the same mistakes in rapid succession year after year after year.

Then it dawned on me:

Action yielding a desirable reaction = success

Action yielding an undesirable reaction = mistake

Any logical, rational man can agree with the basic premise of this simplistic breakdown. Sure, we can say women make mistakes over and over again for years on end because they're devoid of logic and rational ability, but that simply isn't true. Women are smart, cunning, and laser focused when it comes to getting what they want. In the example above with my friend Melanie, spending 11 years as a professional party girl wasn't a mistake at all. It yielded her the results she desired: popularity, gina tingle, excitement, wild sex, and adventure.

Then why would she refer to them as mistakes?

The answer is simple. It wasn't a mistake, or shall I say her actions didn't yield undesirable reactions, until she shifted her focus in life. When she decided to settle down and was surprised that a nice guy beta boy was unable to bring tingles to her over stimulated ransacked vagina, she viewed her past as a mistake.

Example: On Mel's facebook page right now – somewhere down in her “summer 200X” photo album, she's in a lake on a guy's shoulders holding a beer. A second guy is reaching up behind her trying to untie her bikini top, and a third guy is grabbing the front of her top and trying to pull it off.

She's all smiles as the rest of the group cheers around her.

She doesn't view that lifestyle as a mistake. In fact, she documented it and posted it for the world to see. So what we have here is:

Action yielding a desirable reaction = success. Success not fitting in with your new and improved persona = mistake. In this scenario, one could argue that **mistake = excuse.**

That's why men should reject the “everyone makes mistakes” argument from a woman when he's interested in a long term relationship. She tries to play it off that in retrospect, her actions were wrong and she's changed, but all it really is an excuse. Yes, that really IS who she is, and yes she really IS that type of girl. Otherwise she would have course corrected years ago. But she didn't.

Men, it's not our job to be gallant White Knights perched upon noble steeds rushing in to save women from their actions – even if she labels those actions as mistakes. She has revealed her character. My friend Mel is a great girl, a good person, and a wonderful friend, but she's also been tagged by every douche bag musician in town and has the pictures to prove it. She even has the t-shirt, but it's a little wet right now.

She didn't make “mistakes”. She made decisions. Those decisions brought her the outcome she wanted, so she continued to make those decisions.

We'll see how her marriage to the beta boy goes. My guess is she'll either continue to be miserable and dream of the gina tingle of her past flings, or willingly cheat on the beta husband with whoever happens to be playing at the pub down the street. It's ok though, because if it makes her happy, it'll be a success. If she gets caught, it'll just be another “mistake”.

Filed under [Proverbs](#) Tagged with [rationalization hamster](#), [sexual past](#), [wedding](#)

The Online Dating Project: Week 1 Review

by Dalrock

Fall 2010 by Solomon II

Well now, if there was ever an experience every man should have, it's online dating. Talk about taking the rules of game and turning them on their head. This is a whole new world. Based on one week of experience, here is what I've found. Of course, I reserve the right to change my views as time marches on, but this is my first week impression:

I. Every woman sees herself as a 10. It doesn't matter if she's a 36 year old fat single mother with two interracial kids from different fathers and a bad case of lip herpes; she's a perfect 10 and has emails from 100 different guys to prove it. I quickly learned to message the hot ones, because even the 4's and 5's will put you through the ringer like a perfect 10 would. If you have to put in the effort, you might as well shoot for the stars.

II. The moment you press "send" on an email, you are a Beta. You (regardless of the tone of your email) are begging for her attention in her mind. You must acknowledge this and act/write accordingly. In the emails/chat sessions afterward, you can slowly regain Alpha status, but for a while, you'll be that beta who can't get a date in real life.

III. On your first contact, asshole game and aloof game does not work. Try it, and your email will end up in the delete folder. There are dozens and dozens of men vying for her time, and the interest this style of game garners does not translate in an email (for now, at least. I'll try to refine it next week). Now as for your profile, that's a different story. A little aloofness to mask the stench of desperation actually worked quite well for me.

IV. A very gentle neg goes a long way **but only** if the rest of the email addresses something relevant in her profile and has an overall gentlemanly tone. For example, writing "*I can't believe your favorite movie is XYZ. That movie sucked!*" almost guarantees they'll write you back if the rest of the email is fun, jovial, and positive.

V. Women will toy with you. They will go back and forth on chat/email for a day or two and then disappear. It's only been a week, and I'm already able to spot these bitches and avoid them. They follow a very similar pattern: they are usually very attractive, respond quickly, and seem to be really interested in you. If it's too good to be true, it probably is.

VI. Regardless of what their profile states – looking for a quick fuck, casual friends, friends only, a ride to the moon, LTR, marriage, whatever – 99.9% of online women are looking for an LTR with a good man. But they also believe there aren't any good men online, so they shit test constantly. How's that for circular female logic?

VII. More often than not, big means fat, curvy means fat, athletic means fat, skinny means fat, in shape means fat, and anorexic means fat. Fun means fat, sweet means fat, exciting means fat, prefers not to say means fat, and no photo means fat. There are more fat bitches online than there are at Wal Mart on triple coupon day. Again, all are perfect 10s in their minds who demand to be pursued like a winning lottery ticket.

VIII. Seven skinny photos and one plump photo? Add 10 lbs. to the plump photo and that's probably who you're dealing with. Several seemingly skinny minnies started doing the whole "I'm not your typical skinny Barbie doll girl" in their emails to me when their photos clearly showed a typical skinny Barbie doll girl. After convincing them to text me a pic taken that day, yeah... Fat.

IX. If all of her photos are with friends and you can't tell which one she is, there's a 90% chance she's the ugliest one of the bunch.

X. If you are a decent looking guy with a decent job, decent place, decent photos showing you travel and have decent looking friends, women will think there's something wrong with you for being online. Again, they fail to remember that they too are online. Fortunately, the "I work and travel so much that I never find the time to go out" response seems to squelch their fears.

Here are my stats for the first week:

I sent out emails to 21 women ranging from 5s to 9s. I heard back from 9 of them.

I received unsolicited emails from 16 women, only two of which were acceptable. They were both 6's.

Of the 11 women I've corresponded with this week, I have one date set up for Thursday night. She's a strong 7, 26 years old, and texts me "muah" every morning (a kiss, I presume). She seems to be fairly normal. I also have a coffee date on Saturday with an 8, age 23, but she's playing it really, really coy. Not too bitchy, but she's the type of girl who is definitely not desperate.

The others I'm still going back and forth with. It seems positive, but they could flake at any time.

In my best estimate, I would say that 7 days and 23 initial emails later (the 21 plus the two unsolicited I deemed acceptable), I have one sure fuck, and one other high probability fuck. Not too shabby for less than 10 hours worth of effort – no more than two hours per day, and taking the weekends off to appear more like an Alpha with a life outside of the internet.

I'll let you know how it goes. My goal is to bang a different chick every month for as long as the effort seems worth it. I'm thinking Ms. October will go down within the next week or two.

Overall, I'd say this online dating thing is a pain in the ass. If you have a problem with rejection, this is definitely not the game for you. I've read countless stories of men who tried it for 6 months or more and never even had a date. Fortunately, that doesn't seem to be the case here, and if I can work on getting my dick wet without going out all the time, the effort may pay off.

If you have any online dating stories or tips, feel free to post them here or email me at patriarchalkarma@gmail.com.

Filed under [Online Dating Project](#) Tagged with [dating](#), [online dating](#), [PUA](#), [relationships](#)

Lie of the Tiger

by Dalrock

Fall 2010 by Solomon II

The following is based on personal experiences from a while back. Two girls: a kitten and a tiger...

GIRL 1: Christian, sweet, kind, gentle, strives to be all that is traditionally feminine. She snowflakes on me big time, that is, she lets me know she's a good girl and goes into specific detail about why she should be viewed as a good catch. No promiscuous sex outside of long term committed relationships and a total partner count of less than 8 including blowjobs. No drunken/stoned one night stands, no sucking strange dick on vacation, nada. A couple nudie pics from an unscrupulous "professional" photographer ended up in his online portfolio without her permission, but hey. She made a mistake. Fine.

I call bullshit and check her story out. God damn it, she's telling the truth. Time-stamped photographs, "in/out of relationship" stamps on facebook, and old blogs actually added up. I'll be damned. I actually got a good one here. One who hadn't been ridden like the town bike, had a good relationship with her family, and treated me like a king.

In return I treated her like gold. I did anything and everything I possibly could for her to see her smile, but never lost my Alpha control over the relationship. I was playing it strong, and she was responding like a feminine lady should. It was almost perfect.

Six months later, I found out she was texting, calling, and instant messaging an old boyfriend. I asked her about it and she lied. After a little pressure, she showed me her texts and chat logs, told me they had been friends for years, and though there was nothing inappropriate (she even mentioned she wanted him to meet me – saw it with my own eyes), I was still pissed that she lied to me.

GIRL 2: Christian, sweet, kind, gentle, strives to be all that is traditionally feminine. She snowflakes on me big time, that is, she lets me know she's a good girl and goes into specific detail about why she should be viewed as a good catch. No promiscuous sex outside of long term committed relationships, no drunken/stoned one night stands, no sucking strange dick on vacation, nada. She had a rough going with a few boyfriends here and there, but hey. She made a mistake. Fine.

I call bullshit and check her story out. God damn it, she's lying through her teeth. By her own words, everything she portrayed herself to be was simply "who she is now". You know, after the group sex, cheating, abortion, drug problem, and fucking more than a couple of dozen men. I'll be damned. I actually got a first class manipulator on my hands here. One who had been ridden like the town bike, has a strained relationship with her family, and an attitude to match.

In return, I approached her with trepidation. I did anything and everything I possibly could to protect myself from being just another chump along her journey, and never lost my Alpha control over the relationship. I was playing it strong, but she was rebelling against it with the fury of hell. It was almost the worst situation anyone could imagine.

Six months later, she was pissed that I wasn't treating her like girl #1. "*Girl #1 cheated on you and I never have*" she said. "*I want to be treated at least equal if not better than her*".

Girl #2 thought that I assessed her value and decided to treat her differently than girl #1 simply because she had made more "mistakes" in her past. Of course she thought this was unfair of me because the future would be different thanks to a visit from that magical fairy who absolves women of their cock gobbling sins, removes jaded mindsets, restores respect for their bodies, and reshapes their character somewhere around their 28th birthday.

I tried to explain my position, but of course, I should have just gone over and banged my head against the wall.

What do you do when you see a kitten? You treat it like a kitten. What do you do when you see a wild tiger? You run like hell. Yes there's a chance the kitten may claw your eyes out and render you blind while the tiger just wants to lick you, but Christ man, what are the odds of that shit happening? Who in their right mind would take that risk and stick around to find out?

Not me.

As Nathaniel Hawthorne once said "*The past lies upon the present like a giant's dead body.*" Sorry ladies, if you want to live a lifestyle that causes you to be viewed as a big bucket full of red flags, then go for it. It's your right. Just don't be surprised when men decide to take a chance on a kitten and avoid the tiger when it comes time to settle down.

Can tigers change their wild ways? Of course they can. Is there any way to know for sure that they have? Nope. But what if you love the tiger? Well, then love it, but know what you're dealing with and never fall for the lie of the tiger – even if it has learned to purr like a kitten.

Filed under [Random Brain Thinkin'](#) Tagged with [alpha male](#), , [sexual past](#)

[The Online Dating Project: Week 2 Review](#)

by Dalrock

Fall 2010 by Solomon II

I've been busier than a cranberry merchant these past few days, and I'm getting ready to jet out for over a week for work. Because of this, my online dating project has been put on the back burner. However, there are still a few highlights from week two.

First and foremost, I had my first "date". To my surprise she looked slightly better in person than she did in her photographs, so that was a real plus. In my last post I said she was a "strong 7" and I think that's pretty accurate. 26 years old, great shape, unstoppable legs, and a cute face. Not smoking hot, but way more than acceptable.

If you read last week's review, you'll remember that I said every man starts from the position of betatude online because he has to dance like a fucking monkey to get attention from a

woman with an inbox full of potential suitors. Well, that shit ended the moment I met her. Game on.

I pulled up to the security gate of her place and sent her a text. "I'm here." She quickly texted back "ok". Ten minutes later she still wasn't there so I texted "ETA?" to which she replied "I got scared". I wrote back "Adios" and put my car in reverse. As I was backing up, she was standing there behind my car smiling.

She said "I can't believe you were going to leave me!" and I said "Why would I waste my time waiting? You're not the only woman on the planet." She pretended to be offended and tried her own version of push-pull and pouting to get me to apologize. My only response was "You made me wait, so you're paying for the first round – end of discussion" which she did. That set the tone for the whole night. I successfully turned the tables from me being a beta boy begging for her attention to her working hard to gain my approval.

Four hours and \$57.00 later, I was fucking her. It was pretty good, but nothing to write home about. Then again, I wasn't putting in much effort myself, so I guess I have no right to complain. There was zero foreplay other than a blowjob for yours truly and minimal kissing. I popped one off, tied a knot in the condom and flushed it, put my clothes on, and left.

The only downside is she spent 48 hours blowing up my phone wondering when we could see each other again. Not wanting to be a total asshole, I responded to every other text with one word responses. She knows I'm leaving for a week, and I think she wants round two before I go so there's a better chance she'll see me when I come back.

Don't get me wrong, I'd love to hit it a few more times, but she lives too far from me. I've never seen an ass worth a 90 minute round trip. There's poon aplenty close to where I live, so I'm going to let this one go.

Of the other women I was chatting with, one completely flaked on coffee with no promise to reschedule (bitch), and the other flaked on brunch but actually called, apologized, and suggested a time to reschedule. From the sincerity in her voice – and the fact she actually called me, I'm thinking this will probably be my next notch. She's 28 years old, and I'd rate her a good 6. She's cute.

Here are my stats for the second week:

I sent zero emails to women.

I received 9 unsolicited emails from women – only one of which was acceptable. The other eight were from fat single mothers or what I assume to be hookers.

I kept in touch with two from week one, and the one from week two I deemed acceptable.

I have one date set up for tonight, but I'm going to have to cancel. I'm flying out earlier tomorrow than I thought. I'm also expecting to reschedule that brunch the other chick flaked out on. In addition, I got another number from a girl who lives two blocks from me, and we're going to have drinks when I get back in town. Long story short, I should be able to set up three dates when I get back next week.

Week two was minimal effort, but I still got laid and have three more on the line. Not too shabby, but it really is a pain in the ass keeping up with the emails and text messages. It's like managing clients.

If my travel schedule wasn't always in the way and I had a less stressful job, I truly believe that I could bang a different girl every other week. Ahhh. If only they had online dating back when I was in college. I would have been freaking lethal. It's amazing what a man can do with decent photographs and a well written profile.

Filed under [Online Dating Project](#) Tagged with [dating](#), [dating advice](#), [online dating](#)

The Online Dating Project: Week 3 Review

by Dalrock

Fall 2010 by Solomon II

I have been out of town with limited internet access. Up at 5am every morning and not returning to the hotel until 9pm at the earliest. Needless to say, my online dating profile was the least of my worries.

Got a phone number from a chick on the plane who lives in my hometown though. Hotter than any tail I've met online, so the old man's still got it.

But in my overt bragging, I digress.

This week I only sent out one email, which was returned by a cute little redhead. We're going back and forth, and all looks well. It's to the point where I need to ask her for her number and set up a time to meet. I'll do that tonight.

But what I did do was use the communication that was already started to set up dates for this week. I have a 26 year old grad student tonight (low 6), a 24 year old nurse tomorrow night (possible 7), and a 29 year old designer on Wednesday night (high 7/low 8 depending on which photo you judge from). I basically did this via text while I was on the road. That's why it's important to get their numbers.

Of the three, only one is a sure bang. I can just tell. The other two, well, I'll have to be on my toes but hopefully I can close at least one of them.

It's only been three weeks, but I'm actually starting to get too many numbers and emails to keep track of. Between the ones who are interested, the ones who are sort of interested and want to take it *painfully* slow, and the total flake out bitches, I may need to put it on hold for a week or two. I'm seriously considering getting one or two more bangs and taking some time off. That'll give the new users time to flood in and make me look like fresh meat again when I renew my profile.

But hey, three dates in one week really isn't a bad deal so I have nothing to complain about. Next week's update should be much more interesting. Like I've said before, my quest is to have a plethora of women bent over my couch screaming my name while their future

White Knight husband is working overtime to save money for the house she'll eventually take from him in the divorce.

By the way, I'm noticing a trend. The women who show interest in me first are far more likely to meet up and/or give me their numbers early in the process. Perhaps putting a profile up and not sending any emails out at all would yield close to the same results.

I'll test that theory later. For now I'm focused on enjoying a few more easy lays – uh, I mean inviting unique, adventurous and classy ladies (who normally never do that kind of thing) to grow, learn what they want in life, be true to themselves, celebrate their independence, and throw off the shackles of patriarchy by sucking my dick like it's filled with the antidote to their empty existence.

Filed under [Online Dating Project](#) Tagged with [dating](#), [online dating](#), [PUA](#), [sluts](#)

Proverb 17: Top 10 Lies Women Tell

by Dalrock

Fall 2010 by Solomon II

Looking back over my recent long term relationships, I can honestly say that between serious girlfriends and the few stragglers who drifted in and out of my life in between, I have been continually lied to for at least three solid years. Big lies, little lies, devious lies, white lies, lies of affection, lies of jealousy, lies for no apparent reason, lies for damn good reasons, etc.

What I've learned from my romantic interests over the past few years is this: It's not a lie if you don't get caught. It's not a lie if you fess up to the truth after you get caught. It's not a lie if you didn't mean for it to be a lie. It's not a lie if you don't want it to be a lie even if it clearly is – because it sort of isn't(ish). Then there's my personal favorite: It's not a lie if it was told to keep a man from getting pissed off about an earlier lie that kind of sort of wasn't really a lie in the first place because of a technicality in the way he asked the question.

Here's a list of the top 10 lies I'm told most often by the most women. I've encountered these lies with nearly every girlfriend I've ever had. I could easily add 50 more to the list, but I'm keeping it to the 10 most common among all my past girlfriends.

Listen. I know you've been reading my blog for a while, and I appreciate it. I know I said there are only 10 lies, but you somehow found out I really listed 13. I'm sorry I lied to you and it'll never happen again. But honestly, I either miscounted or forgot about the other 3 lies because they didn't mean anything to me. If you can't forgive me for this, you don't love me and you're not a real man.

So thanks to the power of chick math, here are 13 of the top 10 lies women tell me:

I have finally come to the point in my life where I simply cannot continue being upset by this shit. I'm too old, my job is too stressful, I travel too much, and I'm just downright tired of getting worked up every time some woman lies to me. I swear to Christ I'd rather have my

girlfriend let some random guy fuck her in the ass and email me photos of it than for her to go to lunch with an attractive male coworker and lie about it later.

Trying to change a woman's natural propensity for dealing in falsehoods or attempting to kill the rationalization hamster that enables her to do so with a straight face and a clear conscience is a fool's quest. I've thought about ghosting, but I'm too fond of the pussy. I've thought about not having any more LTRs so that when some random bitch lies to me it wouldn't matter, but every now and then I find myself wrapped up in some chick. The comfort and consistency is nice, but the lying makes me as mad as Hell fire.

Over the years I have slowly and painfully come to the sad conclusion that the only way to keep a woman from lying to you is to stop asking her questions. Give her the opportunity, and she'll lie every single time.

My solution to this phenomenon will be outlined in **Proverb 18: Stealth** later this week.

Filed under [Proverbs](#) Tagged with [dating](#), [lies](#), [lying women](#), [relationships](#), [women](#)

Proverb 18: Stealth

Fall 2010 by Solomon II

Everything I write comes from real world experience. I either write about things I've personally encountered, or I brazenly rip off and put my own spin on some of the best articles I find on the web which feature firsthand accounts of relevant events.

But this post is different.

Unlike my other posts, this one is theory. The ideas and suggestions I'm about to propose are completely new to me, and I'm going to have to work hard to put them into practice. This time I'm not writing to you, I'm writing to me. It's time for me to find the balls it takes to make a fundamental life change, and it isn't easy when it comes to relationship matters. The directives below will require me to change not only my outward actions (or reactions) to specific events, but to also rewire my brain to fundamentally accept what I already know. Currently I have the intellect and knowledge, but acceptance and implementation is where I fall short.

This is a follow up to my post Proverb 17: Top 10 Lies Women Tell.

The title of this Proverb is "Stealth". I'm not referring to the actual dictionary definition of the word, but rather the Stealth B2 Bomber. The B2 has two major defenses which helps it navigate the war theater. The first defense is a surface which absorbs radar, and the second is the aircraft's unique angles which deflect radio beams.

Absorb and deflect. That's the lesson I need to learn.

As men living in a world where women are nothing more than overgrown children, we're constantly faced with a sobering reality. While both genders have their good sides and bad sides, society has encouraged women to view their weaknesses as strengths and their

strengths as weaknesses. In the end, men are stuck with all of the downside and virtually none of the upside of a woman. Women used to be moody but feminine. Now they're moody but slutty. They used to be irrational and submissive. Now they're irrational and manipulative. In short, there was a time when men would suffer through a woman's flaws because there was a payoff, and women would return the favor by overlooking a man's flaws. In the end, happy unions for the most part and healthy families were the outcome.

Those days are long gone.

The real kick in the nuts here is that if you dare to even attempt to call a woman's attention to these matters, you'll be subjected to shaming language by the bitch herself, every other woman on the planet, and the 80% of men who are pussy whipped feminized Betas. Cue the "I don't know any men who think like you" and "The men I know are open minded and don't judge women like you do" language. Of course you could always gingerly point out that her 32 year old ransacked womb (stained with the jizz of dozens of men who still forward nude photos of her to their buddies while they brag about the nasty shit they got her to do on the first date) is still single even in the midst of all these "great guys", but it won't do you any good. It'll make you feel better for calling her out on her bullshit, but you'll never get your point across and you'll have a fight on your hands. It's impossible to kill or even slow down her rationalization hamster. Trust me, I've tried.

So there you stand. Living in a world where if you want a serious long term relationship, your "the one" could simply be the woman who has had the bare minimum respect for her body, displays the bare minimum amount of trustworthiness, and exudes the bare minimum levels of femininity. The absolute best you can possibly hope for in today's dating market is a woman who meets the basic requirements for what makes an amiable human being. The bar is set so goddamn low, that when a man finds the best of the worst, he can consider himself lucky. There's a reason women hate each other. Think about it.

As King Solomon wrote in Proverbs chapter 31, "*Who can find a virtuous woman, for her price is far above rubies. The heart of her husband doth safely trust in her... She will do him good and not evil all the days of her life.*"

Virtuous? Shit. Most of us would settle for a run-of-the-mill girl with a decent personality who could be somewhat trusted and has a reasonable amount of respect for herself. In my not-so-humble opinion the only way a man can be happy in a long term relationship with 99% of today's women is if he learns to go Stealth. Absorb and deflect. If you're over the age of 28, you'll drive yourself goddamn crazy trying to find a sweet, caring, feminine trustworthy woman who hasn't had more pricks than a used dartboard.

So here's the outline. Here's the four step process that I'm going to do my best to implement from now on so that I'm not continually pissed off by whores who lie, cheat, manipulate, and act like spoiled children: **Target > Absorb > Deflect > Bomb.**

Target: You must identify your target and know its coordinates. If you're with a typical modern princess, it's probably somewhere around (Latitude 18° 15' Slut, Longitude 66° 30' Liar). As long as you're well versed on your target and don't fall for snowflaking, you are ready to move in to Stealth mode. Remember, when setting your coordinates, a woman will insist she's not a used up cunt if there's not a foreign dick in her mouth at the *exact* moment you broach the subject, and that she's not a liar if she's not messaging an ex fling

during your conversation. What she did 2 minutes ago is in the past, and what she'll do in the future is nothing short of perfect because she's changed. She will see herself as a real catch. A lady full of grace and beauty. She'll see herself as your woman, best friend, confidant, and lover until she changes her mind. Don't be fooled. Know your target.

Of course when I write like this, women think men like me believe they are constantly in a state of being a lying whore. I don't think that at all. I'm simply suggesting that women do what they want when they want. Oft that which they desire is good, pure in spirit, and mutually beneficial to their significant other. The problem arises when what they want is self serving, because most women lack the moral compass, strength of character and ethical code to stop themselves from engaging in behavior that is detrimental to a relationship. I would venture to say that even the biggest lying whore on the globe is a rather decent human being 80% of the time. Still, she acts in her own emotional and physical interests without apology while demanding that you have strength of character.

Absorb: A man must absorb this information. He must expect that she will lie. He must expect that she will manipulate, and not let himself become upset or thrown off by it. Do not question her for it will give her reason to lie, and do not lie to her lest it give her reason to manipulate. Take it all in with a smile. Know that she is lying, know that she is manipulating the situation, but say nothing. Do nothing. You probably think I've lost my damn mind, but I'm not suggesting you become a beta fucktard who lives in a state of perpetual delusion or allows himself to be played. I'm suggesting that to avoid conflict (not for the bitch's sake, but for your own peace of mind) you abstain from giving her the hellfire she deserves. For now anyway.

Deflect: When she lies to you, say "Ok baby, by the way, what are your plans this weekend?" When she starts manipulating a situation with things like "You don't love me." Run over to her, squeeze her tight, and say "I wuv oo show much I can't bewieve I'm so wucky to have oo." Then change the subject. When she locks her female radar on you and starts in on something so batshit stupid and illogical you nearly die of a stroke, deflect it like you didn't even notice. This will keep the bitch quiet and happy thinking her lies and manipulation are actually working. Meanwhile you've avoided conflict, you're not putting up with anything you wouldn't have to deal with from any other broad out there, and you're getting laid on a regular basis – the one thing she's consistently good for.

Bomb: Now for the good stuff. Before you enter a long term relationship using the tenets of Stealth, predetermine how much shit you'll take from a woman. If she's a fling or a pump-n-dump it doesn't really matter, but for an LTR, you need to mentally draw a line in the sand. The moment she crosses it, bomb the living fuck out of her. Annihilate her world. Be sure she doesn't live to fight another day. Your goal is to dump a bitch without her ever seeing any warning signs of her impending doom. She's put you through a world of shit, so take her out Stealth B2 style. Come out of nowhere, deliver your pay load, then blast off into the sunset leaving nothing but scorched earth in your wake.

Here are the pros and cons as I see them of a Stealth long term relationship. Feel free to add more if you think I've missed something.

PRO: You finally learn to accept the inevitable and don't get worked up over it, therefore you fight less with your girl.

PRO: By not calling her out on her lies and manipulation, you can observe a woman in her natural habitat. The moment you tip her off by arguing or offering a counterpoint, she course corrects. By allowing her to be herself you keep the control group untainted in your experiment.

PRO: With minimal effort you keep the pussy coming until you're tired of her shit.

PRO: The look on her face when you bomb her ass should be fucking priceless if you do it right.

CON: You risk looking like a beta in her eyes for not calling her out on her shit.

CON: It's going to be extremely difficult for any Alpha male to hold his tongue when some whore starts snowflaking or lying to him. This isn't going to be easy.

CON: You may start feeling like a giant pussy if you don't keep the overall goal in mind.

In closing, I'll remind you that regardless of whether or not you decide to adopt the Stealth method, you will still have to put up with being lied to in any type of interaction with a woman. Why not give this a try? Why not have the time the two of you spend together be as pleasant as possible, then enjoy a sense of satisfaction and manhood when you blow her ass to smithereens if she crosses the line?

The real question for me is: Can I put my pride aside and not flip out on some broad when she engages in lies and manipulation long enough to make this work? I'm tired of fighting with women. I'm tired of arguing minor details like "uh, bitch, if he put his dick in you a year ago, then he's an ex – and you said you never contact exes". Honest to Christ, I just can't take it anymore.

Though I may fail a time or two during my ramp up period, I'm making a personal goal to go Stealth in my next LTR. Wish me luck.

Filed under [Proverbs](#) Tagged with [alpha male](#), [dating advice](#),

[The Online Dating Project: Week 4 Review](#)

by Dalrock

Fall 2010 by Solomon II

Well, I'm out. I deleted my profile late last week, and I'm not going to renew it until my travel schedule calms down. Too much work, and I was starting to confuse woman A with woman B in text messages and emails – a definite no no. I also flaked on two girls this week because of work. One agreed to reschedule, the other just vanished. I think this is the first time I've ever flaked on a woman. Felt good.

Once again, I went a solid week without sending out emails, yet I got a bang on the second date with a new chick. I think she is 25, cute, and had Houdini tits. If you're unfamiliar with the term Houdini tits (and you probably are since I just made it up), I'm referring to a girl who appears to be average in the boob region, then she takes off her shirt and the most

amazing jugs you've ever encountered seem to appear out of nowhere. I have no clue where she was hiding those things. Ta-da Tatas. Houdini tits.

Since this will be my last online dating review until my schedule settles down next year, let me tell you what I've learned:

A) This "online dating thing doesn't work" that you seem to read about all over the internet is false. I was involved for four weeks – two of which I didn't send out any emails – one of which I was out of town, and I banged two little cuties. It works. I also have two numbers in my phone of women I haven't met yet who I can contact whenever I want. One is a definite lay; the other seems a bit flaky but who knows.

B) As I updated my profile to have solid negs over time, the emails started coming in. I'm not giving away my secrets here because I plan to use them again, but they were solid, in-your-face, humorous negs. By stating "Some women on here think..." you're almost guaranteed a dozen emails from women claiming they're not like that, and you're funny for posting it. Use their narcissistic snowflaking personalities against them! Every woman out there is just *dying* to prove that she's not like every other woman out there. I had at least a dozen emails saying that my profile was the most interesting one they've ever read. Judging from the stupid shit I saw on my competition's profiles, I can believe it.

C) A picture really is worth a thousand words. Choose your photos very, very carefully. I had one photo of me walking down a hotel hallway carrying a guitar case, one of me with my sister and mother laughing, one of me with a group of friends of varying nationalities, one artsy photo where I looked pretty good, and one of me holding a pissed off cat with a bewildered, hateful look on my face. The cat one was staged, by the way. Took at least a dozen shots to get it right.

Your photos paint a story in her mind. You must create a guy she finds interesting. A guy she just has to know more about. The story my photos told was "I'm a creative, funny, mysterious guitar playing traveler who loves his mother, has an interesting group of friends, and hates cats but has a good attitude about it." Alpha+Beta=Perfect Man.

D) Get yourself a female partner in crime. I had a friend read every single email I received. She told me which ones to pursue and which ones to forget. She called both bangs with 100% accuracy right down to the number of dates it would take. She told me the one nighter would go down in one night, and that the second date bang would take "at least two dates". Girls know girls. I'm just lucky to have a female friend who is just as wicked as I am. If you're not so lucky, find a nice girl to point out the ones who seem more sincere and less slutty, then go for the ones she doesn't recommend.

E) If your intention for online dating is just to pump-and-dump, change your facebook profile pic to something that doesn't show your face. If not, you'll get a friend request from your one night stand. Not good.

F) If you don't have a crazy travel schedule like mine, lie about it. Mention in your profile that you travel a lot for work and that your schedule can change on a dime. Mention this in your email communications too. Get her conditioned to the fact that you won't be around all the time. It'll create mystery and get you off the hook if you do it right. Overdo it, and she'll

think you won't be around enough for a relationship if things go well. This is a delicate balancing act. Casually mention it, but don't dwell on it.

G) Always have a "you should drop me a note if..." portion in your profile. This is your place to undo some of the betaness you're saddled with for being online in the first place. DO NOT do the usual "If you're a nice girl who is fun and wants to meet an interesting man..." bullshit. Go with something humorous that shows you have options. For example: "You should drop me a note if you won't bore me to tears, you know that wearing flip-flops to a nice dinner is tacky, and you're ok with the fact that regardless of how attractive you are, I do NOT want to hear about your damn cat". Negs, negs, negs. You have to do it in your profile because you absolutely cannot do it in your emails.

H) Start a file on your computer with girl's names, numbers, emails, photos, and a brief description of your communication. Do not respond to her until you refresh your memory. This is where I failed. I'll do this next time. Nothing worse than texting "So how was your weekend?" Only to see the response "I went to my friend's funeral. I told you that". Ouch. No pussy for me.

I) Write your profile, but before you post it, read at least 10 other men's profiles in your age bracket and your level of attractiveness. Know the competition and do something different.

J) Remember that in order to do this right, it takes a lot of time and effort. The pussy will come, but it can be a real pain in the ass. If you're allergic to rejection, this is not the gig for you. Yes I nailed two chicks in four weeks, but I was also rejected dozens of times.

So there you have it. Happy hunting, gentlemen. I'll be rejoining you in the online dating field in a few months.

Filed under [Online Dating Project](#) Tagged with [online dating](#)

Proverb 19: Friend, Lover, PayPal

by Dalrock

Fall 2010 by Solomon II

I like to fuck around as much as the next guy. Today's women have made a mockery of all that is feminine, virtuous, trustworthy, and sane – rendering them good for little more than being a warm, willing, fleshy depository for my little swimmers. It's 2010 and your average woman no longer sees her place as in the home or as a devoted wife and mother, but at least she has no problem finding her place on a stranger's cock. Two steps back, one orgasmic step forward.

It's as if the entire gender is determined to self destruct.

But alas, I too have needs that go beyond the physical. I do enjoy having a serious girlfriend and being in a committed relationship when I bump into a woman who doesn't make me want to hang myself with my own entrails.

When I do turn off the logical side of my brain and step into the fairytale land of wonder and make believe that is inherently female, we hang out quite a bit. We generally see each other three days during the week minimum, and spend our entire weekends together. A mini marriage of sorts.

No complaints. I like it.

But what would this blog be if I didn't bitch about women? Boring. That's what. That's why I get three times more hits on a post like "[Top 10 Lies Women Tell](#)" than I do on the follow up "[Stealth](#)". If I had called it "*Stealth: Because Women are Disgusting Whores*", I probably would have had more than a measly 198 views over the weekend.

I'm sure you're expecting me to find the worst in an otherwise good situation yet again, so I won't let you down. As I skimmed my Bank of America online statement a few days ago, I began to realize that I'm quite a dense fellow. I spent a few days crunching numbers, so I've spent more time on this post than what its probably worth.

But I'm already balls deep into it now, so here goes. Here are a few actual thoughts that have gone through my mind over the past few years during my interactions with serious, long term girlfriends:

"For a vocalist, she sure has a great apartment. I wonder how she does it on a local artist's salary?" This thought crossed my mind as I was pulling out my debit card and purchasing \$272 worth of tickets to Disney World for us and her two nephews. Of course you can double that with parking, food, etc.

"It's nice that she offered me \$6 for the valet. I don't have any cash." This thought crossed my mind as I was in the midst of a \$750 trip to San Antonio – a city I had zero interest in visiting.

"I love this new iPhone she bought me for my birthday and the three new shirts. I'm shocked. I didn't think she made that kind of money." This thought crossed my mind as I was pulling out my debit card and laying out \$120 for dinner (again) before stopping by the Opera House for a show – another \$138.

"She got laid off from her job and could afford to live on her own for 6 months until she found a replacement gig. She must be good with her money." This thought crossed my mind as I was counting up my receipts totaling over \$600 for a weekend we spent in California – not including travel expenses. I later found out that I wasn't the first boyfriend to fly her to San Francisco that year. Some women just have what it takes, I guess.

I could go on and on and on with personal stories just like this.

Now these weren't just random flings. They were my girlfriends. I never once had an ill thought towards any of them or thought they were "too expensive". I make good money and never went in to debt for a woman, I had fun going on those trips, eating those dinners, watching those movies, and seeing new places too. I didn't complain then, and I'm not bashing them now.

But what I realized after casually mentioning “*Hey, where are YOU taking ME for dinner?*” only to hear a semi-joking response like “*You’re the man. It’s your job to provide.*” is that men are getting a raw deal here. More often than not, a woman sees her long term boyfriend as a friend, a lover, and a PayPal – a pal that pays for shit. In exchange, you get to be in a relationship with them and enjoy the unique goodness of their effervescent persona.

Is it worth it? You be the judge. Here are my *actual numbers* for the past 18 months. I’m averaging the costs of serious girlfriends only and I am NOT taking into consideration any trips, birthdays, holidays, or special events. I am NOT accounting for the money I spend on myself, i.e. a \$100 dinner bill is logged as \$50 for her half. This is the average of her true cost of ownership:

This \$11,442.30 is probably a conservative estimate because when in doubt on an expense, I didn’t count it. If you add birthdays, holidays and vacations to this, the annual cost could easily exceed \$14,000. Multiply that by the number of years she’s been on her knees sucking cock like it’s her job, and it’s safe to say that by the age of 30, most single women have had nearly \$200,000.00 pumped into their personal economy.

“I make my own money, I pay my own bills, I buy my own stuff, I’m a strong woman”.
Yeah. While enjoying a \$200k subsidy, you narcissistic bitch.

So what has been the return on my investment? Good times, great memories, a lot of dirty sex, a lot of passionate lovemaking, happiness, togetherness, and companionship from women who eventually lied, cheated (or both), or couldn’t stop bitching – causing me to drop them off on the curb like Tuesday’s garbage.

For only \$9,880 per year I could get a different hooker each week from Craigslist and not deal with the drama, lies, or incessant bitching. Then I could use the remaining \$1,500 to \$4,120 to take a kick ass vacation and pick me up some of that notoriously easy American tail from some vacationing slut who wants to “try something new”.

Perhaps it’s time for me to assess my ROI and demand the best bang for my buck. Your old friend Solomon is officially stepping down as PayPal even in long term relationships until I meet a lady who seamlessly blends strength, beauty, courage, and intelligence into a flawless tapestry of femininity that I simply cannot live without.

If I ever meet her and she decides to take a chance on an asshole like me, I’ll become the good man I used to be. What’s the male version of snowflaking? I guess I better figure that one out just in case...

Filed under [Proverbs](#) Tagged with [dating advice](#), [relationships](#)

[Old Maids Over 40 Still Feed Rationalization Hamsters!](#)

by Dalrock

Fall 2010 by Solomon II

“Anecdotal & Statistical Proof That Women Over 40 Are Not Destined To Be Old Maids”

You can read the entire article [here](#). Here are the two quotes I focused on from the article:

“Of those women who remain unmarried, they have at least a 40% statistical probability of eventually marrying...”

“The advice, in a nutshell, is to relax your standards. “

My response, which I highly doubt will make it past the moderation process, was:

So basically, there's a 60% chance of them NOT marrying, and 100% chance that they won't be able to marry the men they want. Hmmm. I fail to see the silver lining here.

All women are born with an inheritance from mother nature. That inheritance is youth and beauty. Many women choose to focus on their career and other personal interests, while squandering that inheritance on the men who respect them the least: flings, one night stands, short term relationships with the latest and greatest bad boy, etc.

Then they turn 30, tick tock tick tock, and expect that a good man will take their used up carcass off the market simply because she's awesome.

It doesn't always work that way, obviously. This article proves that, though it is frosted in rainbows and unicorns a bit just to make the marriage market's leftovers feel a little better about themselves.

Let the shaming language begin! \$100 says the “you don't know anything about me or what I've been through” bullshit will be so deep, I'll need a shovel to get through it all. That is, if my comment makes it through moderation.

UPDATE: In under 5 minutes, the author replied:

Well, if men with your bitter and sexist attitude are all that's left of the dating pool, then I wouldn't mind remaining single. I dare say that the rest of the women who posted here will probably agree with me.

I'm sure they will agree with her. Why wouldn't they? It's in their best interest. And I'm sure she will remain single... I responded:

I just lost a bet. I thought it would take at least 10 minutes for the shaming language to begin.

You worked in “bitter” and “sexist” pretty quickly (entry level at best) but you forgot to add jaded, misogynistic, the fact that I'm not a real man, that I'm a manChild suffering from a Peter Pan complex, the fact that most men don't think like me, etc.

But instead of addressing my points and admitting that they're solid and factual – using YOUR OWN data, you go for the insults. I'm a big boy and I can take it. You might want to work on that though.

I'm not here to hijack a comments thread, so I'll go away. Good luck finding your man. You know, the one who will settle for you while wishing to God he could be with that young

[edited to protect the guilty] in his department who sleeps with married men. The one who will end up just like you...

Kudos to her for letting my comment go through. Gotta give her credit for that.

Filed under [Random Brain Thinkin'](#)

Drive Thru Boyfriends

by Dalrock

Fall 2010 by Solomon II

“Welcome to McFling’s. My name is Solomon II. May I take your order?”

“Uh, yes. I’ll have the three months of meaningless sex from the Boyfriend Lite menu, add extra self respect. Hold the judgment and consequences please.

“I’m sorry; we’re all out of self respect. Would you like to add a side of rationalization for only \$1 more?”

“Yeah. That’s fine. Super size it please.”

“Thank you. Please pull up to the window for your total.”

There she is driving down the road of life at her own pace. She’s young, independent, beautiful and has all the time in the world. When she’s horny, she swings into the closest drive thru and places her order. She does the same thing when she’s sad, lonely, happy, up, down, in, out, excited, needy, afraid, strong, weak, depressed, moody, joyful, exhilarated, stressed, etc. Any and every reason is valid because she’s being “true to herself”. Every three months on average she swings into McFling’s and orders up the best looking or most exciting thing on the menu (because she’s sooo selective). There’s also a couple of late night snack runs thrown in there for good measure, but not as many as some other girls, so you have no right to judge her. She’s young and her metabolism is firing on all cylinders, so now is the time for her to gorge herself with no consequences.

At the age of 27, she starts to notice that her steady diet of junk food relationships isn’t as satisfying as it once was. Sure the bright lights, flashy signs, fast service and cheap satisfaction made for great fun, but now she’s starving for wholesome affection and beginning to show signs of emotional malnutrition. There has to be something better out there. Something more substantive.

All of a sudden she decides to make a change. No more drive thru boyfriends. Certainly everyone understands that her junk food relationship binge wasn’t her fault since it’s the bulk of what society offers. It’s our culture. These greasy high calorie drive thru boyfriend establishments are on every corner, advertised on every channel, glamorized in the media, and no one really told her how bad they could be for her health. It’s society’s fault. It’s the franchise’s fault. All the girls she knows are doing it, so how could she possibly be expected to know any better?

So now she wants steak, and by God she's convinced that she deserves it from a five star restaurant.

She takes a shower hoping the stench of her decade long habit of frequenting McFling's won't be as noticeable. She may not know how to act properly at the new fancy steakhouse she's going to try tonight, but it's ok. Men always give her a pass on her behavior since she's beautiful and an easy lay adventurous.

When she's all done getting ready and is confident that she can look and act like the type of girl who has been eating healthy all along, she heads out for the best steakhouse in town. Why not the best? She deserves it, and her friend Michelle ate there last week (and she's totally not even pretty).

With all the undeserved self confidence in the world and an advanced case of juvenile egocentrism, she pulls into the parking lot of the steakhouse. She notices there are dozens of people standing in line. She doesn't understand. The stupid bitch at the hostess desk asked her if she had a reservation. A reservation?! How rude! She has a vagina and that's always been sufficient before, so what gives? It seems the steakhouse is completely booked for months.

Now she's pissed off. How could the upscale steakhouse refuse to seat her? So what if she showed up right at prime dinner time (27 years old o'clock) and demanded the best seat in the house. She deserves it. She's waited so long for it... well, not really, but in theory anyway. She always knew the steakhouse was there, she just never took the time to plan ahead for reservations. It's not her fault.

As she drives away, she realizes she has another problem. She's still hungry. She pulls in to yet another McFling's, this time disgusted to be there. But she's changed, so she decides to try something different.

“Welcome to McFling's. My name is Solomon II. May I take your order?”

“Uh, yes. I'll have the steak please.”

“We don't serve steak. Show me your tits.”

“I'm not like that anymore. Steak please.”

“I can offer you the three months of meaningless sex from the Boyfriend Lite menu, and pretend to hold the judgment and consequences if you'd like.”

“Steak please.”

“Bitch, would you like me to serve you the three months of meaningless sex from the Boyfriend Lite menu, pretend to hold the judgment and consequences, and just *tell you* it's steak?”

“Steak please.”

“Fine. Please pull up to the first window. I’ll have your total and a treat for your hamster.”

This cycle continues until she turns 30 and realizes that she’ll never get in to the steakhouse. She’s waited much too long to make reservations, so she settles for a Beta male who takes her to Chili’s on 2 for 1 night in his minivan. Hey, it’s not the steakhouse she deserves, but it’s better than that asshole Solomon II at the drive thru boyfriend joint. At least Chili’s has real silverware.

That night she stumbles upon a blog with a post entitled “Drive Thru Boyfriends” and gets righteously annoyed. That’s not her at all. That was never her intention. She’s different, special, and unique. What gives the author the right to assume that he knows her or can determine what she’s been through in her AMAZING life? He doesn’t know her story. He doesn’t know her heart. He can’t judge her actions based on what other girls do simply because she did the same things and ended up in the same situation they did. He can’t tell her what kind of person she is, or what her fate will be. She’s different than the rest. She’s strong, independent and wise beyond her years.

In her rage she hits the road again, confused by what has happened to her and angry that she didn’t get what she deserved out of life. With her Beta boyfriend wondering where the hell she is, she drives past the steakhouse which is closed for the night. Blinded by fury and driven by emotion, she decides to make yet another change. A real and meaningful change this time. This time she’ll get it right and enjoy what she deserves for being an amazing woman. Her rationalization hamster helps out with navigation and leads her to a brand new place. Somewhere she’s never been. This is it! This is what she needs. This time she’s confident she’ll get what she deserves.

And she does.

“Welcome to McFling’s. My name is Solomon II. May I take your order?”

“Steak, please...”

Suggested Reading: [Commitment as a Form of Female Investment](#) by Dalrock.

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Filed under [Random Brain Thinkin’](#) Tagged with [rationalization hamster](#), [sluts](#)

[Proverb 20: Dating Nancy Drew](#)

by Dalrock

November 8, 2010 by Solomon II 11 Comments

When I was but a young lad growing up in Chicago, my sister and I would spend our cold winter nights reading mystery novels. Our parents found a case of books for each of us from their own childhood stash, and we’d spend hours going through them. I read *The Hardy Boys*, and my sister read *Nancy Drew* – a fictional character who solved mysteries by

sleuthing about. She was tough, tenacious, and never let anything stand in her way of following up on a clue.

My dating resume is littered with women who were quite inquisitive at one time or another, and that's to be expected. It's perfectly natural to follow your instincts and do your best to protect your emotional investment. Ah, but then there are the big three. The three girlfriends I call my "Nancy Drew" girlfriends. The ones who were constantly suspicious of everything, would hack my phone, check my emails, and try to subject me to bullshit CIA interrogation tactics over the smallest and most insignificant of things.

Turns out, they were the three most promiscuous, dishonest women I had ever dated. Sociopaths, the lot of them. Just as the Evangelical TV preachers who bust on fags are usually the ones caught playing butt darts with a male prostitute, so are the Nancy Drew types guilty of that which they most often accuse.

But where do these Nancy Drew types come from?

In my experience, slutty women are generally selective in order to justify the volume of cock they host. It's a domino effect: The more promiscuous a woman is, the more selective she can be in the looks and status categories of her target man because she's the aggressor > the better looking and higher status her target man is, the more options he has > the more options he has, the better the slut feels about herself for being able to bed him > the better she feels about being chosen by him, the more she's let down by his unwillingness to commit to the promiscuous girl he fucked at a conference for a weekend because he knows he can do better than a whore > the less willing he is to commit to her, the more jaded she becomes > the more jaded she becomes, the less likely she'll be able to recognize a good man when she meets one > the less she's able to recognize good men, the more she's convinced there aren't any left > the more she's convinced there aren't any good men left, the more she shit tests every man she fucks > the more she shit tests, the faster she dumps or is dumped by the few unsuspecting good men who have the misfortune of meeting her.

The cycle continues well in to her 30's when she has to rationalize in her mind the fact that she's bedded 40+ men who now want nothing to do with her outside of maybe fucking her a few more times. Sadly, she's worth even less to the good men who'd rather not impregnate a womb that's been trashed from New York to LA and every vacation hot spot in between.

And that is how Nancy Drew, bastard child of Karma, is born.

To protect the not-so-innocent, I'll combine the stats of my three Nancy Drews. None of this is conjecture. This is by their own admission which sounded strangely like bragging on several occasions. SIDE NOTE: *I never ask a woman about her sexual past. For some reason, they always bring it up. I think a primary driving factor is that they're desperate to meet a man who will accept them as they are, so they confess little by little – leaving the really shady/deal breaking stuff out. Just a theory...*

> Between the three, there were at least 157 sexual partners. Two bona fide sluts, and one mega slut who truly outdid herself, being responsible for 49 of the total by age 26. One I'm sure was lying her number *down* to 30, with "I don't know, I guess another 10 if you count handjobs and blowjobs – you know, non-sex stuff." Read that last sentence again, fellas. It was a direct quote.

- > All three averaged being a different man's cum dumpster every 6 to 12 weeks for a period ranging from 4 to 11 years.
- > All three had had slept with at least one coworker. The total number of coworkers fucked for all three is five that I know of.
- > Two of the three let a married man make them his whore. (Nooo! It wasn't liiiiike thaaat!)
- > All three had cheated on at least one boyfriend. (For reaalllly good reasons though.)
- > All three slept with more than one man in the same night. One slept with 5 in one Friday night/Saturday night set, while another fucked two brothers on the same night (but not at the same time because that would be slutty). Lucky guys. They're both married with children now, while their college whore is still fucking her married coworkers.
- > Two of the three engaged in group or public sex at least once. Knowing these slags, this has to be an understatement. Still, I'm simply posting what they've admitted to or bragged about.
- > Two of the three maintained online dating profiles while we were in a "committed" relationship. The other had a blog where she actively advertised herself as single and invited "hot local dudes" to add her on Facebook. Of course, I found this out much later.
- > All three were the type of girl in college that guys get on their knees and beg the frat gods to send their way.
- > All three describe the bulk of their boyfriends/fuck buddies as "assholes and players".
- > All three call their friends who have behaved similarly "sluts" and "stupid girls". They clearly hate in other women that which they see in themselves.
- > All three consistently had a problem reaching orgasm with any partner. One said that she had never had one. I'm not sure if this is a coincidence or not, so I'm throwing it out there.
- > All three had nude photos on the internet. One on purpose, two on accident. None of them seemed to mind that much.
- > All three were country-girls-gone-city. Two had major daddy issues, the other, severe mommy issues. All three were artists of some sort – one musician, and two painters. All three were in marketing/public relations. Notice a pattern? All three thought they were the most unique individuals on the planet, yet the only thing that sets them apart from the masses is the impressive amount of cock their used up cunt has hosted. Make random dudes cum, bed another woman's husband, slop some paint on a canvass, fuck your coworkers, fuck your boyfriend's friends, pose nude for photos that will end up online, pick up a guitar, then set back and congratulate yourself for being the one and only you. Truly unique.
- > All three conveniently "made a change" shortly before they met me. Ughhh. There's nothing worse than being step 1 in some whore's 12 step program. "*Hi, I'm Stephanie, and I'm a cockaholic*". No thanks, man. You're on your own with that shit.

> All three (in one way or another) have stated they know they'll have to live with the fact that there's not one single man on the planet who would accept them as a wife and mother of their future children if they knew the truth. They'll have to lie to even the most dedicated of White Knight Betas, and they know any Alpha male with options can do better than their used up cunt. They know there's a 99% chance their next relationship will have to start with lies and deceit about their character, regardless of who they meet.

Yet these were the most jealous, inquisitive, sleuthing and surprisingly self righteous Nancy Drew women I had ever dated. Why? I think the answer is pretty obvious. When a woman says something like "How do I know what you're up to when you're traveling for business?" or "Men can't be trusted so I have to check up on you." what they're really saying is this:

"I'm scared to death you're going to meet a woman as slutty and unethical as I am."

Emotional Karma. They're getting exactly what they deserve, and I celebrate it.

My advice is to learn to differentiate between the Nancy Drews and the normal girls who simply need a moderate level of reassurance. Sure I've snooped on a girlfriend when I had solid evidence that there was some shady shit going on – and it turns out there was, but the modern day Nancy Drew girlfriend who constantly questions, shit tests, goes through your phone, adds ALL your friends on Facebook and hates your female friends is more than likely an untrustworthy harlot. She knows what the worst of women are capable of, because she IS the worst of women. Her jealousy comes from fear – fear that some woman will slut it up and take her man just like she slutted it up and took some other woman's man.

May the relationship gods show her no mercy. This, my humble prayer.

Men, I challenge you to refuse to deal with a Nancy Drew. Never answer to a woman for anything you do. Be a man. Go your own way. Reassure the good girls that you've got their best interests at heart, but eject as soon as a Nancy Drew starts questioning you.

If Nancy starts asking questions, she's suspicious; if she's suspicious, she's already actively looking for your replacement.

The Nancy Drew girlfriend is a slut, so remember the slut motto: *All men are assholes except for the next one.* When she starts opening her mouth to question you, you had better believe that she's about to open her legs for your replacement. It could be one of your friends, one of her coworkers, a random guy she meets online, or the exciting guy at the bar. He could be single or married, Alpha or Beta, her type or not. It doesn't matter. She'll draw him in with easy sex her unbelievably unique personality, and replace you faster than you could ever imagine.

Though I've let three Nancy Drews weasel their way into my life down through the years, and even fell in love with one of them (I know, I know...) I've finally learned to recognize the warning signs.

The next one will get pumped and dumped before she even has time to become suspicious.

Filed under [Proverbs](#) Tagged with [dating advice](#), [relationships](#), [sluts](#), [women](#)

Proverb 21: Special Needs Girls

by Dalrock

November 10, 2010 by Solomon II 6 Comments

Before you think I've lost my damn mind, no, I'm not talking about banging retards. I had a buddy in college who asked me to help him lift a girl out of a wheelchair so he could fuck her, but she was sober, of sound mind, and cool with it, so I'm not going to hell. Not for that anyway.

I wasn't going to post today because I'm busier than shit, so I'll keep it brief. Less than an hour ago I encountered a special needs girl at Starbucks. And by special needs, I mean a girl who needs to feel special.

I wanted to write this as soon as I could so it would be fresh in my mind. Here's what happened when I noticed a cute little brunette ordering her coffee. I'd give her a high 7/low 8 and guess her age at about 23 to 25.

ME: Excuse me, I saw you standing there and had to introduce myself. I'm Solomon II, and I just have to tell you that the drink you ordered is by far my least favorite on the menu. Do you hate yourself or something?

HER: Ha! No, I don't hate myself. It's my favorite drink. You should try it.

ME: No way, man. I was kind of hoping your taste in men was as bad as your taste in coffee.

HER: Oh, you're a smooth one aren't you? That's actually a pretty good pickup line, but unfortunately I have a boyfriend.

ME: I'm not interested in your boyfriend, and you shouldn't be either. A boyfriend is just a place holder until you find yourself a man.

HER: Oh god. Save me. [chuckles while she plays with her hair]

ME: Listen, I don't normally come on so strong, but I just moved here a few months ago and every woman I've met has been the fake [pretentious location] type. They're all the same; so on the rare occasion I run across someone like you, I get straight to the point.

HER: That's cool. I understand. Yeah, a lot of women around here are [goes on and on about stupid shit and how every woman in the city is worthless – except her of course]

ME: So then you can see why I react so quickly when something truly different catches my eye.

HER: Oh, I don't blame you one bit. But like I said, I have a boyfriend.

ME: I still want your number. I can already tell we have a connection, and I'm not just going to walk away from it. It wouldn't be fair to me.

HER: I can't believe I'm doing this. Give me your phone and I'll program my number in for you.

ME: No, call me from your phone so we can store each other's numbers.

HER: You're too funny. I wasn't going to give you a fake number. [she sent me a text with her number]

ME: I have to go, but I expect you to call me as soon as you send what's-his-name packing. Or even before if you want me to get rid of him for you. I don't run in to women like you very often, so I need you to come through on this. Promise me.

HER: We'll see.

ME: Promise me.

HER: Ok, ok! You're a very bad man [chuckles]. Wow. Ok. I promise.

ME: Excellent. I'll talk to you soon.

I walked away with my coffee and sat outside. On her way out, she said "Goodbye Solomon II, thanks for making my day. Text whenever you want."

For all I know, I broke every PUA rule in the book. But what I do know is that I got her number and positioned her boyfriend as a beta. He's the guy who takes her for granted, while I'm the guy with balls of steel who immediately recognized how unique and special she is.

There's a huge difference between a woman who **needs** to feel special and a woman who **is** special. The 1% of women who truly are special know it, carefully select the men who recognize it, and are faithful to them as they are to her. The other 99% of women who simply need to feel special fall for cheesy pickup lines at Starbucks and cheat on their boyfriends with men who only want to bang them for a week or two.

I have no idea if I'll ever hear from this girl again. Her body language says "yes", but then again, she'll be off running after the next guy who makes her feel special. I'm not really worried about it though. There are plenty of other special needs girls out there; each just as unique and distinctive as the one before her.

Women still haven't figured out that the only thing that makes most women special to most men is the fact that they haven't fucked them yet. That's why a promiscuous woman who cheats on her boyfriend is viewed as stupid and can't even command respect from the man who's DNA is leaking out of her easily accessible fun hole.

May they never learn their lesson.

Filed under [Proverbs](#) Tagged with [alpha male](#), [PUA](#)

[The Elevator Speech](#)

by Dalrock

November 11, 2010 by Solomon II 25 Comments

In my professional world, we often help clients by designing interactive programs which seamlessly integrate with their overall corporate messaging. Taking a “one voice” approach to all their marketing efforts takes time and money, but in the end, the cohesiveness of their external communication builds familiarity and brand awareness among the target clientele.

Often the most difficult part of this process is coming up with what we call an “elevator speech”. The theory here is to come up with a terse yet educational response to a potential client when he asks “So, what do you do?” and you only have 90 seconds between a few floors to make your pitch. Conveying the scope and purpose of a company including end user benefits in a memorable way in less than 90 seconds can be a daunting task.

The situation is similar in the Manosphere. All too often I find myself talking with a friend or coworker out on a show site somewhere about their interaction with women, and it’s hard to give them advice or convey the lessons I’ve learned without needing a formal hour long presentation. How do you explain female hypergamy, the rationalization hamster, and a host of other concepts during casual conversation with some guy who just wants to lament about his wife or girlfriend?

Those of us who write and read these blogs are no smarter than the average man. The only thing that gives us a leg up in the dating and marriage arena is the fact that we take what most men intrinsically know and give it proper terminology. We then use that terminology to define a situation and react accordingly using proven strategies. I guess what I’m getting at is that while most men are busy ranting A, B, C, D, E, F, G... we quickly assess the situation, call it the alphabet, and keep on moving.

It pains me to sit and listen to an otherwise educated a man say “It’s like, I don’t know, man. I mean, sometimes I just think that... well, I want to say something, but I’m not sure what she’s thinking, so... I... I don’t know, man. I can’t figure her out.” I do my best to help by listening and giving targeted advice, but often I simply don’t have the time to help a man understand and accept what he already knows. I can’t simply look at a friend or coworker and say “Her clock is ticking and you’re a willing Beta, but her hypergamous nature is causing her to struggle between settling for you and taking one last ride on the Alpha cock carousel. Her rationalization hamster will allow her to do both without guilt, and when she’s done she’ll undoubtedly blame you for putting her in a position to have to choose in the first place. In the end, you’ll be showered with shaming language if you refuse to accept responsibility for her actions.”

We need an elevator speech. A quick summation of basic points to get these guys started down the road to enlightenment. Something to pique their interest and get them interested in researching ways to improve their married or dating lives.

Although it would be impossible to condense everything a man needs to know in to one 90 second sound bite, we need to start somewhere. I’ve been wondering what I would say to an 18 year old Solomon II if I had the chance to go back in time and speak with him for only 90 seconds. Of course, I’m sure 18 year old S2 would tell me to go fuck myself, but for the purpose of illustration, let’s assume the little asshole would listen. I think the one 90 second elevator speech that would have helped me the most is:

“There are no good women, and there are no bad women. There are just women. Women do what they want when they want and justify their actions later. That’s why it’s important to find a woman of character who is naturally inclined to do the things which are wholesome, respectful, productive, and conducive to rearing the offspring produced by your potential union.

A woman’s character is of utmost importance. A woman’s past actions matter. In fact, her past matters more than anything else because it reveals the character she developed during her impressionable years. A woman may change what she does, but she can’t change who she is or repair her reputation. Like hot or cold water eventually comes back to room temperature when no external forces are present, so a woman returns to her base character level when no external forces are present. If you choose to be a woman’s external force in order to exact a temperature change within her, don’t be surprised when she reverts to her room temperature character the moment you’re not around.

What defines a woman of good character varies from man to man. Know which character traits are important to you. Study to learn the signs of these traits, and study harder to learn how manipulative women mimic these traits when they are not in possession of them. Judge harshly and without apology. Recognize flaws within yourself and actively work to right them, but never let a woman convince you to consider your own personal flaws as a valid reason to overlook hers.

Recognize, protect, and celebrate a woman of good character, for she is exceedingly rare. Recognize, expose, and shame a woman of low character for she is a parasite driven by consumption and will kill her host. Above all, know that a woman of character and a woman of risible morals are often indistinguishable at first glance. Only the erudite man committed to attaining the knowledge and skills to determine one from the other stands a chance of reaching his full potential.”

At least a few of the major topics are covered: Virgin/Whore Syndrome and the Rationalization Hamster in paragraph 1, Double Standards and White Knighting in paragraph 2, Shaming Language in paragraph 3, and Snowflaking in paragraph 4.

Whether or not this is an acceptable elevator speech is debatable, but at least it’s a start. It’s not too offensive, and outside of the workplace, it shouldn’t set off too many alarms with the PC police. You can even express this viewpoint around women since the majority of them would undoubtedly agree – what with each and every single one of them being perfect and blameless women of impeccable character.

Simple bitches.

Filed under [Random Brain Thinkin’](#) Tagged with [dating advice](#), [PUA](#), [relationships](#)

[Proverb 22: Emotionally Single](#)

by Dalrock

November 15, 2010 by Solomon II 17 Comments

Just when I think I have modern women all figured out; just when I'm comfortable looking any young woman in the eye and telling her where she's been and where she'll end up, a new truth becomes evident.

I'm no psychologist, but I am a keen observer of humanity. I also have the Scorpio's infamous sixth sense, notice behavioral trends, and can boil them down to mathematical formulas in my mind on the spot. Though I still won't pretend to know why women do what they do, I can predict their behavior with stunning accuracy. Nothing pisses off women more than when I pull out the little white envelope I mailed to myself weeks earlier, show them the official USPS stamp proving it was from weeks or months ago, have them open it, and it reads "*You have been sleeping with either Jack or Tom. You started flirting with one of them right after I missed your birthday due to business travel*". The postmark on the envelope proves that I wrote it and mailed it before I even left for the trip.

I've only done that twice. I'd do it more often, but I'd have to get a second job to cover postage costs with the liars that have been running through my life in the past year. Sure it's a bit theatrical, but then again, it guarantees a priceless look on her pretty little face.

While the overt stupidity of girl logic reveals itself to me like a two year old confessing to stealing a cookie, the more subtle things they say often pass me by. When a statement does catch my attention – usually revealed by her using her thumb to rub her index knuckle, a half-octave drop in her voice, or glazed eyes due to elevated blood pressure – I latch on like a dog to a chicken bone. I'm a very hard man to lie to. It sucks, actually. You have no idea how mentally exhausting it is to know you're being lied to constantly. I don't believe in psychic abilities or any of that jazz, but I truly am a human lie detector. In business, it's my savior; in relationships, my curse.

Out of the blue the other night, during casual conversation, this girl I'm fucking says to me, "I was single for seven months after Bill..."

I stopped. I know this girl. There's no way in hell she went seven months without a cock or three because she's an attention whore who needs to feel powerful and relevant. She, like dozens of other women who have blown through my life over the past several years, was not purposely snowflaking. She meant what she said. She truly believes that she was single for seven months after she got booted for cheating on her last boyfriend (shit just keeps getting better for ole S2 doesn't it?).

Believe it or not, I'm not always a dick. In fact, if you knew how much crap I let women get away with, you'd probably stop reading my blog. I've learned over the years that making a whore feel bad for being a whore is the last thing you should do if you want to get laid. What good is a whore if she's not fucking you? Nada. So I try to keep my mouth shut, keep the pussy coming, and take my frustrations out in these writings.

So with that in mind I proceeded with caution, and out of sheer curiosity to see if I was right yet again, I gently guided her to tell me what she was up to during that time.

Take a wild guess.

Anyway, that's when it dawned on me. Most of the time when women say (snowflake) they've been single for X months, what they mean is they were **emotionally single**. Bottom

line is they had plenty of cock, but they weren't receiving emotional commitment or support from any of it. When they get tired of fucking around, they go get another McBoyfriend to stick around for a few months if they're lucky, and then the process repeats itself. It's a win-win situation in that she gets to stuff her hole with the cock of the month, but pretend to be a woman of character later when she leaves out the details of what she was up to during her period of emotional singledom.

Brilliant, really.

This phenomenon may also explain how most women can lie with a straight face about how many men they've been with. They count the number of boyfriends they've had while discounting the number of men who for whom they were nothing more than a jizz receptacle. The concept of being emotionally single actually helps me understand a lot about my past girlfriends and flings who would say *"I've only had 5 boyfriends my whole life"*, yet they were bare ass up on the roof of my building getting fucked against a rather impressive downtown skyline on the first or second date.

I always knew they were full of shit, but I never had a term for it until now.

So there you have it. I know it's no great revelation that women turn into willing cum dumpsters between boyfriends (thank god, otherwise I'd have to become a respectable man) but I think I'm actually starting to understand the mindset which leads them to self-righteously portray themselves as "single" during that time. The fact that they lie about it doesn't surprise me in the least; it's the fact that they actually believe their own lies that boggles my mind.

Just for fun, here it is one more time:

I guess *"I was single for seven months"* sounds better than *"In the time between Bill's committed cock and your committed cock, I filled my time with uncommitted cock from guys who are obviously smarter than both of you"*.

Emotionally single. Gotta love that rationalization hamster!

Filed under [Proverbs](#) Tagged with [rationalization hamster](#), [sluts](#)

[Run Forrest, Run!](#)

by Dalrock

November 19, 2010 by Solomon II 10 Comments

The other night TBS ran one of my all time favorite movies, Forrest Gump. I came in somewhere around the part where Forrest found Jenny playing guitar in the nude for a bunch of drunken military guys, and tried to defend her honor.

In many ways, I am like Forrest Gump. Forrest wasn't a Beta, because he went to war and never backed down from a fight when there was good cause, but he wasn't Alpha either because he truly cared for his childhood friend and love interest even though she was a bit of

a slag and put him through constant turmoil. He even put himself in harms way to defend her on multiple occasions.

He was actually a decent, honest, caring, trustworthy, dimwitted man. Perhaps that's why I identify with him so much. When I was featured in a dear friend's blog post under the title "Stupid is as stupid does", it was quite the wakeup call. I thought I was the only one who recognized the Gump in me. It was humbling to know that my friend noticed it as well, then mocked me for "ending up in the same situations over and over again".

Sometimes my heart goes out to the women around me, especially when I know about their childhood or early teen years. It pains me to hear woman after woman tell of all the "mistakes" they made down through the years after having a rough childhood.

I'm not a White Knight. I never feel the need to rush in and save a woman from her decade long binge of bad decision making. But I do have a heart for others and I want to be a good friend to those I care about – regardless of where life has taken them or where they have chosen to roam.

It is with this burden, this curse of actually caring about others, that I often get screwed over by the Jennys in my life. If you recall from the movie, Jenny finally showed back up in Forrest's life just in time to die and leave him with a child. Been there, done that – sans child of course.

This phenomenon seems inherently female to me. Not once have I ever had a male friend that I helped out in a pinch or supported through some rough times take my efforts for granted or act like I owed him something. Then again, I'm not a pussified bleeding heart liberal who passes out charity to just anyone. I help those who are close and special to me. Yet for some reason, it only seems to be the women who capitalize on my kindness and fly away as soon as their broken wings are mended.

Your experience may be different. I'm simply writing about what I've lived.

Down through the years, I have been trampled on by the worst of women in one way or another. It didn't take me long to learn that allowing women with troubled pasts to be a part of my life in a romantic way was a recipe for disaster, but I never seemed to learn that befriending them and truly caring about them outside of a relationship could be just as detrimental.

As we approach the New Year, I, like untold millions of others, will be making my New Year's Resolutions. A major part of my resolutions this year will be to cut these women out of my life – friends, coworkers, ex lovers, family members – everyone. It's the most selfish act I think I have ever pondered, and just writing it out makes me feel like a Judas.

Still, I can't ignore the lessons of 2010. I can't forget that stupid is as stupid does. I must look back and recognize that 90% of this year's vexation was delivered by the hands of women, with an ex lover and a coworker being among the worst. I don't blame these women for doing what they naturally do, I blame myself for ignoring my better judgment and giving them the opportunity to disrupt my life over and over again.

When I was a child, my father had a daily radio broadcast where he would bring morning devotions and prayers to the people of Chicago. He'd end every broadcast with the phrase "Be kind to everyone, because everyone's having a tough time." As a young and impressionable child listening to his father, I took this to heart. Sadly, I think it was the worst advice the old man could have ever given me.

The purpose of this short essay is three fold: To get me in the mindset of thinking about the man I want to be in the New Year, to encourage you to do the same, and to give fair warning to every Jenny in my life that Forrest is about to run like hell and not look back.

Filed under [Random Brain Thinkin'](#) Tagged with

Leftovers

by Dalrock

November 24, 2010 by Solomon II 8 Comments

When this post goes live I'll be checking in to a hotel, preparing to celebrate my sixth consecutive Thanksgiving out of town tomorrow. My mother is a little pissed, but hey, my office seems hell bent on making the single guys travel during the Holidays so the married folk can spend time with their families. Small price to pay for enduring freedom if you ask me. Still, I miss my niece and nephew terribly, and there's no denying that Solomon II is a big mama's boy.

So once again being 1,400 miles from home and 2,300 miles away from my parents on Thanksgiving, I'll be relegated to leftover turkey and dressing at my ex girlfriend's place on Saturday when I get home.

That's just sad, man. I need to get it together.

But I don't just eat leftovers, I also date them. Like a cold turkey sandwich pales in comparison to the glory in which it entered the dining room as a juicy bird on Thanksgiving, so do the women in my life pale in comparison to the glory days of their youth. Enough men to form two NHL hockey teams have come before me and feasted upon their beauty, ravaged their femininity, devoured their gentle spirit and had their fill before placing the jaded leftovers they couldn't consume in the dating market fridge, loosely sealed in old tupperware with my initials on the lid.

Thanks guys. Though I don't blame you one bit, rest assured I'm working hard to return the favor one 22 year old at a time.

A quick Google search returned hundreds of recipes for turkey leftovers. This inspired me to come up with clever ways of repurposing my own dating market leftovers. Sure it's no substitute for a decent woman of character, but I'm told I should be thankful to even have leftovers while so many other men are supposedly starving. At least the turkey recipes are strikingly similar to most of the women in today's dating market in that they call for two small breasts, two fat thighs, loose skin, and a left wing.

Here's your Thanksgiving dating leftover recipe courtesy of Chef Solomon II:

1. Start with one woman, aged harshly for 30 years.
2. Thaw that frigid bitch out if you can.
3. No need to dress. She's already been stuffed. Plenty.
4. Preheat oven to 69 degrees because its funny.
5. Remove excess narcissism and princess complex using a depedestalization tool.
6. Tenderize using push-pull tactics and gentle negs to keep interest.
7. Add a pinch of logic just for fun. Don't worry. You won't be able to taste it later.
8. Bake for 3 months, or until you get tired of it.
9. Don't overcook, or leftovers may leave you for another Chef.
10. Remove leftovers from oven and pretend to commit to them until cool.

Though your leftovers may not be as satisfying as you'd like, they can still be quite filling if you consume enough. Variety is the name of the game so be sure to gorge yourself on the most interesting dishes you can find, or even eat off of some other sucker's plate when you can. When you're done enjoying, make sure you save all the crumbs to pass off to the next fool.

Some guys will eat anything.

And with that bit of ill thought advice which will probably get overlooked due to the Holiday, I bid you Happy Turkey Day from Beverly Hills.

Filed under [Random Brain Thinkin'](#) Tagged with [dating advice](#), [sluts](#), [women](#)

New Year's Resolutions

by Dalrock

December 26, 2010 by Solomon II 10 Comments

It's good to be back after my month off. I hope each and every one of you had a great Holiday season and are ready to start the New Year with the gusto of a marketing girl with daddy issues and the resilience of a rationalization hamster on steroids.

I can't even imagine how many New Year's Resolution posts are floating around the interwebs right now, so thanks for reading mine. Here are the promises I'm making to myself for 2011, partially inspired by Wyatt Earp, James Bond, and James Kirk:

I. I am going to start reading my own blog. There's some solid material here – blatantly plagiarized and original alike, and I'd do well to take my own advice. I will remind myself that knowledge is useless unless put into practice on a daily basis.

II. I will not be with more than two women at a time. I've been running three and four at a time, but I'm too old and busy to keep that up. It's actually starting to become more of a chore than anything else. As always, the hotter the bitch, the stronger her entitlement monkey and louder her rationalization hamster, so I think I'll keep one 8/9 for pride and one 6/7 for comfort. I'll switch them out when I get bored.

III. I'm done being blinded by beauty. I will not take an ounce of shit from a woman in 2011 regardless of how beautiful she is or how much I want to keep her around. I will become an Alpha Cowboy of the Wyatt Earp kind: I'll treat her like a lady when she acts like one, and hang her by the neck until dead if she crosses the line. There will be no middle ground, no second chances, and no more "working through it". My life may be temporarily inconvenienced as forgiveness gives way to justice, but the end result will be worth it.

IV. I have 14 pounds to drop. I'll do it before March 1st. I need to tone up. I'll do it before June 1st. I'm going to do my dead level best to bang my first "perfect 10" this summer. A better body, false promises of commitment, and two tickets to the Canary Islands ought to do it. All women are for sale spontaneous, so I just need the right currency to attract them.

V. I'm the type of person for whom being right is only part of the goal. In addition to being right, I have a strange urge to confirm that everyone else understands my thinking. If they disagree, that's fine, I just need to be understood. I need to let this go and adopt a 007 persona: get in, kill my target, and get out without being caught. It doesn't matter if I get the credit or not, and it doesn't matter who understands or agrees with me. My life will be simpler when I complete my James Bond 007 mission and get out without trying to melt a snowflake. I can't let my pride get in the way when they rationalize the breakup later, surround themselves with friends who assure them "they deserve better" and ultimately blame me for their fate. Let cock #47 try to teach her a lesson, not me. It's a fool's quest anyway.

VI. Courtesy of the commenter "Squared" on the post Run Forrest, Run I will adopt this policy when it comes to having female friends: "If I'm not fucking you now, fucking you soon, or using you to fuck other girls, you're useless to me".

VII. Like Captain Kirk, I will explore strange new worlds. I will travel for pleasure instead of just for business, meet new people, and expand my social circle at home. I can be a loner at times, and I'm going to change that. Snowflakes fall and melt, but when the weather changes, all a man has is his friends.

VIII. Even though I'm already doomed to burn for eternity in a Lake of Fire, I'm going to volunteer at the Children's Hospital this year. I'm starting in April when my Q1 travel schedule settles down.

IX. I will not give a traditional wedding to any woman who can't give me a traditional honeymoon. If she can ignore the outdated tradition of chastity, I can ignore the outdated tradition of marital commitment. I realize this premise is unrealistic. I also realize that the premise of a truly happy marriage is unrealistic at my age, since any woman worth a shit is married or engaged by the age of 25. In addition, I will not give a greater level of respect or commitment to any woman than the least amount of respect or commitment she's demanded from any other man. I will not pay full retail price for outdated, used or damaged goods.

X. There's no future in being a better man, so I will work hard to become a better woman. I will give myself free reign to do whatever I want whenever I want, and I will do so with impunity. I will demand the best for myself because I deserve it, and shame those who do not immediately offer it. I will be faithful to my partner when it suits me, and adventurous when it doesn't. I will be bad and demand nothing but good in return. I want it all, and I want you to give it to me right now. I will find power and self confidence by being sexually promiscuous while ignoring the fact that I'm not accomplishing anything that your average chimp at the zoo hasn't. I will demand that you accept, embrace and celebrate my actions because I am being true to my exceptionally unique self. I will righteously criticize those who engage in the exact same behavior I do, because unlike them, I'll do it with style. Most importantly, if my Sex and the City lifestyle doesn't pan out, I'll blame it on whoever or whatever is closest to me.

Filed under [Random Brain Thinkin'](#) Tagged with

Proverb 24: Jealousy

by Dalrock

December 28, 2010 by Solomon II 6 Comments

Jealousy is considered to be a natural human trait, and almost a given in men. Even the good book itself refers to jealousy as divine in the 20th chapter of Exodus where God rebukes his people for worshipping false idols by saying "You shall not bow down to them or worship them; for I, the LORD your God, am a jealous God..." Jealousy is thematic throughout the bible as a good and natural reaction (well, when it fits the storyline anyway) and continues into the New Testament when the Apostle Paul writes to the Church at Corinth "I am jealous for you with a Godly jealousy..."

The God of the Old Testament is an Alpha badass, but the God of the New Testament is a Beta pussy. Out of jealousy, the Old Testament God would swallow you up and kill you, allowing your freshly orphaned children to die of starvation in the wilderness while men from a competing tribe fuck your wife. The New Testament God will forgive you and offer you a free pass into heaven by willingly dying on a cross.

Not surprisingly, its the New Testament approach women seek out of their men today. They want to take the praise and adoration rightfully due to their man and give it to another whilst receiving nothing but forgiveness in return. They demand the right to sacrifice the permanent on the altar of the immediate, and any man who refuses to be nailed to an emotional cross and die for their relationship sins in not worthy of being their Savior.

I prefer the Old Testament approach.

Not too long ago, a girl I'm quite fond of started fucking another guy. I didn't mind since she was still fucking me too, so no worries. She knew I had a few girls in rotation at the time, so there wasn't too much jealousy between us.

One night she was in my bed texting this guy and talking about the nudie pics she'd sent him. I asked her "You didn't send him the one you sent me, did you? You know, my favorite one?" She said "No. I'd never do that to you. That was special for us."

The bullshit sirens started going off in my mind, but I let it go. Besides, if he's fucking her, why the hell do I care if she sent him that one specific picture?

Because its mine. That's why.

Needless to say, two weeks later she let it slip that my favorite pic is now his favorite pic. I became angry at her for lying to me, and jealous that this guy now shared something permanent with me. I knew she'd get tired of fucking him sooner or later, but that picture would always be his. So we launched a little tit for tat exchange. She brought up me fucking her friend two hours before fucking her, and sliding in a different girl she didn't know about on a night I spent with her. I brought up the fact that she hasn't told me the truth about one single thing the entire year I've known her, and suggested she have her thigh joints replaced with hydraulic lifts to take some of the workload off her back.

That didn't go over very well.

Anyway, after about a week of being jealous of my #1 girl, it dawned on me: God is jealous because he's God, and everything in creation is rightfully his. I am not God, so I do not have the right to be jealous simply because what I thought was mine clearly wasn't. In my case, jealousy was a wasted emotion.

Men, we're only jealous of things we value – things we consider to be rightfully ours. But in actuality, jealousy for us is nothing more than the realization that what we thought was ours really wasn't.

I thought my #1 girl was mine, and I thought my favorite picture was mine, so I assigned value to it. When it became evident that neither was mine, I became jealous. I should have recognized that the jealousy I was experiencing was simply a wakeup call for me to stop overvaluing my #1 girl and the things I thought were special between us.

So unless you're God and have the power to make the earth open up and swallow your woman to the pits of hell when she causes you to be jealous by showing attention to other men, you only have two other options. The first is to crawl up on that relationship cross and forgive her, and the second is to reassign her value to an appropriate level.

Guess which one I recommend...

Things have changed quite a bit with my #1 girl since then. She's apologized for sending this guy my favorite pic when she knew I wouldn't approve and then lying about it. I'll never forgive her (another thing I don't have to do because I'm not God), but as I write this, I'm looking forward to seeing her in that smoking hot red dress tonight at a mutual friend's annual Christmas Eve Eve party. I've lowered her value in my mind and no longer expect the truth from her on anything of a private matter, and I no longer consider the things we share to be simply between the two of us. Thanks to jealousy, I realized that I couldn't have any sort of relationship with her outside of a physical one if it required trust of any kind. She probably feels the same way about me, but that's for her to blog about.

Jealousy exposes poor judgment in a man. Jealousy is nature's way of letting a man know that he has assigned too high of a value to a particular person or event. If you're living with

jealousy over a girlfriend or an ex, you have placed her in a category higher than she deserves.

Remember, jealousy is nothing more than ego food for women – ego food made from the ground up emotions of feeble minded betas. So if you find yourself fighting the demons of jealousy, fix it, chalk it up to poor decision making on your part, course correct, and never let it happen again.

Protect that which is yours, but never be jealous of that which can be given away by someone else.

Filed under [Proverbs](#) Tagged with [alpha male](#), [jealousy](#)

My Will Be Done

by Dalrock

January 10, 2011 by Solomon II 6 Comments

I love catchphrases. You may recall the buddy I wrote about who left me with the gem “Those are the rules”, which fast became one of my favorites. This post won’t go live for several weeks, but even as I sit here writing it, I’ve been able to deliver the “Those are the rules” line a half dozen times already with moderate success. Still need to tweak my delivery a bit though.

Another good friend I have who’s most famous line up until now has been “*Dinner and a movie? Fuck that. Take that bitch to the RedBox and make her go in half on some Jiffy Pop*” has come up with a new catch phrase of his own. It’s not unusual for him to text me sordid stories of PUA shenanigans complete with photographs – stories that make even a guy like me think “this dude has some balls”. He lives close and actually introduces me to these girls who bitch about what an asshole he is, so I know he’s not bluffing. He often refers to himself as a King and says everywhere he goes is his rightful domain. Needless to say, his flavors of the week are usually not impressed with his Royal decrees.

As time marches on, I’ve started noticing a trend in his text messages and personal conversations with me. He tells a story, shows the pics, my jaw hits the floor in adoration of the most shameless player I’ve ever known, he smirks, then says “My will be done”.

My will be done: A catchphrase turned philosophy turned reality for this self proclaimed King.

While I’m certainly envious of him because he lives it so freely while I have to write a fucking post about it in order to remind myself, I have to give this man his due. Roissy and Rush V aint got a thing on this guy.

So here’s my Kingly affirmation vis-à-vis My Will Be Done:

I am a man, and as a man, I am the King and ruler of my domain. Anywhere and everywhere I step foot is my territory. The air I breathe is mine, and those who share it do so because I

allow it. I control my destiny, rule by god-given authority, and am responsible for the emotional, spiritual, and physical wellbeing of my Kingdom.

Any time a woman upsets my Kingdom, it is my fault because she cannot do so unless I give consent. She is in my castle by invitation only, and is therefore a guest who should be gracious and respectful to her host.

Unless she proves herself worthy, she will never be allowed to become a citizen of my country because she is an outsider and her loyalties lie elsewhere. Any and all transgression of the law will be viewed as an act of terrorism against my Kingdom and will result in public humiliation followed by swift punishment.

Should she approach my domain with grace and humility, I will look kindly upon her and allow her to abide with me as long as she is contributing to my society. Otherwise, she is not my advisor, confidant or Queen, and she will not demand to be treated as such.

I will not be subjected to her emotional turmoil, for her matters are insignificant compared to my duties as Sovereign Ruler. I will not lower myself from my throne to pay special attention to her, nor will I consider her wants, needs, or wishes above my own or of those in my Kingdom.

If she betrays my Kingdom, off with her head. If she does not show loyalty to the throne, off with her head, if she does not make a contribution to my Kingdom, off with her head. If she dares approach my throne without meekness and reverence, off with her head.

I alone am responsible for the prosperity of my Kingdom and its populace. I will answer to myself for the success or failure of my leadership. I owe it to myself and to my people to protect the Kingdom from outside forces that would seek to weaken its foundation for personal gain, therefore I will not allow foreigners to influence or change my culture.

I will build walls around my castle and ignore shaming language about being guarded. I will amass a mighty army and ignore shaming language about being defensive. I will not be swayed by a woman's manipulation tactics and ignore shaming language about being jaded.

Every lie I tell and every truth I put forth will have purpose. Every battle I fight, I will fight to win. I will rule based on principle and never emotion, thus providing a sense of normalcy and stability for those who rely on my judgment. I will be the man I would want my son to be, and only commit to a woman whom I would want my daughter to be. I will lead by example, be kind to the simple, and harshly judge those I deem fools.

I am the King of my domain. My will be done.

Filed under [Random Brain Thinkin'](#) Tagged with [alpha male](#), [dating advice](#), [PUA](#)

Proverb 28: Women Can Age Beautifully

by Dalrock

January 18, 2011 by Solomon II 60 Comments

A while back I was in Las Vegas for a new product showcase. We were a few men down, so I ended up working the booth with two of my clients. One is a 28 year old player from Brooklyn, the other, a 72 year old Irishman from Philly with last name I still can't pronounce.

Since the three of us had worked together several times before, we could talk freely during the slow hours. My phone and Brooklyn's phone started buzzing one afternoon with girls sending dirty pics and telling us to hurry home for our "surprise". Of course, Brooklyn and I had given different return dates to each woman to ensure that we would have a full night to enjoy the surprises without our phones blowing up.

"I'll be back Monday, can't wait to see you" to Michelle, "I'll be back Tuesday, can't wait to see you" to Jennifer, "I'll be back Wednesday, can't wait to see you" to a different Jennifer, a.k.a "hot Jen", and "I'll be back Thursday, can't wait to see you" to Rachael was my deal.

Brooklyn had me beat by two bitches. The nerve of some guys.

When the pic on your left **[ommitted]** graced my screen, Old Man Philly started laughing uncontrollably. He started going on and on about how much better it is to be a "young buck" today than it was back in his day. He was wowed by how I could turn my screen from side to side and zoom in on her tits, and just stood there shaking his head with a big grin on his face.

You kids crack me up. This is unbelievable! How do you talk these girls into letting you take pictures of them like that?

We don't, Philly. They take them with their own phones and send them to us.

You gotta be kidding me? Why in the hell would a lady do something like that?

They're not ladies.

Un-freaking-believable. If I had a daughter and she did something like that for you two yard birds, I'd send her to the street corner so at least she could get paid for being a goddamn whore.

I guess they like the power of being sexually desirable.

Where the hell do these girls find power in having an old geezer like me look at their ass? Surely they know you two idiots are going to show these around.

Let me tell you two knuckleheads something...

Thinking we were in for a 30 minute sermon on the evils of taking up with women of ill repute, Brooklyn and I pulled up two chairs, turned our phones off, and gave our full attention to Old Philly out of respect.

As usual, he wasn't short on advice, but we were shocked at what he had to say.

If I were you boys, I'd fuck every last one of these little whores. If I had the unfortunate occurrence to be 31 in today's world, I'd show those women a thing or two.

Wow. Not what we expected.

Both of my boys are married to two of the biggest bitches and liars on the planet. Jim is an aeronautical engineer with Boeing, and Tony is a corporate lawyer for Apple. I raised both of them to have balls big enough to handle anything, but these harlots give them hell constantly. Women these days are spoiled and irreverent, and they're not worth more than a fuck. One of my boys played College football in New York, and the other in Pennsylvania. I taught them to be men, not pussies. But I swear to God these two bitch daughters-in-law of mine have my whole family worked up. They threaten divorce, flirt with other men on the computer, and send those things that are like phone emails [text messages] to other men with words that are inappropriate for a married woman. My sons find them later, but they can't say anything or they'll end up in a screaming fight or divorce court.

I told both of my boys that I was disappointed in them for letting women get to them like that, but after I started talking more to those two cunts [yes, the old man really said "cunt"], I realized that even I couldn't do a thing with them. I mean, it's crazy. You can't punch them, but that's exactly what they need. They need a man to knock the shit out them and then see how independent and feisty they feel. Both of those bitches are worthless, and need to be put in their place. They're both brats.

I'm glad you two boys are smart enough to see through that mess and deal with these girls they way they deserve. Keep treating them like the rubbish they are unless you want to end up like my two boys.

Brooklyn and I were shocked. First of all, we had just heard the C word and the F bomb dropped by a man who hadn't said a curse word in the three years we knew him. The man won't even tell a dirty joke at a bar if there's a female bartender or a "lady" anywhere within earshot.

Naturally, Brooklyn and I chimed in, telling Old Man Philly about the girls we've been with and how while many of them certainly had their charms, there's not a damn one of them worth the time and effort in the long run. As the trio stood there ignoring potential clients in lieu of woman-bashing and comparing naked photos of random chicks on our phones, Brooklyn made a comment about one girl's tits. He said "yeah, but when she's old and wrinkly, those things will be disgusting".

That's when Old Man Philly changed his tone.

Women can age beautifully, you know.

Uh oh. That sermon we expected earlier was about to be delivered.

Let me tell you boys something. I don't take back anything I said about you guys running around with these little girls, since that's evidently all that's available these days. But there's no reason for you to disrespect my wife.

Sorry, we didn't mean to be disrespectful to...

Shut up. Both of you.

Yes sir.

Listen to me. A good woman ages beautifully. When I look at my wife, I see the most gorgeous woman in the universe. Her wrinkled hands got that way by keeping up with my two boys and working hard for them while I was on the road. The lines under her eyes are from years of shedding tears for me when I was at war, and those wrinkles on her brow are from decades of worry for me and my two sons. It was her legs they held on to when they were learning to walk, her lap was where they learned to read, and her breasts were their first nourishment. The first kiss those boys ever received was from her lips, and God willing, my last kiss will be from her lips.

You two don't know what you're missing – or maybe you do. But all I know is that she's as beautiful, desirable, and lovely today as the day I met her, and I wouldn't trade one second with her for a lifetime of rowdiness with one of those harlots you guys have waiting for you back home.

You two don't know what beauty is. In a way, I feel sorry for both of you. I'm not getting on your case, because if there's one thing I've learned from my own sons, it's that women aren't what they used to be.

The whole thing is just goddamn pathetic if you ask me.

I'm going to write down what you just said. Do you mind if I use it on my blog? A blog is kind of like a newspaper, but people read it on their computer.

I don't care.

Old Man Philly walked away and started talking to a buyer from JC Penny. I returned to my phone to see that my former #1 girl who "loves" me had set up a date with some random guy she stalked on Facebook (she ended up fucking him on the second "date" which by her own admission was nothing more than a booty call). Brooklyn opted to call his wife, but she didn't answer, and I could tell he was disappointed but not surprised. He dialed a different number and asked "is she with you?" quickly hung up, mumbled "lying bitch" under his breath, then turned his attention to one of our competitor's show models to set up a rendezvous for that night.

When the show closed, I opened my laptop and starting writing while Brooklyn stared at the cold concrete floor in a daze. My #1 girl was out doing what she does best, and evidently, so was his. We didn't have to discuss Old Man Philly's sermon, because our silence said it all. Our minds were on two very sexy, but certainly not beautiful women, and we both knew it. I think we were a little embarrassed of ourselves, because we both knew better than to get emotionally wrapped up in the "independent and adventurous" modern women we put in rotation. It wasn't the girl's fault, it was ours and we knew it.

I wonder if my former #1 girl or Brooklyn's wife will ever have a strong Alpha male talk about them the way Philly talked about his wife? I highly doubt it. But once again, a very simple principle is repeatedly ignored by women like this: They can choose to be sexually popular for a few short years in the eyes of every man, or opt for a lifetime of beauty in the eyes of the one man who loves them.

Beauty isn't skin deep, and it doesn't fade. Beauty is not a physical attribute; it's an aura that is admired by men and women, young and old alike. Beauty is a timeless gift given freely and without hesitation as a birth right to all young women, but very few of them recognize, protect, or cherish it.

Philly's sermon about his wife is proof that women can age beautifully, but unfortunately, it takes a little grace, class and effort *gasp*, so the modern woman opts for being sexy in lieu of being beautiful. The world is crawling with sexy, ugly women who should not be valued for anything more than whats between their legs – it's the only thing you can count on out of womankind these days.

Who better to fuck the ugliest of women than the ugliest of men? Hey, at least my life has purpose.

NEXT!

Filed under [Proverbs](#) Tagged with [alpha male](#), [relationships](#), , [women](#)

I'm not a Superhero, but I play one in real life.

by Dalrock

January 20, 2011 by Solomon II 11 Comments

Be it from men or women, I never hear a comment once and form an opinion or write about it. I usually have to hear the same thing from multiple sources before I give it serious thought.

In just the past two weeks, three different people – one woman and two men – have made similar comments about me which I thought were flattering, but way off base:

MALE COWORKER: Damn, dude, who the fuck was that? I thought you had a hot ass client, but then you kissed her on the way out of the design department. After that chick, that girl Samantha, and that shit you pulled in Baltimore, we've all decided you're our hero. I wouldn't have believed Baltimore if I hadn't been there to see it myself. **Man, you need a cape.**

EX GIRLFRIEND: I saw her on Facebook, and I swear I don't know how you do it. You're an asshole, you're old, and you're not particularly good looking. I don't even know how you got me, to be honest. You're like a **Super Villain** or something. **You need to get yourself a Villain costume** so women know to stay away from you.

MALE FRIEND: [Via Gmail] What's up **Superman**? Did you fuck that Russian chick yet? Don't let me down, **you're my hero** and I live vicariously through you and Bill. Gail says hi, by the way. She said she loves and misses you and she'll cook for you again anytime you drag your nasty ass back to Florida.

I also ran across a vinyl that'll make you jealous. Old school Statesmen Quartet stuff with Big Chief singing bass during the early 50's. I'm researching it now, but I'd say 1952. No, you can't have it, but I'll play it for you if you suck my dick.

Adios, and call me sometime, fucker. **Don't let your cape get caught** in some 20 y/o chick's ass crack or you may starve to death trying to get it out.

Love you, brother.

I find it funny how some people view me. I post a lot of stuff about the women I bang, and even attach pics when I can just to make it interesting, but like most writers, I only post my success stories. I've never written about the dozens upon dozens of times I've been shot down just in the past few months alone. I've been blown off by some of the finest ass in the city, and shot down by more average looking girls than I can count. Likewise, my friends and coworkers only see me out with different women, but they're not there to see me get rejected over and over.

I'm writing this because the emails I've been getting lately are from young high school and college men who come to me for advice about picking up women. From the tone of their emails, you can tell they think I simply walk into any bar in the city, choose the hottest bitch, and take her home with little or no effort.

Nothing could be further from the truth.

I've posted a few of my success stories for two simple reasons: first, it makes for good reading, and second, I'd like to inspire young men to get out there and get some ass instead of going through dry spells while waiting their turn to marry some Alpha dude's leftovers.

But there's a reason why I only post pickup stories every month or two, and that's because I only sleep with a new girl every month or two. I refuse to lie or embellish on this blog just to increase traffic or make myself look like a mega player, so I only write about actual events.

Although there are undoubtedly numerous men reading this blog who do much more volume than I do, I still seem to have a few readers, coworkers, and even ex girlfriends who think I'm some sort of Superhero when it comes to picking up women. Again, that's because they're only exposed to the highlights of my life (sleeping with three different women in one day, picking up young waitresses, banging sisters, one night stands while traveling, etc.) and never the lowlights (getting snubbed by two chicks at a friend's birthday party, getting shot down with a vengeance by a chick in line at 7-Eleven, damn near being invisible at clubs half the time, traveling for work for a whole week and not getting laid at a marketing convention of all places, etc.). In the end, I'm starting to think I may be doing more harm than good for the younger men who read my blog by only posting success stories.

Here's what I usually have to say to the high school and college age guys who ask me for advice about picking up women:

[Name],

First of all, thanks for reading my blog. I truly appreciate your time, and I'm honored that you would come to me for advice.

I don't consider myself to be a pickup artist (PUA) in any sense of the word, but I do consider myself to be a persistent undeterred asshole (PUA). I'm not going to write about game in this email, because there are far more competent and capable men out there who can give you

some pointers. I just want to make it clear to you that the key to my limited success lies in one attribute: my ability to be unfazed by rejection.

I don't really give a righteous fuck what any woman thinks of me regardless of how attractive she is, so I can get shot down 10 times in one night and walk away without doubting myself. Why? Because though I had 10 rejections, I spoke with 11 girls, and girl #11 will be fucking me by the end of the week guaranteed.

Even with game, it's all about persistence in the face of rejection. A man without game may have to talk to 20 women to get one lay, where someone with game may only have to talk to three or four. But game or not, persistence and having no fear of rejection is key.

Consider this: The most women I've ever slept with in one calendar week is five. Out of those five, only one was a new girl I had met during that week, and the rest were ex girlfriends, fuckbuddies, and a girl who thought she was my girlfriend. It's not a difficult task like you seem to think it is. In fact, I believe the only reason I'm doing it and you're not is simply because you don't want to.

It's not hard to keep women on the line. You don't have to be a master PUA; all you have to be is cognizant of your goals and eternally persistent. It sounds like a lot of work, but in time, it'll become second nature to you and you'll be up to your nuts in a variety of pussy. Even if you're a beta, you've had at least one girlfriend in your life. Stop and think about what you did to hook up with her – even if your game was pathetic – and simply do that four more times in a row. If you do, viola! You too will be fucking five different girls in one week.

I don't have X-ray vision, other PUA/Game bloggers can't leap tall buildings in a single bound, PUA training camp instructors don't have mind control capabilities, and that guy you see in class who tells you sordid tales of random hookups isn't made of steel. They've simply perfected a version of game that works for them, and they're persistent in the face of rejection.

If we can do it, you can do it. And if you can do it, then you most definitely should.

Here's a little tough love for you: Stop sending me emails at 11:45 on a Friday night, and go get yourself some ass. There's no reason for you to sit in your room writing to me about picking up women while some asshole you don't even know is banging the chick who will someday be your wife.

Study game, study female psychology, and work on your fear of rejection. But above all, put down your fucking laptop, wash your nut sack, and go out there and meet some women. I will delete your next email without even fully reading it if the first paragraph doesn't contain a recent story of you picking up a woman OR being rejected by a woman. Either would be considered progress at this point.

Thanks for writing, and take care.

Solomon II

Filed under [Random Brain Thinkin'](#) Tagged with

But I'm A Gooood Perrrrson!

by Dalrock

January 24, 2011 by Solomon II 55 Comments

Once again I've found myself having two choices: blog about my frustrations, or choke the life out of the next bitch who says something stupid to me. Right now I'm in my office, and judging by who I can see hanging around outside my door, I think it's best for me to just sit here and write.

80% of men are too beta to understand what I'm about to say, and the other 20% will find this rant rather rudimentary. 100% of women will ignore me completely and rationalize away any points I make with ad hominem arguments, or that singular example to the contrary they thought they may have heard someone mention at one point during a truth-telling contest at a church carnival two towns over.

Simpsons reference. Go me.

So I'm basically writing to no one about a topic that's not even debated – either you already know it and agree, or you've already ignored it and are waiting for an opportunity to kill the messenger.

If you're the latter, here's your chance.

For all the slut shaming, blatant examples of whoredom, and supporting empirical data regurgitated ad infinitum in the manosphere, there's one rationalization hamster turd that keeps stinking up the joint. Women always sling this turd in their desperate attempt to convince themselves and their target man that they're worth more than just a warm place for his cock to find release.

This turd is so pungent, foul and sticky, that even the most Alpha of males grimace in its presence. These days, your freshly busted girlfriend can stand naked right in front of God and everybody with the DNA of the man she was cheating on you with running down the inside of her thigh, look you straight in the eye and say "But I'm a good person".

Women feel comfortable trying to set a man up with one of their friends who they know to be a lying and manipulating slut with a dick count damn near triple digits because "She's a good person".

A woman who is a total bitch, selfish, scheming, prone to cheating and eternally spotlighting will get righteously indignant with a man for not treating her like an itty bitty teensy weensy loveable princess because, despite her faults, "She's a good person".

A good person? A GOOD PERSON?! What the fuck kind of bullshit response is that? Everyone is lovable most of the time. Everyone cares about their family most of the time. Everybody is willing to perform random acts of kindness most of the time. Everybody is nice to their neighbors most of the time. Everybody puts someone else's needs above their own most of the time. Everybody is good to their partner most of the time. Everybody is faithful most of the time.

How many people do you know who are truly evil in every sense of the word? I'm betting not many, if any at all. How many people do you know that you can honestly say have absolutely zero redeeming qualities? I'm betting none.

Hell, even these people found someone to say something nice about them:

Amelia Dyer: "She was wonderfully affectionate and so good with the [240 + babies she murdered over a 20 year period]. She was warm and truly loving. Such a caring woman."

Timothy McVeigh: "He's respectful of his elders, he's polite. He seemed like a nice kid and a genuinely good person all around [until he blew up the Murrah building in Oklahoma City]."

Andrea Yates: "She had adored them and always treated them with affection, kindness, and love. She was a good mother [until she drowned her five children]."

Jeffrey Dahmer: "He was a nice person. He never bothered anybody [unless he was eating them]."

Adolph Hitler: "He was a charming man, someone who was only ever nice to me, and a great boss to work for. He was good to us [I guess that whole Holocaust thing was a moment of weakness]."

Hillary Clinton: "She is a person of enormous intellect with in-depth knowledge on a number of issues [too bad she's a total bitch]."

This whole "I'm a goood perrrrson!" song women sing in shrill insincere unison is a farce and a smoke screen designed to keep a man from considering who he's really dealing with. By using generic adjectives like honest, loving, caring, trustworthy, helpful, kind, fun, etc., women guide men to ignore warning signs in favor of their traditionally mainstream traits – traits that 99.9% of the population amasses by default in polite society. It's kind of like a car manufacturer advertising "Our Cars Have Engines!" as a key differentiator and expecting a huge boost in sales. Every car has an engine just as every woman is a good person.

Men, think about the traits women advertise as a reason to be in a committed relationship with them. Most of those traits (loyalty, honesty, kindness, compassion, companionship, a giving heart, etc.) can be found in your best friends, family members, and for the most part, your Labrador Retriever.

Women fail to realize that the only thing that sets them apart from your best guy friend is their feminine mystique. Best friend Tom may be a cool dude, but you probably don't imagine yourself growing old with him, and you certainly don't want him to be the mother of your children. When women lose their feminine mystique by slutting around, cheating, or being a total bitch, the most they can hope for is to become "one of the guys". Sure they get preferential treatment for having a vagina, but like best friend Tom, they're not viewed by men with options as someone to grow old with or as being motherhood material.

But ah, how we love finding those girls. There's no better way to fill your downtime while looking for a woman of character than with a cool, spunky, irreverent, sexually available casual fuck who's allowed dozens of men to erode her femininity and tries to make up for it by being sexy. She hangs out like one of the guys, fucks on command, and is a ton of fun to be around. Because of the popularity that ensues, she confuses the bro-style adoration and respect she gets from the men in her circle with the I-can't-picture-my-life-without-this-woman style of adoration and respect that men only have for a feminine creature of character. Her delusion usually lasts until the guys who have been fucking her start marrying other women – but even then she still doesn't get it.

Good times.

The next time your romantic interest pulls that “but I'm a goood perrrrson” bullshit on you after lying again, being a total bitch again, or (my favorite) you finding out from one of her drunk ex college roommates that she's a career cum dumpster for the masses, reject the argument as the turd it is.

Promiscuous women are like roller coasters: they're exciting and always draw a big crowd of people waiting to take their turn, but in the end no one wants one at home – even if she's a goood perrrrson.

Filed under [Random Brain Thinkin'](#) Tagged with [alpha male](#), [rationalization hamster](#), [women](#)

[Roissy's Maxims](#)

by Dalrock

January 24, 2011 by Solomon II 4 Comments

I've seen [Roissy's](#) Maxims copied and pasted all over the interwebs as of late – mostly in comments on other articles. However, while trolling one of my favorite blogs, [Hawaiian Libertarian](#), I noticed that he had dedicated an entire post to Roissy's words of wisdom.

Since my cut-and-paste finger hasn't been getting enough of a workout lately, I decided to follow HL's lead and post them here as well. The maxims in **bold**, are ones I have witnessed and can personally attest to being true (as if you fucking care what I think).

Roissy's Maxims:

Maxim #1a: Women desire men of better quality than themselves.

Maxim #2: Women are turned on by displays of male power.

Maxim #3: Whenever an attractive girl tells you she hates assholes, or describes her experience in the past dating assholes and claims to avoid them now, or recites a laundry list of asshole-y things guys do that she disapproves of, you can bet your weight in gold bricks that she wants you to be an asshole to her.

Maxim #4: Never trust a woman who is missing a sense of humor.

Maxim #6: Never. Make. It. Easy. For. A. Woman.

Maxim #7: Your girl will thank you for your steadfast devotion to your belief in yourself.

Maxim #8: Always assume she is a slut. It helps kick the legs out from under the pedestal you will be tempted to put her on, and it is more often than not true.

Maxim #9: The greater the age difference between the older man and the younger woman, the tighter his game will need to be, barring compensatory attributes (money).

Maxim #10: Marriage is a social mechanism designed to exchange sex for indentured servitude.

Maxim #11: Calling a girl out on her lie accomplishes nothing.

Maxim #12: When the love is gone, women can be as cold as if they had never known you.

Maxim #13: When in doubt, game.

Maxim #14: Female cultural equality = male dating inequality. Female cultural inequality = male dating equality. Human nature says that you can't have it both ways.

Maxim #15: Be narcissistic. There is no greater divergence than that between a woman's stated disapproval of male narcissism and the rapidity with which she jumps into bed with a male narcissist.

Maxim #16: The two fundamental propositions are male choosiness and female abundance. All alpha males have these two mindsets in common. Corollary: Male choosiness and female abundance do not necessarily have to be true for the strategy of behaving as if they are true to be effective at seduction.

Maxim #17: The alpha male thinks and acts more like a woman than a man in matters of seduction. He understands his adversary's psychology, and uses it to allay her defenses.

Maxim #18: Never talk about getting into a relationship even if she says that's what she's looking for.

Maxim #19: Withholding sex is the tactic of a woman who has already lost. It is mutually assured destruction.

Maxim #20: If a woman says the word "sex" in conversation with you or about you, no matter the context, it means she's thinking about having sex with you.

Maxim #21: Women are more pliable in the company of competing women.

Maxim #22: You have to make marriage an attractive alternative for MEN — not women — if you want the institution to thrive.

Maxim #23: The vagina tingle is the principal moral code to which women subscribe. All other moral considerations are secondary.

Maxim #24: When in doubt, ask yourself “WWJD?” What Would a Jerk Do? Then do that.

Maxim #25: NO girl wants to be thought she isn’t a special little snowflake.

Maxim #26: Never tell a girl how much you make, even if you’re loaded. In case of marriage, keep separate accounts.

Maxim #27: If you want a wife, stay clear of investing much in girls who constantly remind you they like to have “fun, fun, fun” and “get bored easily”.

Maxim #28: The more experience you have with women, the more you’ll know which women have experience with men: It is the inexperienced beta male who is most often in the dark about a woman’s sexual history and liable to be victimized by it.

Maxim #29: Xenophobia is good for diversity.

Maxim #30: Women will not hold it against you for trying to get into their panties on the first night. In fact, they will respect you more for your boldness and willingness to follow your manly desires.

Maxim #31: If you plan on cheating and subsequently get caught, act like a total dick who did nothing wrong. Your girlfriend will then wonder if it’s something she did.

Maxim #32: Commanding women to do your bidding will give you a bigger beta margin of error when needed.

Maxim #33: Women need to test men for their grace under pressure.

Maxim #34: If she’s hot, why would she bother with online dating?

Maxim #35: Never trust a woman’s advice on how to please women. Her advice is designed for alpha men she already finds attractive and from whom she seeks signals of attainability and commitment.

Maxim #36: A woman’s sex and relationship advice isn’t meant to help men; it’s meant to distract men from what really works to attract women.

Maxim #37: High IQ is no inoculation against beta delusion. If anything, high IQ obstructs clear thinking about women’s nature.

Maxim #38: The longer you are away from seducing new women, the harder it will be to seduce one when you want.

Maxim #39: The worst thing to happen to women in America was women’s suffrage.

Maxim #40: Men are becoming ever bigger betas in their dealings with women. Men are losing the leverage to shape and push women's child-like and selfishly amoral political opinions in logical, just and long-term oriented directions.

Maxim #41: The definition of Inner Game: Hit on every woman who excites you. Make life uncomfortable for them, not yourself.

Maxim # 42: When a girl signals that she doesn't enjoy blowjobs or sex, do not spend one second more with her. Your libido is too important to gamble on such a girl.

Maxim #43: In their sexual primes women's attraction for assholes is at its strongest. You can catch a lot of hungry flies with honey, but shit attracts the most well-fed flies.

Maxim #44: If you get sexually rejected, don't admit it to yourself, and especially don't admit it to the girl.

Maxim #45: Women will screech louder the closer your words get to damaging or exposing vulnerabilities in their sexual market value.

Maxim #46: Whenever you hear or read the words "gender", "gendered", "gendered norm", "subtle gender bias", or "increasingly egalitarian, yet there remains..." know that you are dealing with a leftwing moonbat, blank-slate believing fruitcake who cannot deal with the fact that men and women are biologically different from birth.

Maxim #47: Awareness of a woman's games is a precision-guided weapon in a man's arsenal of seduction.

Maxim #48: Respect the momentum.

Maxim #49: The rare older woman-younger man pairing is like a lab experiment gone wrong. It violates the natural order of things, and leaves its practitioners emotionally twisted and in a constant mental race to hyper-rationalize their sub-par mate choice.

Maxim #50: Marriage is no escape from the sexual market and the possibility that you may be outbid by a competitor with higher value.

Maxim #51: For most women, five minutes of alpha is worth five years of beta.

Maxim #52: Underneath the veneer of civilized discourse we act in ways that are brazenly self-interested in the short term.

Maxim #53: All kneel before the god of biomechanics, by sword or by surrender.

Maxim #54: When a woman has incentive to lie, she will choose lying over honesty EVERY SINGLE TIME.

Maxim #55: Run for your Life Shit Tests:

BEWARE the classic gun-to-the-head marriage pressure administered by your typical non-descript, rudderless late 20's/early 30's woman. When a woman pressures you mercilessly to

marry her, bullying to the point of threatening a break up – this is the shit test of ALL shit tests. Treat it as such – If you fail this shit test, you are RUINED. FOR. LIFE.

Maxim #60: Waving a roll of benjamins at a woman will not give her tingles. In fact, it will often do the opposite.

Maxim #73: When a girl emphatically insists she is so over you, she's never been more into you.

Maxim #21: Betas pay, alphas split, super alphas profit.

Maxim #39: A woman's standards are like a house of cards: kick out one from the bottom and the whole edifice crashes down.

Maxim #85: As women's bodies age and weaken, their rationalization hamsters grow bigger and stronger. Eventually, the hamster is powerful enough to take control of all higher order consciousness.

Maxim #87: The more expensive or thoughtful the gift you give a girl, the greater the risk that she will subconsciously begin to think she is too good for you.

Corollary to Maxim #87: If you are dating out of your league, or you are dating a young hot babe in her prime, you should do the exact opposite of what everyone will tell you to do — *don't* buy her expensive gifts. Be particularly wary of advice from women. No woman in the world is capable of thinking clearly or impartially on the matter of "acceptable" levels of male provisioning. Even old, fat hausfrau hogs will expect mountains of jewels in offerings from men.

Maxim #105: Where there's incentive, there are lies.

Maxim #109: Consensual polyamory is a contrived hookup service for undesirable sexual market rejects.

Maxim #198: Use of the word "disenfranchised" or other similar nomenclature of deconstructivist post-modern pablum automatically discredits an argument for serious consideration.

Maxim #200: Chicks dig guys willing to risk an early, gruesome death. Expendability is a DHV.

Filed under [Ode to Thee](#)

[Proverb 30: Meat Market Economics](#)

by Dalrock

January 31, 2011 by Solomon II 23 Comments

Somewhere out in the suburbs in a rather typical neighborhood, a meat market opens its doors for business just as it has every morning for the past three decades. There in the cool meat counter, brilliantly displayed and fresh as can be, two cuts of meat lay side by side.

Garnished and ready for sale, a beautiful slab of ground chuck beckons shoppers. Yes it's fatty, grisly, and may contain a small bone chip or two, but it's fresh, tasty, and a favorite for backyard grilling parties. Every day men line up to get their portion.

Right next to the ground chuck, another cut of beef is on display. The filet mignon looks great too, and though some consider it to be a significantly better grade of beef, it shares the meat cooler with the ground chuck.

The ground chuck isn't jealous of the filet mignon. In fact, the chuck makes fun of the filet for not being as popular. Two or three men per hour line up at the counter to purchase a filet, while ground chuck is in huge demand by dozens of men every hour. Ground chuck ends up at parties in tacos, burgers and chili, and finds itself on all kinds of fun and exciting menus.

But one day things changed. It was discovered that men were paying the butcher more for filet mignon than ground chuck, and this made ground chuck furious.

"How dare you devalue me!" said the ground chuck to the butcher "Filet Mignon and I are both beef, and we even came from the same cow. There's absolutely no difference between us at all!"

The butcher responded "Same cow, yes, but the two of you are very different cuts of meat and are desired for different reasons. Filet mignon is an expensive delicacy because of its flavor and purity, while you are cheaper, more abundant, ground up, and contain fillers. Men value the filet more, and they're willing to pay more for it on special occasions."

Ground chuck was shocked. "What? Are you telling me filet has been going to upscale dinners and I've been nothing but party food? I've never been purchased for an upscale dinner, and I'm every bit as good as the filet. This is all your fault because the butcher society has labeled me a cheaper meat based on outdated guidelines, and now everyone is buying into the stereotype. This is 2011, and I demand equality!"

"I don't think it works that way", said the butcher. "The market sets the price, not me".

Ground chuck responded "That's bullshit. I came from the same cow as the filet, so it shouldn't matter that I'm a different cut of meat. Besides, that's what makes me special, unique, and popular to so many men. I didn't asked to be ground up with filler, it just happened that way, so I shouldn't be valued less for it".

Against the recommendation of the butcher, ground chuck appealed to the National Organization of Meat and asked for equality. N.O.M. responded by making it illegal for the butcher to charge \$26.99 per pound for filet mignon and only \$3.69 per pound for ground chuck, calling it price discrimination. N.O.M.'s position was that assigning a lower value to ground chuck would lower its self esteem and prohibit it from becoming filet mignon in the future while simultaneously refusing to acknowledge a difference existed. N.O.M. censured the butcher society, shaming them as a bigoted and judgmental group for not treating all beef equally. According to N.O.M., men had no right to decide for themselves where they would

invest their capital, so they took steps to end beef discrimination once and for all. Ground chuck everywhere celebrated the decision.

Somewhere out in the suburbs in a rather normal neighborhood, a meat market opens its doors for business just as it has every morning for the past three decades. There in the cool meat counter, brilliantly displayed and fresh as can be, set two equally priced cuts of meat side by side.

As usual, the men lined up to make their purchase.

All of a sudden, the line shifted. The men were overheard saying “why would I buy ground chuck when filet mignon is the same price?” Ground chuck was livid, and began screaming at customers, telling them all how horrible filet mignon was and how ground chuck was an exciting mix of flavors. Ground chuck began shaming the men by telling them they had no right to value filet so much when each of them had purchased ground chuck dozens of times in the past.

A few betas caved in and bought the ground chuck at \$26.99 per pound. The rest of the men feasted on filet mignon that night.

Even with market forces staring it right in the face, ground chuck refused to budge on pricing. It tried to reshape itself to resemble filets, and even switched places with the filet in the meat cooler, but nothing seemed to work because the men could easily distinguish between the two. Day in and day out, the scene was the same: the majority of men chose filet though they would have gladly settled for a lesser cut if a lesser investment was involved.

As the ground chuck sat there all pissed off in the meat cooler with no one to purchase it, it began to grow old and crusty. Finally the butcher had no choice but to pull it and throw it away because it was toxic and no longer suitable for consumption. The ground chuck that once had a purpose – a low grade piece of meat that could be easily had for a cheap price – was now completely worthless. It had overvalued itself and became irrelevant in the marketplace.

All over this great country of ours, ground chuck femcunts are demanding to be valued like filet mignon. I struggle with this every time I meet a new chick. You have no idea how many times I’ve been subjected to “why don’t we travel like you and your ex did?” or “why don’t you treat me as good as you treated her?” It’s a strange situation to be in because I can’t say “she was filet mignon, and you’re nothing but an old half-eaten wad of ground chuck” without having a fight on my hands.

One of my ex girls posted on her Facebook wall the old saying “Why would a man go out for a burger when he has steak at home?” I laughed and thought about responding “He wouldn’t. If a man goes out for a burger, it’s probably because he needs a break from the delusional burger at home that thinks it’s steak.”

I didn’t have the balls to post it.

Men, ground chuck serves its purpose, and I highly recommend it if you can’t afford or are not in the market for filet. The problem is that beta fucktards will pay filet mignon prices for

ground chuck day in and day out. This screws up the market and creates an entitlement syndrome the rest of us are forced to deal with.

Betas: Please don't fuck it up for the rest of us. Those of us who are smart enough to refrain from paying premium steak prices just to get a little ass from some day old ground chuck would like to be able to do so without too much fuss.

Women: If you're an emotional bitch and you've been a career bad girl, please acknowledge that you're ground chuck at best. Don't worry, we'll still eat you, but we're not paying filet mignon prices for you. So get your head out of your ass, acknowledge meat market economics, and realize that you can't spend the first half of your adult life as ground chuck then turn yourself into filet mignon. If you refuse to acknowledge that the men you'd like to marry have the right to have an opinion about how big of a bitch you are or be concerned about who has been nailing your ass all over the country, that'll work too. There's a beta born every minute, and he'll gladly put a ring on the hand you'll use to sign the divorce documents in a few years.

Any man who would pay \$26.99 per pound for your used up ass when he can get the same thing (often younger and fresher) for \$3.69 is a fool. Just remember, when you think your man isn't treating you like you deserve, he's probably displaying Alpha tendencies by refusing to pay more than market price. How many failed relationships have you had? How many men have you walked away from because they didn't value you the way you thought they should?

That's called an appraisal.

When in doubt, beta out; that's the life raft you can use to paddle away from the sinking ship after you spent a decade drilling holes in the hull. Have fun paddling through the sea of life towards the shore. Don't worry, the beta natives are friendly, and you'll have plenty of time to sit on the beach and pine for the alpha pirates who fascinated you so much in your younger years.

Alphas: Continue staying within the guidelines of meat market economics if you want the greatest return on your investment. Enjoy ground chuck as often as you can, because unlike women, our expiration date is connected to our wallets and not our age. Women control access to sex, but Alpha males control access to commitment. In the end it's men, not women, who determine a woman's sexual market value. Likewise, it's women who determine our sexual market value. Betas can mimic alpha traits and snag some poon, and ground chuck sluts can mimic good girl traits and snag a beta for commitment, but the Alpha male rises above such posturing, correctly identifies both parties, and plays the two against each other for his own benefit.

Filed under [Proverbs](#) Tagged with [dating](#), , [sluts](#)

[Proverb 31: God is a Feminist](#)

by Dalrock

February 3, 2011 by Solomon II 31 Comments

THIS POST IS DEDICATED TO AUTHOR'S RATIONALIZATION HAMSTER OVER AT [GOOSEBERRY BUSH](#), WHO GIFTED ME WITH THIS LITTLE GEM:

I wouldn't buy you a drink anymore than I would Satan, which is about the same thing. By the way, you're still STUPID, MYSOGINISTIC AND A MALE CHAUVNISTIC PIG! Nothing new here. Same ol', Same ol'. Don't be surprised when women won't want to commit to your promiscuous sad bitter wrinkled ass! You're nothing but a bitter woman hater, and you've finally proven it. Congratulations, "Solomon."

You'd think if she was going to dedicate a significant portion of her online life to calling me a misogynist, she'd at least learn how to spell it.

Moving along.

I know there's gotta be a shit ton of closet Sunday School peckerheads out there just like me. Of course, just to be super lame, I spent my first 22 years on this planet at Faith Baptist Academy, Trinity Prep, and earning a zillion-dollar high and mighty you're-going-to-Hell-but-I'm-not bachelor's degree in Pastoral Theology.

It should come as no surprise to the Christian segment of the readership that I have chosen the Proverb 31 post to take a look at the biblical outline of the perfect woman found in Proverbs Chapter 31. After going through it, I think you'll clearly see that God is a feminist.

Be sure to read every word below and take it to heart, or you'll burn for eternity where the worm dieth not and the fire is not quenched. Thus sayeth the Lord.

Proverbs Chapter 31 KJV

1 The words of king Lemuel, the prophecy that his mother taught him.

No one knows who King Lemuel is. Many scholars believe him to either be an imaginary character or King Solomon himself.

2 What, my son? and what, the son of my womb? and what, the son of my vows?

3 Give not thy strength unto women, nor thy ways to that which destroyeth kings.

Looks like some of the earliest misogynistic advice was given by a woman. Nice.

4 *It is not for kings, O Lemuel, it is not for kings to drink wine; nor for princes strong drink.*

5 Lest they drink, and forget the law, and pervert the judgment of any of the afflicted.

6 Give strong drink unto him that is ready to perish, and wine unto those that be of heavy hearts.

7 Let him drink, and forget his poverty, and remember his misery no more.

Kings should stay sober, but the poor and miserable should get drunk off their asses. Sort of like a PUA should stay sober while pouring alcohol down the throat of some miserable broad 20 minutes before the club closes.

8 Open thy mouth for the dumb in the cause of all such as are appointed to destruction.

In other words, be a leader and speak up for those who cannot speak for themselves.

9 Open thy mouth, judge righteously, and plead the cause of the poor and needy.

Be compassionate, but don't be a pussy.

10 Who can find a virtuous woman? for her price is far above rubies.

It seems that even somewhere between the tenth and sixth centuries B.C., a good woman was hard to come by.

11 The heart of her husband doth safely trust in her, so that he shall have no need of spoil.

12 She will do him good and not evil all the days of her life.

She is good and trustworthy. Her husband finds everything he needs in her, so he has no reason to look elsewhere.

13 She seeketh wool, and flax, and worketh willingly with her hands.

14 She is like the merchants' ships; she bringeth her food from afar.

15 She riseth also while it is yet night, and giveth meat to her household, and a portion to her maidens.

16 She considereth a field, and buyeth it: with the fruit of her hands she planteth a vineyard.

She's a career woman, a good negotiator, and has a mind for business.

17 She girdeth her loins with strength, and strengtheneth her arms.

18 She perceiveth that her merchandise is good: her candle goeth not out by night.

19 She layeth her hands to the spindle, and her hands hold the distaff.

She's a strong, self confident, take-charge kind of woman.

20 She stretcheth out her hand to the poor; yea, she reacheth forth her hands to the needy.

She's kind and generous, and has a good heart.

21 She is not afraid of the snow for her household: for all her household *are* clothed with scarlet.

Her husband and children have everything they need, rain or shine.

22 She maketh herself coverings of tapestry; her clothing *is* silk and purple.

She's beautiful, takes care of herself, and keeps up with the latest fashion trends.

23 Her husband is known in the gates, when he sitteth among the elders of the land.

She marries and keeps an Alpha male.

24 She maketh fine linen, and selleth *it*; and delivereth girdles unto the merchant.

She doesn't have a dead-end job. She's at the top of her game.

25 Strength and honour *are* her clothing; and she shall rejoice in time to come.

She sees the value in maintaining a good reputation in the community.

26 She openeth her mouth with wisdom; and in her tongue *is* the law of kindness.

She's a smart woman, and delivers her wisdom in a kind and gentle manner.

27 She looketh well to the ways of her household, and eateth not the bread of idleness.

She's not a lazy bitch who spends all day watching TV and ignoring her children.

28 Her children arise up, and call her blessed; her husband *also*, and he praiseth her.

She is admired and cherished by those she loves and is publicly praised for her efforts.

29 Many daughters have done virtuously, but thou excellest them all.

She's perhaps the only woman who can honestly say "I'm not like other women".

30 Favour *is* deceitful, and beauty *is* vain: *but* a woman *that* feareth the LORD, she shall be praised.

She knows that charm is deceptive and beauty is fleeting so she opts for a more substantive lifestyle.

31 Give her of the fruit of her hands; and let her own works praise her in the gates.

Her man will honor her and encourage her to enjoy the fruits of her labor, and her reputation will speak for itself and bring praise from her peers.

Well, so much for the old fashioned, outdated, patriarchal conservative Neanderthal men keeping women down bullshit. It seems God is a wee bit ahead of his time when it comes to

women's rights, wouldn't you say? If you take a look at the desired female traits outlined in the Bible, it damn near reads like a list of seminar topics at a National Organization for Women convention: encouraging women to be strong, career oriented, entrepreneurial, educated, physically, spiritually, and emotionally desirable, stylish, recognized for their efforts, etc. I think it's safe to assume, given these open-minded and forward-thinking directives, God's word is clearly feminist propaganda.

What's that you say? Equal opportunity and equal recognition for achievement is not really what the feminist agenda is about? Yeah, I know those topics are just thin veneers used to hide the real agenda of guaranteeing women the best of both worlds by offering the access of a modern man and the protection of an antebellum lady. I just needed a catchy title for this post, so deal with it. Feminism is like bumper bowling: "I want access to the lanes like a man, but I don't want to risk throwing a gutter ball. Oh, and my score should count as much as yours."

As it relates to this post, the difference between a Proverbs 31 feminist and a modern feminist is a lack of consistency in their principles and morals. If you scroll back up to the scripture and add the phrase "when she feels like it" to the end of every statement, you'd have the tenets of modern feminism. Of course to a woman, adding that emotional loophole in no way implies that she shouldn't still enjoy the positive outcome of being "praised in the gates" or finding an Alpha husband who will "arise up and call her blessed"; an unreasonable expectation which is the basis of modern misogyny.

Modern women have morals, but no moral center; they have principles, but are fundamentally unprincipled. Having morals but no moral center allows them to be slutty but not be sluts, and having principles without being principled allows them to lie without being liars. This obvious inconsistency where *everything* is subject to change based on eternally evolving emotions with no expectation of consequences is why men hate dealing with women almost as much as women hate dealing with each other.

Proverbs 31:10 Who can find a virtuous woman? for her price is far above rubies. A virtuous woman? Hell, at this point I'd settle for a complete bitch if she'd make the guy she's cheating on me with wear a condom.

*** The views and commentary expressed in this post are not necessarily those of the Father, Son, Holy Spirit, or their subsidiaries. ***

Filed under [Proverbs](#) Tagged with [alpha male](#), [feminism](#), [relationships](#)

[The Alpha Exit: Tin Man Edition](#)

by Dalrock

February 8, 2011 by Solomon II 13 Comments

I could write all day long about the Alpha exits I've made over the past few years. After nearly two decades of taking women way too seriously in relationships (now known as "whateverships") I found the cure for [oneitis](#) about four years ago in the form of game and never looked back. Over the years, I have become as heartless as the Tin Man when it comes to exiting a whatevership.

In my best estimation, there have been about 17 times just in the past two years alone when I've looked a woman straight in the eye and said "This is unacceptable. Goodbye." and walked out the door never to be seen or heard from again. I didn't give these girls a second thought after I left, nor did I respond to their text messages and calls for reconciliation.

Ghosting: a true Alpha exit.

About 10 months ago I met a beautiful 30 year old woman who instantly put me on guard. I could tell just by looking at her that she was a force to be reckoned with. After about a week or two I gathered she was the promiscuous, manipulative, lying, cheating, self righteous type with a rationalization hamster the size of a Shetland pony to which she fed the hearts of men who dared not worship at her feet.

Brother, that was just the half of it.

Me being a reckless asshole with lots of time to kill, and her being one of the most physically attractive creatures I had seen in over a week, I decided to take on the perilous mission of being the primary male in her life.

I'll spare you the details because quite frankly, I don't think you'd believe me if I told you what we put each other through. I normally eject from a situation like that very early in the game, but she was such a cold, manipulative, world-class liar that I decided to put my oneupmanship skills to the test, and be in it to win it.

It was bad. And I mean gut-wrenching soul-suckingly bad. Lying, cheating, mind fucking, manipulating, a little more cheating, covering tracks, advanced hyper snowflaking, knock-down-drag-out fights (verbal, never physical), spy vs. spy bullshit, and out maneuvering were a part of my daily life for the duration of our whatevership. I was every bit as bad as she was, because I was literally consumed with not letting this woman get the best of me. Short of beating an orphan with a dead baby seal, there's nothing evil I didn't do just to keep pace with her and barely beat her to the punch in the end. Even though we were in an open relationship where we were free to see other people, she still lied to me continuously. It was awful, and I truly think I lost part of my humanity in an effort to keep my sanity.

She was the first woman I had ever cheated on in my life. Even when running a harem, my girls know the deal. Before I met this girl and decided to engage her hamster instead of doing the smart thing and running like hell, there wasn't one woman walking this earth who could legitimately call me a cheater. I was married for eight years and lived in Europe off and on, and I never even flirted with a woman while away. But this time I chose to dance with the devil, so I danced my ass off.

In the end, the most manipulative and soulless person I have ever known said to me "I've never met a man who could one-up me before. You're the only man I know who can hurt me, and I'm scared you'll break me mentally. If you one-up me one more time, I'm going to have a nervous breakdown."

Contrary to what you might think, hearing that never made me happy or made me feel like I had won anything worth winning, so pardon me if I skip the Alpha victory dance. I'll never go that far to one-up a woman ever again, and quite frankly, I narrowly beat her to the punch by a stroke of luck. I made a lot of tactically correct but personally detrimental decisions

during that time, and though I'm glad I proved to myself that I'm more manipulative than the most manipulative of women, I know that's nothing to brag about.

Why did I stay in this situation? Why did I allow myself to have far more bad times than good, spend far more sleepless nights than restful ones, and be lied to far more often than I ever heard the truth? Ego. Nothing more than ego. The look on her face when she'd lie to me not knowing she'd already been caught drove me insane. I think she thought I was stupid, and I was hell bent on proving her wrong. It was a union of lust, love, intrigue, and temporary insanity.

If she said it once, she must have said it a dozen times: "Solomon, I won't ever lie to you again. You've taught me that the truth is far better because lies aren't worth the time and trouble, and somehow you always catch me. Honestly, I don't have it in me anymore to lie to you, because I can't keep this up. I just want to be happy and be in love. Let's stop this and just be truthful and honest with each other."

She always said that about twelve hours before I discovered she had one-upped me again. This woman has more secrets than Saturn has rings, and of course, a few of those secrets had a penis. As usual, I responded by redoubling my efforts and becoming even shadier in my dealings. We were both racing each other to hell and we knew it.

In one of the worst ideas in the history of ideas, we agreed to remain friends after the whatevership ended. Of course that only meant that we were off on a friendship oneupmanship game where she constantly questioned me about the women I had in rotation, and I kept an eagle eye on her. Neither of us wanted the other to be the first to move on, so even craftier mind games ensued. Once again, we were in a place where there was zero trust, and for damn good reason.

When it came time to part ways for good, she said the same thing she had said a dozen times before; "I don't ever want to see you again". Although we don't live together, I had a few things at her condo. She said "Your stuff will be in the hall. Come and get it, but I don't want to see you".

This is where I normally make my Alpha exit (if not much sooner). I'd tell her to go fuck herself, send her new beaux a text telling him I've been fucking his girl, post her nude pics on this blog, ghost off the face of the earth, and brag about my revenge to whatever new girl I'll be fucking in a week just to keep her on her toes.

But not this time. No Alpha exit for me. With full knowledge of what I was about to do to myself and the situation I would create, I asked her to reconsider. I told her that although I knew there could never be a romantic whatevership between us, I still wanted to have her as a friend. She kept saying no, even after I suggested that the two of us take a weekend trip to Vegas to talk it out and reminded her that she agreed to attend a gala with me to meet the Mayor and the City Council that following week. After about the fourth or fifth back-and-forth via text, I simply stopped.

I knew that by forgoing my usual Alpha exit, I would appear weak in her eyes. She's like a shark who smelled blood in the water, and came in for what she thought was the kill – referencing the one thing in my life that still causes me pain. She texted "I'm gone. Gone like [name omitted]. Come get your shit, it's in the hallway." Oneupmanship to the bitter

end. Once again, I wasn't surprised that she had taken such a low blow. I was mentally ready for her. I saw the pain, but didn't feel it because I fully expected her take it to the next level. I fought the urge to text her back and let her know that she could never be gone like [omitted], and that evoking her memory by drawing a comparison between the two women just made me realize how much my love life had atrophied. This time, I kept it to myself.

Roissy Maxim #12: When the love is gone, women can be as cold as if they had never known you.

I parked downtown, walked into her building and tried to make small talk with the concierge – a fat, pasty White Knight beta who creams his undies every time she walks by. I was nervous that she had put me on some sort of building terrorist list just to embarrass me like she had done in the past, and that Captain Beta would be more than happy to come to her rescue. I took the elevator up to the 27th floor, and there in the hallway was my laptop, a pair of jeans, and an art project we worked on together.

Shortly before we took our last trip together, she said “You're not going to ghost on me when we get back, are you? Because that would be shitty.” When I responded “No. I'd never do that to you”, I knew in my gut that I had just set myself up to be ghosted on, since she'd gladly subject me to the very things she begged me not to do. It was her preferred method of mind-fucking: Set up a scenario of assured mutual destruction, have both parties agree to draw the line before said destruction, then BAM! She'd sucker punch you with the very thing the two of you swore you'd never do to each other.

I picked up my things and walked away, knowing we were probably about six inches from each other on either side of the door. I didn't knock, she didn't open, and I haven't heard from her since.

Though I'm a big advocate of making a true Alpha exit, I made the conscious decision to be truthful with her and tell her I'd miss her even though I knew the consequences would entail a massive ego hit. There was no way in hell she would be able to resist shutting me down. I can almost see the wicked smirk on her face as she shot me down again and again via text, thinking she had finally broken the arrogant Solomon II and had him begging for her consideration.

But the ego hit I took was a small price to pay for what I really needed, which was closure. Closure through knowing that the fondness we once had for each other had dissipated for real this time, and that our brutal days of oneupmanship were finally over. I knew she had a few tall/dark/handsomes on the line, meaning my services were no longer required. In the past I had done my best to be evil, and that day I had done my best to salvage a friendship with the woman who intrigued me and taught me so much about her gender by brazenly displaying and defending every single one of their worst traits.

Gentlemen, the lesson (for me at least) here is to be careful how you exit a whatever-ship. I believe that 99.9% of the time, a firm Alpha exit where you ghost off the face of the earth is by far the best strategy. But if you find yourself in a strange situation like mine where you choose to appear vulnerable while pursuing your own brand of closure, make sure you're mentally prepared for her to see you as a weak Beta and go in for the kill. There's nothing a woman hates more than finding out she's fucked a man who has turned out to be weak. They see it as biological terrorism because despite their best efforts, a Beta crept in and planted his

seed in the womb reserved for an Alpha (or a bunch of Alphas). Want to know the real reason why women shout “I just want to meet a nice guy”? Its simply because they want the nice guys to identify themselves so they know who not to sleep with. Fool her, or make her think she’s been fooled by displaying too many nice guy tendencies along the way, and she’ll respond with the fury of hell.

There’s nothing more pathetic to a woman than a man who will beg for her consideration. If you’re ready for the consequences of lowering your value in her mind – which includes her using your attention to justify how in the right she was all along and perpetuating her delusion that you’ll be eternally miserable without her - then by all means go ahead and get the closure you need. Just be prepared to be comfortable with the thought of her laughing at your weak ass while she’s sucking the dick of a “real man”. But if for whatever reason you have reconciliation in mind, you might as well roll the dice with the Alpha exit and maintain your heartless Tin Man status. It’s still a gamble, but at least you walk away with your balls.

Overall, I’d say I’m numb to the situation. I know I’ll never meet another woman quite like her, but I also know that’s probably a good thing. In this case I don’t regret forgoing the Alpha exit, though I still highly recommend it in most situations. I’ll be perfectly honest and say that I really do miss her, though I miss her like a former addict misses his chemical of choice but knows he’s better off sober.

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