

## Epilogue

### For What It's Worth

Enough of these meaningless distractions, looking back over my life, I understand how I ended up one of the leftovers of humanity with nothing to look forward to and nothing of value to remember. The dysfunctional emotional and stress response pattern my mother put into my head had always pushed me in the wrong direction, making impossible, or at least highly unlikely, the pursuit of my first-best destiny. Now, like most Americans, I am a nobody with no power.

No more chances now, if there ever really were any, for glory and fortune, but maybe a little old time justice as in all those 1950s television westerns I watched as a kid when the lone cowboy refused to give up without a fight. It's always a choice between courage and cowardice. A man can't win a fight by running away from it.

Life is the most interesting experience a man can come across, so it makes no sense to hide from it. Living is the ultimate adventure and death the prize that awaits us all. My approaching minor reckoning with that vein of evil running through America promises a new adventure, one that, despite the fears emanating from the internal parents, I don't want to miss. There has been a joy in fighting everybody who violates my rights, especially the Feminazis, but nothing in this life matters anymore. All the illusions and false hopes no longer hold sway. Death's hand is on my left shoulder as it walks beside me, and that's just fine. The only problem with a life lived too long under Feminazi rule is that a man ends up with so many enemies he can't even the score with all of them. But law school and the media taught me how to prioritize.

All I ever wanted of females from mother to wife was someone to trust, but all I got was duplicity, treachery, infidelity and ruthless self-interest. The feminine evil pounds every guy in

an effort to subjugate them to female whims and sacrifice them to female desires. Girls cause more harm than they are capable of imagining because they don't care. To them, men just don't count. For broads it's always me, me, me. They can't see a world that doesn't center on them. They believe men exist solely as a tool to gratify their vanity of greed and lust for power. I showed weakness in not slapping the Commie Ho around or escaping from my sociopathic mother, and as Russia's President Putin said after the slaughter in Beslan, "The weak are always defeated."

As for that more virulent form of feminine evil—the Feminazis, I despise them! Despise them for the harm they have intentionally done to men in their effort to create a tyranny over us. Until my last dollar or last breath, I will fight them, and if there is anything after death, I will fight them for eternity. If you think the Feminazis haven't subverted American institutions against men, then look back on what I've written and switch the sexes. Make me an American girl and the Commie Ho a Russian mafia male pimp. Do you think it all would have turned out the same? Not likely.

So what's the moral: If a man wants to succeed in America, live an enjoyable, worthwhile life and have a chance at happiness, he must pursue his first best destiny, stay in shape and utilize girls only for partying; after all, "girl" is just a four-letter word. And remember above all else that no good deed done for a girl goes unpunished. At the end of every day Darkness conquers the light, but that's no reason not to fight back as a Cheshire grin spreads across my face in anticipation.

"Some people will do anything for money; some will do anything for justice."

-- the Author

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