

FeralRed

ARCHIVE

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1000 foot Rope/ Captain Rambo

8 upvotes | June 18, 2018 | /r/TheRedPill | [Link](#) | [Reddit Link](#)

If you're here, I hope you know of the Captain/first mate relationship dynamic. To adequately pilot a ship, someone has to be Captain. As a man, that's YOUR job. You can listen to suggestions if you have a proven first mate, but the ultimate decision is up to you. You can't co-captain a relationship any more than a ship.

So, your boat is chugging along nicely, why not go down to the cabin for a few drinks?. The first mate is capable at the wheel for a few hours. Damn it's nice down here. Big screen, lots of snacks. Can't even hear the kids. You start getting more and more comfortable, letting the responsibilities of life slip away and not really caring where the ship is headed.

The first mate never wanted to be captain. That's why she chose you all those years ago. She resents how she has to pick up your slack, resents how you felt somehow ok just being a couch potato all day, resents how your mutual hopes and plans have somehow faded away without a whimper.

You've become a fat, lazy, whiny drunk. She sees you as one of her children, just another need she needs to fulfill. No respect, no sex. You're just not an attractive person. So she gives up. Finally stops the boat and jumps ship into her own little life raft. You're still tied together by this long line, 1000 feet of rope coiled between you, but you're essentially on separate vessels.

As you awaken from your stupor, hangover pounding, you realize the engines are silent. You are alone. But nobody delivered breakfast! You come up on deck. Dead in the water. First mate nowhere to be found. You're drifting towards the rocks.

You have to do something. Where are the damn keys? Ok, started. Choose a direction leading away from the rocks, apply a little gas.

If you freak out and push the throttles to their stops, the propwash will rock the life raft, and the first mate will get up and grab the keys away. Rightly so, you've been a fuckup for years, why should she suddenly start trusting you, Captain Rambo? Your balls haven't grown back yet, so you'll let her retain control. Back to your rum.

You have to ease it away, slowly, gradually picking up speed. Be gentle. Don't tell the fucking first mate anything. She won't believe you anyway.

As you continue to get up on plane, speed rising, you start to realize how cool it is to be captain of your own vessel again. You're enjoying life again. Holy shit! I don't need a first mate at all!

The first mate has been left behind, still slowly drifting towards the shore. The 1000 feet of rope is paying out, faster and faster. She hasn't noticed any difference from her perspective.

Eventually the rope gets taut, starts to tug. By this point you're so far ahead, jumping wakes, enjoying your cruise, that whether she comes along for a fun ride or not is up to her. You've rediscovered your passion, your drive. You are outcome independent.

She may accept you as her new captain and decide to come along, or not believe you and simply cut the line. Either way you'll keep on doing what you choose to do as captain of your own ship. You can even cut the line yourself if the drag gets too bad.

But be very aware of the 1000 foot distance between you. It takes a long time for something on the end of such a long lead to respond to changes at the front.

Flowers and Forges - Never pull back the Curtain

220 upvotes | June 18, 2018 | /r/TheRedPill | [Link](#) | [Reddit Link](#)

Women want the finished product. To rail against this is to be angry because your dog can't fly.

Journey? You fell out of your mom with stubble and a six pack.

You were born this way. And you hardly go to the gym, you can eat whatever you want. Good genetics, great metabolism.

Anything else is exposing your magic as cheap parlour tricks.

StfU. Never pull back the Curtain.

Women are like flowers. They grow, attain beauty, then wither away. Can't do much with a flower, it's potential is innate and finite. From seed to compost, they take in the resources necessary to exist. You get what you get.

Men are like rusty chunks of steel. Not much innate, but infinite potential, greatness is there if you know how to forge the raw material into something of value. From lump of ore to a damascus blade... but you need to be heated and hammered and bent over and heated and hammered again and again without breaking.

Women want a pretty blade, they're not interested in the process to make one.

Sure, eventually the blade cracks and wears down, to be discarded in the trash like any tool that's lost its utility. The point is men have constant external stressors that forge them into the man they are, whether a horseshoe, destined to be stepped on and dragged through shit until ending up in a ditch, or a 20 fold katana with an artful hamon.

Here's a neat little experiment.... women drive cars, right?

How many women know... how does a four stroke engine cycle work? What's rack and pinion steering? What is Ackermann geometry and why is it so important? Why do some cars require higher octane? What's a heim joint? A CV joint? How much blinker fluid is in the average car? Does it flash faster or slower when it gets too low?

As a man, we love to pull back the curtain and see the backstage sets, understand the layout and the script tempo, meet the stoner puppeteers. Hear the director's commentary.

We love getting under the hood. Getting greasy, dirty. Fascinated in the process, the layout, the shift forks.

How many women mechanics you know?

Women want the world to work for them on the front end.... The purpose for having a puppet show is to entertain them... They don't want the backstage pass, in fact that breaks their experience a little.

Women want to be able to get in a car, turn the key, and go. The purpose of a car is to serve them. No interest in the thousands of parts and systems working to keep her alive as she rolls down the road at 80mph.

See how women only want the finished product for their own benefit?

Yes, yes, these are generalities... I'm sure you can find a mechanicgurl or a guy who doesn't care about cars. We talk in expansive generalities, of course you can find outliers.

Does nothing to disprove the original argument.

A flower can't exist in a forge.

They want to see the blade, not how it was made.

Never pull back the curtain.

Plates.

45 upvotes | June 20, 2018 | /r/TheRedPill | [Link](#) | [Reddit Link](#)

Every day some jackoff writes about a *plateon* asktrp.

Plate apparently means anything from, "this girl I want to fuck".... to "my common law wife".

So in the interest of a midmorning rant and potentially saving myself and others a bit of "ARRRRGGGHH!", please read this before posting yet another bullshit plate story.

But, even before that....

Here's another massive peeve of mine.

Don't do this.

If you write a narrative, DO NOT CHANGE THE NAMES TO "girl b" or "cunt3" or any other placeholders.

Names are symbols. Already placeholders. Humans are used to that. When I say "Cunt Carol" you build a picture in your mind of what Cunt Carol is. So when I say "Cunt Carol" again, you already have that association built into the narrative. Doesn't matter if it's an accurate depiction, just that it is an enduring image.

But if I replace "Cunt Carol" with "girl A", there is no associated image. So my brain has to pull me out of your story, assign an image of cunt Carol and match it with "girl A". Every fucking time. I don't even read narratives like that anymore. Doing a three symbol jump every time a placeholder is mentioned is just not worth it.

And to get meta for a minute, What the fuck do you think you're doing? This is an anon forum, you're telling an anon story to a bunch of anon guys. Just make up some goddamn names.

OK, Back to plates.

Potential plate..... JfC. Just stop. Every girl on the damn planet is a "potential plate". Fuck off. If you're NOT FUCKING HER, she's NOT A PLATE. Wishful thinking doesn't count unless you're in an animated Disney cartoon. Stop typing potential plate. It's pathetic, Gaston.

Spinning Plates. Youtube Henrik Bothe to see exactly why having non-exclusive relationships with multiple women is called spinning plates.

Required reading.... Rollo....

Plate Theory

Plate Theory 2

A plate is a girl you're ONLY having non exclusive sex with. Period. Full Stop.

You go on dates? Not a Plate.

Got one plate?. Not a plate... you have a relationship.

She knows your mom? Not a plate.

Texts you anything other than booty call logistics? Not a plate.

You know her gay best friend? Not a plate.

The entire point of using the plate analogy is that you're dividing your attention between multiple tasks, trying to keep the show going on, but are ok if a plate falls and shatters, because you have an

entire box of replacement plates ready to go hidden under the table.

So, are you entertaining yourself and the crowd, or are you sitting at home lying to yourself?

Don't spin plate.