

UEMcGill ARCHIVE

compiled by /u/dream-hunter

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"Soft dread" and "plate spinning" for the married guy

9 upvotes | July 26, 2014 | /r/MarriedRedPill | [Link](#) | [Reddit Link](#)

Now I know we can't spin plates as married guys, or give a hard dread but what's some success stories you've had using the theory of either of these?

Me, I gave my wife the ultimatum "sex starts more often, or I'm done. It's your job, either do it, or I'll find someone who will". She promptly got upset, and then the next day, she shaved, showered and "asked me to meet her upstairs"

I'm also upping my game. A LTR couple at the box I goto had an amicable public breakup. I casually dropped it to my wife. "Akward..." Well, 2 weeks later, it pays off. I tell my wife "yeah that girl half of the couple? She's all touchy feely now, what's that about?" The look on my wife's face.

What are some of you guys doing? Thoughts, comments, improvements?

Does your wife know she's a redpill woman?

13 upvotes | July 28, 2014 | /r/MarriedRedPill | [Link](#) | [Reddit Link](#)

I had an interesting conversation with my wife the other day. A couple friend of ours is a total blue pill mess. The woman, is always running around like a chicken with her head cut off. Hubby sets no direction and lets her run amuck. I was in front of them when he had laid down the law (a rare case of good alpha) about discipline for their 7 year old daughter. His wife came to him and wanted direction on how to proceed with it. She was literally begging him for how to handle it. He screwed the pooch and waffled in front of her, and still didn't give her a straight answer. She walked away dejected.

So I was talking to my wife, and I was like "He needs to man up and set shit straight with her. Tell her to quit fucking around with all these stupid projects and set her straight with what he wants for the kids."

My wife got right in line. "Yeah he could make their lives so much easier."

Maintaining Frame: married guy alpha

32 upvotes | August 15, 2014 | /r/MarriedRedPill | [Link](#) | [Reddit Link](#)

So I've taken the whole family on a vacation to the beach. Rented a condo for a week, water parks, ocean, the whole works. A couple of incidents pissed my wife off, and she got in a 2 day funk where she was basically short and non-contact with me. Fine I don't fucking care. I'm at the beach and having fun with my kids.

First incident, she asked me while sitting on the couch at the same time as me "go check on them I think they're into something" meaning the kids. My answer "no, I'm good". I figure she's worried let her go check. Nothing was wrong.

Next incident we were walking back, and my daughter had fallen asleep. My wife was carrying her (3 years old) and I said "give her to me", and I put her into the stroller. I futzed with the stroller a little bit but couldn't get it to go flat. My wife comes over and says something nasty to me, picks her up and storms off to the condo. I scolded her, saying I don't deserve to be spoken to in a nasty tone.

So for two days she seething. The old me would have chased her, and tried to make her feel better. The Redpill me doesn't give a fuck. She finally corned me and asked "do you even know why I'm mad? Don't you care that you're ruining this vacation?!?"

My answer, "you're a big girl. If you are mad, speak up! Your ruining your vacation not mine. I'm having a great time!"

Her face went ashen as soon as I said it. She realized the error of her logic.

I never apologized. I never got entangled in her emotional roller coaster. I stayed in frame.

All you need to know about how your wife communicates

14 upvotes | September 25, 2014 | /r/MarriedRedPill | [Link](#) | [Reddit Link](#)

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=-4EDhdAHrOg>

For a little levity, but oh so true.

Poker and Redpill

9 upvotes | September 26, 2014 | /r/MarriedRedPill | [Link](#) | [Reddit Link](#)

I used to play poker. A lot. I got really good at it, to the point where I was a winner every time I went out. I even won some tournaments in Atlantic City. My moment of clarity, “Doyle Brunsons, Supersystem”. They say that poker is the science of good choices. You’re playing against another player to make the best choices you can make given the cards you have in front of you. After reading that book, I started to fleece my regular poker game. I mean I would just take these guys money and it was too easy.

The thing is I remember after that point in my poker career that it became second nature in dealing with problems at the table. Most average players did everything Doyle said they would. They committed all the same mistakes he said they would and basically gave their money to you. Eventually you’d run into a shark or two, and this is where it got fun. Yeah mistakes were made, but learning from these mistakes made me a great player, and it made me fearless. It got to the point where you didn't have to think about it, it was just something that became second nature, part of how you reacted.

I’ve seen quite a few posts lately lamenting that now that a guy has seen the truth, that he’s depressed or disgruntled. Or maybe that it’s hard to keep up all the time, with things like dread being particularly disheartening.

Take heart, as this is the nature of the game. Like poker it will take a lifetime to master, but the day you have your epiphany and accept that yes AWALT, you will start to fleece your own home game. Make mistakes, learn from them, become a master at Redpill and eventually it will become second nature.

I went out last night with a small group of new friends. It was mixed company, singles and marrieds. I flirted, wrecked a couple of shit tests, even started to notice a couple of girls trying to qualify themselves to me. I’m a happily married man, so I generally don’t give a fuck, especially about young 20 something’s trying to impress me. It’s funny, even in this small inconsequential drinks with friends, you notice it everywhere, little shit tests, women trying to assert themselves and jockey around the Alpha, and dealing with it becomes second nature. I felt like Neo watching bullets go buy in slow motion. Keep practicing gentleman, soon you’ll find yourself at your moment of clarity.

Edit: Nemo...

Give feminists what they want, equality and a spot in the draft

81 upvotes | September 28, 2014 | /r/TheRedPill | [Link](#) | [Reddit Link](#)

<http://freebeacon.com/issues/anti-feminist-lawyer-plans-lawsuit-to-force-women-to-register-for-draft/>

Hmmm, no one is lining up?

Added a flair

5 upvotes | September 30, 2014 | /r/MarriedRedPill | [Link](#) | [Reddit Link](#)

Seems we have a couple of Red Pill wives aboard. I gave you a flair...

Balance of Alpha and Beta in a LTR

12 upvotes | September 30, 2014 | /r/MarriedRedPill | [Link](#) | [Reddit Link](#)

<http://marriedmansexlife.com/2014/07/why-being-asshole-alpha-works-for-about-six-months/>

I like Athol Kay. I give him credit for putting me on the path to here. Some good reading material from another thread to remind us, we have a responsibility to both lead and nurture our women.

Alpha gets you laid, beta keeps things harmonious.

<http://marriedmansexlife.com/2014/07/why-being-asshole-alpha-works-for-about-six-months/>

Use your flair!

11 upvotes | October 1, 2014 | /r/MarriedRedPill | [Link](#) | [Reddit Link](#)

If you're a new user to this sub, and are coming in posting a topic, please use your flair.

37 pieces are optional.

Married Guy Game, Epic Fail

10 upvotes | October 3, 2014 | /r/MarriedRedPill | [Link](#) | [Reddit Link](#)

Sometimes you just have to laugh at yourself. I've been on the road, riding around in United Ebola infested airplanes. I hadn't seen my wife for 3 days. She's a SAHM mom and her morning consists of: get 7 year old to school, pack up 3 year olds, go to Gym.

So she's standing in the kitchen, packing lunches, getting ready to walk out the door. I know Fridays are never a good night for sexytime, it's the end of the week, she's tired, we usually end up having a late night. So I'm thinking Saturday its on. Oh, yeah, I'm sure I have ADD too.

So I'm having a conversation with her, and it immediately pops in my head, so ole slick UE decides to plant the seed "Saturday night, it's on Babe!"

She looks at me like "What the fuck are you talking about?"

"What?" I'm a little confused.

She's like "One minute you're talking about Ebola, your travel and shit, and you're standing there in your robe farting like an old mule, and your like 'it's on!'. What?"

She clearly had no idea what I was talking about.

"Um, oh yeah, sexy-time babe." Mayday, Mayday, crash and burn, crash and burn! Now I need to own this shit right.

She says to me, "That's hot babe." Deadpan.

"Fuck yeah, I'm fucking hot." I pulled my robe to the side and twirled my nipple, as she walked out the door laughing.

FR, The Shit Test Among Friends

27 upvotes | October 6, 2014 | /r/MarriedRedPill | [Link](#) | [Reddit Link](#)

So we stopped by a friends house the other night after my wife and I attended a family function without the kids. The friend was watching our youngest two, and had an ice cream bar set out for all the kids. Turns out when we show up, I'm the only guy (my buddy, who's house it was, works rotating shifts), four women total, and a million screaming kids ages 3-7. I'm being polite, standing in the kitchen, figuring out my move to get out. A little back story, I was in a suit and tie, and the three other women are all lower SMV than my wife by a long shot.

The girls are yammering about the usual shit women do, when my wife looks across the room, gets a glimmering look in her eye and a little girl smile and say "Hun, go get me a soda, please, coke zero?"

Deadpan I look at her and say "Whats wrong with your feet? All this talking made them go numb?"

I walk up to her, smack her ass hard, right in front of the other 3 women. Look at all the other women and say "As much as I'd like to stay, I wouldn't really."

As I walked out the door, my wife ran over and gave me a quick peck on the lips and an ass squeeze, while the other women were catching flys with their mouths open.

I swear to god it was a set up. My wife wanted to get shot down in front of her friends. Who am I to deny her that?

[FR] How to have an argument and hold frame like a boss

17 upvotes | October 14, 2014 | /r/MarriedRedPill | [Link](#) | [Reddit Link](#)

I'm out of town. My wife is having a major hormone crazy spell right now (medically induced) and in the middle of a meeting I get a text "Man I'm such a crazy bitch right now, you should be glad you're not home"

Me, "Why what's different?"

Her "ha ha"

First shit test passed.

Two hours later, she gets on the phone, "I'm done. I'm done with the kids, I'm just done". She already came on the phone with anger in her voice.

She asks me if my Mom is coming for the weekend like we discussed. So I tell her, my mom can't make it, she's got too much going on. She starts freaking out. Going on and on about "She never comes" etc. How I don't hold my family to the same standards as hers, etc.

So I calmly and succinctly tell her "I'm not going to argue about this with you. You know that's not true."

At this point she's going on and on, so I start FOGGING her (See When I say No I Feel Guilty) and she's like "YOUR JUST PLACATING ME!!"

Me, "Nope. I'm just validating your feelings. They're yours and I'm acknowledging them."

So now she throws out the nuclear shit test "Fine, I don't want to talk anymore. Goodbye".

So I said. "OK, cool. Goodbye" no different than I would any other night.

Ten seconds later she says "I'm sorry. I'm just angry, with all these hormones pulsing through me. I miss you."

Some nights I'd just put a quick stop to this. A quick "I'm gonna get off the phone". Sometimes there's a loyalty test built into it. Your wife wants to know you can weather the storm. When she's like this, she wants you to hold frame. She needs to know that you are going to be a rock in the face of her emotional shit storm. So give her what she needs.

[FR] Why you need to remember "Outcome Independence" when interacting with you LTR

32 upvotes | October 17, 2014 | /r/MarriedRedPill | [Link](#) | [Reddit Link](#)

Last night my wife was in crazy bitch mode. The kids had her at her last wits end. She had a million things to do, and its probably the most crazy day of the week for us schedule wise.

I got back from the oldest's football practice, and grabbed some leftovers. I told my wife "I'm going to grab a shower, if you leave the dishes and the toys and I'll get them. You can relax a little."

She immediately answers "I have no time to relax. I have to do my nails, blow my hair out,..." (we have a wedding to go to tonight) at no point did she say 'yes' or 'no'.

In the past I would have tried to calm her down or reassure her; but basically I would have tried to create peace in my house. My wife was famous for the attitude "If I'm crazy, you should be crazy!". But now I don't care if she gets butt-hurt about something I say, do or don't do, because that's her business.

So I quickly and succinctly told her "Hun, I said I would do it. Either agree or don't, I'm not debating whether you are busy." and I walked away. She immediately saw her mistake. She followed me out and quickly started to tell me with little girl eyes "I'm sorry, I'm just so frustrated with the kids..."

Women will create drama in their lives and try to suck you in. Five years ago I would have tried to soothe her, up the beta, and generally tried to make peace. Now, I don't give a fuck. If she's in her own created drama, let her fucking deal with it, and certainly punish poor behavior. Now I can sit through these storms because I can calmly say "This aint my thing, in the end it won't change me."

So gents in the heat of these epic crap fests get in your own head and remember "I am not going to be fixed on the outcome of this. I am not going to be swayed by her trying to make me feel bad" and you can bring incredible clarity to a situation. Then in an instant you can drill down to the point without being sucked in.

Ultimate dread: Tell your wife you're going to have an affair.

25 upvotes | November 20, 2014 | /r/MarriedRedPill | [Link](#) | [Reddit Link](#)

How and when do you deliver the ultimate dread in a marriage? That's a tough one. It's not a weapon to be wielded lightly; it truly is the nuclear option. Using it can result in total annihilation. I've done it, it was a huge risk, but the reward were substantial.

After I'd gone back to the Gym, and gotten the rest of my life in order things were still lacking in the bedroom. My wife was telling me "You look great" but she wasn't showing me she was physically attracted to me. I'm a good looking guy, with good guy game. I've caught women looking at me. Made a few smile. I Went away and dropped in on an old college buddy. He had a friend of his over, an early 30's single mom, and very attractive, who after a night of drinking and a heavy flirting told me point blank "I will fuck your brains out".

This left me depressed. Here I was doing all the right things and the one woman who I wanted, didn't want me. My wife has some medical problems that compound her desire, so I was in an even deeper hole. The other side of it was she said she wanted to change, but she was doing nothing to actually change.

So I propositioned her. I put it to her point blank "I know you can't or won't do these things. So tell me what. I'll get my needs met elsewhere. I'll be discreet, and everyone wins."

Well, she freaked out. A million things spewed out of her mouth from "What if some woman gets crazy, nah its too risky" to "I don't want a divorce". I kept on task, repeated what I needed. I told her clearly and succinctly, "I need this. If you can't do it, I'm ok with that. But you need to be honest with me and tell me if you can't".

We went away the following weekend. We fucked 3 times in the first couple hours *before* dinner. She's been much better since, including moving forward on getting her medical issues resolved.

Oh, the other woman? She still fuck me anytime I want. You have to have options right?

Message to New Posters - read about flair.

10 upvotes | January 25, 2015 | /r/MarriedRedPill | [Link](#) | [Reddit Link](#)

We've added some mods, we've made it a subscriber only forum, and we're weeding out trolls as fast as they pop up.

Now do your part, and send a mod your status so flair can be assigned. Flair is important as it provides context to your post. Plus as we grow, the Mods will assign some super star and approved content type Flairs.

The Sex God Method, an overview and [FR]

37 upvotes | January 26, 2015 | /r/MarriedRedPill | [Link](#) | [Reddit Link](#)

I've updated the side bar adding this to the recommended reading list. I've debated on and off, whether or not to put it there, and I just finally figured it needs to be there. /r/BluepillProfessor has it on his list too. But I think it's a good book to start the process of getting all of us to think better, particularly about power in the bedroom and in sex. The biggest reason I didn't have it on the side bar? I don't know how to get a legitimate copy or if the *pdf versions are legal. You decide, it's an easy read though.

The overarching premise is that great sex must have 4 components. Dominance (D), Emotion (E), Variety (V), and Immersion (I). Poor sex may lack one or all of these elements, and by fixing things that are lacking, you are on the road to great sex. It may take time, as we don't all become masters overnight. But it's a lot of fun building up to it, and in the end, everyone benefits.

So my field report is not only a bit of a brag, but here to get you guys to think about how you can up your guy game (Without turning this into /gwstories).

I had an opportunity to schedule some sexy time at a hotel. (V) No kids, no interruptions and plenty of privacy. We went and spent some time in the hot tub, where I proceeded to pull her top down and expose her every chance I got (E) the whole time telling her she was a dirty girl, we went back to the room and had a shower together, where I washed her and made her come from behind by holding her against the wall and telling her she can't leave until she climaxes (D). Next we dried off and I told her she can't put any clothes on (D). We hung out in the bed, and did lots of slow massaging (I) while I kept telling her "I can't resist you" (E). I pushed her to the bed, spread her legs apart and told her I was going to eat her (D). 10 seconds after starting she came (like 5th time I think?). She flipped me over and said she "had to taste me" and who am I to refuse? Now I'm like "We need to fuck, get on me (D)" and she immediately smiled and was like "OK!" and started riding me for all its worth. After a couple minutes I said "fuck this" and sat up, grabbed her held her tight and flipped her (V). When I went to pound town, the whole time I was telling her how good she felt, how good she smelled, how good her lady parts felt and how I knew she couldn't resist me (I). I made her talk to me. At first she was shy and quiet. By the end of the evening, she was like a puppet. She would do or say everything I said. In a previous post I told you my signature move was to grab her head, look her in the eyes and tell her "Come for me. Look at me, come for me" (D,E). She went off like a rocket. You get the gist. Dinner, repeat, repeat.

Why do we do these things? Why are we here? Because we want great sex! Really that's what it all boils down to. If you practice these things you'll be surprised how easy it becomes, how eager she is. My woman would jump at each demand. She would respond like when you ask a little kid if they want ice cream for dinner. The next morning after sexytime she ran down to get me fresh coffee. RAN DOWN. She wanted to wait on me hand and foot. I'm firmly convinced we could go beat up nuns if I suggested it, "Sure I'll hold them pius bitches down!" she'd say. That's why we need to give it good to our women. If we demonstrate our love and affection through sex, what better way to show them by giving it to them to the extreme?

Field Report - Ask and ye shall receive

13 upvotes | January 27, 2015 | /r/MarriedRedPill | [Link](#) | [Reddit Link](#)

We have quite a few experienced Redpill men here. Often we get a question or situation where someone is choking down the redpill and needs advice on how to proceed. Chances are someone here has been there and done that.

So post here for a field report wanted. Maybe you're new to this. Maybe you want to know how someone has done it before. Like someone asked me "UE, when did you master the art of Shut the Fuck Up?" or "how's anyone handled their soul sucking sister in law from meddling with your business?"

Post 'em up here and we'll get our more experienced people to post up a separate FR for reference.

Edit to update: if you think that you have an excellent FR for one of these requests, PM me.

The Ladder theory of women

6 upvotes | February 18, 2015 | /r/MarriedRedPill | [Link](#) | [Reddit Link](#)

If you're not familiar with this as it pertains to /redpill theory here's a good link to peruse it. [Ladder Theory](#).

For /marriedredpill this is a subtle and delicate situation. "Why would this apply to me?" You ask. "I'm married and monogamous!". Because fucking AWALT.

Let's take your wife for instance. When you're a beta loser or an AFC because you got fat and lazy, you put yourself on the "Friends ladder". Your job is to always maintain your SMV so that she's got you on the "Will crawl through glass to fuck" rung. This is where you can treat her like your personal fuck doll and she will literally help you rob homeless people if it means keeping in your good graces.

On the other hand is the other women in your life. Personally I think the only ladder you should ever be on is the "I would fuck him ladder", with the exception of relations of course. Why? Dread my friend. Dread. Let your wife see one of her girlfriends flirt with you, or maybe a chick at the Gym gives you a hair twirl and a giggle. As redpill married men, we need to be reminded that there are always options out there. We can avoid the "oneitis" mindset that cause us to revert to beta losers.

And what of the women in your life that want you on the "Just friends ladder"? Next them. You're an important man with things to do. Outside of familial and business relationships, there's no room for such things.

So look around at the women in your life. What ladder are you on?

[FR] Men, don't let your wives raise your boys.

38 upvotes | March 16, 2015 | /r/MarriedRedPill | [Link](#) | [Reddit Link](#)

We have a group of friends that all have kids our kid's age. They range from, dysfunctional and married to a single Mom. My own observation is that I am the only Redpill husband. Sometimes this presents problems because there's a little too much governing by feelz and trying to make the boys behave like girls.

I raise my boys with this in mind. Over the last year or two I've had a quite a few discussions with my wife about the mind of a boy, and how it's not the mind of a girl. Things like "not feeling guilty because of someone else's feelings" and how to blast a 7 year old girls shit test (fucking AWALT, right?). One of the biggest things I've asked my wife to do is "Leave the boys alone, let them figure it out on their own" and to not coddle to his feelings. He's welcome to them, but they're his to deal with. There was an incident where my son, UE- Jr (age 8), where he and a couple of his buds were hanging out, and one of them had a bag of fruit snacks. Like thieves divvying up loot, they all split the contents. Later that day he relays us the info that Little-Ashley-Shit-Tester (8 and well versed in shit test theory) came up to them while they were eating said snack, she proceeds to cry and run away. She later told her mom, who told my wife, "The boys were being mean! They wouldn't share with me!" My boy is honest to a fault. He will tell you the absolute truth. So my wife starts to let him have it. "Why didn't you share with little Ashley-Shit-tester? That's mean!" He was like "Ma! She never said anything, we were eating, she came up and left crying. I didn't know why." So I asked him, "Did she ever ask you for some?" . "nope". My wife starts back at him "Well you should have offered...". I quickly shut it down. "Nope. She's a big girl, if she can't speak her mind that's her fault. Don't worry about it Jr." My wife reluctantly agreed. The back story is, Little-Ashley-Shit-Tester is an 8 year old master of shit-testing. I've seen her make her own father go fetch something because she could, then when he scampered away, look at me, tilt her head and snicker. AWALT gentleman! They are bred to do it.

One of the hardest things I have to deal with is the dreaded Single-mom. My wife picks up her son from school to help out, and while I don't care, there's a lot of interference I have to fix because of his home life. Typical Single-Mom shit. There's a Deadbeat dad, he's not in the picture, never married, etc. She lives with her parents, but dad is an old grandpa who isn't very involved. Single-mom's boy is a good kid, but it's obvious there's no good male in his life. He's emotional, entitled, manipulative, and he tries to guilt me with his feelings about "fairness" (sounds like a woman huh?). I'll reprimand him and two minutes after his mom gets to our house, he's complaining to her about it, and trying to get out of it. I've made it clear that if he can't follow my rules, he's not welcome. His mom has learned to quickly shut down his fits of entitlement in front of me.

Fast forward to a couple of days ago; I walk into my house to find my wife, and Single-Mom standing in the kitchen. Single-Mom is balling, and my wife is giving her advice that came right from my mouth! I hear her tell her "They're boys. You can't coddle their feelings all the time. They were bickering, tried to get me involved when I told them 'figure it out or you can all go home'". Yet the moment Single-mom came back, her boy started wailing like a little girl about "it's not fair...." This is what sparked the discussion from my wife. Single-mom was crying that she feels so guilty, she doesn't want to fail, etc. but here's my wife, telling her "He's a boy. They fight, and get over it. Until you came he was fine. He only started again because you coddle him." My wife was ecstatic to tell

me the story, ecstatic to tell me how she gave Single-mom my advice.

Gents, raising your boys to be alpha is your job, not your wives. Don't let her teach your boy how to fail a shit test. Don't make her a single mom even when you are home. That's your job, and if you set the standards, she will follow your lead. In fact, do it well and she will preach to the unconverted.

The Reason We Lift, or You Can't Unfuck 10 years worth of Fucking Up

20 upvotes | March 24, 2015 | /r/MarriedRedPill | [Link](#) | [Reddit Link](#)

Alright, many of you noobies the first thing you hear after "read the side bar" is go lift some heavy shit. I've been at this awhile. I'm in my 40's, I've been in the corporate world long enough. I'm part of the management team, so I've been in leadership for a long part of my career. Early on I was this smart-as-fuck cocky engineer in an environment dominated by scientists who didn't understand me, but knew they needed me. I thought there wasn't any pursuit I couldn't "smart" my way through or out of. I made a lot of mistakes that weren't technical, but interpersonal, strategic, and logistical. My reputation suffered as an engineer because of those issues. 10 years later, I was a much better engineer and the way I got there? Working hard and plain old fucking experience.

I was reading another thread, and the OP basically posted "No time to lift, so I lift at work...". I was going to write a whole response but felt this would be a better main topic. Lee Iacocca once approached one of his managers. When he asked the manager why he hadn't taken vacation, said managers response was "I'm too busy." Lee's response to paraphrase "You're the manager of a billion dollar division and you aren't organized enough to schedule vacation? Maybe I need a new manager?"

I tell people to lift so that you become the CEO of your life. I know that if you lift, your wife will find you more attractive. I know that if you lift you can toss your wife around and fuck her like the rag doll she wants to be. Health, well-being, and all those things are the perks of lifting. But the real benefit of getting a lifting program together? You take control of your life.

Women by nature are social-multi-taskers. They are great at sitting around in a coffee clutch and working on the school activities while bitching about kids, or doing the daily grind that is being a SAHM. What evades women like my wife, strategic planning. She can't make it to the gym two days in a row because of some trivial reason. So why would you leave it to your wife to schedule your gym routine? Now you may say "McGill, I don't. I run my shit, but I just don't have time!". Fucking A nonsense. If you can't eek out 8 hours a week for the gym, maybe your wife needs a new manager.

The real reason you lift is discipline. You set a course for the ship, and those on board help fulfill the mission. By demonstrating to your wife that your priorities come first, she won't allow her multi-tasking to fuck with your lifting. Learn to say no, I'm going to the gym. I've done the gym thing on and off for years. My wife would do things like "Oh, can you go later so I can [insert stupid shit she forgot to plan for]?" Yes dear. "Oh we have dinner plans with xyz on Friday night. Maybe you can go to the gym early Saturday morning?". Yes dear. "Oh my sister is coming over for dinner tonight, can you move your gym time?". In all those interactions whose fault is it I didn't make it to the gym? Mine.

Now I take a different approach. I Crossfit four times a week (along with a Wendler/Oly program). There's limited time for classes so you can't just go a "little later". I've made it clear, it's not negotiable. I go four times a week. Of course she's tested me. "Oh I made plans for my sister to come over on Saturday, are you still going to go to Crossfit?" Yep. "Oh we've been invited over to blah blah blahs to have dinner with their awful kids. Are you still going to go to Crossfit?" Yep. Guess what happened. After a few times of her trying to blow up my plans, she got the point. We haven't

had a conflict in ages. If she knows it's going to happen, she comes well in advance and tells me "Hey can you go wxyz days so that we can do this on Saturday?"

You may be smart as fuck, but results at the gym, takes time under the bar. You can't just "pick up some weights" while sitting around the office. It makes you shitty at both. The reason I tell people to lift, is to get discipline and experience. Only time will give you that. It's the same with Redpill, you can't just smart your way out of it either.

The lies we tell ourselves

61 upvotes | May 7, 2015 | /r/MarriedRedPill | [Link](#) | [Reddit Link](#)

I've seen a lot of influx of new guys here. First, congrats, knowing you have a problem is the first step. Second, stop fooling yourself into thinking you have just a few things to tweak, and it's all good. Here are the lies I see every day that you tell yourselves.

"We've got a good marriage, except for a dead bedroom"

"She's a good wife and mother, except she drinks too much"

"I've been redpill for a month..."

These are all things we tell ourselves because we don't want to face the hard reality that maybe things are not what they seem to be. Some of it comes from the feminist imperative telling us we should just suck it up and be happy to get what a woman gives us. Some of it is us trying to rationalize us making poor decisions. Mostly it's us trying to make excuses for all the bad crap we've either accepted as truth or allowed to happen in our lives.

Yeah we throw words around like "hypergamy" and "solipsism". We use terms like "abundance mentality" and "Outcome independence". Here's one redpill truth we don't talk about much, the sunk cost fallacy. Every single situation you find yourself in as a redpill husband should be looked at with an eye to the future not the past. "She was a great wife up to the point I caught her bouncing on another man's cock" or "We have a great marriage except for no sex" shouldn't even come out of a redpill husband's mouth. No my friends, you should always look at her actions as they are, outside of the context of the past.

The upside, you now have vision and clarity.

"She's a cold fish"

"She's a drunk"

"I have a lot to learn"

Now you can see your options a whole lot better once the truth is clear. That's truly redpill.

Why College is not a democracy

31 upvotes | May 14, 2015 | /r/MarriedRedPill | [Link](#) | [Reddit Link](#)

So yesterday we banned a particularly pernicious "wanna be" redpiller. The reason he got banned? He continued to debate blue pill ideology and even went so far as to say:

Overall, your subreddit is very authoritarian and dogmatic. It's dogmatic because you won't explain why someone's blue pill advice won't work.

(for the record, that's all we do, is explain why)

I went to school for 4 years of undergraduate and then on to my MBA. Never once, in any of my engineering classes did we talk about what would happen if the 2nd law of thermodynamics was wrong. We never discussed what would happen if water and alcohol had the same vapor pressure. We never discussed if the swallow was African or European. Because when your sitting in class and the text book is open, it's assumed that the information being delivered by the professors is tested, tried and true.

Now is it all correct? Maybe, maybe not. But the fact is, until you learn the material inside and out, field test it for verification, and compile empirical data, when you're sitting in the class room, you're just a student. You haven't earned the right to stand up and challenge the professor.

So to the gent who got banned, if you're reading this, the real reason you got banned? It's not because you didn't swallow the pill. As a mod I don't give a fuck if you believe this shit or not. I'm not here to win converts. Frankly I don't want the rest of the world to be Redpill, as the world needs leaders and followers. No, my friend you got banned because you were the kid that was a high-school student last week and walked in the your first college class and started calling out the professor.

Me personally, I love debate. I have a great friend who is a left-wing communist. Personally I'm pretty opposite of him. We had a great debate about gun and gun ownership yesterday. You know what he said to me "I don't agree with your opinion, but at least I know you've thought it out, and formulated it with logic and reason"

So if you came here, lurked, read, discussed and learned. Then practiced the methods, but ultimately came back and said "this aint working for me" I would gladly give you a flair tagged "Anti-redpiller" and make you the boards devils advocate. You got pissy, had a victim puke and got banned.

So the message to all you new guys that keeps getting said, "Listen, read, learn, discuss." There's a reason college takes 4 years and the professors are in charge. In fact I wasn't a great engineer until probably 10 years into my career. The only way I got there was by learning on the job.

The mods and those tagged with "MRP Approved" are facilitators. We're here to help all those that want to learn, but it's not a democracy for a reason.

[FR] I put my wife in time out

79 upvotes | June 8, 2015 | /r/MarriedRedPill | [Link](#) | [Reddit Link](#)

There's the ongoing debate about whether the Captain/FO model or the Oldest Teenager in the House model is appropriate. The fact is, it's probably both. Sometimes as a good leader you need to recognize which situation you're dealing with and act accordingly.

Friday night we took the whole family to the local little league park to watch one of my oldest boys friends playoff game. My boy is on another team and is a particularly good ball player who a lot of other kids look up to. My boy's friend had a bad call go against him, and instead of telling him tough break, my son pulled a dick move and said something smarmy. My wife is particularly sensitive about this and she flipped her shit on him, couple the fact that it sounded even worse because he is a good ball player. She made her point to him and let him know he'd be in trouble about it when he got home. He quickly tried to back track what he said, and made somewhat of an amends to his friend there and then. On the drive home they started to get into it again in and I calmly told them "Ok, let's take this offline and not in front of the other kids"

My oldest knew he was wrong. In fact I'm pretty sure he was deeply ashamed for what he said. Hence the reason he was trying to back track it so bad. We got the younger kids to bed and he still insisted on trying to talk his way out of it. It ended up in a yelling match between him and his mom. I stood up, calm and cool, told him to get into the shower and then right to bed, I'd deal with him in his room.

I told her "Ok, take a break everyone is a little tense. We'll deal with this in the morning."

She started getting even angrier; I maintained even tone and calmly said "you need to shut up. You're being a crazy bitch." This shocked her. The look on her face was priceless. Her hamster started to rev the wheel up to full speed.

She tried to put it back on me "Oh so you don't think he did anything wrong?"

"I never said that, you're being crazy right now though."

Her, "So I'm wrong in this?"

"No, but you're being crazy right now. That's wrong."

"Oh so you can act crazy sometimes and I can't?"

Me, "If I am, you have every right to say something."

"Take a couple minutes and calm down. When you can talk we'll pick it up from there." And I walked away. I went and put the boy to bed, talked about why his mom was so mad at him (while reinforcing that her feelings were hers to deal with and how a bro can't kick another bro when he's down).

When I was all done she came to me, "I'm sorry for being bitchy", head down, full on doe eyes. I said "ok, let's talk about how we do this better next time"

"Ok".

I held frame, never let her arguments distract me about her bad behavior and isolated her when her behavior was intolerable. We straightened out everything and even finished the night with some sexy times. By holding frame, it really was like a scene from the movies. I could see each bullet zinging at me in slow motion, and step out of the way harmlessly. By recognizing where I was I applied the

response that was appropriate, punish the bad behaving teenager, and lead the first officer who seeks advice from her captain. In the end, everyone was better for it.

Are you another crab in bucket?

36 upvotes | June 15, 2015 | /r/MarriedRedPill | [Link](#) | [Reddit Link](#)

Everywhere I go, I am reminded of the bluepill hegemony, and reminded about how it tries to pull you down. Like Michael Corleone, they are always trying to pull me back in.

This weekend, I sat down at one of the picnic tables to shoot the shit with a couple of the other coaches at my oldest boys game. Conversation drifted and eventually someone muttered "Happy life, happy wife right?"

I answered "Fuck no. That's bullshit people tell themselves because they don't have control. My job aint to keep my wife happy." Now I know there's some that believe you're better off going with the flow. But frankly here I have no dog in the fight. I was just passing the time and talking with some other dads, and I really can't stand that saying.

They all started laughing. "Oh yeah! Let's hear you say that in front of her!" "hrumph, hrumph, bullshit, bullshit, bullshit..."

"Fuck yeah I'd say it in front of her. If she doesn't like it, she knows where she can go."

Dead silence.

It just goes to show you, how groupthink is pounded into the masses. These guys were flabbergasted that someone would speak up against the standard message. They just couldn't fathom how someone could go against it.

Early on in swallowing the pill, this was a standard message from my wife. "How I am supposed to answer to people when they think you're an asshole?" Her sister, a certified soul sucking vampire, used to pester her about shit all the time. Early in the relationship I was pretty redpill, and her sister was the first one who would ask her "why does he get to control the finances? Why does he get to say where and when you eat out? Why does...". I made the mistake of trying to rationalize and explain my decisions. Little did I realize how woefully outgunned I was. So eventually I became a beta appeaser. I started listening to my detractors, and it was down-hill-ugly from there. I became another crab in the bucket, letting others pull me down. I even became concerned about what my SIL was thinking (ewe, I shudder even thinking about it).

Eventually I found the Redpill. I've learned to deal with this kind of crap. I've learned to not give a fuck about some harpies' feelz and the conversation she's had with my wife. In fact the last time my wife brought up this very same argument with me I trotted out my now standard line I use in this situation "If your sister has a problem with me she can come straight to me. Second, and most important, if you're not happy with the situation, and feel your sister is right, there's the door, you are free to leave at any time."

Eventually when you learn to lead well, your wife will follow, and follow happily. This weekend we were at a family party. It was late, the kids were tired and I was beat from a long day. One of the other party guests was complaining that it took an act of god to get his wife to leave. I stood up and said, "Yeah I don't put up with that". Walked over to my wife and said, "It's time to go." She cheerfully answered "Ok, I'll get the kids' stuff together." He watched with a deflated look on his face.

I got to the point where I stopped having fucks to give. I just didn't care who got pissed. I found out that when you show people you don't care what they think, they stop trying to pull you down. I also

cut those people out of my life. I hardly associate with my BIL anymore. My wife knows I have no use for her sister, and in fact she's pretty annoyed most of the time by her. I stopped letting these things bother me, and most importantly I make the right decisions because they need to be made and not because of public opinion. My family is better off for it, and I no longer feel like just another crab in the bucket.

July 2 Weekly Newb Posts! Ask your question here!

9 upvotes | July 2, 2015 | /r/MarriedRedPill | [Link](#) | [Reddit Link](#)

Go ahead. Ask your most basic question. What's a shit test? What's dread? What's SMV? Go ahead. Since we don't have an askMrp sub, this is the place.

Also, I ask that only people tagged as MRP approved, and the like answer. But if you're unplugging, feel free to ask follow up questions or clarify the idea out loud.

Repost from TRP: Guy and the married girl...

11 upvotes | July 7, 2015 | /r/MarriedRedPill | [Link](#) | [Reddit Link](#)

I browse all the TRP subs that are active. Today this was on the top of the TRP page: [Guy picks up a girl who's married](#)

Infidelity is a tough nut. Being married, assets involved and a long history make it hard to disconnect. Add kids and divorce rape and it's even more complicated. Just as a reminder to everyone what you're dealing with I submit this report from Chad. T. Cock and his experience with this married woman. She's out slutting it up, tries to get ole Chad to commit and in the end when he won't, goes back to hubby.

The highest rated comment sums it all up so well:

When gaming a married woman, you don't have to be better than every man out there; you just have to be better than her husband.

So when faced with the infidelity problem are you still plan B? Are you settling for a broken woman? Most importantly, are you making the best long term decision for you, or is she making the decision for you that suits her the best?

July 17 Noob thread! Post your questions here..

6 upvotes | July 17, 2015 | /r/MarriedRedPill | [Link](#) | [Reddit Link](#)

Go ahead. Ask your most basic question. What's a shit test? What's dread? What's SMV? Go ahead. Since we don't have an askMrp sub, this is the place.

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The balanced check book of the relationship

46 upvotes | August 10, 2015 | /r/MarriedRedPill | [Link](#) | [Reddit Link](#)

I've been on vacation but reading to catch up. One recurrent theme I've seen over the last month is the problem of the marriage "check book" and keeping it balanced.

One gent told his forlorn story of working his ass off and scrimping and saving to buy a house. He busted his ass, had a huge emotional day, and his wife threw a comfort test at him to remind him of how hard he worked. Another guy goes through something similar, busts his hump to get his family debt free only to be reminded of how it was "a shitty present".

My own personal story is similar. I've been blessed in my life to be mechanical, I was taught by my father to handle my shit, and there's literally nothing I can't fix with my hands. I bought our first house, a tiny shit-box in a red-hot market. I spent a month before we moved in removing and replacing every inch of drywall, sanding wood floors, re-carpeting, and making it look better than the day it was built. I stood back when we moved in and in my best Tim Allen said "Ooooooog!, I have created!". I sat back waiting for the blow-job dam to break open.

My wife promptly went and bought curtains, and filled it up. She reminded me that she worked hard too; you know decorating and making sandwiches. Then she asked "when's the basement going to be done?". I was like "what in the actual fuck did she just say?"

In my mind, I had just banked like 10 fucking years of good will. She had a brand new house without going in to massive debt. Yet the moment it was done, she was like "Well I did this too. What's next?" The marriage bank account had just been reset to zero.

I made the critical mistake of assigning a discrete value to the work I had done. My wife, as all women, only assigned one value to it, +1. I made the mistake of doing that for years (lots of covert contract in there by the way), thinking my bank account with her was like +15,000, when the only achievable numbers are +1, 0, -1. Me, remodel the house +1!. Her, decorate the house, +1 her column. Back at zero. Me, get called on a last minute trip, -1. Get \$10,000 bonus because of said trip, +1, yeah back to 0...

It was a critical mistake to think I could bank good will all these years. Just like Pauli in Good Fellas, she was there again with her "Fuck you, pay me". This fact rears its ugly head when you are particularly beta. Because everything you do is easily cancelled out by some little thing she does. Women are transactional and resource seeking. So she gives you starfish sex, and thinks she deserves a new car, because pussy. She makes you a sandwich and thinks she deserves a new purse, because it's fair. On and on. It may sound exaggerated, but it's not far from the truth.

I finally realized I would never win this battle. I had given up completely and decided that I had no more fucks to give. I embraced TRP, and made myself the center of the universe. In fact, I went to the bank and closed all accounts. I stopped engaging in covert contracts, and flat out told my wife "I don't need you. I don't want someone I'm beholden too." I stopped putting stuff in the bank. I started to do things because they either needed to be done, or I wanted to do them. I didn't do them because I thought she would approve. I gave my wife the attitude of "I'm the prize, if you want to come, join me. If not get out of the way." I flipped the script, so now the ball is always in her court. She knows through subtle and not so subtle ways there's only one column in the bank account, that's me. She can choose to make it +1 or not.

Are you still trying to fill the checkbook?

The story of Johnny Betabux

3 upvotes | October 13, 2015 | /r/MarriedRedPill | [Link](#) | [Reddit Link](#)

I know this guy, Johnny Betabux. Johnny grew up like most of us, Middle American (GB, EU whatever), went to college cause that's what you do, and got the third girl he fucked to marry him. She was hot (enough) and he was gonna lock down that pussy. Who cares if she came from a fucked up past, you can't hold that against her?

Ten years later, he's got a mediocre job working for a mediocre company and his former hottie wife has popped out 2 fuck trophies and added 30 pounds to her ass. Oh yeah, her pussy got sown shut after the last kid. But Johnny goes to work every day, so she can be a stay at home mom, because that's the American dream right? (Johnny is a mushy fuck himself, desk work and no gym do that)

Two years later, kid number one enters kindergarten, and momma decides she's going to "hit the gym and get her pre-baby bod back, YOLO!". Never mind going back to work, because JB is doing alright, and the kids still need her, you know homework and shit. Rumors start to spread, one of his old high school buddies call him out of the blue and is like "hey man, I don't want to be that guy, but something inappropriate is going on just thought you should know." JB says to himself, "Nah, not my wife. She's got kids and a nice home, why would she throw that away? She's a good mom!" JB goes home and talks to his wife. She tells him "We're distant. There's no romance anymore. Chad the trainer is just a friend helping me through a rough patch." So JB says "I'm going to be a great hubby. I'll do more around the house. I'll take us to a romantic dinner, call me Don Juanny!" He's now doing half the chores and meanwhile his wife is getting tight at the gym and Chad the Trainer is her new BFF. "Relax! He's like a little brother to me."

"Whew!" says JB that was a close one. JB doesn't want to blow 10 years of marriage right?

A month later JB's mother in law shows up on his doorstep with a black eye and a bag of her shit. JB's wife pleads with him "Please don't make me choose between you and my mother, it's not her fault." She's right you know. It's not her fault that the mother in laws meth rattled biker boyfriend beat her and emptied her accounts after a weeklong bender. She's victim here. Two more years pass and Mom is still living in the spare bedroom, but hey at least she watches the kids every once in a while right? JB's job is still shitty and even though his boss is the kid he trained 2 years ago it's safe, and pays the bills, a job is a job. JB is happy enough; he can see the light at the end of the tunnel. His wife still isn't working, but the kids are in school now. They need less time and can take better care of themselves. He's thinking it's all good enough when he gets the bomb dropped on him. JB's wife tells him "I've been fucking Chad the Trainer for the last 2 years. I love you, but I'm just not in love with you." His first reaction as a real man is to think, "What did I do wrong? How can I save this?" Beers with his good friends all yield the same conversation "Dump her. Next."

"But she's a good mom!" he says. "And except for a few things, a good wife". Real men stick to their vows right? Through better or worse, right?

"Hey" they say "We're just here to help".

"Ok," says JB's wife. "We can try to work it out. Why don't you move into the basement, we can start 'dating' again. You can woo me back."

JB says "Fuck yeah, I knew she was a good woman."

5 years later JB has a nice little one bedroom in a shitty part of town. He's paying for his old lady and

Chad T. What's-his-name to fuck in his old house. Mom's still there too, so there's that. All JB can ask himself is "why is life so unfair to him?"

Now this may be a fiction, but all the parts are true, I've heard every one of these anecdotes first hand. Now JB did a lot of shit wrong, but by far his biggest fault was a lack of abundance mentality. Tons of shitty things happened to him and that sucks, but he could have embraced the suck and changed his life at any point. There's always a better girlfriend, job, wife, car out there. By saying things like "She's a good mom" or "I've got 10 years invested" you ignore this. You ignore abundance. Most of all you ignore what abundance grants you, and that's the power of choice.

So new guys who are embracing this, have you heard yourself say this? Is she really a good mom, a good wife, a good whatever? Are you living in fear of the unknown? Do you do the same thing over and over because it's safe? Are you embracing the opportunities that come your way? Are you playing the victim?

I am a firm believer that I could start from scratch tomorrow. Give me a bus ticket, and I could be back in action in a few years good as ever. If I got divorced, would I get ass-raped? Oh yeah for sure (fuck you New Jersey!) but in a couple of years I'd make more money, and other than child support my finances would be purely focused on me (and my fucking huge fishing and gun collection I would have amassed). Would I pick another broken shitty woman like JB did? I'd fuck them, but no I wouldn't LTR them. There's a new 25, 35, 45 year old hottie made every day. If I got fired from my job tomorrow would I worry? No, because I've got skills and contacts that make me invaluable. Would I sit around and let people make shitty decisions that affect me, but aren't my problem? Fuck no, if they want to guilt me into helping them enable crap, I don't need them and their problems. Worst of all, would I sit in a dumpy one bedroom and wallow because I didn't embrace all choices the universe/god/yaweh/allah gave me? Nope. I'm the guy who told JB to dump her.

[XPOST r/theredpill] You got someone pregnant

12 upvotes | December 7, 2015 | /r/MarriedRedPill | [Link](#) | [Reddit Link](#)

I'm surprised no one Xposted this. Yeah, a lot of us are far beyond that point and we've already screwed the pooch. He's talking about some rando party girl that he got preggo so how does this apply to me? It's a perfect example of how to handle a woman who is no longer in a relationship with you, but still the mother of your kids.

https://www.reddit.com/r/TheRedPill/comments/3vri4k/you_got_a_stranger_pregnant_a_guide/

There's a lot of redpill truth in here. Those of you who are thinking of divorce and are scared of the potential fallout, from full on crazy to custody battles, note his use of the laws of power.

It's a good read, especially if you are heading down the divorce/custody path.

There are no surprises on the savanah or in marriage

21 upvotes | January 4, 2016 | /r/MarriedRedPill | [Link](#) | [Reddit Link](#)

After a long, well needed rest and vacation my wife and I were cleaning up the house, me, working on a house project for an impending move, her removing the last remnants of Christmas from the house.

She casually tells me “Oh yeah, did you hear that Zach and Em are getting divorced?” Zach and Em are friends of friends, but not someone we regularly see. Just people who happen to be at the same events we are, through mutual contacts. He’s a working stiff, nice white collar job, and a decent life. She’s a stay at home mom of two.

We’ve known them for close to 10 years now. Heard about their engagement, the birth of their two kids, and all that comes with building a family. I also heard that she was lazy, a poor house keeper and lacked a strong work conviction. She got a nice college degree paid for by mommy and daddy, and did her work rotation only to declare she’d never work a day in that field because it’s “too political”

We routinely heard stories of Zach working long hard hours only to come home to a messy house and stories of her “just not feeling like getting motivated”. He regularly did all the laundry, cleaned and carried her weight. Her response “The kids are my priority”. Meanwhile she’s the mom on facebook, who posts pictures of her son pouring wood glue all over the house or her daughter opening up bags of flour, cereal and other things because the kids are such a high “priority” and she was paying such close attention to them.

The story told to me is she requested marriage counseling, and he refused. It seems he’s probably had enough and rightly so. Years of being beta-boy, and finally he’s snapped and told her no counselor is going to tell him how he’s not beta enough. So she asked for divorce. She probably thinks she’ll get the house and get to stay home with her cushy “kids are my priority” job. Unfortunately he lives in NJ and the divorce laws will see that he is sufficiently raped. He doesn’t travel, so he should get 50/50 custody but he’ll still get screwed for alimony.

The thing is, he’s a nice guy. She wanted a house? He bought one. It needed fixing? He did all the work himself, and saved a bunch of money (She complained that he didn’t hire someone). He gave and gave, and finally ran out of fucks to give.

The long story is she’s a kook, and he’s a fixer. She didn’t want to work so he let her slide doing menial jobs for low pay. She wanted to live near mommy and daddy so he bought a house in town that was a stretch on his salary. She wanted to focus on being a mom, instead of being a first officer. He gave her everything she wanted and in return she wanted him to go to marriage counseling to figure out how to fix how he was wrong.

I can tell you how this will play out. He’ll get a two bedroom apartment in town to be close to his kids. She’ll stay in the house until the divorce is finalized. He’ll then sell the house to split the proceeds, all the while, while she proceeds to try and figure out a way to stay in said house. Eventually she’ll move back in with Mommy and Daddy until she can “get on her feet”. Five or ten years from now, she’ll find another beta schlub who can love her and her kids and “handle her at her worst so he can have her best”. It might take 20 guys pumping and dumping her before she figures out how to lock one down. He’ll finally be off alimony, and maybe marry some single Mom who’s

younger but, essentially the same repeat of his last crazy broken wife.

Maybe he'll become aware at some point and swallow the pill. Just in some of the casual conversations he and I've had, I doubt he will. It would take a breakdown on his part to get there. His problem is age old. He chose poorly. He chose a broken entitled princess. Then he let her walk all over him. Then she continued to shit on him and when he'd had enough she asked for a divorce. The whole time he wallowed in some outdated ideal about "equality" and shared dreams and responsibilities.

What's the old adage about the definition of insanity?

Do I feel bad for the guy? No. I feel bad for 5 year olds who get cancer, that's some bad luck to feel bad about. To me it's like watching a lion catch a gazelle. It is nature and nature is cruel sometimes, but there's nothing I can do to stop it, even though I know the end result. I can scream at the TV and yell "She's behind the bush, don't go there, that grass aint tasty" and the result is still the same. Lucky for me I've always been redpill at heart. My habit is one of slipping, not leading all along. The lioness knew what was going to happen, and maybe for a brief moment so did the gazelle, but that wouldn't change the outcome that's unfolded for thousands of generations.

I've got a good wife. She's no snowflake, but she meets enough requirements to be rounded up to the "one". She responds to leadership well, and I've learned to lead better over the years. I've failed a lot, and of course she has responded with AWALT. Each time I've learned a better way to do things and better understood the leadership my crew demands. In exchange for my good leadership, she works hard to support the mission. She has a genuine desire to be a contribute and be a valued crew member.

Could Zach have upped his leadership and righted the ship? Absolutely. He could have stopped her entitled princess act at any point, told her to take care of her part of the chores, set boundaries for what is expected when she's a stay at home mom, or what a meaningful contribution to the resources are. Reality is she was never good enough to be rounded up. She was too crazy. She was lazy and too much of a project. He chose wrong to begin with. He was the commander of the Space Shuttle Challenger, once on board no amount of leadership would keep him from being blown up.

So as the New Year dawned and I was standing in the kitchen and my wife said to me, "Yeah, she asked for counseling and he said 'no', so she asked for a divorce."

My answer to my wife was "I'm not surprised"

My wife answered "Me neither".

[Theory] On bad behavior and the relationship framework

16 upvotes | January 12, 2016 | /r/MarriedRedPill | [Link](#) | [Reddit Link](#)

I was reading a TRP report by /u/OmLaLa and one thing struck me funny, and that's to never underestimate a woman's need for validation and her lack of culpability to her actions. Read the [FR](#) and you'll get the gist of it there. In his case, a plate behaved badly and he did the correct thing. She was having a fit, and trying to bring drama into his life. He smashed it like you should and she'll be on the next list like she deserves.

The question it puts on the table is again, why we don't give into fits, drama and the like with wives and LTR's. It demonstrates even more so why bad behavior should be dealt with on our terms, and swiftly. In the case of the field report he did the correct thing. In our case, we're dealing with a permanent relationship. Not so easy to let the plate fall.

I recently had [interaction](#) with another MRP contributor about teachable moments and how to interact with a wife who's throwing a temper tantrum. Here "the oldest teenager" in the house reigns supreme and my initial thought was "Give bad behavior no response. Isolate yourself until she learns how to respond like a the first officer you need her to be"

The back and forth was either isolate bad behavior, or give her the emotional direction she needs. I get that sometimes people haven't been taught the rules of engagement, and I totally see the argument that was made here, but in the end I still think you need to go with isolating yourself from her temper tantrum. I wrestled with it, as even if you've been doing this awhile you should be introspective. As much as we like to call this a science, there's still a lot of grey area. In the specifics mentioned I think that at best it's a judgment call left to a well-seasoned practitioner. In the case of someone just swallowing the pill, STFU is the right call. As Vince Lombardi lamented on the forward pass, "There's three possible outcomes, and only one of them good."

The nature of a woman, as highlighted so well by OmLaLa in his field report is that she's validation seeking and without culpability.

A woman's lack of culpability, or as we like to affectionately call it, her hamster, is how she can say things like "don't you want to know why you ruined the whole evening?" or "You weren't around and I was lonely so I fucked him a little bit". It's a strong trait that lets her take the self out of her actions. Never mind that it was a slight comment or that you were away on deployment. She may have committed some minor or heinous act, but it was outside forces that forced her to do it, therefore she's not responsible. In many cases she'll make the leap that, hell, it wasn't even *really* her.

The second part of this is her nature of validation seeking. We all are to some degree, but in the case of a woman, she is validation seeking in terms of her feelings. She needs to know she's right about the way she feels. Look around you, and watch the women in your life. Their social networks are infused with emotional validation from "oh Betty didn't invite me and she invited Donna and Claire? Does that mean she doesn't like me anymore?" to "Why did she friend so-and-so on Facebook? She knows I think that she's a bitch". As men we may see the simple facts, maybe Betty didn't invite her because she forgot, and maybe she friended so-and-so because their kids are on the same basketball team. At home she throws the classics at you like the age old "Does this make me look fat?" she knows her ass looks fat, but her hamsters trying to reason away why, It's trying to justify it is ok to have a pumpkin spice latte every day and skip the gym. Her ability to move through the fabric of her

social network is based on cohesion, so validation is a huge portion of that. It's in her nature to constantly seek good social cohesion and she does this through validation. Women's identity is based on their social network, and a crisis in the network is a crisis in the *id*.

The dark side of her social validation is when she feels bad. Noobs and bluepills often seek corrective action in fixing this "feelz". She had a bad day at work, so you ask her what's wrong. She hears "He's asking so it must have been as bad as I thought". You walked through the house with your work boots on and shitted up the place, so she flips out that you never care about the hard work she does. So you *explain* to her that you needed to grab something real quick to beat the return at the tool rental place and save \$50 (not to mention the 2 grand your saving by not hiring someone). What she hears is you making excuses and she's correct in feeling like you don't care. It is true in a sense, as you don't care about her feelings, you care about being right (validation seeking on your own behalf).

So back to the hero in this story, you have a wife who's throwing a temper tantrum is the correct move to help her understand why she's misbehaving or to isolate yourself *and her* by proxy? Our hero was right that she would need guidance for why her behavior was wrong. Just like we need to tell children to say please and thankyou society and relationships have rules of communication. The correct answer is still, isolate first.

If she's throwing a huge tantrum and you hit her with "I will be glad to discuss this when you can talk like a grown adult" all you've done is feed her validation. You've spun the hamster faster, because in her eyes and in her emotions, she feels bad and it's your fault. Remember she lacks culpability? To top it off, you're talking down to her and reinforcing the reason she has all these feelz. A woman needs to feel, it's in her basic nature. You need to be the oak in the storm, the rock in a sea of waves. By leaving the situation, you are playing on two things. First, you are denying her validation, that her feelings are justified. Second, you are communicating in a way she understands (covertly) that her social cohesion is at risk. It forces her to come to you as an overt communicator, and her to enter your frame. You can't deny a woman her need for social cohesion, her need for emotion and ultimately her feelings, so don't. Give her a good framework to operate within, and she will get relationship validation by nature of the positive experience you offer in an LTR. Women seek emotion, good or bad (often as a comfort test but that's another discussion). So give her a framework where she only gets good from you.

Once she's calmed down and realized that you've removed yourself, now is the opportunity for her to know, "I'm glad you calmed down. I could see that you were mad. Let's talk"

[FR] Tile floors and accomplishment

29 upvotes | January 19, 2016 | /r/MarriedRedPill | [Link](#) | [Reddit Link](#)

We're getting ready to put our house on the market. So lately I've had a big push to fix things up, and make it marketable. As a downside, I'm handy as fuck, so I'm the guy who actually does all the work. It saves a fuck ton of money, but it also means I'm the pinch point. I have the age old engineer problem where I can spiral away in details and make a \$1000 answer for a \$10 question. So I've been really conscious of trying to maintain "good enough". This house is entry level, and as such so should be the finishes.

The kitchen floor was old vinyl that was yellowed, scuffed and worn. No amount of refinishing could get it back. While I love tile work, it would be too much for the house. So I found these stick on vinyl tiles that can be grouted. I went back and forth on the grouting, because it's another level of complexity, and another place to inject error. In the end I took the time to grout and was rewarded; the look of tile at a third the prep and half the price. Good enough.

I spent the weekend ripping out and installing and if I do say so, it looked awesome. A couple of people asked "Is it tile? Looks like tile?" Mission accomplished.

My wife had vacated the house with the kids to give me a quiet work zone. She hadn't seen the finished product until she walked in the door.

The first thing she said "It looks wonderful!! I'm so glad *we* decided to grout!"

As soon as she said it she realized, and started to smile. A little lip bite and doe-eyes to me.

"So we grouted? If I jerk off in the shower does that mean *we* had sex?"

"Hehe, I guess it does. Looks great honey. You did good, thank you."

Five years ago, I would have been pissed. Now, I thought it was funny. Women view your accomplishments as theirs. In her mind, she was there for every bit of the project. She took the kids away. She voted on the color. She agreed that the grout would look better. Even though she didn't set an actual foot on the floor until it was done, she saw it as her accomplishment. She was giddy and excited and I guarantee at a family party we have next weekend she will show everybody the new floor "we installed"

This is why we must always focus on the mission. If you're moving forward and achieving the mission she will see it as her success too. The converse is, if you fail or more importantly fail to have a mission, she will see it as failure to move forward.

I can laugh at her when she says those things because, I find it deeply satisfying when I do these things (this is why everyone should read "Zen and the art of motorcycle maintenance"). I do them for me, because I know it needs to be done, not because she wants it. I give without expectations of reciprocation. Mission accomplished.

The next thing she said? "Great, what's next?", but that's a different story.

[Theory] Shooting the messenger and your 30 day chip.

26 upvotes | January 22, 2016 | /r/MarriedRedPill | [Link](#) | [Reddit Link](#)

You were a drunk-captain and you've just got your 30 day chip. You see sobriety tests all over the place and in your world view everything is a shit test (or maybe a comfort test?).

This is a constant theme I see, particularly on /r/AskMRP. "Oh she came and said this to me, did I pass?"

I'm a particular believer that to be a good captain you need a few things. A mission, (not today's subject) a boat (that'd be the family unit here) and *rules of engagement*. Guys come in here and the first thing they want to do is blast some shit tests. My wife said this! I nuked that shit! She said this too! I nuked that shit! Inevitably he gets the "you're being an asshole" and he's well on track to what we call the main event.

Good leadership stems from many things, but in the context of the drunken captain analogy, one thing it needs to come from is good communication. More importantly you need to reframe the relationship so that good channels of communication are always open from your First Officer. Noobs spend so much time on trying to blast the shit tests that they often miss the forest for the trees. Maybe their boat is sinking so they need to plug holes, and they're not that interested in some bad comms and rust spots on the bridge. Sometimes you've been a drunk-captain for so long that you've taught your wife or LTR that being a smarmy nagging harpy is the only way she'll get results from you. So you get poor communication from her to her captain thinly veiled in a shit test.

In this story our hero comes in and asks Did I mess up. Was she a nasty harpy (actually I read it as a mild-harpy) who was throwing a shit test? No, reality was she was probably a long frustrated FO who doesn't know how to discuss things appropriately.

There were several good answers here, including a concise to the point one from /u/whinmoreplease which I'll quote and shorten as "was it valid...Did you own your shit...".

But the big take away here is as captain are the channels of communication open where my crew can come to me for solutions? Her complaint was valid. In this case the FO clearly felt she couldn't effectively tell her Captain a simple thing, namely "Turn your music down, the baby is asleep." I get this, it's a difficult thing especially if she's used to years of shooting the messenger.

Sometimes a shit-test is just that. It should be dealt with swiftly and appropriately. But sometimes you need to reestablish the channels of communication. Superficially, any number of responses for our hero would have been appropriate.

"What I can't hear you?"

"Shhhh, you're gonna wake the baby"

"I know right?"

"It will keep the baby from hearing us fuck!"

But in this case we can assume our captain is trying to right his course and possibly save a sinking ship. Sometimes in the heat of shit test you need to surrender. Tell her directly "I'm sorry babe what are you getting at?". Be stoic, be firm, but force the real issue out of her no matter how minor it is.

"Are you asking me to turn down the radio?"

"yes"

“Well then say what you mean.”

Women’s first instinct is covert communication. They look to keep social cohesion in place and sometimes they won’t rock the boat. It comes off as pouty or nagging, so they say things like “The garbage is almost overflowing”, or “I can’t stand all this clutter”. What they’re really trying to communicate is they want you to move to action. But, they can and will communicate overtly when pushed or motivated in the right direction. So while covert communication maybe her default you need to give her an opening, that direct communication is the preferred method in this situation, that it will get her results, and that when she is pleasant her Captain will listen. She may be pissed, and she may even put that shit back on you, “I shouldn’t have to”, or something like that. Don’t let her try to guilt you out of enforcing good communication lines. She’s seen her captain drunk for a long time so she may not trust you and you need to work back to that.

Redpill is amoral, that’s a fact. You can go straight up asshole out of the box and try to push the issue that way. I don’t care; I don’t have a dog in that fight of course. You may alpha widow her, you may not. In non-LTR this would filter out. You’d spin plates and self-select plates that would be willing to deal with your communication style. In an LTR you don’t want to let her drop (at this point) so you need to improve and change some habits here. If your intent is the long haul, you may need to do yourself a favor and teach her that, nice girls get nice answers.

My wife still shit tests me. She still comfort tests me too. AWALT of course. But when things get tough, and she comes to me as the First Officer, she knows that she can ask me something and get a clear, concise answer. She knows not to deliver a message veiled in shit test, and I won’t shoot the messenger.

edit: clarification addition.

[XPOST] Post divorce guy finds as much pussy as he can handle. Yep it's a world of plenty.

15 upvotes | January 29, 2016 | /r/MarriedRedPill | [Link](#) | [Reddit Link](#)

It's an infinitely large pie out there. Even if you're pushing late 40's and have done all the work you can, you should never be afraid to next your wife.

Our hero in today's story, /u/rot_barth found himself divorced, in his words:

I took the pill in 2015 after I was cucked by my wife. Dropped weight, started running and lifting, but inside not OK & too emotionally invested in her. I'm 20 years out of the game! Shit! At 49, was I going to be a forcibly celibate except for hookers? I wasn't looking forward to that.

Read the rest of his words, he took the time to craft them so I'll give credit where credit is due (and you should be reading TRP anyway).

But the take away? Even at the worst, a supposed post peak SMV man, he still managed to pull 3 plates, all of which were under the age of 40. If you've done your best, made yourself a great man, you can and will slay pussy after you end your marriage. Just because your wife doesn't see you as high value, doesn't mean someone else won't.

We talk so much about fixing the LTR here, but sometimes things aren't worth fixing. If you get to that point, it will be better after. Here's just another example.

[Theory] On theory, leadership and delegation; the task and mission at hand.

10 upvotes | February 3, 2016 | /r/MarriedRedPill | [Link](#) | [Reddit Link](#)

Over on /r/AskMRP, /u/NeomerArcana asked a question many noobs struggle with when it comes to leadership in the home, namely How much do I delegate?. This is an interesting question and while the comments are good for him specifically, I thought it would be a good subject for some theory. Two themes come out of this, how much is too much, and delegation versus responsibility. Understanding the back ground is important and this is what builds a base to answer that.

You're a new and improved captain, your ship's leaks have been fixed, your compass is now functional, and you've set course for your mission. This is all fine and dandy, but just like good captains take years of practical experience, so do good crews. Being a good captain, and more importantly a good leader you need to recognize where your crew is in their experience level. Likely you're here because you've claimed your captaincy back, so your crew is still in the shake down phase. Trust needs to be built, and experience gained.

There's a graph that floats around b-school and management training seminars. On one axis you have experience, on the second you have confidence. The depiction of the graph represents a person's learning curve on a task. That curve progresses through four quadrants, each of which represents the style of leadership required on that part of the curve. This curve is the best example I could find, and for our discussion it's good enough.

In our story Neo is asking the question "Am I delegating too much?". It's an age old question, and if you choose wrong you risk burning out people. Clearly in this case, our hero is dealing with a well-honed crew and all he needs to do is manage mission intent and step back. He doesn't know it, because he's in one quadrant while his wife is in another. Recognizing it in yourself and those you've delegated tasks too, be it your kids, your wife or actual work subordinates can go a long way to keeping focused on the mission.

The first level is, low experience, low confidence. This is where we see a lot of noobs coming into the board. Often victim pukes and "walls of text coming" posts accompany this. Much hand holding and detailed instructions are required. People with a tendency to micromanage can do well here, as their lack of trust keeps them heavily involved. They also have a hard time going to the next level for the same reason. A good example in your house maybe when you pull the new budget, you owe your wife detailed explanation on how it works and what the consequences are for not following it. You may need to review it several times in order for the ideas, and more importantly *your mission* to be impressed upon her. Our hero's wife is clearly not at this stage. As people gain experience, confidence increases in this stage, she's confident and competent.

The next level is increasing experience, low confidence. My son is a superb athlete. He's also a text book example of this curve. This year he started basketball for the first time. He's the best pure athlete on the team and it makes up for a lack of knowledge on his part. So after a few games he came to me and said "Dad, I'm not good at basketball. I suck." Now, I had just watched him run actual circles around the team we just beat, and he was the second highest scorer that day. Perplexed I asked him "Hmm, I don't understand buddy. You did really well."

He answered me with "I don't know all the rules, sometimes I get confused."

As his dad, I thought he was doing great. What I didn't see was fear on his part. He wasn't confident in his abilities, and he was afraid he would make a mistake that would cost the team. So as his dad, and his coach, the right thing to do was be a cheerleader. Now when he makes a technical mistake, I give him praise and encouragement, "That's ok buddy. I'd rather you make the mistake and fail than not try. There's no failure in trying". In fact I tell all my kids that, you can't miss the basket if you don't shoot ball, I'd rather see a miss than no shot. As his competence increased he was losing confidence, he was clearly improving, but it was becoming overwhelming to him. I needed to push him through this so his confidence could catch up with his abilities.

The next level is gaining experience and gaining confidence. This is a hard area to judge. This is probably an ideal spot for a guy to instigate a main event; at the very least it shouldn't happen before this. A guy here is crushing it. He's lost weight, he's getting attention from other women, and a lot of the red flags in his life are gone. He's had a few successes and blown up his share of shit tests, and now he thinks he's got it. As an aside, some guys think they know their shit, and go to the main event, but they're really still in the first quadrant, so you need to bust them back; lots of theory and hand holding. Maybe your wife is here, she's crushing the budget, squirreling money away and now she's even starting to make new ways to improve the budget. As a leader of people in this stage, you owe it to those underneath you to be a guide. In the case of our guy that goes and instigates his main event, he needs direction on the subtle nuances of communication, like yeah maybe it was a shit test, but also it may have been a teachable moment. Or maybe your wife buys manager special meat and saves \$5 dollars, but you still hate London broil. This is a great stage because you can see the end, it only needs refining and you can mostly stay out of the way. Confidence is increasing with capability, and people are starting to believe in the system.

The end goal for any leader is the final stage, this consists of high capability, high confidence. In our hero's case, his wife was clearly here. She needed no input from him, other than what's the goal. He had given her the mission intent and she was executing. What did he need to do? Stay the fuck out of the way. A good leader here will only ask "What tools do you need?" and then give them if he can.

These are the kinds of jobs and tasks that when done are done without interaction from you, they just happen. Books like *The Seven Habits of Highly Successful People* talk about building systems and this should be your end goal. If your wife is a SAHM and she's managing the budget, with zero direction from you, and after a year you look in the "vacation fund" and find that there's 3000 dollars there just like you planned, then you've achieved your goal. She's contributed to the mission, and you've focused your energies on other things.

Recognizing these situations in yourself and those around you can help you better navigate new ideas and goals for your family. This goes for work too; even a CEO has a boss. Sometimes you lead, sometimes you're being led. In my family my wife leads me in certain tasks. She's a SAHM, and has the kids on a ruthless schedule. As she prepares to get a job outside the home, she's been stepping away from that more and more. So on occasion I've been left at home to help out, so even though I'm the captain, in this case, she's in charge. I ask lots of questions; ask her to write stuff down, and the like, because I recognize that I don't know the task at hand very well. After a couple of times, I'll get cocky and tell her "I got this! Leave me alone", and she might say, "Well ok, but you know the kids don't need that tonight, because everyone has school tomorrow". A few more meetings like this and all she needs to say is "I'm out of the house Tuesday night", because now I'm fully capable.

In this case, the mission is still being met. She's working towards being employable, I've given her the tools she needs, namely taking on the kids so she can train, and she's taught me what that entails.

When I first became a manager, my boss was the epitome of micromanaging. He could never get out of the first quadrant for all his people. He was eventually laid off because of it, even though he was one of the better engineers I ever came across. The executive of my division pulled me aside, and basically told me, don't follow his example. "You can delegate the task, but you are always responsible" he told me. "Your boss wants to do the task, because he feels he is responsible. Don't be your boss", it's cliché but bears repeating, "you manage things, and lead people".

As to our hero's final question,

I guess I'm unsure how much responsibility a captain can/should delegate? When is it too much? Tbh I'm slightly concerned that I'm not a good enough leader to read it in her face that there's too much.

This is the big question, and really it comes down to your mission. Give her as many tasks as she can handle without losing focus on the mission. My wife is truly happy when she has a task to focus on. We've been getting our house ready for market, and at times I need to stop her and say "Woah, slow down you're getting ahead of yourself." She has a great capacity for work, but I also know she'll go overboard. So in this case, I let the mission dictate my needs. Too many guys are here on this sub because they didn't have a mission at all they bought into that fallacy that the relationship is based on equals, and instead ceded all responsibility to their significant other. Even worse they may have a first officer who is desperate for direction and they failed to recognize it and give them the tools to be successful. Good leaders are born from this ability, and this is where you start.

edited to add the curve, thanks to /u/Redneck01

[FR] It never stops

18 upvotes | February 22, 2016 | /r/MarriedRedPill | [Link](#) | [Reddit Link](#)

I thought I'd write a quick field report to remind the noobs, it doesn't get easier; you just get better.

We went out the other night with a couple that we hang out with a lot. She and my wife are pretty close, him and I are good friends. It was a good time with a mixed crowd of people; three married couples, one single guy, and a married woman. We had a great time, my buddy got pretty tanked, and let loose. I drank quite a few and had myself a grand old time (In particular I did a good job of flirting with the married girl whose hubby was home watching kido). I laughed, was pretty outrageous, and teased my wife ruthlessly. Good times.

The end of the night winds down, and I'm feeling rough. I thought I had a bad cough/sinus infection, but three hours of testing the next day would prove I had pneumonia. I literally couldn't talk anymore, and the poor breathing has been affecting my sleep capacity. I was shot. The other couple got up and left, the married girl had gone. The end was near.

So I told my wife, "I'm shot. I need to go."

We were standing outside waiting for people to come and like I said I was done. So I walked back to the car, got in and waited for them in the comfort of my own seat. We rode home, she drove, it was nice and quiet. I went to bed and didn't even try to make it out of the room until 9am (late for me).

She went from cheery to downright sullen in all of two sips of my coffee. I didn't even get a chance to sit down and she started into me, "Why do you always have to be that way?"

Dafuq?

"You got to tired and too drunk so you wanted to leave. Even at the worst of my Chemo I never made you leave anywhere!"

"What are you talking about?" I seriously had no idea what she was talking about. I have NEVER been one to leave a party early, especially when I'm drinking, I'm usually the one that's like 'It's only 2 am let's go to a diner!'

The irony of women is that we tell Noob Bluepillers not to commit covert contracts, yet women use them almost as a daily construct of life. In her feelz brain she had acted a martyr; never spoke in the past, put in more than should could give and now she thought I owed her the favor in return. She was mad at me for not being able to cash in on this chit, because I actually *stated what I fucking needed*.

She should have known better than to poke a bear who hadn't had all his coffee yet. I was mean. I had no tolerance for this bullshit. So I shot back at her before she could finish, "So you were stupid and never asked for help when you were sick, then again last night you don't talk to me about what you wanted to do, and now your mad, all because I asked to leave"

She saw her strategic mistake and tried to salvage it. She threw one more bomb out and tried to make me duck, "I didn't want you to make a scene"

So for those of you that missed it, she didn't want to leave early (it was actually late) but it was all my fault because I said something, then when I rolled it back for her, she still tried to make it my fault, by saying *I might have would have could have made a stinky poo*. So at no point does she ever think that maybe she was upset because, she was just being a selfish bitch?

"Babe, if you want to discuss things like adults, I will always be cordial."

In her brain she was right and ready for bear, but I wouldn't have any of it. 10 years ago, I would have cowered and told her some inane shit like "let's figure out a way we can signal each other to leave a party", now I saw it coming a mile away (Or worse, launched into full-fledged DEER). The thing is it doesn't stop. Just because I've gotten all verbal Jiu Jitsu on her doesn't mean she won't fight or instigate anymore. She can't help it, because it's in her nature, her basic operational principle of 'feelz' first. She was genuinely feeling wronged in the morning, and knowing her she went to sleep mad to let it fester overnight.

In the end I was an oak (or bear if you will) to her emotions. I didn't let her feelings of being wronged make me feel guilty for her poor communication skills. Recently in another thread someone posted a reference to one of the phrases I repeat often, 'Her feelings are hers, let her deal with them.' This is exactly the situation I speak of when I repeat this. She was feeling wronged, she wanted me to feel guilty for past and present transgressions, but I put it directly back at her, told her to own that shit and talk to me like an adult when she's ready. If I hadn't recognized that her feelings were hers, I might not have seen the grenades coming. But since she was not on the pedestal, I saw them for what they were and quickly diffused the situation.

Ten minutes later she was asking me silly questions like nothing ever happened (another fine capacity of a woman). Rinse, repeat. Like I said, it never stops.

60 DOD: Week 7 Career, Lessons in Power and Purpose

22 upvotes | March 8, 2016 | /r/MarriedRedPill | [Link](#) | [Reddit Link](#)

I Am Become Death, Destroyers of Worlds

I get to travel for my job. It's 90% self-directed, and it brings me to some cool places. During a trip to Albuquerque NM, I had a meeting finish early and found myself with an entire day and a Jeep Wrangler to explore. I decided to make the 2 hour drive to see the Trinity site, as I've always been a fan of the history and lessons of the Manhattan project.

Robert Oppenheimer watched the first nuclear explosion and two thoughts pop in his head. Both were verses from the Bhagavad Gita, the more famous of which was "I Am Become Death, Destroyers of Worlds." It's a really interesting text with tons of Redpill overtones, especially relevant to the journey of self. The opening stage is a hero named Arjuna. He's talking to Krishna who is guiding him and his chariot, and lamenting the battlefield before him. Both sides contain family, friends and acquaintances, who he knows will no doubt be dead by the end of the great battle. Krishna through a series of teachings imparts on Arjuna the true nature of devotion and sacrifice. I'm no expert and struggle reading the text, but it still hits deeply. Arjuna is the hero and struggles with conscious and unconscious self. Krishna implores him, to know Krishna is to devote yourself to him, and that comes through both work and knowledge. If you must kill in his name, you are still devoted to him, and not sinful because of it. If we take Arjuna to be consciousness, and his chariot to be the body, Krishna would be knowledge. To truly be free, you must both work and study to devote yourself to knowledge.

Good Enough

I graduated with a degree in Chemical Engineering in 1994. I was one of the smartest kids in high school, despite mostly coasting and smoking a lot of weed. I remember I read exactly one book that was required in high school, (Slaughter House Five still one of my favorites) and made it a personal challenge to beat the system, without actually following the rules. It worked; I graduated top 10 in my class and got into a local Engineering program. Up until that point, I was one of the smartest kids in the room. Engineering school was accomplished in much the same way as high school, except I changed alcohol for weed (mostly) and now I had to actually study. I managed to get by on raw talent alone, but I was average at best. It was the beginning of me noticing, hey there's a time when you can't just coast, sometimes you have to actually put some work in. Luckily all tests were open book, so at least the answer was in front of me.

I managed to get a job when most people I graduated with were waiting tables or working two jobs. 1994 was still in the midst of a recovery and no-one was hiring. I was an engineer in a technical position in a company that didn't understand engineers, much less like them. All they knew was they needed them and I was one of them. I was young and brash and fuck if the people around me weren't stupid as fuck. I had an attitude "If they just listen to me, they'll see I'm right". My work was accurate, punctual and did what it was supposed to do. Yet, I struggled with interpersonal problems. I worked in a company where 90% of the research team was women, and 90% of the production team was men. I struggled with a lot of "Well, I know you said that, but I didn't like the way you said it, so I didn't do it" from the women, and "Prove it to me" from the men. I just couldn't understand why my work didn't stand on its own merit. Who gives a fuck how I said it? What do you mean prove it? I'd do the math for you but you're too stupid to know. So I wallowed, and over the next 5 years I got

average raises, and a couple of salary grade changes; nothing great, nothing bad. I managed to survive a couple of layoffs and stay out of the fray. I made some friends, learned how to talk to women, especially ones who were technical peers. I whored around the office a bit and ultimately met the woman who would become my wife. She later told me that a) she thought I was an asshole and b) everyone warned her that I was a chauvinist and player (Confirmation of alpha fucks huh fellas?).

Up until this point, I had refused to advocate for myself. My whole career, the world had taught me that talent is enough. I missed out on a couple of things for sure, a top notch scholarship in school, an engineering internship that went to a kid who went to a different major. It was only little things. Things always seemed to work out anyway. I refused to acknowledge that I needed to constantly advocate for myself. I was always taught that the merits of your work should stand for who you are. Dress for the job you want not the job you have, and do the work for the job you want and you will get that job. I had reached a point in my career where the world was telling me, I had to play the game of office politics but I refused. I wanted it to do it my way, and I thought my work would stand on its own.

The Initial Blow

Then it happened; a total fucking punch in the teeth. On paper I was everything I needed to be. I was doing the work of a frontline manager. I had 5 direct reports, and 50% of the department workload. I got the Friday announcements email, with the news that Elaina Bimbowitz had been promoted to manager. She had two reports and was a functional retard. Literally every time I did a project with her I would have a conversation that went, “You can’t do that, it breaks the laws of physics” or “you can’t do that it would take 7 days in the plant”. Now I had nothing against her personally, she was a nice enough person, but definitely not qualified. As an aside she was a party girl carousel rider of the highest degree, I had my chance but one of her previous hook ups had told me it was like fucking wet drywall, so I took a pass. So here I was fuming. I had the chops. My reviews at this point were on an upswing. I was already doing the work. But when the request to upper management came back with a hand written note of “Don’t see it”, I was furious. How can this literal pussy-pass dingbat get a job I wanted and all the evidence pointed to be warranted, but I get a “Don’t see it”? What in the actual fuck!?!

I had an existential crisis, I couldn’t work any harder, and I was already killing it on the technical front. I spent an entire summer away from my new wife doing plant launches for a multi-million dollar launch. I had read things like *7 habits* and really gotten my shit together. I just didn’t have any more to give. So I gave up. I conceded defeat and decided to take my talents elsewhere. I knew one of the technical managers was retiring at our production facility, and even though my wife hated the thought of moving, she agreed I needed to take the risk. I talked to the plant manager and asked him what the plan was for the position. He offered it to me on the spot. Told me to talk it over with my wife and give him an answer by week end. As I walked out the door to catch a flight, he gave me an offer letter. Unbeknownst to me, internal policy held that he needed to make a personnel requisition to make the offer legit. He posted it internally and as per procedure sent an official letter to the HR department which oversaw my salary. He was an executive in the company and technically *higher* on the food chain than just about everyone, so if his offer was on the table, only someone above him could refuse it, and those were guys with “C” in their title. The head of R&D, the guy who penned the infamous “Don’t see it” was not above him and could do nothing to stop it. Two managers making an offer to one person, sure, an inter-facility transfer, from a director to another, yep. But this

was a direct offer from the plant operations manager to work in his organization. I got on an airplane with that letter, which spelled out a sizable raise, a considerable moving package and a target date to report in 2 weeks. As a side agreement space would be made for my wife in the same plant (we were coworkers). I got home from a long flight around midnight and didn't even get to digest any of it. The next day I walked into work and sat down at my desk, only to come into an angry red light indicating a voicemail that told me I had to start fighting fires already. It was a quick voicemail. I had a 9 am with the VP of R&D. I opened up my calendar and my schedule was cleared already.

I had an hour before the meeting. Even before setting the handset down my boss was standing in my doorway. "Can you come see me?"

We go into his office, "Close the door." He says. Literally in work terms I had gone 2 hours from being offered to sitting behind closed doors with my boss.

"So are you going to take it? I can't say no, and honestly you probably should."

My boss was a smart man, educated well; an Engineers engineer. He was well respected technically and was the type who would tell you "I refuse to play office politics". He was the man I emulated, my mentor and teacher in so many ways. He was the system I followed, namely hard work done correctly and it will stand on its own. Here he was telling me after years of doing things his way, that his way had essentially failed, and he can see why I would want to leave. The man who doesn't play office politics was telling me, get out of the game. I was even more steadfast in my determination now. I went into the 9 am meeting intending to tell the VP why I was leaving, that I felt my time had run its course here, and that this was a good opportunity.

I walked into the VP's lavish office, a holdover from corporate excess of the late 80's, complete with separate conference room and on-suite. It felt like a 1000 feet from the door across to his desk. I was let in by the same EA that cleared my calendar (I don't even know how she did that, I later found out she was the only person in the entire building who could change anyone's calendar without you knowing). "Have a seat" and she pointed to a lone chair sitting in front of his giant desk. He was a small man in stature, but he knew how to impose himself. I came in and sat, for what seemed like an hour. He read an email, closed it, called the EA had her do something, but never once did he acknowledge I was there.

The chair was uncomfortably far away from the desk. It became even more so when he set two sheets of paper side by side in front of me. One I had already seen, the second was the same corporate letterhead but addressed from him. He pushed that one to me and said "You know what one of these is, but I want you to read this one." It was an offer letter. Everything I had ever asked for and worked towards. It offered me more money than the plant offer, a bigger technical role and codified the management duties I had already been doing. I clearly stated I would be department second (and henceforth heir apparent). I was floored, angry, ecstatic and disgusted all at the same time. I went into this meeting thinking he would somehow try to sabotage the move, somehow tell me it was career suicide. I was prepared to tell him, I feel like I need to move on, and sitting in front of me was everything I wanted and more.

Anger took over, and my confidence expanded a thousand fold, fucks to give flew out the window. I looked at him and point blank told him, "I beg your pardon, but I don't understand."

He asked me "What? It's a counter. Counters are made in business"

I said "I know what it is, but I don't understand why. I've asked for this for 2 years now. But it takes

getting on an airplane and getting an offer from someone else to get it? I mean what the fuck?”

He smiled at that, “Let me ask you something before I answer, where do you want to be?”

“On the other side of the desk; I want your chair. I want to move up”

“Good.” He said. “You’re smart, you’re button down and you know your shit better than anyone. My development people may be the show here, but they get cocky. I need someone who can debunk their bullshit. Up until now, you weren’t that guy. You did what you needed to, but you never challenged the system. You finally went out and got what you wanted, and didn’t fear what others thought. You stepped up and didn’t fear the consequences. You backed up all that brain with real action. Take the job here, and you’ll have a shot at my chair.”

I was dismissed after that. No further talk, just told to show myself out.

Lessons In Power

I later found out that my offer from the plant was news 10 minutes after it was made, no doubt leaked intentionally. By time I reached the office the next morning half the building knew, and by time I left the VP’s office the other half knew. Later I came to realize even though I was truly outcome independent and my own advocate that I had sparked a major skirmish in the corporate political sphere. The plant manager was a big brash man in his demeanor and physical presence. The R&D VP was a small Machiavellian master. These two had gone to battle over turf and personnel before, and both were very dangerous. The body count was high on both sides when they’d clashed before; whole departments had simply vanished in a puff of smoke. Both would see it as a major victory for their organization for me to be in it. The plant manager was a bull, he threw his weight into every fight like a sumo wrestler; he would push and push until he knocked your ass flat out of the ring. The R&D VP would politely look his opponent in the face while his surrogate snuck up behind you and stabbed you in the back. I had inserted myself into a turf battle without knowing it. To these guys expertise was power, and owning it was how you solidified it. The plant figured if they had their own in-house experts, what the fuck did they need R&D to tell them how do shit all the time for? R&D figured the plant was a bunch of backward hillbillies, good at executing but without initiative would never be anything but button pushers. This was a chance for both of these guys to give the other guy a big middle finger and a “Fuck you I told you so!”

Like Krishna told Arjuna, the world had told me to advocate for myself. I saw it as back stabbing. I saw it as “Playing the game” and I didn’t want to play. Arjuna fought tooth and nail with Krishna asking why can’t I just read and study? Why do I have to go into battle? Just like Arjuna I refused to play the game, I tried to deny the true nature of the world around me. I saw only my value for its small direct impact on the world and lamented having to charge into battle where I know bodies would fall. Later in the text, Krishna reveals his true nature to Arjuna. He is everything, he is truth, and he is knowledge. In my case, I refused to see the world for what it was, and how I could live within it. It was only through luck and what could have been utter stupidity that I stumbled upon it. It was only when I was willing to give it all up, willing to take a chance and walk away from everything I built did I actually get what I wanted. I broke free and became a new person and a better manager at that point. My world crumbled to reveal a new and better one. Everything I knew was dead and the world around me was gone. In its place was a more complicated, but compelling place that I knew I could thrive in.

After that day, I refused to play it safe, instead I embraced a philosophy that no matter what, I always had options. The turf war I sparked made me realize, I had real value, that I could take chances, and

afford to take calculated risks. Shortly after my promotion I was invited to a staff meeting. One of the directors threw a hand grenade out on the table that basically implicated my department in a colossal fuck up. This guy was very political and had spent the last year slowly gobbling up departments and creating his own fiefdom, this was his opening salvo at adsorbing my department. Now, for some reason my boss was left out of this (later I would find out intentionally) and here I was thrown into battle. One good technical lesson I learned from my boss was document, document, document! I was given a heads up on what the meeting was for and came prepared. I took that hand grenade and shoved it up said director's ass in front of all the staff. I casually explained to the head of R&D how the problem originated in Hand-Grenade Guys department, and that I had warned him of it prior. I pulled out an email and asked the VP of R&D if he'd like to read it, "The one where he said nothing needed to be done", he smile and said it wasn't necessary. Hand Grenade Guy was dressed down in front of everyone, and had to own up to his mistakes. Some low level scientists got fired for it. But my department was kept under home rule and from that day on if I was in a meeting and spoke it was regarded as gospel, no one wanted to get called on it, as the consequences for being wrong were too much. I did get chastised for sitting on it, and deservedly so. The VP let me know in front of everyone, "If you need to elevate to me because someone's not doing their job, I expect you too." After that day I had gained a powerful reputation and people began to respect me in a way I never knew was possible. I began to act with purpose and not out of fear, and for the first time in my career I had a mission.

My New Mission

I looked inwardly and asked myself, "What do I want to become". Before I would have answered something like "A VP" or a "Division head". I was plugging along doing what I thought I needed to get into those jobs. After this day, I realized I wanted to be a *change maker*. I wanted to be someone who could *literally* change the course of the company. I started to approach problems with an end game in mind. Too many people look at a something and ask, "how do we fix a, b and c?" when the real question is what is really the problem? Instead of how do I get that promotion I looked at things from the stand point of "How do I make things better? How do I change the system so shitty things stop repeating?"

In my new found career trajectory I inherited an old-timer problematic employee. She was a regulatory expert, tasked with specification management. She was also a hot fucking mess. She regularly wore sandals in a lab environment, jeans in a business casual only office and couldn't get to work on time to save her life. She thought she was untouchable, because she had cultivated a private little empire where she was the keeper of the info. Need a new material spec.? You had to beg her and pay homage to get it through the system. Need pre-production materials? She would call on your behalf and get them for you. It was very clear she wanted you beholden to her and that her power came from what she could do for you, and more importantly your project timeline.

The VP of R&D told me, "She's a bit of a problem and a bottleneck, not to mention she looks homeless. We need a better system, see what you can do."

"I have free reign?"

"Yep."

She was given notice that her department reported to me. She was told it was strategic, because of how the new product launches went, blah blah blah. She came to me later in the day, and started to basically tell me how it was going to be. "I have a system, it works, I'm independent and don't need a

lot of supervision”.

I welcomed her aboard and said I was excited for the addition. I then asked her to sit down and listen to some of my expectations. I explained to her that she was unorganized and failing at her job; that she was now under me because I was a guy who got things fixed (something I had gotten a reputation for after my new promotion). I told her she was welcome to be part of the new organization but the old ways of doing things were stopping. “Go home and think tonight how you want to be a part of it.”

The next day she came into her office and was still dressed like a homeless person, I saw this coming and had already prepared for it. I went down to the HR office and called her to come down. “Here is a copy of the dress code policy” the HR woman told her. “We expect you to follow it. If there are questions or parts you don’t understand I can answer them for you. We feel maybe you should go home and see if you can find something business appropriate and return later today.” She stormed out rambling on about how she didn’t need this crap or didn’t matter what she wore for her job. She showed up the next day wearing acceptable attire, sort of lesbian hippy meets the business world.

Two months later I hired a database kid to be her helper to automate all the crappy paper systems she hoarded. About a month into it, she came storming into my office and told me to my face, “I’m not doing this. The way I’ve been doing it works, and I refuse to put up with this.”

I called my database kid after she left, “Do you have any idea where she keeps stuff and where her contacts are?” He affirmed that he could get by if need be.

The next day I had HR meet her at the door. She was walked to an interview room in the lobby and given her severance package. She was floored and couldn’t believe she was getting fired, “You can’t do this to me! It’ll take you years to recover”. I never saw her again. After two months the database kid was running the show, had just about automated everything, and had turned what was a bottleneck into a seamless part of the process. The rest of my reports suddenly couldn’t do their job well enough for me.

My mission was pretty clear, remove the bottleneck. People before me all thought she needed organization skills, or help, or technical training on new systems. With my new found *purpose* I asked “what’s the real problem?” It was very clear right from the beginning. She was the problem and refused to change. Every year she was there, the system became more and more indebted to her so I did what had to be done knowing in the short term it would be a mess. I quickly established, I was in charge and she was welcome to be part of the solution. When she refused, I did the hard thing and let her go. The R&D VP saw me in the hall and asked, “Bottleneck fixed?”

“Yep.”

“Good job”

Last I heard my database kid was now a manager.

Two years into my new promotion, I got pulled aside by the corporate director of property maintenance. He told me “Be ready, it’s going to be ugly this week”. As head of the maintenance he had the enviable task of keeping track of keys, security badges and the like, so every time there was a layoff he was charged with coming up with a property and access list. I was just told in no uncertain terms that layoffs were coming. We were used to this, so once a year we usually had a memo that came across using corporate double speak that said things like “departmental succession plans”. Basically it was a nice way for us to rank our employees for when the ax man came; if you were on the bottom of that list you were not in a good place. I got a call from the VP’s assistant, “Staff

meeting, bring your succession plan”. As I was walking down the hallway my boss asked me where I was going, I told him “Staff meeting, aren’t you coming?”

“No, I wasn’t invited.”

By the end of the week, I got to lay off my own boss, and I inherited two new departments. I also got a promotion. Woo hoo.

I ended up leaving that company, ultimately for a multitude of reasons. Once I started leading my career with a mission focus, a purpose, I had a personal change. I found that my true passion, the real engineering side of things would never come from the job I was in. I was very good at it, but it would never be the kind of high involvement project engineering based career I now knew I wanted. My old company was also a sinking ship that made decisions based on saving money and cutting costs, they had no purpose. I made a change and completely changed careers. I took a job as a sales manager for a major company in my field. I learned at my old company that no matter what I did, I would always end up on my feet. I learned that if I approached things with the idea that, fixing the problem, not the symptoms will get you farther than you ever imagined. I never imagined this is where my career would have ended up. I’m well respected at my company, I’m a major cash flow contributor, and I get to see the world. I’m still well respected for being a no bull-shit guy, a reputation I cultivated very early because of lessons learned elsewhere. I would have never got here if I just tried to get the next promotion.

The Trinity Site

“I am become death, destroyer of worlds”

So on a cold day in December, I pulled up to the gate at the White Sands Missile Range. The words of Robert Oppenheimer rang in my ear while a gentleman with a large firearm leaned into my open window, “Can I help you?”

“Yeah, I’d like to see the Trinity obelisk”

“Um, it’s closed. It’s only open one day a year I think, like October. This is an active missile range.”

Well damn, this time I wasn’t lucky, at least the drive was beautiful.

The Value Proposition.

31 upvotes | March 31, 2016 | /r/MarriedRedPill | [Link](#) | [Reddit Link](#)

Women Behaving Poorly

I recently answered a poster about an issue he had with a friend's wife. One of the things we don't talk about enough in MRP is 'what's the value proposition?'. His issue with his friend at first was straight forward to him, namely 'my buddies wife is acting like a cunt, should I say something?'. But really my view was it came down to 'how does this add value to my life?'

We talk about being a high value man a lot in this sub, but what does that really mean? Does it mean are you a high value man to your wife; to your friends; to yourself? Ultimately it means all of it, but it starts first with you.

I make no effort to hide the fact that my sister-in-law is a soul sucking vampire (SILSSV). She's the epitome of what happens when a bluepill man marries a control freak entitled bitch. I actually heard her say, "I just had a baby, I should be able to sit on my ass!", mind you she had a perfect birth with no issues. She's tried to pull that shit on me, and I've told her to go fuck herself. My wife and she decided they needed to sit down and have a serious family discussion with their dad about some shit that didn't involve them (Never underestimate a woman's ability to cause drama when a rational approach is all that's needed). We had gone to his house for a nice casual family dinner, so me and the BIL were in the basement family room watching a game. SILSSV comes down with all the kids in tow, and announces, "We need to have a talk with our dad, *the Dad's* need to watch the kids now. Now this was a surprise to me, and I wasn't prepared for it, so I simply told her, "yeah, that's not going to happen," and she stormed off in a huff (the kids weren't having it either and followed behind her). At home, I told my wife that this was unacceptable, and if she needed to have a serious discussion, that it was a poor choice she sprung on me, it's the kind of thing that's best done with a plan. This kind of behavior happened all the time, where she would treat me like her husband and I would call her out on her on it.

I asked myself, "Does she add value to my life?" Sure there's the fact that it makes my wife happy, and I can do that for her without expecting anything in return, but what do I get from the relationship that make my life better? Does that outweigh my wife's happiness? It didn't. I had two options, confront her, and tell her I had a problem, or cut her out of my life. So I made the decision that I would be cordial, I would be polite, but mainly I wouldn't interact with her. As a person, she never demonstrated personal accountability so why would she now? No the best way forward was cut her out. On neutral ground I would just avoid being around her, I'd talk to other people, or go to a different room. It worked great, I was less aggravated, there was less confrontations and value was increased in my life; addition through subtraction.

Well her sister didn't like the fact that I wasn't paying attention to her, and goes and complains to my wife. My wife complained that I was causing friction between her and her sister. I wouldn't fall for it and told her, "If your sister has a problem with me, that's between her and me. Tell her to grow up and use her words, instead of drawing you into it and making you the go between." Eventually she texts me, and I answer. There's a lot of details not pertinent to the story but I basically told her (to her face because text is for logistics), how she behaves with her husband is her business, but if she thinks she can behave like that with me, I won't tolerate it. I told her she was more than welcome to come to me like an adult, discuss when she feels like she's been wronged, and I would gladly listen. I also

told her I'm free to disagree with her, and she has to accept that. So the end results of all this is? I barely talk to her and we hardly interact with them anymore. I guess she couldn't accept my terms? Mission accomplished.

In the end my life was improved. I gave my wife comfort by trying to improve relations with the in-laws, and cut out a drain on my life. If this woman wasn't my SILSSV I would have cut her out clean and never looked back.

Rational Decision Making

So we come back to the question, what's a high value man? High value to whom? The only real answer is be high value to yourself.

In the example here, I only made decisions on how it added to my life. In the past I tried to maintain a good relationship with my SILSSV, to keep peace with the wife (maybe a covert contract?), but I could never hit the target because it was constantly moving and unequal. I was trying to keep everyone but myself happy, and failing in doing so.

So I posted to the guys question about his friends wife, to paraphrase *does telling him add value to your life?*. That's the real question you need to ask about any decision.

Rational Decision Making

"Does my wife add value to my life". This could be from a multitude of things. Is she sexually intimate with you? Does she meet your need for physical intimacy? Does she help with the workload? Does she meet the balance of workload you discussed?

"If I stay in this job does it fulfill my mission?"

"If I keep him as a friend does he add more than he subtracts?"

"If I add an extra workout, is that worth more than the things I give up?"

"Can I be an involved Dad and still travel a lot?"

"Can I raise my kids better as a single Dad or I'm I better off in a sexless marriage?"

All the questions we ask are about value proposition. This goes especially to new guys here. I see so many guys making poor value decisions because of past history or the like. "She's a good woman and great mom, and we have so much history. She's a crack-whore and she's been fighting it for a while, but I think she has it almost licked! How can I get my wife to stop sucking dick for rock?" In this case to the casual observer the value she adds clearly is outweighed by what she takes.

New guys especially need to internalize the value proposition question. I call myself an Engineer and that's true, but I happen to have a second degree in economics and an MBA. I'm in sales and engineering so finance is integral to my job. That's added a lot of utility in my life, because like it or not everything can be boiled down to an economics decision. I'm analytical as an engineer and both have given me the ability to see, "What's the opportunity cost? What else could I invest in and get a better return? Does the return outweigh the investment?"

In my personal life, I spent a long time ignoring these principals and being a romantic. I swallowed the redpill when I finally asked, "Am I maximizing my investment for the returns I'm getting?" I was a classic example of irrational decision in the place of rational opportunities.

So new guys and experienced practitioners take a day to do a mental exercise, every decision you need to make or possible confrontation you need to do ask the simple question, "How do I improve value by doing this; entering into this discussion?" Take emotion, past history and past investment

out of the equation. Ask yourself 'am I doing this out of loyalty, tradition, sunk costs and the like?'. First make the decision on how you would do it on gut instinct, then step back and go through the thought exercise. Do you come to the same conclusion? Ask yourself "would I offer the same advice to my son/daughter/wife?" Once you've truly internalize what value is, these should be the same answer.

So when we say a guy is a high-value man, we mean it to mean a guy who has done everything he can to maximize the return on investment on himself. Be it monetary, physical or emotional investment. Women don't recognize it as being rational or anything like that. What they recognize is a man with a strong purpose, a man who is a leader with ideals and that's what make the 'gintingles'.

When is an LTR just like marriage?

25 upvotes | April 6, 2016 | /r/MarriedRedPill | [Link](#) | [Reddit Link](#)

Me? I'm married with kids in a divorce rape state. My wife is a SAHM with and we live in a modest house with my wife being pretty much a traditional 50's housewife. We chose this path because of traditional ideals and financial reasons. She never made as much as me and I wasn't about to pay someone for her to work. Between the kids and a huge financial incentive I have to carefully take stock of my options. They are plenty, but few have a desirable short term outcome.

There's a post on AskMRP where a guy with no post history comes on and asks, "LTR is finger fucking her phone talking to some Chad and I have proof." I assume he has no kids with her, maybe and apartment together, who knows? In the end he laments "It's probably over"

I see this in Engineering all the time, especially with young inexperienced Engineers, and unfortunately even with a few older ones. Finance guys see this with investors thinking they can ride out a bad spell instead of having a stop-loss order to cut and run.

As a married man, my options are plenty, move on and take a financial hit for the next 5 years, improve the marriage via myself ala the 12 steps of dread, have an open marriage whether she knows or not, or beta the fuck up and be miserable the rest of my life.

An LTR is not a marriage! Your first option is always walk the fuck away. Let me tell you, there is no financial penalty you would pay that I would pay. Nothing worse than a roommate skipping town before the lease is up, because surely as a redpill man you have your finances together and planned for such contingencies right?

A friend of a friend came on to me during a visit with him. She had a sweet body, was 13 years younger than me and wanted to fuck me bad. She had a lot of red-flags for many reasons but one big one was she was a single mom and was nothing more than baby momma in her status. I asked her what kind of child support agreement she had, and she had some cockamamie made up where he paid such and such, but mostly he blew her off. She had almost no recourse and was constantly threatening to take him to court, but couldn't really because she didn't have the money. The obvious is, even though she was in an LTR, she had way less options than if she had been married. Yet another great example why not to get legally married. But even at it's worst, her baby-daddy walked away and the next day he wiped his hands clean.

So when I read a story about some Bluepill pussy lamenting he had to install a keylogger on his LTR's phone I ask myself, "Why the fuck did he ever let it get that far." There are a million women out there who will gladly replace her, and in fact probably be better than then her.

So when I see people recommending 12 steps or telling him to be a better alpha than chad I think of those engineers who offer advice like "Oh if you use two part epoxy you can repair that hole easy" but reality is there's \$100,000 dollars (your future) in a cheap tank (You're LTR) when the better solution is to buy a better tank so you don't have to repair it (Nexting her and upgrading).

Take a break from your phone, and become it's master

21 upvotes | April 22, 2016 | /r/MarriedRedPill | [Link](#) | [Reddit Link](#)

The long game, phones and communication

There was a question asked on AskMRP about how to deal with a Girlfriend who throws shit tests over texting. I won't get into the details of it; you can read it for yourself. I'm here for a different reason and to spell out something for Noobs and old school married guys alike.

There are two good books out there I like to use when dealing with my day to day organization. *The Seven Habits of Highly Successful People* and *The 4 hour work week*, Both of these are good books in their own rights, but if I were to pick one common theme from both it's that you should make your tools work for you, not the other way around.

Email is a great example. Turn off your email notification, and pick two times a day to "process" any incoming requests. I have a system where it doesn't get moved until it's resolved, or waiting on someone and file it accordingly. You can make your system work for you, but once I set it up, it generally takes me no more than 30 minutes to deal with all my email.

The phone is another distraction along these lines. With the advent of cell-phones you are on-demand all over the world. I remember standing in a café in Rome having a nice *doppio*, and my phone rang. It was my brother and he had a question about an airport I'd been to; he was in Thailand. Yet here we were having this conversation like it was over Sunday dinner. I mean that's fucking powerful shit right there. People expect to have instantaneous communication, and it can be powerful and liberating. But you can also be a slave to it.

How many people do you see finger banging their phone at an airport terminal, or on a train. With the advent of airplane Wi-Fi, I'm starting to see it there all the time too. It's so easy to just jot off a quick answer, or do the ole pull down to refresh just in case there's a new email.

In his book the 7-Habits, Steven Covey puts day to day work in a quadrant of 4 possibilities. One axis is important, not important the other is urgent, not urgent. Everything during the day can be put into one of these four quadrants. In the original posting, our hero was worried about how he could bust a shit test from his girlfriend. I'm sure he could do that, but the reality is, it belongs in the "Not urgent, Not important" category. This is why we say, texting is for logistics. The other side of this argument is, you need to be un-tethered from your phone. You need to instill in your woman that, if she sends a text off into the ether, that it will likely not get answered or ignored. Things that are important and urgent are made over phone calls or face to face.

Me personally, I couldn't tell you what ringtone I have. I haven't had a phone set to ring in years. I always let it go to voicemail if I don't know who the caller is, if I'm driving or if I don't have time to actually answer the phone and have a total conversation. As far as texting goes, I regularly only text one person, my brother, and that's because we live on different coasts, both travel, and can still back it up with a phone call.

So if you are just starting down your path, try this as an exercise. Take your phone and put it on vibrate. Set the "do not disturb" function to go on every night at 8pm and off at 8 am. Make it a professional point to check your email *twice* daily (if necessary you need to spend a day getting it under control). Your phone, computer and email are all just tools. You should never be a slave to them, or the communication they provide.

I've done this for years now. If she calls me, I let it go to voicemail. She might send me a text, and I'll read it and answer her back when I can. We have a code, if she sends a text that says "Call me" it must always have "not urgent" after it. I know my schedule, so I'm polite and let her know "ok, talk at 4 have time then" and that's it. Done. Finito. I don't talk to her further.

My wife was late to the text game, (She's 37 and not a millennial) and didn't fully embrace it until a couple of years ago when she got her first iPhone. The first time she sent me a text like the posters "Get me a drink" I just ignored it. When she asked if I saw it, I was like "Yeah".

She was kind of annoyed and asked "Well, why didn't you get me one?"

I laughed at her and said, "If you can't be polite enough to ask me in person, I'm not going to be polite in my response". That put that bad behavior to rest, *make no mistake, it was bad behavior*. So why would anyone entertain blowing up a shit test over the phone, when reality is it should just be ignored completely. By even trying to blow it up, you are engaging in her frame and rules of the game.

For the long game, you should be mysterious and unpredictable anyway. If she knows she can find you by your electronic leash anytime she sends a blip off into the ether, how does that support that? How are you focusing on your purpose if you have your phone stuck in a phone waiting for someone to maybe text you? I'm ok with a little sexting, as that's in your frame, and reinforces your sexuality, but even then, I'd rather fuck my wife than talk about it on a phone with her. By answering useless texts you are focusing on the not important not urgent things. This is valuable capital you have in your life and you are investing it poorly. Ask yourself the next time you see a text, "Is this important and urgent?" then ask how you would answer it.

Hard rules in the McGill household that I hold to no matter what:

- If you look at your phone while talking to me, I'm done and walk away.
- If you text me something that could be requested via a call or face to face, I ignore.
- Absolutely no phones during dinner. Ever.
- No relationship discussions over the phone. Ever.
- If I'm in the middle of something, I will not answer my phone. If it's urgent, my wife will send me a text as such (In 12 years of marriage, this has happened once, a death in the family)

This all goes to communication really. Some things aren't important, and are 'urgent'. Somethings are actually important and urgent. Don't get bogged down in the details of the *how* and miss those the opportunities to focus on important things. Master your phone, don't let it master you.

What are you running from, Captain-sav-a-ho?

37 upvotes | April 29, 2016 | /r/MarriedRedPill | [Link](#) | [Reddit Link](#)

I was listening to the Joe Rogan Podcast today, and he said something that resonated with me (Joe fucking kills it; he's pretty insightful if you get a chance, listen). His basic statement was he has buddies that are out there trying to save a girl from her problems. His guest Eddie Huang dropped the line, "Yeah like captain-sav-a-ho."

The biggest insight was a small blurb of a comment that may have been the best line out of it. Joe said to paraphrase, 'Yeah I think my friends like that are focused on saving these girls because they are running from what really needs to be fixed, themselves.'

Think about that and let that set in. How many guys do you know who have been the captain-sav-a-ho? I had a direct report who showed up to the office one day with a woman who looked like she'd been a truck stop hooker for 3 decades. We had a pretty loose office, so bringing the kids by to see work or maybe a new fiancé to meet everyone wasn't uncommon. He'd wanted in on some of the office glory and was excited to show off. We found out more backstory later, she was a single mom (red flag 1), she had 3 different baby-daddies (red flag 2), and she was moving in with this guy as a 'friend maybe more will develop' situation.

Now this guy that worked for me was an excellent technician. He was a rule follower and loyal to me and the department to a fault. He was in the job I need him to be, and he followed it to the letter of the law and with great detail. We kept him a deep dark hole for a reason though; for the most part he was a troll. Every office has them. They bury them in the mail room, or IT, or maybe facilities, but they're there, hidden under the bridges of the office infrastructure doing dirty, but necessary work. He had been known to say inappropriate things and was forced to take several "re-training" classes.

Sitting around the lunch table we found out she was going to move in with him and the house he inherited from his mom. She was going to let him get her a mini-van to drive around the fuck trophies, and he could be their insta-dad. It was going to be a great deal for him. He even said that she would 'take things slow' and 'they could date and learn to be proper boyfriend and girlfriend'.

Sounds great right?

This was the same guy who dated so infrequently we had running bets that he probably had a lifelike sex doll. He was not very savvy with women or people in general. He once bragged all week that he had a date with a girl his aunt set him up with. The next Monday we asked how it went and he was pissed. Evidently he took her out for a nice meal, told her to order lobster and the works and then drove her straight to his place assuming she'd fuck him. He swore off dating after that.

Yet here he was moving some trailer park ho into his house with the promises of maybe dating, but all the responsibilities of being a father and a husband? Here he was ready to fucking go all in, to the point where he was mentioning marriage in a couple of years. He definitely was going to be a great captain-sav-a-ho. He talked about how she had a rough life of it, how her last baby-daddy had beat her and sold all the shit for meth or something or other. He could get her on her feet and she'd turn into a great little wifey.

As he was my direct report he came to me for a vacation request, he needed 2 weeks to go down, pack her up and bring her and her stuff back up north. I made sure we had coverage and told him to go for it. A month later when he was scheduled to go down I got a Monday morning phone call. "Can

I cancel my vacation?” was all he asked.

It seems she was still shopping options and at the last minute balked, she found a better deal that allowed her to stay in place and probably added some chad dick on top of it. He was devastated and couldn't understand what happened. I was young and didn't understand the real implications. I tried to reason with him, tell him to find a better girl next time, that kind of bullshit. He told me, “Guys like me don't have many chances.” I haven't seen him in 10 years, but I bet he's still the same, still single and hidden in the basement of the office.

In my older life I realize, it wasn't the quality of woman he was choosing. Circling back to Joe's comment I realize, it was the things in his life that needed to be fixed that brought a woman like that in his life. His social awkwardness, his low smv are all things he could have improved (for you oldschool guys think Horshack on Welcome Back Kotter). Hell, he may not have been able to move to a 10 but surely a move from a 3 to a 5 would change the pool of girls available. There was no shortage of nice Jewish girls his aunt was always trying to fix him up with, he just couldn't function like an adult to deal with them correctly. No, the biggest problem in his life was himself.

We all know that guy right? We look disdainfully on the woman, on the Ho, and say things like, “She's such a leech”. We look at that guy and say, “Man you need to run like a motherfucker. This will only end in tragedy” and yet we watch it over and over again. Hell some of you might be that guy. The real question we need to ask is “what is my friend, Captain-sav-a-ho, running from?” What deep flaw is he afraid to fix? Every one of us has some sav-a-ho complex in us. We do the easy things, instead of the right things. We toil away organizing the basement, instead of going to the gym. We stay in our room at the conference instead of going down and meeting new people. We placate our wives instead of having a tough conversation about her bad behavior. My former employee is an extreme example and everyone surely can see that, but it's the little things in life we tend to miss. We'd rather work on someone else's shit, instead of fixing ourselves first. So the next time you find yourself toiling away on some make work bullshit, or in the extreme being captain-sav-a-ho, ask yourself what am I avoiding fixing?

[Update] Chimpanzees move into the savanna..

31 upvotes | May 17, 2016 | /r/MarriedRedPill | [Link](#) | [Reddit Link](#)

Feelz before reelz....

I posted awhile back about a friend of a friend whose wife asked for a divorce. She's a SAHM with little to no work experience and had been handed everything in life. Well, it's time for an update. Turns out she got cold feet, and decided that she didn't want a divorce. I guess the reality of being a single mom with no career prospects came crashing down around her. The best part of the story? Her husband manned up and served her with divorce papers anyway. Sometimes you give people what they want, huh?

If you've been paying attention in class, this should never come as a surprise to you. It's in the nature of a woman to operate in the mode of *feelz before reelz*. Understand it, but don't be angered by it. It's in her nature, and we don't fault a woman for her nature.

We all have that friend going through a crazy ass divorce. She can't stand him, can't wait until he gets out of the house, etc. On the surface, he's a nice enough guy, and no one really understands why she wants to divorce him. He's got a job, he's a great dad, but for whatever reason he's not enough for her. But the moment the tables turn, she's like "What? He can't divorce me! I fucking file for divorce!" Nobody around her understands where this is coming from. Ironically not even the women in her life get why she now doesn't want divorce, "But what did you expect Princess, you told him you wanted a divorce?" Right now they are living in the same house as co-parents, but I expect that to change very soon. In the face of grim reality that her meal ticket is leaving she's more angry that he beat her to the punch; she still refuses to face reality.

This woman is living by her emotions, she *feelz* like she needs a divorce, so he gave her one. But now that reality has set in, she *feelz* betrayed. There's no logic or reason in any of this. Of course we can see that. Behind the scenes there are probably a million reasons why they should get divorced. I'm a firm believer that once you go down the divorce path, you can't turn back. There's too much baggage from everyone's stand point, and effort can be better spent elsewhere. Our antihero has failed in his marriage for years, from lack of frame, to lack of boundaries and now his soon to be ex-wife is responding like she always does, like an entitled princess. This may very well have been the ultimate comfort test from her, "I want a divorce!" while she secretly thinks, "I hope he begs for me back". Reality is probably more along the lines that she was seeking validation for her decision, "If he begs to make it work, I was right". Whatever her thought process was, it was made first and foremost from the framework of emotion and not facts.

It's much easier for a woman to be disgusted by a man and leave him, than for her to feel basically apathetic towards him even though he's generally a good guy all around. She was going through the motions of day to day life and had *no passion* for him. So instead of working on herself, and working to improve that, she moved through an emotional framework. She moved from "There's no romance" to "I love him, but I'm not in love with him" to "He has all these faults so let's do counseling". All of these emotions were driven from a point of how he *made her feel*, not from any sense of personal responsibility or loyalty. In the end she drove herself to the point where she could no longer be married to him even though he is probably *the best she can do*. She didn't think about the repercussions of being a single mom. She didn't think about what would happen if he filed for

divorce first. She didn't think about anything really. All she did was live through her emotions.

I once dated a girl who was very well educated. She had a degree in Aerospace engineering, was working toward her MBA and had worked for a major defense contractor. She was actually a fucking rocket scientist. Smart, witty and sexy as fuck, I thought I hit the lottery. We met through a mutual project and started dating shortly thereafter. My first thought was, "finally, she's an engineer! She will think with logic and I can have real conversations." In the business world, she was well trained and had a decent approach, and this seemed to reinforce my views. A month into the fling we were fucking like bunnies and enjoying all that new relationship energy. We had a minor spat about something, and all I could think was "Oh, I'll just explain the error in her logic and she'll come to the same conclusion I do". Nope, she was all emotion and our minor spat turned into a major falling out. The relationship fizzled and eventually she took a job on the west coast as her project ended. After that argument, I couldn't trust her anymore. I remember feeling betrayed by it, even if I don't remember what it was actually about. I know how those people feel who raise chimpanzees and get their face ripped off, I'm sure they're all like "But he was our baby?!? I thought he wasn't like that, he's never done that before". In the end, a chimpanzee has his nature, and so does a woman.

I'm older and wiser now. I've been mauled by the chimpanzee and have come to respect them for what they are, not what they aren't. When my wife is inevitably being crazy and emotional and I'm frustrated, I don't get mad at her. I take a page from Diedo and play the oak in the storm. I've learned to bring emotion when she needs it, and deflect it when it's focused on me (or celebrate it when it's good emotion). When these stories are relayed to me, usually through my wife, I always take it as an opportunity to gauge her feelings on it. It's a great time to establish emotional intimacy with her on a neutral subject. Women are capable of dealing in logic and fact based discussion, it's just not in their primary nature. Out of all the things he brought to the table, our antihero didn't bring emotion, so his soon to be ex brought it for him.

"So she didn't want a divorce and was pissed he filed anyway?" I asked my wife.

My wife answered "Yeah, but what did she expect?"

Casey at bat... [Theory]

14 upvotes | June 20, 2016 | /r/MarriedRedPill | [Link](#) | [Reddit Link](#)

My oldest boy just completed his first year in the majors as a nine year old. He's an exceptional ball player and I'm not just saying that as his dad, his talent got him there not me. I generally try to stay out of the "day-to-day" coaching because sometimes I think I miss the big picture as a father, instead of seeing things as a coach. So I let some of the other coaches handle that, and return the favor as needed. As the youngest player on the team, he was missing the experience that comes with playing for 3 years against all levels of kids, and more importantly, he needed to learn the hard lesson of playing in the big leagues. At this level, there was no mercy inning rule, kids could actually pitch, and he wasn't going to always get the stolen base. It was tough year and he learned the hard way that talent alone couldn't get you through the game.

One game we had a particularly cantankerous ump. For those of you who don't understand American baseball, this is the guy who can control the flow of the game. His calls can make the game fun, or drag on forever. While the strike zone is defined by the rule book, the ump's interpretation can vary widely. A good pitcher will pick up on this and use it to his advantage. My son was behind in the count and was doing an admirable job of protecting; he's a monster inside hitter and will make you pay dearly for it. This pitcher was however a seasoned older kid, and was well aware of the strike zone and my sons love of the inside. The pitcher threw a hard shot inside trying to establish possession of the plate, and my boy returned the favor by ripping a nice shot just outside the first base line. Still 3-2, and knowing the strike zone *called* the pitcher slings a fast ball below the outside corner. It was so low, it was almost in the dirt, and my boy left it hanging there. "Steeeee-rike!"

He came running back in the dugout nearly in tears. In the minor leagues my son had made a living off of taking good pitches or walking (including taking a ball on a 3-2 pitch with 2 outs in the championship game the year before). He knew the strike zone well and there it served him to his advantage. Most of those pitchers couldn't get it consistently in the strike zone, much less paint the corners. It was a good strategy and worked well for him, but now he was in a different league, literally and figuratively. He couldn't understand how the ump could make such a bad call (and it was horrible don't get me wrong). I had some discussions with him, which I've told here, but I left the conversation off with the statement "We play the game we're given. Quit whining and get past it."

We've all been there; behind in the count and the ump totally blows the call. If that's your last at bat, then yeah it sucks. But if you go up to the plate and let it happen to you again? Well, you're an asshole. Recently there was a pretty lengthy debate about a dad who "accidentally" informed his daughter of his ex-wife's infidelity. Was it a shitty move? Personally, I don't think so. I think it's a clear case of someone playing the game they were given. This is a great example of but for, or proximate cause. The OP's daughter would have never known but for her mother's poor decisions and bad behavior. Who is to say she wouldn't have painted the father in a bad light? I know plenty of guys who are stand up dads, attentive husbands and good providers who get hit with the "He didn't attend to my needs". Reputation is everything, remember guard it with your life. Once someone puts that kind of amorphous bullshit claim out there, no matter how wrong it is it can't be undone.

I had a boss early in my career that was a standup guy. He was an engineer's, engineer, and taught me more than I can ever say thanks for about being a good engineer. He used to revel in the statement that "I don't play politics. I'm above that." As a young engineer I thought that was admirable. Let

your work stand for who you are and you shall be free from guilt was my motto. I watched him get fucked over and over in office politics. Every time he would bitch and complain that the system was rigged, we were not part of the “in-crowd” so we would forever be second class citizens. In my later years I realize this is just a man stomping his feet like my nine year old because the ump has a different strike zone. He was the epitome of asshole because every time he got up to bat he let the ump call that shitty low outside pitch as a strike instead of going down swinging, or maybe even hitting it.

This is the problem with the SJW’s of the world, the bluepill brigaders and the whole lot. They don’t want to believe that sometimes you have to play with the game given to you. They get high and mighty about “marriage equality” and how it’s unfair for a man to tell his wife “fuck you or fuck me” while denying that by denying a sexual partner said sex that she is effectively saying “If I can’t have sex, neither can you!” Even some of our own get high and mighty about the commitment they entered and whether it’s wrong or not to go outside the bonds of marriage for sex. Bluepillers want to complain that we are emotionally abusive and manipulating our wives and girlfriends; never mind the fact that they will all tell you that they are ‘strong independent *womenz* capable of doing great things’. Which is it, independent or pliable clay for brains that can be easily manipulated? The reality is there are two people in the relationship behaving badly, and someone has to move it to a better place. If you have a shitty harpy of a wife, you damn well better do everything you can to make sure you come out on top. Conversely if you have a good woman, who treats you with respect and give you the sexual intimacy you earn you should treat her accordingly also. This is the gist of praxeology frankly, it is neither right nor wrong, it’s just the game we are given.

The count is 3-2 and the pitch is coming low and outside. What are you going to do?

[Theory] The Toga Party Corollary

43 upvotes | July 13, 2016 | /r/MarriedRedPill | [Link](#) | [Reddit Link](#)

Party of the Century

When I was in college I was a decent engineering student, and an even better partier. I spent my fair share of weekends drunk at football games and crashing frat parties for dirty sorority girls; “Why yes I’m in a frat, it’s called Delta Tau Chi.” Me and some bros got the idea to put together an epic house party. This would be a theme party on a grandiose scale of Boon and Otter. Kegs to be had, women galore, human sacrifices, it was going to be the highest level of debauchery. I had just broken up with a long term relationship (She said she loved me, but wasn’t in love; *epic foreshadowing*), and I was a man with no commitments.

We hatched a plan, created a theme and in order to entice people there we offered free beer. I made up a few flyers with the shitty free university copier and handed them out to key people. “First two kegs on us just come dressed! Tonight’s theme: 70’s disco. Party starts 10 pm.” I invited a few people, including a couple of the sorority sisters who lived next door to me and my roommate. What was supposed to be a fun bash of maybe 60 people, turned into 200, *at least*. The first two kegs were gone by 11 pm. 70’s disco somewhere morphed into pimps and ho’s; any costume event is really about how women can dress slutty without being judged. My ex showed up with some guy, but I hadn’t a care in the world, as she walked by me she was on ignore because I was busy trying to bed not one but two ADP’s (we called them Another Dirty Pussy behind their back for good reason). By 2 am the party spilled out into the yard next to the house and a total of 6 kegs were had in the end. I remember talking to a guy and he was like “This is crazy we heard about it on the other side of campus, I don’t even know whose party this is!” Somewhere around 4 the police showed up and the party fizzled out under the advice of the men in blue. Me? I didn’t care because I closed and was proceeding to treat my new friend from ADP like a farm animal. Unfortunately I couldn’t close the deal on both of them, but I didn’t care, one would have to be enough tonight. I woke up somewhere around noon with her naked next to me and the smell of eggs cooking. I put some shorts on and went to the kitchen to find a girl completely unknown to me wearing one of my t-shirts and not much else, cooking said eggs. Looking around I saw a couple curled up on the floor and two more girls in the same outfit; “when the fuck did people start raiding my t-shirts?” was all I could think. My buddy I planned the party with had hooked up with an old crush, I had banged a nice slutty chick, and my ex left early in a huff, because she wasn’t the center of attention. It took 2 days to clean up the mess, I lost 4 t-shirts (I don’t know why they were needed or how it got that point) and a week later we got a *stern* warning from the land lord that any damage done to the property would come off our deposit.

I went to class the next week and ran into people I hardly recognized, all congratulating me on and epic party. I got a promise to hook up again with the ADP and I literally felt like big man on campus. Things went back to normal, the ADP chick was crazy and slutty and fizzled out, but all in all it was a good couple of months. My buddy and I hatched another plan; repeat the party.

This time we'd start off with 3 kegs so we didn't have to drive to the beer store so early again. Instead of 70's it would be a toga party, and it was going to be awesome. I made up fliers, hit up the same people and we waited for the epicness to commence.

Only this time it didn't work the same. By 2 am we still had almost 2 full kegs. My ex came and went, this time she left saying "oh, blah blah blah is having a bash over on such and such" and left taking 10 people with her. The other ADP I hadn't closed with at the previous party showed up and split within 5 minutes, and left with a majority of the talent. By the end of the night we maybe had 50 people; funny because it would have been a good party in its own right but the expectations of the night far outgrew the reality of it. We ended up having a weekend long party where people would come and go, maybe 4 or 5 at a time, just to get rid of the beer. I couldn't understand what was different. We literally had the same ingredients to success as the last time, save it was a little later in the semester (it was a large southern school so it was still quite seasonable).

In my entire college career I'd been to maybe 5 or 6 of those kinds of parties. The kind of party where you run into acquaintances 20 years later and they speak fondly of it, "Hey McGill I still remember the 70's party, I got the clap but it was worth it (true story)!"

In MRP we oft use the axiom from Rollo about rooting around in the garbage in front of neighbors. It's a good analogy of why you don't go back to failed relationships.

Iron Rule of Tomassi #7: It is always time and effort better spent developing new, fresh, prospective women than it will ever be in attempting to reconstruct a failed relationship. Never root through the trash once the garbage has been dragged to the curb. You get messy, your neighbor's see you do it, and what you thought was worth digging for is never as valuable as you thought it was.

In the case of LTR's this still applies, but I'd also postulate a corollary to that *you can never relive a party*.

You Can Never Relive a Party Corollary

There's a post from a guy on MRP about his struggles with opiate addiction and how he feels he let his unicorn get away. Now he got the right advice and there's a lot more going on than just rooting around in the garbage or trying to relive a party, but the idea still applies for those of us that are in a LTR or married. No matter where you are in your marriage, the past has no bearing on the future. You can never relive the party, whether it was the epic slut-sex she gave you when you first started dating or how she was a good submissive girl willing to follow your every whim, you can't recreate that feeling of when she did those things for you. I think Rollo has a good point, and that's when shit is broke don't waste effort to fix it that effort can be better spent elsewhere. Often in a LTR there is a want to get back to basics, get back to the early days. There may not be a need to next, but just reset.

In this case it is not about being broke, it's about some fantasy of reliving that epic party that was the beginning of your relationship. So many men come on here and complain and daydream that "If they could just get back to where they were before they fucked everything up" life would be grand again.

Our first party was new and innovative. People had never been to something like that before (at least college kids in the early 90's). The second one was a copycat and hindsight showed people saw it for what it was. When you as a man are approaching your relationship trying to unfuck it, you need to be cognizant of what the future holds. You can never relive a party, so too can you never relive a relationship. It takes a big man to realize that he is rebuilding his relationship anew and frankly my personal advice is if kids aren't involved the default option should always be *next*. TRP and MRP are at discord because of this very fact, and even though I'm the first to tell a guy to move on, I've battled years of trying to relive a party. I've made the value judgment that the effort is worth it to stay because the cost would be too great otherwise. Kids make a compelling excuse to get back that mojo, but it takes a lot of leadership to say, "I can't make it like it was, but I can make it better *whatever* that means". The real work comes in finding out what it is that makes it better.

We know it starts with you, you need to become compelling and people will want to be around you. Maybe that's your wife, maybe it's your new LTR. Have a new party for what it is, not what it was. Let go of the expectations of getting back to the past and instead embrace what the future may hold, regardless of how it turns out. By time I graduated, I'd been to a bunch of awesome parties. Some were no more than 10 people, but truly the best memories of my life. If I had chased that elusive "giant kegger" my whole college career I'd have been really disappointed. Instead I had a series of great experiences that in sum total add up to more than that one party. I've let go of the past in my marriage too, and found myself better off for it because of that.

[Theory] Firing the customer

90 upvotes | July 27, 2016 | /r/MarriedRedPill | [Link](#) | [Reddit Link](#)

Recently /u/SorcererKing made a timely post about "Taking out the trash" and it got me thinking. I deal with contracts as part of my job. I sit down and hammer out a sales contract, when it's all agreed too, money changes hands, and deliverable's are met. If I do my job right, they get a product that helps them in their business and if they do their job right they give me money. I'm also in business to keep doing business with said customers. Life is easier and better all around when we are all mutually benefiting from the relationship.

Now there's deals where you don't ever care about the future relationship, buying a car, or something off craigslist, so in those cases you are only aiming to get the best value right there and then. Today, I'm talking about continuing value, farming a relationship in business and harvesting the results.

I once had a customer spend six figures with me to buy two very technical, very industry specific machines. They were customized to meet a specific market niche; this would make them very hard to sell outside of this industry. My industry delivers on terms, and in order to start a project we take 40% down. For the next step, just prior to delivery we take 50%. I call the contact I had, and no answer. I call the front desk, and they just patch me into his voicemail. After 2 weeks of run around, I call a very old contact hoping he'd pick up. He informs me that there were 'problems' and quite a few people were let go. My guy was one of them. He made some calls on my behalf and got me in contact with the person who would handle it from there.

Soon, a woman calls and informs me that they no longer needed 2 machines, and would in fact only consider 1 machine. Long story short, through a series of emails I explained, they already committed to 2 machines, already put money down for 2 machines and we expected payment in full. She was out of her league. No one realized they had actually bought the machines. finally the head engineer calls. He explains what happened, and begs me for some help.

Now I've had a good working relationship with the company for awhile. We've done a lot of repeated business, and have never had any problems. Turns out they had some legal and regulatory problems, and I got caught in the hub bub. In an effort to keep that relationship alive I worked out a good option for him. I would deliver the first machine, hold the second one, and charge him a moderate holding fee (so I could move the machine off my books). In a year they would take delivery of the second one, and improve their cash flow. Everyone was happy.

A year goes by and the machine is collecting dust, so I call up and say in polite terms "Pay me". I get a phone call and this head engineer guy starts yammering on about "oh we think we want to wait another year" and "We're trying to go public" and now all I can think is "not my problem."

He continues to impress on me that we've had a long relationship, they're gonna be a billion dollar

company and the future is bright for me. I asked the guy, "If you went and had a builder build you a huge custom house, and then right before closing told him, 'hey were going to wait a year' do you think he'd wait?"

"Well no, but this is different."

"How so?"

"We need our vendors to help us in our flexibility. We need to maintain a certain cash flow, but be able to respond at a moments notice to market demand."

"Well I think that's great, but you can't tell me after the fact." I said, "I need to know so I can structure the deal that's mutually beneficial to both of us."

"Yeah well that's the deal that works for us."

And that was the point I realized he was no longer in it for mutual benefit. I stood up and fired him as a customer. "Thank you, but no thanks. I expect payment in full by weeks end."

I walked out to the front desk and asked for the CFO by name. I wasn't able to see him of course, but I left a typed letter, explaining to him that his company was reneging on a financial business deal, that I would publish this letter to the credit rating agencies and that he had over a half million dollars invested in two machines and I would sell them at auction to get my money back. Unfortunately I knew it may come to this, and had prepared ahead of time. I also sent the letter to him and their corporate council. I knew they were trying to go public, and this kind of information could severely hamper that process. I played hardball.

This customer is still not a billion dollar company, they still haven't gone public, and in fact they are a money pit. As a customer they have been put on the "Cash up front" for spare parts, and any quote for new equipment goes out to them as "Down payment and a letter of credit." In the end all they did was fuck themselves, because they have a huge investment with us, and now we wont even talk to them unless they show cash money. Machine goes down, fuck you pay me. Don't know how to fix something, fuck you pay me. They threaten me with 'We're gonna switch to [a competitor]!', so I told them 'Cool, here's their number. Good luck!'

The moral of the story is this company tried to abuse the relationship based on the past. Unfortunately it became apparent they treated me like I was Home Depot and could walk down the street to Lowes; they forgot how much they had at stake. They thought I had way more at stake then they did and tried to hold me over the coals for it. In fact all they did was emphasize they were costing me more than they were providing me in value.

Time and time again I hear the same story in marriages. People forget that it's a mutually beneficial contract, that is and should be based on *right now*. Just because a woman pops out a couple of fuck trophies doesn't mean she gets to take the rest of her life off. Or if she gets fat and decides you should "love her for all her faults."

In fact this is the biggest fault of the blue pill I see. Time and time again, we get a fat lazy fuck with the emotional maturity of a 5 year old boy who comes here and lays it all out. "Why won't she just shut up and fuck me? Why doesn't she respect me?" Frankly he's lucky it's so hard to get out of marriage in this regard. Because if it was a business contract, he surely would have been terminated for not meeting his terms. Marriage is still, and always be a business relationship. You supply the awesome, she supplies the intimacy. You the vendor, she's the customer. Your product is being a high-value male, she in turn pays you in the currency she has, emotional and physical commitment. Once either of those are not being met, the relationship has to be reevaluated.

I have a friend who spews out shit like, "She deserves it." and "She won't let me" and "the customer is always right". He's beta bluepill through and through and just doesn't realize, it's time to fire the customer. His wife is low quality, and treats him like another pet in the house. Just something to be fed and cleaned up after. As a vendor, he's failed and turned into a fat fuck who wallows around the house looking for mommies validation. It kills me, but here they are just going through the motions because "Well that's the deal. The customer is always right!"

Now not every relationship you're in needs to be mutually beneficial. You don't have to send Christmas cards to the guy you bought a car from. Black nights choose to only have self beneficial relationships, but in terms of an LTR that's either unsustainable or inviting crazy; not really for MRP. In terms of redpill you need to ask yourself, what am I selling and what are they buying? Is this good for both of us? Every relationship from friends, mom and dad to your wife you need to evaluate for value. If you're not better off, it's time to renegotiate, or fire the customer.

[FR] It does get easier

21 upvotes | August 1, 2016 | /r/MarriedRedPill | [Link](#) | [Reddit Link](#)

This is just a little humble brag to show you new guys, that even though the shit testing and nature of a woman doesn't change, it does get easier.

Saturday was a big sporting event for me and my oldest boy. We planned on going to it at noon, with an open ended finish, meanwhile my wife had a family picnic planned at her sisters. We left it at "if I can, I'll go to her Sis's." Well the event turned sour and got rained out, so me and the oldest boy head home. He laments to me that he doesn't want to go to his aunts as he's the oldest kid and has no one his age to hang out with. I told him, "Alright buddy, we'll hang back and maybe not go. We might go for a little bit ok?"

"OK."

Around Six, I text my wife to find out the status of the party. Instead of answering me she texts back, "Why?" I fucking hate this. I asked for a simple clarification, instead I get a question back.

WomanSpeakTranslator^TM : "I'm not happy and now I'm questioning your actions"

Adhering to my own rules, I pick up the phone to start the call. She must be trained well because before I can open the dial pad, she's calling me.

"Aren't you coming at all?"

"Well that depends, how long is it going to?"

"I don't know, we just finished eating"

"So not like another hour?"

"No probably later."

"Alright, we're on our way."

I grabbed my boy and we hopped in the car. From text to starting the car, elapsed time 5 minutes. Arrival at my SIL, was 7 minutes later.

I walk in and say the usual hellos. We live in the northeast, and is customary in our family I give every woman a kiss on the cheek and shake each mans hand hello. My wife, looked at me and didn't say hello, WomanSpeakTranslator^TM : "I'm still not happy"

I made the rounds, had a good conversation with my FIL and one of my wife's Uncles. Talked to the BIL and then ended up in the main room. It devolved into the women folk discussing logistics for Christmas and all the men were sitting there not saying a thing. My oldest was bored and frankly so was I so I stood up and said my good byes. My wife wouldn't look at me at all, WomanSpeakTranslator^TM "Now I'm really not happy". I was unfortunately out of fucks to give, and left anyway. Total elapsed time, three hours.

An hour and change later my wife comes in the house the youngest boy in tow. I had to go fish my daughter out of her seat, as she fell asleep in the 7 miles it takes to get home. We get the kids to bed

and everyone is off. My wife at this point had only answered me in one word grunts for any question. WomanSpeakTranslator^TM : "I'm still mad and I'm trying to draw you into it".

Finally, around 11:20 she slams her magazine down she had been trying to fake read non-chalantly and starts into me.

I headed that shit off at the pass, "Wait, you've been pissed this whole time and now you're going to say something about it? Yeah, I'm not going to talk about it if you can't act like an adult and discuss things right when they're bothering you"

"I am trying to act like an adult. This is the first time I can speak without yelling." See boys what happens when you lay down and enforce boundaries?!?

"Fair enough, go on"

"You know I do all this shit for your family and this is the thanks I get? You can't spend a whole hour with mine?"

"It was 3 hours, but go on."

"What? No way, it was not even an hour."

"Um, check your phone. You called me at 6, I left at 9. 3 hours."

Looks at phone, "Ok, but that's not my point. I put in way more effort with your family. I spent a week at your moms when I want to neck punch your sister for all the stupid shit she does."

"Ok, but that's not my fault. If you wanted to leave, you need to speak up. It's not my fault you didn't say anything."

"Yeah but I stay there for your mom, not your sister."

"But then that's for my mom you do that, not for me. Again, that's your choice, even though I do appreciate it."

"Yeah, but it's like you don't even want to be around my family!"

"Hmmm, but I did come today. Frankly, if I didn't, I wouldn't have. You know that." Because gents, I have been very clear in the past if I was doing something or not and on a couple of occasions told her I wasn't going because I wasn't interested.

We talked a bit more, and I reiterated to her the rules of communication are clear, if something is important to her, she needs to spell it out *explicitly*. At no point had she done that and she tried to make it out like I was being selfish. My internal dialog was clear, I repeated to myself that her feelings were hers, and that only I could judge my actions. When she tried to guilt me with her covert contracts, I quickly diffused them by making her own her actions. I even forced her to acknowledge the facts without spiraling away into a DEER quagmire. This whole thing started by her trying to force me into her frame; her covert tactics of not talking to me, and being a snippy bitch.

In the past this argument might have gone way different. I would have been terrified she was upset. I would have Defended, Explained Excused and Rationalized all the behavior I did in the past, even though I may not have actually been sorry for it. She would have started off by yelling, because I didn't lay that boundary down. I would have felt bad for her wanting to punch my sister and would have done everything to fix the relationship (and probably made it worse). Instead I was confident,

and stoic.

She let out a big sigh, and quickly changed the subject to my oldest son. In the past I would have been resentful, if not down right angry. I would have been pissed, "What in the actual fuck? She gets me riled up and then moves on like it's nothing?!?" But luckily I knew what the deal was.

Sigh, "Anyway I was talking to...." WomanSpeakTranslator^TM : "This has been resolved and I feel better."

[FR] Lessons from a Flywheel

113 upvotes | August 31, 2016 | /r/MarriedRedPill | [Link](#) | [Reddit Link](#)

Google and the PUA

I stumbled across the redpill trying to game my wife; I'm here because I googled "How to flirt with my wife". I'm an engineer by trade and my first response to any problem is to research, evaluate, apply a method and assess for results. I started trying some PUA things, got my shit together and hit the gym, read some more and eventually got to the point where I was ready to let it all go.

That was about 4 years ago. Along the way I went through all the growing pains everyone goes through. I unlocked the "Asshole" achievement. I was asked "Are you seeing other women?" I endured countless shit tests, and then she followed up with even worse comfort tests. I had my main event, and went beyond that. Eventually I was even on the phone with a lawyer and had replacements for my wife waiting on stand by, for my new life as a bachelor single dad.

Just the moment it was already to go under, my marriage, surely my finances for years to come, all of it, something clicked. It all just started working. My wife went from being combative to sweet and attentive. She no longer saw me as an adversary, instead began seeking my advice and more importantly my leadership. The whole time I had been preparing for any outcome, even the worse I sought to improve myself. I continued to work on eliminating covert contracts, getting myself in shape, being a better leader. My attitude was simple, "I'll have a great life, if someone wants to share it with me great, if it's my wife that's up to her."

Life by the Pool

I have a fuckton of hotel points. So this year I booked a suite for me and my family at an extended stay place. Breakfast in the morning, pool bar, dinners and happy hour at night; all we had to do was drive there and get some groceries for the occasional meal not provided. I set the whole thing up, planned the dates and told my wife "It's a relaxing only vacation; no schedule!"

She went into execution mode. She scoped out the grocery stores nearby, asked for a rough itinerary and when we would approximately arrive. Drive would be from 3 am to finish, breakfast and lunch would be a stop I told her. She had snacks and drinks on ice, me and the oldest boy packed the car like pro's. Ipads were charged and wifi was at hand. During the 10 hour drive the kids were happy and jovial, in fact they didn't even ask for wifi until the last hour of the trip. I drove most of the way and she spelled me for an hour so I could have a brief nap.

We got to the hotel, and I checked us in. The kids were elated, as they love staying in hotels with swimming pools; this was the pinnacle of chic as far as they were concerned. She asked me to "take them to the pool to burn off some energy" so she could unpack and convert our hotel into a home for the week.

Two weeks prior I had the opportunity to take my wife on a business trip with me. I booked us a beautiful waterfront hotel in an awesome city. We ran around and just spent time with each other. We had good sex every-day and a great dinner every night. She was the girl I started dating 15 years ago, and we had a good time. She got my undivided attention and at the end of the trip she told me, "This is good. I missed you. I miss us."

Unlike our Disney vacation this year, we only went to two tourist things. Both were small 3 hour

affairs and at one point we just said, “Ok, we’re done let’s go,” with no obligation to stay to the bitter end. The rest of the time was spent at the pool or the beach. My kids loved it, my wife had far less duties to deal with, other than corralling kids and lunch it was a pretty simple trip for her. I was the master of ceremonies; every morning she would roll over and kiss me, and ask “What’s on the schedule for today.” Followed by a “ooh, that sounds great I’ll get such and such ready.”

A week later we rolled into our house, sun tanned and full of sand. After unpacking and putting the kids to bed, she came over and crawled on my lap. My wife is not a touchy feely person and has to make an effort when she does this. She whispered in my ear “I had a great vacation. Thanks for doing this.” I kissed her and told her, “You’re welcome. Go shower and I’ll meet you upstairs.” She giggled and jumped up.

Was it perfect trip? I don’t know but it was pretty close. Was she perfectly behaved and sweet and submissive? Of course not, that’s not in her nature; I married my wife because she’s fiery and passionate. She still threw the occasional shit test, but I swatted those away like flies. Did she follow my lead without hesitation? Yes. Mission achieved.

The Flywheel Effect

In business there’s a theory about the flywheel effect; I’ll borrow this analogy from *Good to Great*. Take a flywheel; say something like an old fashioned sharpening wheel. When you first start it spinning, it’s hard. You need a great effort to push through its momentum. In the case of starting it, you need to move it from rest to motion. Slowly but surely you push hard at first, then as it gets faster and faster you need to put less effort into it. Eventually it gets to a point where small inputs will keep it going with relatively little effort on your part. Conversely if you tried to stop it, you’d burn your hands up or need some external force to assist.

This is the path we’re all on. When you swallow the pill you’re literally pushing the wheel for the first time. Maybe it’s broken and won’t turn; maybe it’s so massive you can’t get it moving. But the first time it does turn is a revelation; “Holy shit I can move it!” So you push and push and soon it’s spinning, maybe even so fast you can’t keep up. Eventually you learn how to control the speed, you add small inputs here and there, but you’ve now become the sharpener instead. You have a great wheel at your control that you can use to sharpen the tools of your life.

Afterglow

My wife was lying across my chest, her shampoo was still strong from the shower and the smell of sex was mingled in with it. “That was the best vacation” was all she mumbled since I met her in the bed. It only took 4 years of work to make it that way.

[Theory] The best laid plans of mice and men....

36 upvotes | September 12, 2016 | /r/MarriedRedPill | [Link](#) | [Reddit Link](#)

The Hunt for Red October

I'm a big fan of history, and a pretty voracious reader. Early in my career I read *The Hunt For Red October* by Tom Clancy. This was my first Clancy book and eventually led me to many others, but it also led me to *Into the Storm: On the Ground in Iraq*. I picked this book up thinking it would be some nice tactiporn. Little did I know it would become one of the great influences in my management style.

The book is set up with some backstory about how the US army was in shambles from the Vietnam War and conscription. On the other side of the world they faced a numerically superior enemy with apparently vast resources. As an aside the book is fascinating story of how typical American paranoia helped build the most lethal army in the world.

The take away I'm here for is they embraced an operational paradigm called "Mission intent"; this is a direct result of the philosophy that, *no battle plan survives contact with the enemy*.

Plan A vs Plan B

This post sparked a good conversation that I wanted to delve into deeper, and in particular a comment lower in the thread "Having a well-worked-out-ready-to-go-plan-B will negatively influence your plan A. You're in A for 100% or not at all." that I wanted to talk about.

We've all been there; hell one of our biggest acronyms has the word "Plan" as a core tenant. The oft bandied MAP, whether you say it in your head as *Male Action Plan* or *Marriage Action Plan* it is still *a plan*. And as the title suggest, the best laid plans often go awry. As I alluded to in a previous post, my plan was set. I had started talking to lawyers, and even had a battle chest prepared.

In the book Clancy gives the decade long history of the US Army after Vietnam. How they reinvented themselves from essentially a 20 year old WWII army of conscripts and low quality capital equipment to a professional military with the best equipment the world has ever seen on the battle field.

They went through a management philosophy change too, and that was to adopt the ideal that the Army was run by the non-coms, and that they would give them flexibility and training to do their job. Officers would plan missions based on *intent*, and let the trained professionals fill in the blanks. General Schwarzkopf Jr.'s entire mission for the gulf war was only 3-4 lines long. It was simple and to the point, "Free Kuwait, expel Iraqi troops" was pretty much the extent of it (I wish I could find the exact statement but my google foo is lacking on this one). He would rely on the commanders below him and the training of the non-coms to fill in the blanks. His job as OPSCOM was to provide leadership and ensure that those below him had the *tools* to do the job.

Mission Intent

When I set out along this path, I remembered this philosophy. I stated my mission intent and over the

years it's been tweaked and it has evolved some but in its essence it is still the same.

I want an awesome life, with intimate personal relationships.

That's it. I've simplified it down to its core essence and that is pretty much it. Whenever I approach a problem head on this is the question I ask myself, "How does this meet my mission?" Intimate to me means several things, with my wife it means sexually and personally, with my friends it means I get value and they provide value. Even my job needs to provide intimacy, in the form of fulfillment and achievement.

Some people get so focused on the logistics of the mission they march head on into a situation that clearly is tactical or strategic folly. They confuse things like lifting, and shit test dismissal as the mission, when in reality it's simply training and contact with the enemy. If you are not moving forward in ways to improve your mission then you should eliminate those things that don't provide you value. We lift for discipline, we bust shit tests for leadership, but these are support not the mission.

Having a well-worked-out-ready-to-go-plan-B will negatively influence your plan A. You're in A for 100% or not at all.

This in particular is a fallacy. It's too bad the user deleted himself as I thought it would have been a good point of discussion. The reason it's a fallacy is too many people get stuck in the logistics of the project to the point that they will drive themselves off a cliff because the map said it wasn't there. In his book Clancy discusses how the Soviets practiced their echelon theory so strictly that there were ruts in the ground from where all the tanks and trucks drove; there was no innovation or freelancing. The largely conscript Soviet army would likely drive off the proverbial cliff because "orders were orders"

The reason this is a fallacy is you two-fold. One you should be moving to the mission, and filling in the gaps with training and leadership. Two you shouldn't be so ridged in your plans that once you did make contact with the enemy, you drove in the ruts before you to your ultimate doom, so to speak.

The Eye of The Hurricane

A couple of years ago in NJ Hurricane Sandy Swept across the state and wreaked a bunch of havoc (/u/theFamilyAlpha post got me thinking). I approached this just like any other project, with mission intent first. What was my mission? Keep my family safe and comfortable. How did I achieve it? With logistics and leadership that's how. For the logistics, I already had a generator with a setup to run some vital things in the house, refers, furnace and charger plugs. I also have a sizable pantry with probably 10 days of non-rationed stores; it could be stretched easily. Safety was covered via firearms, firearms training and a big dog. I also had a sizeable stash of lumber for ad-hoc repairs.

The hurricane came and went, and my house had minimal damage; A fence panel down was the worst of it. Power was out, and I had plenty of gas to run the generator. A few people occasionally had a generator stolen, but in my area neighbors tended to help neighbors. I charged plenty of phones on the block. I kept a watch on the power company website, and then the bad news came. 10 days.

That was going to be how long it was until power came back on.

I had a generator, and plenty of food, but I also knew my other options. School was out for until the foreseeable future. We were huddled in one room at night, because of my generators limited capacity, but we were safe and warm. So I had a choice, follow the plan or improvise. I chose the latter. We packed up what we would need, and whatever food we could. I took the generator across the street and let the neighbor use it. On the way out the door, I flipped on the stove light and asked my neighbor to call me when they saw it on. We drove 4 hours away to a relative's house and had a nice comfortable place to stay as long as we needed it, which indecently was right at when they said it would be, 10 days from Sandy day zero.

I could have sat there, feeding the generator, playing board games with the kids, and grilling the whole time. But on the face of it, my mission was "Keep my family safe and comfortable". When I looked around and saw, yeah they were safe, but comfort was not very high, it was an easy decision. All the tools and material I had weren't going to do it, so we left. My mission was still the same, I just achieved it a different way.

When it was all said and done, I look back and did a post mortem. Would I do it the same again? Nope, my mission is still the same, but in the face of another "Sandy" I'll leave before the storm. Frankly it's a lot less work, and it still achieves the mission. The generator is just a backup, not the plan. I could get a whole house generator, and more food stores, etc. but what would happen if my roof got ripped off, or all the windows blown in? We just had a hurricane watch, and the new plan was simple. Leave before it gets here. When I was reading TheFamilyAlpha's link about the guy in Louisiana that was my first thought, "it's too late, he should have left when he had the option"

Mission Achieved

Having a well-worked-out-ready-to-go-plan-B will negatively influence your plan A. You're in A for 100% or not at all.

So we see why this statement is false in so many ways. Plan A and Plan B are just options. You should always know your options. At the very least you should know what happens if you bail on your plan. In my post about the flywheel, I said I was on the brink of divorce. I had a lawyer lined up and a battle plan ready to execute. My wife came to me on actual bended knee and begged to let her back in my life. My plan was secret, my opsec was tight, and there was no way she knew it was coming. Yet I overlooked the fact that women are masters of covert communication and she *felt* it coming even though she never saw it. She switched to covert communication and begged me to let her back in.

I stepped back and asked, how do I meet my mission, that of *I want an awesome life, with intimate personal relationships.*?

I put the papers in the drawer and opted to give her two weeks and watch her actions. As I stated, it was like a switch flipped in her. She became attentive emotionally and physically, she started to be the woman I dated again. You could ask the question if it was too far gone, and should I have nexted her. I had some good friends specifically challenge me on that fact, and reality is, I'll never know. Given my mission, I felt it made the best sense to proceed with her. I could have a more intimate

relationship with my children with her in my house, then without her. Could another woman replace her? Absolutely, but on the whole I'm better off with all of them. I haven't regretted it, but I still have those papers in a folder as a reminder to stay focused.

[MRP 99] Remedial MRP: The Basics of DEER

49 upvotes | September 20, 2016 | /r/MarriedRedPill | [Link](#) | [Reddit Link](#)

DEER

Defend

Explain

Excuse

Rationalize

Trouble at the DMV

For a few years now on this forum I've left this *unexplained* and relied on the Socratic method. Unfortunately there's been an influx of noobs and I'm tired of pointing people to search the forum. Sooner or later Nooby, most likely sooner, you're going to get told that you are DEER'ing or you DEER'ed your answer.

I grew up as a car guy, in a car guy house. I remember at 5 years old changing the jets on a carburetor with my dad. Growing up wrenching on cars taught me the first fundamentals in the scientific method. My dad told me on old cars, "If it aint running it's either not getting gas, or not getting spark. That's it. Nothing more complicated so start from there." To this day, I'm a problem solver. My first metaphorical question is, "Is it getting gas or spark?" I need to know the ins and outs on something to understand it. In my own personal solipsism I've been known to project this on others.

That's its curse unfortunately. Add to the fact the being a man, my primary focus in communication is *information* and it's a natural instinct to want to DEER. I get it, everyone here has made the mistake of wanting to just tell someone one more bit of info, so then they'd understand, or get it.

The problem with DEER as it relates to women is they see it as confirmation that their feelings are in fact, true. A woman is a social creature, who communicates through feeling, and inference, and as such you blathering on about why you didn't take the garbage out reinforces her social position with you. Remember, in her brain words are what she uses to wear away the problem. So she hears you "wearing away the problem."

DEER with men can be just as detrimental also. In the hands of a beta it just another weasel tool he uses to try and manipulate those he is inferior to. How many of you have been sitting on the other side of a cashier, desk clerk, or worse, a government agent only to be told, "Well that's not my job?". It's an answer for sure, but not the answer you want. Your brain goes into a seizure thinking, "Well get me the fucking asshole whose job it is instead of wasting my time!" The more they go on about how it's not their fault because they weren't trained properly or some such excuse, you just want to reach across and choke them out of existence. From the beginning if they just said, "I don't know." or "I'm sorry I don't know how to help you." you would have been in a completely different frame of mind.

I'm gonna lay down the law!

Early in my marriage I was pretty ruthless with the finances, (sprinkle a little alpha on bro.) and right after we got married I sat my wife down and gave her the budget. I was proud of my work and had

every detail laid out; So much for groceries, so much for utilities, a house down payment plan, even a fun budget. I sat back ready to bask in the glory of her gratitude. Instead, the look on my wife's face was priceless; it started with contempt then moved in anger. At that point I did the worst thing possible, I DEER'd.

I yammered on about how it was good for the future, she could stay home for a while if we had kids, we could get a house soon, etc. She exploded. She started mumbling about how she didn't work this hard her whole life to get to a point where she had an allowance like some 13 year old, how she was a grown ass woman with her own job and her own money. Now the reality of the situation was she made roughly one third of what I did. Fully 2/3 of the budget was supported by my salary, and she couldn't live on her own in our expensive cost of living state. So in the interest of insanity I doubled down and tried to show her the numbers i came up with. The more I tried to explain the deeper the hole I dug. In fact all I was doing was solidifying her feelings on all of it. I even told her to "just calm down, she's over reacting." You know, cause I needed to manage her feelz too. That ought to fix everything. I think there was a week of silent treatment after that one, and the budget was never spoken of again until I swallowed the pill.

Fast forward to a couple of years ago, and we hit a major financial crisis. She was a stay at home mom, and now earning nothing; luckily my income had more than increased to offset the loss of hers. But this was a catastrophe that my planning didn't account for. So I did the right thing and cashed in some securities and we took a short term financial hit. I did it all on my own other than consulting some experts. We had a budget meeting and I sat her down and told her, "This was the decision I made." That was it. She was floored at first, asked why I would make such a huge decision without *consulting* her. I kept it simple, and repeated "It was a hard decision, and it needed to be made. It was my decision." I owned it. I didn't try to feed her facts or data, I owned the decision. She said one last thing, "Ok, I wish you had talked to me, but I trust you." That was it.

Respect is earned

Whether you are a man or a woman, when you are the person standing in front of the DMV clerk what you don't want to hear is, "Not my job buddy. You are an asshole for getting in the wrong line. What's wrong with you?" And that's exactly what you are saying when you DEER. It wasn't me, it was something else, *not my job buddy*. In the early example with my wife, all she heard was "You need to not spend, you're contributions are for naught." What she needed was, "Hey this is going to be hard, it's going to be a sacrifice, but can you trust me?" At the point she asks for more information, then it's appropriate to give details and plans. Once she had internalized that I fully owned it then she would be ready to discuss *information*.

Whether it's your boss, your wife or your customer in front of you, you need to own it.

"Hey Peter did you file your TPS reports?"

"No I did not Bob."

"Honey did you take out the garbage?"

"No I did not."

"Why do I have to be on a budget?"

"It's the right thing to do."

I think fundamentally DEER comes from a place of a lack of confidence and a fear of judgement. People who do it are afraid of the consequences of their actions or inaction. They are afraid of people judging them or their decisions. In my case I was afraid of my wife's emotions when I asked her to do a very hard thing for the future of our family. Get called out by your boss for not doing a required task? Maybe your afraid of owning the consequences like a man, or maybe your afraid to rock the boat and make changes. Why the fuck do we do TPS reports? In the end it comes down to judgement. If you are the only one who can judge your actions, why would you need to explain them to anyone else?

[Theory] Know your walk away point

42 upvotes | October 12, 2016 | /r/MarriedRedPill | [Link](#) | [Reddit Link](#)

Everything is negotiable

Early in my second career I took a 5 day class on negotiation. It was pretty good and started the foundation of my current career to where I'm at now. I'll do a write up on it in a sooner or later, but the biggest take away I can talk about here is two points: everything is negotiable, and know your walk away point. In a sense it was another view on the age old *Abundance* mentality.

I've stated over and over again, that every man should know the terms of divorce in his marriage. It may have been a mistake to get legally married but it's an even bigger mistake to not know how to undo it once you've become Redpill aware. Time and time again, noobs come to this sub and state some form of "I can't stand my marriage but I can't get divorced." If you are unwilling to get divorced, you have no walk away point and will always be under the will of the other party, remember the one who cares the least has the most power.

I started down my path of improvement with the goal that I would have a great marriage, with or without my wife. Gym, check, home check, career check; All of these were in order and she still wasn't towing the party line. The story ends that she came to me a few weeks before I pulled the plug, and we've been on an upswing ever since. But it's a good lesson and something I keep in my back pocket to remind me not to let me or her get complacent.

Logistics

So what do you need to do to get divorced? Operational security should be your highest priority. In my house I'm the IT guy so for me it was relatively easy, my wife does not use the house laptop and I have a non-existent IT policy from my work. My work laptop is secure with a password login used at all times. I use two pieces of security software, KeePass and TrueCrypt (Truecrypt is unsupported now, but there's other options). The key here is to not tip your hand. If you pull the trigger, it should be a complete legal surprise. Get a burner email address and a google drive for keeping documents. If you don't have control of your phone or good privacy, get a google voice account with the burner email address. Google voice can be forwarded to any phone line, so if you work at a brick and mortar office you can use, forward it to that. You can also use it to forward to your cell or whatever. You now have a clean cell phone bill with no ties to all the phone calls you'll be making. Be aware, if you use the cloud and iPhone that these apps may show up on all the i-devices on the common account. I knew a guy who got busted because he installed tinder on his phone and it showed up on his wife's phone. Only use the incognito version of web browsers, and clear memory and passwords every session. If she's already suspicious you are cheating beware of key loggers. There's ways around these but that's beyond the mission scope for this discussion. Be aware of your wife's abilities and how to look for them and you'll be safe.

Your next step should be to start going to lawyers for visits. I work out of the house when I'm not travelling so I can do this relatively easily. If you can't because you work at a regular brick and mortar office, take a personal day, a vacation day or whatever it takes. Set up a consult; be prepared to spend some money and visit as many of the local lawyers as you can. This is a legal tactic called

conflicting out, and it has its plusses and minuses. The upside is you just made it hard for your soon-to-be-ex to engage a local attorney. The downside is you can force them to choose an attorney who is a poor negotiator a tactic that can draw out the proceedings. I ultimately settled on a lawyer that specialized in men's divorce and made me feel confident they understood all of my issues, and weren't looking for billable hours just for the sake of billing.

This is a good place to find out what the divorce environment in your state looks like. I'm from NJ and it's not very favorable to men. We have long term alimony and no fault. She can be a cheating whore and you're still fucked if you're not smart (on a plus side, you can be a cheating whore and it's not going to affect the outcome substantially). My state uses guidelines for all its calculations but these are not mandatory. Realistically I was hoping for short term emergency alimony and child support. It was possible to face long term alimony and child support; 10 years for the former, and up to 15 for the latter. Child support is actually pretty favorable in NJ and is heavily weighted based on percentage of custody. Based on my six figure base salary I was looking at \$1000 a month in child support and up to \$3000 a month in alimony. My goal was to get out with temporary alimony and child support at \$3000 a month for 2-3 years. My opening window was 1 year.

Money is a tough one. You need to build a war chest to get through this. I don't know how your special snow-flake would go on this one. I've had friends who had their ex over the barrel legally and financially and they still went into divorce thinking "Ima get paid!" and I've had friends go into it thinking, "She's a reasonable woman only to end up in a royal cluster fuck. Your lawyer will tell you what this thing may cost you, so you need to be ready to pony up. In my state, I was looking at up to \$10,000 in legal fees. This was before any assets were divided, house sold etc. At the very least you need a slush fund for legal consults. There are lots of clever ways to keep this out of view, things such as visa gift cards, cash back on purchases, etc. IANAL so my simple advice on this is, don't get caught hiding assets. If you have more nefarious attitudes proceed with caution. It took me about 2 months to save up a thousand dollars. That covered my initial consults.

Your finances should be addressed because that's part of your MAP. You should absolutely know that status of every credit card, mortgage statement and bill coming in and out of your house. If you can have an alternate email address assigned for statements or when a password changes do this. Get a standalone checking account. Personal finance can advise you on several good online versions. Find out your direct deposit policy and in particular how many cycles it takes to get it changed. My office can do it instantly but my old work, it was like one pay period, and verification time.

Once you've settled on your lawyer you should have them draft two things, a temporary separation agreement and a divorce agreement. The first is so that you can start the process without being accused of abandonment and as a legal separation for things like finances and child support. In negotiation we have a term and that's the "opening window". It basically means setting your terms in a realistic way that you know wont offend your counterpart yet doesn't betray your intended outcome. If you walk into a car dealership and announce, you'll pay five dollars for that 7 series BMW they won't take you seriously, but if you walk in and tell them you're looking to buy and you'd be willing to pay a fair value based on how the test drive goes, you've opened up a window that they may see a possibility through. It's not about fair at this point; it's about getting the best possible deal you can without spooking her. In my case I was willing to accept minor debt and trade home equity for my 401k. To me that was the thing I wanted protected most, and was willing to protect it or trade away other things. She was going to get a portion no doubt, but the portion she got I wanted to minimize. So I offered the house equity in lieu of 401k equity. On paper it looked like a

fair trade, but for me it was future money versus present money. The alternative would be to sell the house and split the equity and other assets equally, which would be disruptive to her and the kids. I had a good bet which she would take. As a skilled negotiator I knew all of the alternatives and had gamed out how it could go.

Sitting across the negotiating table

Now I never got to the point where I needed to pull the trigger but I was damn close. She came to me and saved herself, so I put it on the back shelf. If it had gone down my plan was simple. I was going to serve her myself over lunch at a public place; she was a SAHM. I was going to ask her to get a lawyer and push for arbitration. I was going to make it clear that long legal battles would mean losing the house and disruption for the kids. At this point I would have had my check direct deposit changed and all credit frozen and cards frozen until the separation agreement was met. There would have been cash in the main account for household maintenance and food. For custody I was looking for: kids in school with her, shared weekends and summer with me. My intent was to find a place nearby and be available outside of my travel for work. My goal was to leverage the fact that she's a good mother and we need to keep that as undisrupted as possible.

Every person has their pain points. My wife was a product of divorce, and her biggest fear in life probably stems from this. She absolutely despises uncertainty and no safety net. She told me how embarrassing it was for her to try and buy groceries as a teenager but the credit card her dad gave her was declined. She absolutely fears being in that place in life again and in particular for her kids having to go through that. She blames her mom for that as much as she does her dad, because in her eyes, her mom's constant legal battles fucked her dad to the point he was destitute. It's a powerful negotiating point that was going to be the main focus I highlighted. I intended to use it to mask my biggest risk, garnishment of future earnings. Go into it fully knowing what your risks are, and more importantly what hers are. If she's a stay at home mom, lifestyle maybe her biggest pain point. If she's a career woman, her upward mobility maybe her pain point. If she's a family girl, her reputation with family maybe it. Everyone has it, so know what everyone's is. This is high stakes poker and you need to mask your intentions. She may very well be fair, but once lawyers and bitter divorce girlfriends get involved it can all go to hell.

Be prepared to protect yourself. Get a cheap voice recorder and try to keep all conversations over email or recorded (know your local laws, NJ is a one party consent state). If she becomes hostile, don't stay in the same room alone with her, and don't turn that recorder off. Even in two party consent states, it may get your ass out of a false assault claim. If you have a BPD wife or the like I can't tell you enough how important this aspect is. Do not tread lightly on this one.

My wife came to me in tears. The dread was showing, and more importantly it was *authentic*. A woman's nature is she's a covert communicator and she knew the jig was up because of my actions. I had left emotionally and couldn't 'fake it till I made it' that level of dread. She was genuine about making it work, not compliant. She confessed her lack of involvement and owned up to her faults and actively agreed to fix them. She's near close to the woman I married; kids make that a different proposition, so in the end I'm happy with the outcome.

From my part the deal was pretty clear. Divorce would cost me right out of the gate \$10,000 and most likely about \$100,000 in alimony. I don't consider child support on this one because it's money gone either way. So for me I put two hard years of work into myself and saved \$100,000 grand. Could I

find a better woman? Always. Do I need to? As long as my wife holds her end of the bargain, no. In the end the guys on TRP are correct, the first instinct should always be to *next* a woman. If I wasn't married to my wife it would have been a much simpler value proposition. But I had already made the critical mistake of legally getting married, so now I needed to make the best decision I could, *given the game I was given, not the game I wanted*. In another adventure I found that yes, AWALT; no matter how good they are in bed or what they tell you, all women are the same. They end up pulling the same shit, and giving you the same problems if you aren't on top of your game all the time. So I decided that the wife I was with added the most value to my life. Did I make the right decision? For me, yes. My mission is still intact, and my wife is back to adding to it.

[Notice] Message from the Mod Team on posting!

16 upvotes | November 10, 2016 | /r/MarriedRedPill | [Link](#) | [Reddit Link](#)

This is a reminder to follow the [posting guidelines](#).

If you are new and don't know them, you need to read them. If you are a woman, and don't know them, you need to read them.

For women specifically, you are guests, not part of the team. Your insight is welcome and encouraged, your advice is not.

Mods are not here to be fair, nor is this a democracy. Mods can and will remove posts based on this and *their discretion*. Rule Zero is tantamount, and we are here to keep on point.

[Notice] Message from the Mod team on Posting

8 upvotes | November 10, 2016 | /r/askMRP | [Link](#) | [Reddit Link](#)

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[Theory] Be the Clock Maker, Not the Clock Watcher.

37 upvotes | December 20, 2016 | /r/MarriedRedPill | [Link](#) | [Reddit Link](#)

I must govern the clock, not be governed by it.

Golda Meir

Steven Covey in his great book *The Seven Habits of Highly Effective People* stated that when approaching things in life that are repeated and done often, you should approach it from the standpoint of being a clockmaker, not a clock watcher. You should build systems and processes that simplify the task, instead of watching the clock and spinning along to the time trying to get things done. Simple things like, automatic bill pay instead of writing a check out every month is being a clock maker. r/Mealprepsunday is a great example of being a clock maker. These are all things that maximize effort and minimize time for something you have to do all the time.

Leadership and Course Correction

My wife recently went back to work, after being a stay at home mom for the past 6 years. It was a financial strain, and we made it work but things are much easier now. She has a job working retail management and as such during this time of year it's crazy hours for sure. Between my travel and her work we've had to rearrange some of the household duties to accommodate our new busier life.

One thing I've taken over is groceries. It's a logical fit; I work from home and can get it done during a long lunch. The upside is I have a clearer vision over a large portion of the finances; groceries is the largest outlay second only to the mortgage. I used to give her \$600 a month for groceries for our family of 5. That included cleaning supplies, paper supplies and foodstuffs. Every month she would come to me and complain, "I shop the sales but I'm going to run out again..." She had her budgets and I would tell her to borrow and move stuff around. She would hem and haw, and find some money; not to mention she would go to the store like 8 times a week. We eat organic for the things that count, plus buy meat and fresh veggies, but she complained she could never come in under budget. I started shopping and instead of going to the local chain megamart, I now go to Aldi's, Costco and Walmart. I average right at \$500 a month. I still buy organic whenever possible and have shopping down to once a week.

The other side of her working is I have the kids alone for most of the weekends during the holidays. Not a biggie as they are at the age where they are independent. The most I have to do is feed them, and maintain a schedule. Yet when I'm out of town the house is disheveled, the kids lack discipline, and it takes a whole solid weekend to get everything back on track. My wife is a *doer*. She's not a planner. She's not a clockmaker; she's a clock watcher. So I took a step back and asked, "What can I do to make things run themselves?" The groceries were pretty easy. I'm a process engineer at heart, and have a lot of experience with just in time productions. I built a list, came up with what are essentials for every trip and cleaned out the pantry and reorganized it. I stock everything via FIFO because we were wasting too much food. My wife had a bad habit of, "Oh let me run to the store for it..." because she couldn't find it or wanted something we didn't have. Now, if it's not on the shelf

we don't make it. I even bought shelf stable milk, for back up. There are zero things we need to go back to the store for. I meal plan for the week, including "fast food" for nights when we have practice, and on Sunday I make 3 other meals for the week to heat/reheat. I've installed a chest freezer and have slowly built up a supply of meat and frozen foods from specials and sales. All the while I'm still getting my usual chores done I need to, taking care of the house, bills and cars.

The kids discipline had started to slip, so again back to building a system. My wife has a habit of doing it because it's simpler than coercing and cajoling the kids into it. They're master manipulators and know how to work her pretty bad so it was time to instill some discipline. I got a garbage bag and a big box. I gave them an hour to pick up all the toys and make their beds. If I found any toy out, it was going in the bag and I would give it to good will. The box is a permanent reminder, and has "Good will" written on it. A toy played with and not put away goes into the box. The house is a lot cleaner now, and I maybe missing some things but that's the price to pay. My kids take me serious, because I'm not a victim of their feelings. I do not care if they like me or not in the moment, and don't take them seriously. If I need to throw a few toys out to make a point, they'll be better for it later.

Input from the crew

When we went down the road of this change, I asked my wife "What do you need the most help with?" She had no answer. I was hoping it would be easy but as captain I had to get out in front on this one. I saw the tasks I could off load and quickly did that. In the heat of it, I realized that some of the crew was lacking discipline and we needed a better system to encourage that. As my first officer, she is only capable of so much, ultimately it's still my command to do with as I see fit. Even her lack of comment was not a no-comment. It was simply an affirmation that she *didn't know where to begin*.

In the end I built a better system. Before I had delegated it to the First Officer, and she did ok with what she had. I had suggested lots of things like going to Aldi's and being more consistent working with the kids, but she just wanted to survive in the now. She just wanted to watch the clock and move to the next task when the bell went off.

As Alpha-Providers we accept that there's always room for improvement. Even a well-oiled machine, and battle tested crew needs training, discipline and new ways to do things. You can't expect your first officer to be the one who does these things by her own volition. It's your ship; lead by example sometimes.

A kinder gentler oligarchy... Said no one ever.

48 upvotes | December 23, 2016 | /r/MarriedRedPill | [Link](#) | [Reddit Link](#)

Put's on mod hat....

So there was a great debate on the MMSLP forums being closed down the other day. In particular u/ImSteveMcQueen felt vindicated about some statements he made in the thread and some opinions on how the *tone* of the boards should go.

Every now and then as the cultural memory starts to erode we have to remind ourselves what the mission is here. I personally am here for very basic reasons, rule zero. I come here every day as a way of hitting the mental gym. I watch people fuck up and remind myself, "Don't do that!" or "Hmm that's a good approach I would have never thought of"

This sub, and the r/askMRP sub are *laboratories*. They are not group hug, circle jerk centers designed to make guys feel good for fucking up their marriages to the point of failure. We are not relationshits, askwomenz or any of those kinds of places. This is not a safe space. In fact, we will ban you for tone policing. We call people faggots for a reason. It's harsh, shocking and gets them to think.

"Lift and read" might be the answer to most of the questions that newbies ask, but there is also the application of lift and read that they can be confused about. I don't think that half the posts that get removed should get removed. Ever heard of "there is no such thing as a dumb question" ? I teach from time to time and I can guarantee you that if someone asks a "dumb question" there are 10 more people out there that have the same question that didn't ask it. Are these forums for learning or for moderators to express their dominance ?

So when things like this get posted, I want to reach for the ban hammer. Not because he was questioning the method, but because it's tantamount to *tone policing and concern trolling*. In fact in prepping for this essay I've read the quoted material several times, and more and more it comes off as concern trolling.

Here he opens with, Hey I think such and such is great. Then he presents his concern. "I don't think that half the posts..." Followed by his "Well I teach and I can guarantee.." It was in fact classic concern trolling. Every graduate student worth his salt has had a professor tell him point blank, "Yeah I don't have time for this, this is the basics, go to the *reserve library*" In undergraduate I remember having grad students sit in a class because the prof in question told them, "I'm teaching it today if you really don't understand". In graduate classes I remember sitting in the library with 5 other grad students reading reserve literature, for hours just so we could complete the *homework*.

So if a new guy comes in and threatens to blow up himself, or more importantly *the laboratory* we get heavy handed. "Hey stupid! Don't smoke in front of 2000 gallons of methanol!". I personally employ the 2x4 of love. Men are dense, and ego driven. You have to call out and tear them down to a base level to get them to understand, you are fucking up.

I don't care if you storm off because we weren't nice. I don't care if you don't like our methods. This is a man's laboratory for practical advice on how to get laid. That's it. Just like MMSLP, if we the mods start letting women in, or being kinder and gentler it's tantamount to blowing up the fucking lab. MMSLP has proven that already. Some of us were handpicked from the founding mod, some were elevated because of their fast mastery of the concepts. We rule as an oligarchy, with iron fists

for a reason. Is it the right way? Don't know, but MMSLP sure shows what the wrong way is.

So I say this as a personal challenge, for anyone who wants to take it up with me. Instead of bitching and moaning about the atmosphere, go make yourself better. Go be the best person you can be, and become a fully integrated man. When you've accomplished all that, when you get sex on demand or wake up with her mouth on your cock (rule zero), when your SO will follow you into the gates of hell and only ask, "do I need boots?" you will be accomplished and can have a say in the tone of this board. Until then, quit being a faggot, go read the sidebar and lift.

[Theory] Kintsugi *Highlighting what is broken*

58 upvotes | January 26, 2017 | /r/MarriedRedPill | [Link](#) | [Reddit Link](#)

In Japan, there is an art style born out of necessity. When a pot or prized ceramic piece is broken, instead of throwing it away or discarding it, the piece is repaired with highly ornamental glue of lacquer and gold dust. Sometimes a piece is replaced with another piece from something else, but in the end the result is the same. The new piece is made whole again with its flaws highlighted; even celebrated.

From this, a philosophical style has been born, the philosophy of embracing the imperfect; highlighting the flaw. It can be a powerful tool to win an argument, or even reset the standard thinking.

I Got This

A few years ago, my wife had planned a party for our youngest kids. Like always, she over committed and her planning was off. Sometimes I rescue her; sometimes I let her flail to learn a lesson. At this point I'd determined that she wasn't going to fail and a rescue was not needed. I was doing my usual Saturday morning routine of lawn chores when she came outside and got into command mode, "Go down to [Friends house], and pick up the big coffee pot."

"Um, no thanks. I'm right in the middle of something."

"Don't you see I'm running around like crazy here? You never help me when I need it. I'm trying to do something nice here for the kids."

SHIT TEST! some of the more inexperienced of you may scream. It is of sorts, but let's unpack it in its entirety. Early in the morning I specifically asked her what she needed done. She gets angry at this sometimes partly because she doesn't know but also because she thinks she's got it under control. She rattled off a list of things and how she would tackle it. As a good captain, I offered any tools she may need, and she declined as she had it under control. I repeat, I specifically asked, "What do you need of me?" and she replied, "I think I got it."

Cue to the front yard again and here she is proclaiming she was doing this for *us*. And in her lizard brain she was. Never mind that I didn't ask her too, on top of the fact I had already offered help. Her reaction was *you never when I...*

Now this could have been dismissed as a simple shit test, but what it really was, was bad behavior disguised as a shit test. Bad behavior needs to be dealt with appropriately so that good boundaries are maintained. In this case she needs to learn to ask for help in a timely manner and not demand results when things are going wonky.

So I asked her, "Are you asking me or telling me? Because I would never tell you what to do."

The hamster wheel starts to spin. "Of course I was asking. Do we have to do this now? I'm really busy here"

"Because if you were asking, then I have the right to say yes or no?"

"Really are we doing this now?"

"I'm just asking, do I?"

“Yes you do.” The hamster wheel was now approaching full speed.

“I clearly offered help this morning. You declined. Now I’m in the middle of a project and I’d rather not drop everything. So don’t try to make me feel bad for your poor planning.”

Here’s where she broke down. She saw the error of her way and came close to sobbing. “I forgot about some things... I’m running out of time... I’m sorry, yes you can say no. I didn’t realize you were in the middle of something. I need the coffee pot so I can get it ready before everyone shows up [it takes a while to brew]”

[EDIT FOR CLARITY: I did not get the coffee pot. I finished the work I was doing and at some point I think she went over to said friends house and got it, as it's only a block away.]

Making It Whole Again

The flaw in this pot was the right to say no. It was broken and she was being a bitchy harpy thinking she could go around barking out orders because she fucked up and couldn’t plan. So it needed to be highlighted in a way that she could relate to. Was she asking or demanding? When put on the spot, her own words were “asking”. So I highlighted it by putting it in a context she would relate to, namely I give her choice why was I not allowed the same? I took an ugly broken shard and highlighted it for her to see. This comes up again and again, particularly with the journeymen redpill guys. . They’re just starting to bust through the easy shit tests, they have their technique down pat, and of course she ups the game. Think of it like shit testing for the masters’ class. She knows you’re strong in the moment, but do you have strong frame for those blurry boundaries that go beyond a simple compliance test?

My wife in this moment had clearly passed some boundaries I was not happy with. Namely, don’t treat me like shit because you are being ineffective. I could have been a prick and told her to go pound salt, I could have upped the beta and gave into what potentially was a lightly disguised comfort test, “*You never help me when I need it.*” But I didn’t, instead I chose to focus on the big picture, in this instance being pleasant and asking for real help when you’re in over your head.

The big difference in LTR game is we need to manage the relationship so that it stays mutually beneficial. You can spin a plate, and let it fall if things become untenable. She may demand more time than you are willing to give, she may demand commitment, etc. so now the value proposition has become unbalanced, so you let her drop. It’s a simple solution.

While we maintain that there’s always a walkaway point in an LTR, you do have a real investment. Not just sunk cost, but *future earnings* to think about. In an LTR, that might be your wife being mom to your kids, being a supportive first officer or even being a trusted partner in crime (not partner, maybe trusted sidekick?). At the very least she is a complement to your life. I want people in my life I can trust so I have to nurture and invest in that relationship. Investing in that relationship comes in the form of clear boundaries and a framework for understanding.

So here my wife broke a few boundaries and instead of defending why I was right and she was wrong, I played upon her emotions. I asked her how she would feel if I did the same thing to her. I played to her emotions on the situation, not the facts.

At its heart, this is why DEER (alternatively JADE) fails. It fails in its method, expecting people to see facts, and it fails in its delivery, ignoring the emotion. Your wife is an emotional being, so are you

for that matter. You need to use those emotions to your advantage, not try to bludgeon them away or dismiss them.

My wife broke down, she apologized and came and cried in the crook of my neck. "I'm sorry, I just want this to be nice. We don't spend a lot so I want this to be a nice experience for them."

In the end I think a lot of guys fail because they don't make the leap from being a technician to a master. Sure they can blow a shit test out of the water, or manage a comfort test to a happy conclusion. To be a master is to manage those situations so that boundaries are clearly established and *future behavior* is managed. Whether we like it or not, our lives are intertwined with our women. The technician level thing to do is let plates drop; turn this dial, punch that button, oops not working, mission cancelled. The master level is to manage these situations so that they are easily dealt with, *prior to them happening*. We want to punch the buttons and turn the dials so the machine is humming and running on a high level, not just feed-back but feed-forward control.

The next time you are in the heat of an argument, take this as a learning moment. Don't run from what is broken but instead highlight it and use it to your advantage. Let people's emotions move them to convince themselves of your argument. You can always get compliance, but don't you really want engagement?

Epilogue

We've had several parties since that moment. Things still get out of hand, but two things are noticeably better. She comes to me before hand and asks for her captains input. Things like, *I need to this, this and this...", "Do you think, x, y, z" before she ever starts to execute. She'll also come to me, with humility and ask, "Yeah I fucked up and forgot...". It helps with the things we can affect, and makes the things we can't easier. The machine is running smoother and everyone is happier for it.

Marriage 2.0, when is a marriage successful?

77 upvotes | March 30, 2017 | /r/MarriedRedPill | [Link](#) | [Reddit Link](#)

Success and Coffins

I once heard the phrase, “The only successful marriage is someone standing next to a coffin” and couldn’t help but chuckle in side. The bluepill harpies love to laugh and wallow in the supposed failure when one of our brethren is about to end his marriage. The funny thing is, where’s the failure? In investing there’s the sunk cost fallacy and it applies to life too. It’s a value we discuss often here; we challenge the guys in shitty relationships to not get stuck in it. Yet there are the naysayers laughing at those guys, “Oh look another merp has sabotaged his marriage”

Several threads in the past week or so have discussed the states of marriage. This is a supposition on my part but in one of those threads I posited that probably 80% of marriages are just ok. If you were looking at a bell curve, maybe 10% on either end were extreme. 10% were disasters, and 10% were excellent. But that middle hump is likely just meh. Divorce now stands at 40-50% depending on your source. The supposed positive; Divorce numbers continue to decline, but those numbers are likely skewed. Men and women are living together and marrying less. Men are opting out of marriage, likely due to the penalty of divorce among other things. It’s possible that many of the divorces of the past are not happening simply because people cohabitate, the relationship ends, and they move on. So the question still remains, if you’re marriage (or LTR) ends in divorce was it a failure?

Of course not; that’s simply the attitude of someone who has no outcome independence or abundance mentality. Let me give you a simple analogy. You set up a great vacation, and take the trip of a lifetime. You go to some amazing tropical paradise or old world destination. You eat drink and be merry. One day before the trip is over, your wallet gets stolen. Would you call that trip a failure? Hardly. The end may have sucked, the fallout may have been a pain, but in the end you’ll look back at those pictures and say, “Ohh wow that was incredible. I can’t wait to do it again.”

Vacations and Wallets

I’ve been lucky enough to have three serious relationships in my life. One was in college; she was a fun, party girl who was down for anything. She was the first girl I thought I could see myself with in the long term. The second was a girl I met just out of college. She was finishing up her degree in grad school, I was a young budding engineer, and she really knew how challenge my intellect. To this day she was the wittiest girl I have ever dated, searing, dry and goofy would spill out of her mouth in a matter of seconds. She’d leave you gasping and wondering, ‘was that an insult or was she flirting?’ Currently I’m in my most recent. I met my wife through work and she had a proper resume for being my misses. She was funny, attractive, low n-count, wanted a traditional family; the package. Throw in dating in between, some short term flings and plenty of frogs instead of princesses and you have the sum of UE McGills love life. These were and are still all successful relationships, and to date none have ended with me standing next to a coffin.

I talk to my wife about aspirations for our kids; how to teach them when a relationship has met its natural end. My biggest fault was those early long term relationships probably went on too long because I didn’t know how to say, “yep this has run its course.” I was too invested in the memories of the past and the romanticized version I had in my head. I think especially guys with a nice guy tendency get so invested in trying to fix things that they forget to say “yep, not worth fixing time to

move on and put energy into something else.” I hope that I can impart this on my kids that it’s ok to say “We’ve changed and the relationship is different now and not for the better. Maybe it is time to end it.”

People get caught up in the past; they romanticize it for what it was, and not for what it is. What it ‘is’, is in the past. It will have no ability to change the present from where you are now. It’s like that great vacation where you learned a lot about the world but had your wallet stolen. You may have learned about the Louvre or that Elephants are matriarchal but you also learned to keep your wallet in your front pocket and not advertise it.

My relationships were fundamental in changing me and allowing me to grow to a different point. The girl in college taught me to never go back to a party, the girl early in my career taught me that sometimes someone is too insecure and demanding, no matter how much they make you laugh. My wife has taught me what it means to raise a family and give beyond just you. You know what? I wouldn’t give any of those relationships up, or the experience they provided. So how could I call them failures? If my wife asked me tomorrow for a divorce would it be a failure? Three kids, and at least 15 years of good times would be hard evidence against it.

Backstory to you 2.0

Sometimes people sabotage their marriage. Maybe they sprinkle some alpha on it. Maybe they vetted wrong. Maybe even both partners woke up and went, ‘meh’. Surely that’s not a failure, just a change in the circumstances. I think many people sabotage marriages, jobs and friendships because they just don’t have the courage to stand up and say “This aint working!”

So remember our mission isn’t to save marriages, it’s to save the man. You need to be able to step outside the situation and ask yourself, ‘has this met its natural end or is the value worth me putting effort into it.’ If you embrace abundance mentality you know you can replace the contents of your wallet. You know that you can always look back and remember the fond memories. And you know you can always look back and say, “this is where I learned to do...”

So if you’re miserable and she’s miserable be a leader and end it. There’s no failure in that. Your mission should be and should always be focused on rule zero. If circumstances change, acknowledge and move on. Don’t be afraid of failure, because if you can walk away from something and say “I learned to do xyz” it’s not a failure.

[Theory] The Message is the Message

45 upvotes | April 25, 2017 | /r/MarriedRedPill | [Link](#) | [Reddit Link](#)

Emotion, Not Content

I don't know where I heard it first, maybe it was Redpill, and maybe it was on the NMMNG boards. But it was a pretty simple statement, *the message is the message*. This is a corollary to *watch her actions, don't listen to her words*.

A recent discussion from a thread had a guy new to MRP lamenting that he got a hard no from his wife. Our hero had done well in owning his shit; he kept OI well enough but failed to see an important clue in his wife's behavior. Namely, *the message is the message*.

Two items stick out like a sore thumb. This passage here:

she actually went out of her way to kiss me on the forehead before she headed off to bed last night and said Goodnight?.

And this passage:

Got a "text" from her that next morning while I was lifting that she had sent me an email that she wanted me to read. It was labeled "Trust". 100% hampster. I've checked out the the marriage physically and emotionally...she doesn't want to share anything we me...doesn't Trust me...can't be physical with me if she doesn't Trust me....a dozen examples of where I've failed her and now how she doesn't really even want to talk to me about much of anything except the day-in day out stuff with the kids.

Now I don't expect our hero to pick up on the subtleties of this yet, he's fighting for his life right now, so picking up on this is not a big deal.

Mommy make me feel better

My littlest boy is a quiet, trepidatious kid. He's nervous about doing things like riding his bike or scooter, so when he makes a mistake he tends to get really embarrassed. The other day he was riding his bike, not paying particular attention and ran into a parked car in the drive way. No harm was done but the neighbor across the street saw and started laughing. My son immediately got up and ran crying to his mom. When he's hurt, mentally or physically, he runs to mom for validation. So she did what she always did. She asked him, "What's wrong baby?"

He spewed out what embarrassed him and she promptly *kissed him on the forehead and dismissed him*. Her actions were simple. She validated him and sent him on his way. Her words were one thing, "Ohh baby... what's wrong... I know. Feel better..." but her actions were different; *move along...*

In the second passage, our hero receives a text directing him to go to an email. Again, my favorite pet peeve, text and email are for logistics. I say again, text and *email* are for logistics. Our hero's wife gives him a heartfelt email delving in to the deep crevices of her fee-fees about how she can't trust him, how he's failed her, yada yada yada. If we go back to the original postulate, the message being the message on its surface her message isn't clear. But if we step back and look at it, the message starts to clear up. Here she says, "I want to control the medium; I want to decide when and how to

communicate.

Where does this come from? Maybe the winds of change are becoming obvious to her. Maybe she's checked out of the marriage and this whole email was the equivalent of "I love you but I'm not in love with you," (it is by the way).

So if we go back to the hero's story and look at it for what it is, the reality becomes very clear. Her message is clear, *I'm not invested in this marriage*. She's trying to let him down easy.

What is a hero to do when in these situations? First of all be cognizant of the messages at hand. When your wife gives you a peck on the forehead let that seethe into you, and be a motivator to push the iron at the gym and pencil in the right hand of the ledger.

Leadership is tackled head-on

The second one is a bit more serious and really comes from a lack of leadership. If your wife is so fed up with you, and so disgusted by your actions that she writes you an email, an actual *dear John* letter to tell you how much you disgust her, you've got some major problems that need an immediate reset.

In this case or any for that matter, all emails or texts of the like should be refused upon receipt. "I don't talk about serious marriage issues over email." Full stop. She may hamster and try to rationalize why she needs to do this, but again that's just her controlling the means of communication and therefore controlling the message. The correct answer here is, "If you want to have big girl discussions, we will have it face to face. If it's that important to you for me to address it I expect the courtesy to do it face to face."

Here she complains about trust and this stems from his lack of leadership. Her words were one thing but reality is she doesn't trust him through years of inaction to do what he needs to do.

He could have got her past her hamster by giving her an out, "bring the email and read it to me if you need to."

In the end he had another failure of frame. He kowtowed to her email temper tantrum and replied to it with "noted and received", aka *I accept your frame*. Reality is if he pushed her to tackle these things head on, pushed her out of her comfort zone, he may have started to restore a little of that trust.

I don't mean for this to be a punishment of him or scolding him for his actions, he's new and still learning. More so, it is a reminder for those Journeymen of Married Redpill to watch her actions and remember the message is the message.

A man with no backbone; A treatise on faking it until you make it.

40 upvotes | February 28, 2019 | /r/MarriedRedPill | [Link](#) | [Reddit Link](#)

A man with no backbone; A treatise on faking it until you make it.

73 points • [15 comments](#) • submitted 11 months ago by [UEMcGillIntegrated Male\[M\]](#) to [r/NMMNG](#)

A man with no back bone

There once was a man with no backbone. He went through life as a puddle of meat and flesh. Never ever really able to stand up for himself. Never able to lift the heavy things in life. He was constantly stepped on and walked over. His face and body were dirty with the footsteps of other people.

He decided he wanted a change. So he found the best option he knew he could find. A broomstick. He took that broomstick and thinking to himself, “It’s not a backbone but surely it’s better than not having one at all!” He shoved that broomstick up his ass so far that it went up to the base of his head. It hurt like hell but for the first time ever he could stand up and walk upright.

He started to go through his new life with his new found back bone. At first it was awkward. He looked like he had a stick up his ass. He lurched and wobbled. He was stiff and inflexible. But eventually he began to move a little better. He was able to navigate and move through life a little better each day. He noticed that he wasn’t dirty anymore; people couldn’t walk on him when he was standing up.

Eventually he got pretty good with that stick up his ass. He could lift weights, he could run, he even got a bully to back down. Slowly but surely his back had grown strong and robust. A new backbone had grown around that broomstick. In fact it was stronger than the broomstick and he started to go through life like he always had a backbone.

“What do I need this broomstick for?” He wondered. So one day, with great strength and conviction, he ripped it out of his ass. You know what happened? Nothing. He stood strong and tall, because his new backbone was stronger than the fake one he made.

I don’t know where I first read this, so credit to the author. This is why you fake it till you make it. It will teach you the ways of walking upright and standing up for yourself until you develop the habits you need to do it without thought.

There's no such thing as "Redpill Aware" - Take the first step in owning your shit.

70 upvotes | September 17, 2019 | /r/askMRP | [Link](#) | [Reddit Link](#)

So quit fucking posting shit about this. I don't care if you've been 'aware'.

The classic fucking statement, "Hey I've read [one or two books] and have been redpill aware for 6 months"

Do you know what this is to our Flaired brethren? This is DEER. This is excuses. This is one more feeble attempt at not owning your shit.

When I read it, I read, "Hey guys I'm guilty of fuck-arounditis and have been taking the course work for audit only. Oh and I'm afraid of committing so I've just half-assed a for the past six months."

Life is about grades. You either get A's or you fail. There's no taking the course for Audit and seeing what you feel about it.

If you come to AskMRP and instead say, "Hey guys I'm failing and I don't know why but here's what I've done so far..." you are already starting off on the right foot. Being an integrated man starts with ownership from the first day.

The first step starts with ownership and letting go of your ego.