

It ain't about the towel. Or when women outburst and avoidance of the blame.

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I'm laughing as I write this post. It will be short, because I have another more serious piece to write. This is more a short report and reminder about women's propensity to react to meaningless shit, and inability to be accountable when called on their shit.

I am well aware what I am about to write is a trivial occurrence, but it just made me laugh as I looked on with Red Pill awareness, and another example of part of AWALT.

So, I live with a woman. Yes, yes, I know the fucked up idea of that. However, it was a good rental situation while I save a deposit for a house. We get along fine for the most part, and I'm accepting this is a step toward the next goal. She works, has a decent career and is foreign, so not too bad. We stay out of each other's business.

Today, I'm in the gym. I'm feeling good. Suddenly I get a text from her, which reads;

'Why did you use my personal towel that was hanging on the door!?'

'Why would you use my PERSONAL FUCKING TOWEL? I don't even share towels with my boyfriend. I feel so disrespected'.

Whoa. Ok, female on full retard alert. Lucky my internal locus of control and frame is rock solid. It was like a flash of female psychology running through my mind. Internalize RedPill long enough, and those moments where women break their brains and most guys wonder what happened, will be as easy to deal with as water off your back. Frame control. Nothing bothers you anymore.

Calmly, I replied 'So do I. Do NOT swear at me. Your towel was laying on the floor, so I put it in the wash, thinking it was mine'.

Her - 'I can't find it in the wash'.

Me - 'Lol, I put it in my basket. Nobody has removed your towel and used it. That would be disgusting (laughing emoji)'.

Now, the reason I wanted to post this, is for a second I thought about all the poor guys who would expect an apology or accountability or get all pissy feeling disrespected. In other words, would get frustrated and react and make their life hell.

I laughed to myself, because I knew I wouldn't get an apology. Most women have an ingrained incapacity to own their emotional shit. To simply say 'yeah, I fucked up there', like a man.

Now, had I been fucking this girl I would have gone further.

See, women hate being accountable. I believe because no matter their fuck-ups and emotional retardation, they have a lifetime of simps and blooper fucktards all covering for them. Nobody stands up. I think they have an ingrained thinking pattern of 'aaawww, I don't have to apologise for being a five year old. All the boys are too desperate for me to like them'.

They will only apologise when it's to protect something they want. To protect their feelings. When a guy they are fucking gets fed up with her behavior and soft nexts, or withdraws, or games other women. They think 'omg, he might dump me, or some other bitch have him, or people might find out I'm emotionally retarded'. Then they come back with 'I'm sorry'. It's emotional solipsism at it's finest. They don't apologise out of decency. Out of any evolutionary trace of honour.

This time I assert myself, and call her on her shit. When I'm home I calmly and in a cool manner ask her if this is the towel, and hand it to her. No buying into it, no arguing, no 'you better respect me'. She asks me if I actually took a towel a while back from the cupboard. With a grin and a laugh, I say 'Yeah!'

Fuck. Typical women, call them on their shit and they will dig up something minuscule from the past to

try and put it back on you. Smile, laugh...amused mastery.

Had this been a sexual relationship, I would do a lot more.

As I write this, she texts me from the bedroom 'I'll buy you a new towel tomorrow'. They can't even go face to face. Avoidance of the blame.

Damn right you'll buy me a towel.

I am fully expecting to get roasted in some fashion for this post. It isn't about the towel. It isn't about the incident.

It's just a very small example of understanding that women will barely ever front up and apologise, or own retarded outbursts and emotional reactions. You simply and calmly tell them what not to do, have amused mastery and if a sexual relationship show by action that you don't give a fuck. Never argue.

Never get butthurt.

It isn't about the towel. But I get a new towel.

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