



TODAY ... SHE DRIVES THE MILES

I felt that I should write this, in addition to what I said in my previous post from yesterday -- just to be fair.

I talked about the "skanks" back in my day, in comparison to today's social networking girls whose numbers are no longer written in bathroom stalls, but instead, get posted along with current, or last LOCATION (complete with map), and immediate contact capabilities.

The game they play (both sides) has certainly changed. After giving it additional thought -- I wanted to comment more on the whole meth-momma idea: the loose girl with a car, a job, and a bed to lay her head, who chases after eggplant emojis in her spare time. Like a perverse version of Pokemon, collecting junkie junk.

The role has reversed.

In my day, the guys were the true sluts, chasing after whatever girl they could get. I was one of them, so I can't really stand on any high ground; but, I can say that I learned my lessons the hard way, and I'm still being punished for my mistakes.

Today, it's the girls following in our footsteps: men, and guys, have mostly turned into manboys enslaved by their various vices, or simply ... stupidity and immaturity. Completely emasculated. They have no car, or if they do -- they don't have a valid license or insurance -- and need a girl that can provide transportation. They have vices, some habit they can't support because ... they have no job, or their job, even as a 30 or 40 something, is that of a teenager: something thoughtless that a trained monkey could do.

It's sad.

And these manboys think they're men!

And some women can't bring themselves to resist the opportunity. To play "momma", or "sugar-momma", or "meth-momma" to the available emojis spread out all around her on her daily drives. She doesn't have to sit at home and wait - she can make a username, profile, post her selfie, belfie, velfie, whatever, throw on her location -- and *boing* -- 125 plus pretend "friends" all methed-up, pillied-up, drunk, and hard-up for anything, even a good slumpbuster in need of her own ego stroke.

This new-age manboy has learned how to submit to her will, and feed her need to get what he wants. He pretends to listen, care,

Understand, and stroke her bruised or weak self-esteem. Feeding her Electra complex underlining all of her other issues that create her melodramas.

It's sad really: this dance.

I'll borrow from *The Crow*, and make a change to the quote: the new-age manboy in his inebriated state logs on in search of a local road-whore, and she's the one who brings the "beers" and the "smokes" ... usually forgetting the rubbers at the counter. The manboys get in bitchfests over a good meth-momma, like the skanks of my day used to do over the local guy with the car, job, and need that they could feed. It was always about what someone could get, and that hasn't changed -- it's just that now, the role has reversed in most cases.

In Homeland Park (Anderson, S.C.), a.k.a. Meth Valley, you don't see guys driving around looking for girls: you see the girls cruising for junkies to pick up, but they're not just drivin' blind; they know who they're picking up, who they've scheduled via social media, for the moment, between the others.

It's all too familiar.

The past repeating itself.

The manboys have birthed a veritable douchepocalypse, complete with their own versions of PMS, and catfights. All the while, the evolved skank sits back, absorbing the attention in post-coital bliss, feeling affirmed. And we men, did this to ourselves, by failing our women and daughters.

For me, I chased the wrong girls for the wrong reasons, I caused the women I loved to have to be on their own, minus the fruits of my promises, minus the funds from my labors, or the affection I am capable of. I failed them, just as I did our children -- and ... we are all suffering because of it in some way. I could have -- should have -- been a better man, like the man I am today.

If I had matured faster, and better, while there was still time: a few women would not be out there having to fend for themselves right now. I was part of the problem.

FEBRUARY 2019

VISITATION FOR MAHAFFEY

Sun	Mon	Tue	Wed	Thu	Fri	Sat
					1	2 8AM - 12PM
3 8AM - 12PM	4	5	6	7	8	9 1PM - 5PM
10 1PM - 5PM	11	12	13	14	15	16 8AM - 12PM
17 8AM - 12PM	18	19	20	21	22	23 1PM - 5PM
24 1PM - 5PM	25	26	27	28		

HAPPY VALENTINES DAY