

Preface

Warning! Do not discuss this book in the workplace.

You risk being called into the Human Resources office.

A tongue-lashing may await you, or a permanent blot on your employment record may result.

Do not use the term: tongue-lashing, as it has sexual overtones.

Instead, use the word: reprimand.

Are you frigging kidding me?

We live in a world gone mad with political correctness, where groups claiming to be offended can scream for censorship and compensation. I wrote this intentionally inappropriate book, to test some of our fundamental rights in modern day society. Freedom of thought, freedom of speech, and freedom of the written word which our forefathers fought and died for, are quietly under attack, constantly and insidiously. A nation looking to control the thoughts of its people, will first take control of the country's media, and the reporting of facts will stop. Soon after, they will target social and political satire. Finally, the state run educational system will produce masses, incapable of independent thought, which can be more easily led.

The mere fact that we cannot talk about our specific differences, in places of business or education, is a frightening development. Universities are where understanding is supposed to be developed. You cannot learn something without first examining it, and then discussing your observations.

Civilization appears to be moving farther away from the truth, with each passing generation.

The dome of silence is lowered every time we speak of the observed differences or apparent weaknesses in others. All too often, the group being scrutinized is living in denial, and is offended by the truth. In the worst instances, these offended parties use political correctness to further an agenda.

We are not all the same.

We should be openly talking about human civilization, societies, men, women, and relationships — as nothing may be more important in the grand scheme of things. Diversity makes a species stronger. Nature proves this time and time again, throughout Earth's entire evolutionary process.

Communication leads to thought.

Thought leads to understanding.

Understanding is the key to a better world.

Censorship results in stupidity.

The stupid are easily manipulated.

This book is about relationships — BAD ONES! It should serve as a guide for men of all ages, to help them analyse their relationships, past and present, to find understanding and closure. This work is also very much about humanity's desperate need for increased awareness in both sexes.

There are no mysteries, other than the ones we create for ourselves.

Ms. Creant: The Wrong Doers! was designed to be entertaining while encouraging the reader to ponder the possibilities. It contains more serious messages about education, health, life, happiness, and takes an anti-substance abuse stance. If you want to make better decisions to have a better life, stop escaping, recognize diversionary tactics, and choose to be happy. Your real life will begin the moment you put away childish things.

To the women who read this book, I beg of you, please do not band together to put an end to me. I do not want to end up with a price on my head like Salman Rusdie¹. The book contains many stories which will give you some insight into how men think, and you just may learn something about yourself in the process. If you ever wondered how men talk, and what they say in the man cave, you will find it here.

This tongue-in-cheek styled book is about the worst women I ever knew. Writing about the good ones would be far less interesting. The purpose of this book is to teach guys

¹ Author: The Satanic Verses

how to identify women who are not good for them, give them some information about what makes a woman tick, and guide them through the potential relationship difficulties they could face in each decade of their lives. Hopefully, I can keep some male readers from emasculation and unhappiness.

Since the invention of alcohol, and perhaps before, generations of men have been sitting in bars, barns, garages, and man caves talking about women with other men. Most of the time, you guys consult with acquaintances who do not possess any greater understanding of women, than you already have. After much talk, you resolve little, and head home, still dismayed, to the hot tongue and the cold shoulder.

Ms. Creant is intended to stop the cycle of misinformation, and to give guys a no-holds-barred view of womankind.

We have all had failed relationships where we were left completely in the dark as to why, and exactly where it all went wrong. In writing this book, I learned why some of my relationships ended the way they did. I found closure. I sincerely hope the readers will as well.

This book delves into the choices we make, our learned patterns of behaviour, and the natural selection process which affects us all.

By becoming analytical when looking at your unsuccessful relationships, you can begin to see how you made poor choices, or you might discover there are major flaws in your selection process. You may see when your learned patterns of behaviour emerged, and how they have impacted your life. My failing is obvious. I follow my penis around, doing every beautiful creature which comes my way — and I have been doing this for more than thirty years. I am little more than a life support system for a penis. If she is attractive, I will do her. Then, if I liked it, I would continue to see her for more sex. This always led me into a relationship built on a foundation of nothing but sex. I would look for commonality, only after the sexual relationship had begun. The problem with this approach is you will overlook a great many of her flaws, especially when your blood is diverted away from your brain to your sex glands. You can waste years of your life in this way, before you finally acknowledge — you made a bad decision.

All relationships can trace their roots to hormones.

You have probably noticed one of your buddies panting after a girl. When she says, “Jump!” he asks, “How high?” He is suffering from a hormonal addiction. Yup! We men are affected by hormones too. Just as with any species in the animal kingdom, humans

are addicted to several hormones which drive us to pair up, ultimately leading to procreation. Our base urges are what make us compete for females — which, by the way, are not usually worth the trouble. The female's base urges drive them to putting on displays, which make us take notice of them. The way they dress, and how loudly they laugh, are just two of many signals, which are wired into these competitive beings. You have to have a clear head to make good choices, and hormone release can, quite literally, blur your vision.

The bad news for men everywhere is:

It will not be long before our services are no longer required.

It seems geneticists, are near the point where a human can be created without the need for sperm. Women will be able to have the foetus mature in an artificial womb, thereby preserving their bodies from the ravages of child bearing. Many will opt for this, while others will take the more traditional route, until a time is reached where women question whether there is any point to continuing to produce those troublesome males. A short time later, we men will have gone the way of the Neanderthal. Yes, the male of our species could be heading for extinction. Men are made from an X and a Y chromosome combination, while women are made from a pair of X chromosomes. The male's Y chromosome, although remaining stable for the past twenty-five million years², is not being replenished or upgraded. Whereas, the female X chromosomes are in a constant state of improvement, with each new pairing.

Only the best genetic material from each parent goes into making a baby girl.

A baby boy gets only half of his genetic material upgraded.

A genetic attack on the Y chromosome could put an end to the male of our species.

It could be argued that the female of our species is genetically superior. I believe women know it and believe it, at least on a subconscious level. Since they are the child bearers, they may need to have superior genetics, to deal with all the issues related to producing offspring. I do not know. I am just a guy. Consult with a female geneticist and an obstetrician / gynecologist (OB/GYN) for more information.

Most readers will understand the following analogy: Purchase two identical computers.

² Whitehead Institute for Biomedical Research.

One of them will receive all the recommended updates, while the second will only receive half of those updates. After ten years, it is doubtful the second computer will be of much use, while the first will continue to function well for its age. Now imagine the performance inequality after five thousand years — or twenty-five million years. This is a terrifying concept with equally terrifying implications. Ultimately, somewhere in the future, we boys will get the big handshake, perhaps with a gold watch, and a thank you card, as we become a distant memory.

Thank you for conquering the planet for us and keeping us safe, but we can take it from here.

We will remember you fondly.

There is another way of viewing these observations, which I endorse. On the opposite side, one could argue men are nearly perfect, and have been perfect all along. We do not require as much genetic improvement as our female counterparts. Maybe it is the female of the species which is flawed, and in need of all this upgrading. Anytime you are bored, have this conversation with a woman — you will not be bored for long.

My promotional products in support of the book will have the following sayings, one for each sex:

- XX Genetics proves WOMEN are evolving 50% faster than MEN!
- XY Genetics proves MEN need 50% fewer genetic upgrades than WOMEN!

To produce a proven scientific fact, it requires completed experiments, which produce an irrefutable result. When it comes to men and women interacting, we are still in the observation stage, so my findings are at best, a humorous hypothesis.

“THE BATTLE OF THE SEXES” rages on — and we men are losing.

Take some consolation in knowing, both life and women, are more predictable than you think.