

Zero Ten for Men

A Survival Guide for Men living with Women

For those **Males who choose** or through circumstance, find themselves in a predominantly **Female habitat**. There is a **code of conduct** that if not adhered to will result in a probable slow **agonizing neutering of parts**, a few that are vitally important to your **manliness**. This code is a **guide only**; its mantra **designed to override** your reptilian brain. Anything else is futile in respect **to your survival**.

Zero. The basis of limitless life, it's the circle of creation and existence. All things revolve on in around it. The following is not a linier template. You will rotate on its axis and learn to dance like a nimble footed ferret on hot cinders.



One. You will sit down to urinate, eventually. To pee with the lid up, is every males right and power position. But reminders to drop lid, stop spray, cease dribble, become constant chattering, inside your skull. You are being broken down, conditioned and remoulded. No one wants to clean up your man mess, especially you. 'Thou will sit'.



Two. Never ever assume while you're sitting, that the roll has been replaced. Sitting has a by-product of eliciting the urge to defecate. To crap with no paper is culturally fine in many cultures but if you are not residing in such a space, then the urge to check must override the urge to evacuate.



Three. Out of every four weeks, you may have three weeks of relative peace. Due to hormonal activity, your sanity will be tested bent stretched and sorely twisted. If there is more than one female in the habitat, they are apt to mirror each other's cycle. Find a hobby fast and learn to crouch, roll and avoid.



Four. If there are four in the habitat, including you, get it through your thick man skull fast. You are outnumbered, outgunned and out of the secret sisterhood code. Your caveman comrades handed down the skills to survive anything, that's why you are here. However, grunting and club wielding aint gonna cut it anymore. Watch observe and learn their ways then join in the play, as only a lone wolf can.



Five. You're halfway there. Remember the salient parts of your training. Rotate, sit, check, crouch, observe.



Six. At least every six months, there will be some significant anniversary of some sort. They are bad at maps but do not ever underestimate their ability when it comes to dates. Dates are seared into their minds; you would remember a birth date, if you had the balls to do it. Realize that you're really good at maps and practical stuff, but if you want your own date protected, write them in your man diary.



Seven. Itches are very real and you will scratch, and most probably be scratched, a lot. Babies become itchy children, scratchy teenagers, and rash ridden adults. Adults become fired up upstarts, hormonal harridans and middle aged maniacs. If you have retained any sensibilities or fleeting memories of who you once were, eject them now, right now.



Eight. It's at this stage when you must be at your very best; you have survived, albeit with scars. Four has become eight overnight, it seems. You are now completely surrounded and all the training appears to desert you when you need it most. The multiplication of female influence has just begun in fresh newborn form and your head is spinning. Remember to dig deep and stand tall and strong, as the amazing Feman, you have truly become.



Nine. A cat has nine lives, you don't. You will be given many lives if you are still accepted into the habitat. By now you are within the sisterhood and have been allowed to consume the secret sister business stuff. You are fully fledged and have been there at each life stage, you are privileged. But don't ever let your reptile brain; override your smart panther sharpness and intelligence.



Ten. Your home, you made it through it all and then some. It's now time to reflect, rejoice and right royally give yourself a well-deserved long luxurious bubble bath. You're a rare breed, a club of knowing dudes who have shared a habitat with women and survived to tell the story. Your privileged to have been in their company and as you lay back with your battle ships at the ready, your bath of bubbles begins to boil and hiss.

