

## Dear Kryptonian:

## I read this passage:

know exactly how that guy feels....knowing I am invisible to women and will never get laid has made me hate ALL women with a passion that scares me

Not fifteen minutes after having sex with an on-again off-again ho' that I find useful for such things.

I should point out that there's nothing wrong with her. She's extremely nice and quite physically attractive. The angst I feel, at the need to debase myself with such women, is an issue that is internal to me. I find it hard not to hate myself for needing the use of such people. That doesn't stop me, sadly. I have another date with her planned tomorrow.

This is an epistemic dilemma, of sorts. Do you have faith in the knowledge that women are all hoez, and accept this, only to find your life meaningless (my position), or do you abstain from women, holding out hope that you'll find a unicorn, only to become embittered (your position) when one doesn't arrive. Life is full of these funny contradictions, and I don't have an answer.

Boxer