

Sex (or lack thereof) and the small town

Less, Genuinelyclue

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“Pseudonyms are so much more fun when they’re descriptive”

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Prepreface, the nitty gritty

This “book” has been typeset in L^AT_EX and released under a creative commons license. Please respect it, or, a plague on your home shall be cursed. That is all. Or probably not.

I would love to hear feedback, good and bad. No, I am not too good with bad feedback, so please stick to the “Oh, you’re so amazingly funny” ones. Thanks. You’ve been warned.

If you’ve not noticed yet, I will generally make up words that sound legitimate enough while attempting to say something. Don’t waste your time with a dictionary.

This “book” is intended for mature audiences only. Well, not really, considering otherwise I sure as hell would have to write with my eyes wide shut. But I figured, saying that would make way more people want to read it. You’re reading this now, aren’t you?

No animals or people were harmed in the preparation of this “book”. Well, not seriously anyway. Well, at least not seriously physically anyway. Well.. oh well, ok, some animals or people might have been hurt in the preparation of this “book”.

I know you’re tired of me calling it “book”. So we’ll stick to body-of-work, or treatise instead.

Hey, you asked for it.

Preface

I begin writing this on a bus. No, it's not like some brilliant insight into the working of the universe suddenly dawned on me and I HAD to jot it down before I forgot. I've had these thoughts in my head for quite a while now, but I just dropped my computer, and decided to turn it on to see if it was still working, and figured I'd start this while it was up.

This is a journey toward a treatise on human behaviour, especially focusing human relationships. (You heard right, I said treatise. Not random guy's two cents, a treatise. One day, random guy's two cents will be based on words of wisdom stolen from here.) I'm sure there are several other such bodies of work written by trained psychologists and more qualified people who've actually been, interacted with, and experienced people. But this one's different.

What's unique about all of this, is the general level of the author's cluelessness which will also, hopefully, lend to its charm. All of this is from the eyes of the least human person you're ever likely to know, and the least experienced with interpersonal relationships, of any sort. I feel that gives me a rather unique perspective, as an unbiased third party who's just meticulously observed other people do their thang. (Yes, I said thang.) From little to no input, I am going to extrapolate (rather erroneously) the fundamental truth underlying these and related mysteries.

I recently had the pleasure (read extreme need caused by complicated exams) to read one of the coolest books I'd say ever written. And the fact is, the authors knew this. And they weren't particularly afraid of flaunting it. It's right there in the preface, (vaguely paraphrased from memory) "this treatise contains everything known and worth knowing related to this field at this point of of time". I am not saying this work aims to be anything of that sort in this area, but I'm not saying "no, it isn't" either.

I have to admit, in the recent past I've become an ardent fan of Sex and the City. I got my hands on a bunch of DVDs, and I am somewhere through the fourth season right now. A bulk of this is inspired by, if not blatantly ripped off from, insights brought to my attention through the show.

If you're standing and reading this at a store, please remember buying this is the only true way of sending me love. If that's not your thing, go ahead, be the leecher that you are. Your conscience will forever nag you. No portion (no, not even 1.3324%) of what I make from this goes to support UNICEF or anything else truly worthy. However, you do realize I could have easily come up with a break-your-heart "But can't you imagine our cute little bald Timmy smiling after intensive (and expensive) chemotherapy (which you helped pay for)?" sort of story if I reeeally wanted to, don't you?

Do not make me go down that road. Conning people to make a living is not what I do, usually.

However crude and simplistic this might seem to you, it did cost money and time to prepare it. Ok, I'm kidding, no money, just time. But you can't "pay me lost time" can you? I didn't think so either. So if you like what you see, and would like to see more of it, help me eat for the day.

You are kind, generous, and have positively delightful taste.

Yes, I'm serious.

Well, not really, I'm willing to fake seriousness to get you to buy me. Which naturally leads us to the first chapter, *Fear, Compromise and Outright Faking*.

(What? You're still in the store? Buy me before you turn the page, or, you know, a plague on your home shall be cursed.)

Chapter 1

Landing low

Raz picked and pulled at the loose ropes and flapping flysheet of his tent as he considered how to arrange them. The wind was cold, and so were his fingers...

Chapter 2

In a quiet bar

The road into town was crowded with travellers: the traffic seemed to be mostly holidaymakers, but there were supply vehicles from a dozen corporations...