

CHILD

He:

A human being with whom, once, a reasonable speech will be possible. But when he grows up, he will tell me:
„But father, there is not a reasonable speech with you.“

A person, who will take care of me when I will get old.

She:

A child is something, what I feed, I lull it to sleep, I dress it, take care of it, swing it, and guard it by the night.

I do it, so that their father then could tutor this fed, relaxed, well-dressed, nursed, and guarded being by some important words of theirs.

Child is a human being that kicks me twice in my lifetime.

EQUALITY OF RIGHTS

He:

Why not?

I am proud of my wife: at the workplace she perfectly handles the numbers, technologies, projects, at home she keeps the household, children, and me.

I am proud of my wife: she is self-sufficient, she could deal with everything. I do not limit her in anything.

I supply her with a few pieces of advices, and help her to keep the maintenance of her life because she is so sweetly gorgeous helpless goose, who needs me so desperately... .

She:

I am educated. I have a job. I can think, I know how to make decisions, I am well oriented in the world. I did everything so that I would not be a burden to a man. I am sufficiently equipped for to stand on my own feet. In order to enable him to leave me easily, painlessly and without the slightest reproach. The same is valid vice versa.

ERECTILE DYSFUNCTION

He:

Until yet?

Every meeting is like a roulette when I watch full of tension the running ball:

Will I win today a million, or will I go away as a poor man?

It is important that impotence comes after the second child's birth, not after the first one.

This timing is important because having two children, I have a guarantee that at least one of them will take care of me in my old age.

ERECTILE DYSFUNCTION

She:

So what.

This is not at all important. There are plenty of holes in the billiard table and many players can play at the table.

There are so many things that are more important, but he does not want to understand it.

He thinks he can see himself with her eyes, but the eyes of her see something totally different.

„Do not you forget?" asks he after the stormy night full of fanfare.

„I will not forget“, whispers a woman.

We really will not forget: but that gentle touch of hands over the morning when the blackbird was heard in the garden.

FUTURE

He:

The only way how to bear the present time.

A time when I will be that one who I want to be.

A time, when everything will be finally different.

When I will show all of you what you yet have not seen.

She:

It's time when I'm going to be what I do not want to be. It will be only my time I will spend on myself.

I will not limit myself and will not allow others to interfere with what I wanted and I didn't get, because I make your interest as my first. It's pity that at that time, I will be already not young enough and I will not have the same time amount available.

Now I know my lifetime was meant only to me.

What I would give now to get back in time and armed with the experiences I have now.

LOVE

He:

I asked every woman what it is?

One talked about the trust, the other one about the tenderness, the third one about eroticism, the fourth about solidarity ...

Every one of them talked about something else.

How can a male who is by nature a logical and systematical being have confidence in something, what has the only definition: Love is anything that lives only in a woman's imagination.

This is the logical conclusion that there is no love for the other person.

There is only what I feel for myself.

LOVE

She:

A man loves a woman "because" but she loves him "despite the fact that ..."

I have inside of me a huge energy rising when I see a counterpart of what absents in me.

Love is an avalanche of intensive emotions.

It has the power to multiply itself due going there and back. It is an electricity that transforms itself into an energy of warmth.

You are a winner when you were born to those, who loved you enough to teach you: you have to love yourself first. Parents who were happy to have you did beware you don't look for love by others. Everyone loves themselves exclusively, therefore they don't speak about it.

Only when you love yourself, you will be loved by others.

For men, the love is only a word.

MONEY

He:

Materialization of my qualities. My certainty, assurance, my freedom, my power.

As more money I have, the more my opinion is important and the more my word is valid.

I spend only for what I need a for what I regard as worthy of spending. Money is a masculine matter.

Money does not belong in the hands of women.

What is yours, that is mine, too.

And what is mine, it is out of your competence, your touch.

It makes me nervous when I hear any woman speaking about money.

Money does not make a person happy and their lack even less.

MONEY

She:

Money has a magic power.

My income disappears any strange way earlier than the monetary input of my husband gets into the family budget. My family regards my money, my income as an automatic investment for the well-being of everyone involved.

Until they are not spending all of my income on their needs, no one is interested in what remains from it to me, for my needs.

The absence of money enforces people to make whatever.

I do not want to imagine the day I will learn that my family behind my back functioned according to the rule telling them, that what is mine is naturally their too, but what is theirs, is out of my matter.