



DIARY OF A BADDIE

with
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The bar was on the floor and he still tripped over it



Dear Diary,

We need to talk about a specific kind of pain. Not the pain of losing someone extraordinary. Not the slow, cinematic devastation of a situation that has potential. Not even the classic heartbreak that at least comes with a respectable backstory. The pain I am referring to is the uniquely humiliating, soul-rearranging experience of getting played by a man you lowered your standards for.

That particular flavour of embarrassment deserves its own support group, complete with a strong whisky menu. Because how exactly do you explain it with a straight face? "Ladies and gentlemen, I regret to inform you that I was doing charity work and the beneficiary still disrespected me."

Women who have been here know the story. You did not meet him at your level. You took the elevator several floors down, did a quick needs assessment, identified the gaps and convinced

yourself at 2am that the project was manageable. Yes, the baseline was low, but with the right investment, patience, and the correct amount of unbothered feminine energy applied consistently over time, you would see results. You lowered the bar so far it was practically a tripping hazard on the ground floor.

And still, this man found a way to limbo under it.

You ignored the red flags. You extended patience. You even gave him three emotional discount codes in the noble spirit of seeing "potential." And somehow, through a miracle of male audacity, the entire arrangement went to his head. Hello, short kings! Suddenly the man who entered the situation as a small community development project wakes up behaving as a seasoned CEO.

Now, women are generous creatures. Ahem. Sometimes dangerously so. We meet a man who is a little rough around the edges, a little emotionally underdeveloped, perhaps still installing basic communication soft-

ware, and we think; alright, let us give him a chance. We convince ourselves that love is not only about who someone is today but about who they might eventually become. Before long, we realise we are accidentally running a rehabilitation centre.

You start explaining away behaviour you would never tolerate under normal circumstances. "Oh, he is still figuring himself out." "He has been through a lot." "He is just not used to someone

who communicates this clearly." You are literally offering free emotional consulting services to a grown man who should have arrived with basic software already installed.

And what does he do? He RSVPs. Shows up. Eats the food. The END!

Some men have a remarkable ability to misinterpret entire relationships. They mistake patience for admiration and interpret a woman giving them

a chance as confirmation that they were the prize all along. So instead of humility, the ego expands. Instead of gratitude, entitlement moves in and redecorates. The audacity compounds like interest rate in a bad economy. The man you were gently helping evolve begins behaving as though he upgraded you.

The bar you lowered out of compassion is entirely different in his mind. He assumes it was always meant to be that low. Now

he is moving with the confidence of a man who has forgotten the original terms and conditions of admission. He has opinions, attitude, and the casual "what is for dinner?" as if he did not enter the room through the humanitarian corridor. At this point, the lessons learnt section remains blank. Not because there are no lessons, but because the woman is still standing in the field like a project manager whose entire intervention has collapsed during midterm review.

But perhaps the real lesson here is not about men at all. Women who are collectors of bad decisions, always collect bad decisions. Before long, another low bar jama will enter her DMs and she will think to herself, maybe this one is different. At least he has abs in his profile picture only to realise 10 send-me-nudes later that the abs were from 20 years ago before the *kafunda* married him.

Dear Baddie, the red flags are not decorative! Stay woke.

XoXo

—TheKat