

DAUGHTER OF THE MAN

ONE PAGE BOOK

V1.0

MSK

Foreword

Society has a well-defined path for us: You are expected to grow up, build a career, get married, and become a contributing member of society. Like everyone else, I spent years living under these expectations.

For years, I witnessed narratives in which men were portrayed as the guilty ones and women as the victims in marital relationships. And, of course, I believed them.

Until it happened to me.

I was subjected to disrespect and indecency by the very people I trusted most. In truth, no one even bothered to ask what had really happened. The role assigned to me was simply that of the guilty one.

I was told to remain silent. I was told that those who were right had no need to speak. Yet those who spoke were the ones believed. How could such a contradiction exist?

What troubled me most was the thought that my daughter, the most precious gift to emerge from the greatest mistake of my life, might be left with a false image of me.

I did not want her to discover the truth only after I was gone. Because being proven right too late is no longer quite the same as justice.

But if we remain silent, if we never speak about what we have experienced, how can anyone learn from it? How can we free ourselves from discrimination and the social conventions that perpetuate it? How can we become truly equal, fair, respectful, and free human beings?

That is why I turned everything I could not express through words into a book, a single-page account of a true story. I wrote it so that no one would ever treat another with disrespect, and so that what I experienced would not happen again.

I dedicate this book to those who choose to be equal human beings without hiding behind discrimination; those who freely forge their own paths, respect others, and strive to make a positive difference in the world.

MSK

THE MAN'S DAUGHTER

The First and Last Chapter

“How can you call yourself a man!” the man said. “Fuck this marriage!”
“I'm not coming,” said his daughter. “I'm not giving her up.”
“If it's written on your forehead, then go ahead and die,” said the woman. “Women always win.”

How could they?.. What were they saying?.. I had been blind. I had been a fool. I had been deceived.

After years of trusting them to the very end, entrusting them with everything I had, and allowing them to spend only a quarter of what was rightfully ours in their world where they were always right, I finally came face to face with:
A profound, calculated, utterly degrading form of disrespect that shakes a person to their very core.

I explained, over and over again, how and why I had been so deeply wounded...
“No,” she said.
I explained again...
“What woman?” she asked.
I kept explaining...
A wall.

I was crushed beneath the weight of knowing that I would never be able to explain myself, never be understood, never find common ground. I became furious…

After all, no one ever bothered to look at the reasons or the truth. I was simply the angry one.

It wasn't worth the rage, nor was it worth taking anything back. She was the daughter of a man from that other, distant world. She stood by him. She was not mine, could never be mine, and all they needed was a man to blame.

What I had accomplished meant nothing to them. Anything beyond holding a salaried job was meaningless. My achievements and earnings, however, were theirs by right.

“Did you ask my daughter before quitting your job with social security?” the man said. “Then hire yourself a dishwasher!”
These were educators.

Life partners. How?.. Me?..

I felt so utterly degraded…

Bow your head. Accept it. Stay silent. Become ill that way, and die.

That was what they expected.
Wait…

In fact, they had already fulfilled their purpose in my life.

If nothing else, they taught me just how precious the love, respect, care, and support of a true life partner could be. They showed me that being a man has nothing to do with age, but everything to do with character.

“An art born from my inability to forget the woman's mocking laughter!”

That was how they made me begin.

And the only precious reason I cannot bring myself to regret any of these experiences was you, my Diamond.
My precious daughter.

There.I have written it. And now, at last, I am silent. Not because I was in the wrong.

One page was enough for all of them.
This book ends here.

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