

I hate men.

There, I've said it. I know you're not supposed to say it. We all pretend we don't hate them; we all tell ourselves we don't hate them. But I'm calling it. I'm standing here on this soapbox, and I'm saying it.

I. Hate. Men.

I mean, think about it. They're just *awful*. I hate how selfish they are. How they take up so much space, assuming it's always theirs to take. How they spread out their legs on public transport, like their balls need regular airing to stop them developing damp. I hate how they basically scent mark anywhere they enter to make it work for them. Putting on the music *they* want to listen to the moment they arrive at any house party, and always taking the nicest chair. How they touch your stuff instead of just looking; even tweak the furniture arrangement to make it most comfortable for them. All without asking first—*never* asking first.

I hate how they think their interests are more important than yours—even though twice a week all most of them do is watch a bunch of strangers kick a circle around a piece of lawn and sulk if the circle doesn't go in the right place. And how bored they look if you ever try to introduce them to a film, a band, or even a freaking YouTube clip, before you've even pressed Play.

I hate their *endless* arrogance. I hate how they interrupt you and then apologize for it but carry on talking anyway. How they ask you a question but then check your answer afterward. I hate how they can never do one piece of housework without telling you about it. I hate how they literally cannot handle being driven in a car by a woman, even if they're terrible drivers themselves. I hate how they all think they're fucking incredible at grilling meat on barbecues. The sun comes out and man must light fire and not let woman anywhere near the meat. Dumping blackened bits of chicken onto our plates along with the whiff of a burp from their beer breath, acting all caveman, like we're supposed to find it *cute* that we may now get salmonella and that we're going to have to do all the washing up.

I hate how I'm quite scared of them. I hate the collective noise of them when they're in a big group. The tribal *wahey*-ing, like they all swap their IQs for extra testosterone when they swarm together. How, if you're sitting alone on an empty train, they always come and deliberately sit next to you en masse, and talk extra loudly about macho nonsense, apparently to impress you. I hate the way they look at you when you walk past—automatically judging your screwability the moment they see you. Telling you to smile if you dare look anything other than delighted about living with stuff like this constantly fucking happening to you.

I hate how hard they are to love. How many of them actually, truly, think the way to your heart is sending you a selfie of them tugging themselves, hairy ball sack very much still in shot. I hate how they have sex. How they shove their fingers into you, thinking it's going to achieve anything. Jabbing their unwashed hands into your dry vagina, prodding about like they're checking for prostate cancer, then wondering why you now have BV and you still haven't come. Have *none* of them read a sex manual? Seriously? None of them? And I hate how they hate you

a little just after they've finished. How even the nice ones lie there with cold eyes, pretending to cuddle, but clearly desperate to get as far away from you as possible.

I hate how it's never equal. How they expect you to do all the emotional labor and then get upset when you're the more stressed-out one. I hate how they never understand you, no matter how hard they try, although, let's be honest here, they never actually try that hard. And I hate how you're always exhausting yourself trying to explain even the most basic of your rational emotional responses to their bored face.

I hate how every single last one of them has issues with their father.

And do you know what I hate most of all?

That despite this, despite all this disdain, I still *fancy* men. And I still want them to fancy me, to want me, to *love* me. I hate myself for how much I want them. Why do I still fancy men so much? What's wrong with me? Why are they all so broken? Am I broken for still wanting to be with one, even after everything? I should be alone. That's the only healthy way to be. BUT I DON'T WANT TO BE ALONE. I hate men, that's the problem. GOD I HATE THEM SO MUCH—they're so entitled and broken and lazy and wrong and...and...

Hang on...

My phone.

HE MESSAGED BACK!!!

WITH A KISS ON THE END!

Never mind.

Forget I said anything. It's all good.

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