

Wolves in the skins of the victim.

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Somehow at the institute met a classmate in the subway. They stood, talked, reached the topics of strength and production and other ways to achieve the desired. She says: And I'm weak.

Bierre Madama, in his 20, with an angelic appearance, burgled with meat into the goal - weak. And the main thing that I said so with force, defended. At my criticism, I defended the opposite, with arguments and other things, and no - weak and all.

In zero it was a single unique instance. Now - Fashion. Couples read the beneficity of being a disadvantaged, weak minority. Not in terms of sexual and other things, but just as a fact.

If in zero minority is an insult. In the tenths - the meme was about uniqueness. Now now - all unique, therefore minority, and weak. Odineshini, in one tooth falling in the mouth of the army of rescuers and arranging the crusade on the wondered word to say.

Why do they deny weakness? Being close to the weak nice. You feel strong. Because next to such wolves in sheep skins you feel - there is no weakness there. There is no material substrate of suffering. Yes, and no mental. Just the skin on the wolf.