

# THE ABSURDITIES OF BEING A FATHER

A TIRED, HONEST, AND SLIGHTLY UNCOMFORTABLE  
OBSERVATION OF EVERYDAY FATHERHOOD



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# INTRO

Nobody really tells you what becoming a father is going to feel like.

They tell you facts.

They tell you numbers.

They tell you milestones measured in weeks, months, and vague animal comparisons.

What they don't tell you is that fatherhood is mostly a series of small, daily absurdities stacked so tightly together that you stop noticing how strange your life has become.

At some point you realize you haven't finished a thought in three years.

Not because you're busy.

Because your brain learned that finishing thoughts is a luxury hobby.

Fatherhood does not arrive with wisdom.

It arrives with noise.

It arrives with opinions from people who haven't been awake since 2014.

It arrives with instructions that contradict each other so perfectly they could be art.

And somewhere in the middle of all this, you are expected to feel grateful at all times.

You are expected to glow.

You are expected to say things like "it's all worth it" without specifying what "it" refers to.

No one warns you that becoming a father means becoming a background character in your own house.

You still live there.

Your name is still on documents.

But your primary function quietly shifts into "available adult."

An adult who can lift things.

An adult who can drive.

An adult who can absorb blame without escalating the situation.

This book is not here to explain fatherhood.

Explanation suggests clarity.

Clarity suggests control.

Fatherhood offers neither.

This book is here to observe.

To stand slightly to the side and note how strange it is that you now know the exact sound difference between “I’m fine” and “I am absolutely not fine,” and neither of them actually mean what they say.

To notice how your standards slowly recalibrate until phrases like “at least no one is crying” feel like genuine success.

To admit that love and exhaustion can exist at the same time without canceling each other out.

- You love your child more than anything.
- You also fantasize about silence in ways that concern you.
- Both statements are true.

Fatherhood is not a heroic journey.

It is an ongoing negotiation with reality, sleep deprivation, and furniture designed to hurt you specifically.

It is discovering that you have strong opinions about snacks you do not eat.

It is learning that time no longer moves forward—it collapses.

Days are long.

Years are gone.

And somehow, in between spilled juice, unfinished conversations, and the quiet panic of Googling things at 3:17 a.m., you become someone else.

Not better.

Not worse.

Just permanently adjusted.

This is a book for fathers who are tired of pretending this is all very simple.

For fathers who are doing their best and still feel like they're improvising badly.

For fathers who know that the hardest part isn't the big dramatic moments.

It's the endless middle.

- The middle of the night.
- The middle of the argument you didn't start.
- The middle of a sentence you will never finish.

If you are looking for advice, you are in the wrong place.

If you are looking for reassurance, you might accidentally find some—but it won't be labeled.

If you are looking for someone to calmly point at the chaos and say, "Yes. This is exactly as ridiculous as you think it is," then you are exactly where you should be.

This is not a guide.

It's a mirror.

A slightly tired one.

# Chapter 1 - The Moment You Realize You Are No Longer the Main Character

There is a very specific moment when you stop being the protagonist of your own life.

It doesn't arrive dramatically.

No music.

No internal monologue delivered with confidence.

It arrives quietly, disguised as responsibility.

At first, you still think you're in the story.

You think you're a central figure who just happens to have a child now.

A hero with a side quest.

A man with a plot twist.

Then one day you catch yourself waiting.

Waiting to speak.

Waiting to sit.

Waiting to finish a sentence.

And no one told you to wait.

You just did.

That's when it starts to sink in.

Fatherhood does not remove you from the narrative entirely.  
It simply moves you slightly out of frame.

You're still there.

You're just no longer what the camera is focused on.

Your role becomes subtle.

Supportive.

Reactive.

Emotionally load-bearing.

You begin to exist in service moments.

Moments that are never announced but always required.

- Someone needs help immediately.
- Someone is crying for reasons that cannot be articulated.
- Someone has lost something that was in their hand thirty seconds ago.

And you respond automatically.

Not heroically.

Efficiently.

The world slowly trains you to become useful instead of interesting.

Your preferences fade first.