

**MAX PARADOX**



**THE ABSURDITIES  
OF BEING A LAWYER**



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# INTRO

Nobody becomes a lawyer because it looks peaceful.

People say they chose law because they like order, logic, rules.

This is a lie they learn early and repeat often.

Mostly to relatives.

Mostly at holidays.

Mostly while holding a drink strong enough to blur memory.

Law is not order.

Law is controlled chaos with footnotes.

Law is arguments about commas that determine the fate of actual humans.

Law is pretending that words written by tired people decades ago are still perfectly clear today.

You don't enter this profession to help people.

You enter it to survive a system that already decided it will not help anyone without resistance.

At the beginning, everything sounds noble.

Justice.

Truth.

Rights.

Responsibility.

These words appear a lot.

Mostly in speeches.

Mostly in marketing materials.

Mostly before you see your first invoice rejected because the font was wrong.

Very quickly, you learn the real vocabulary.

Deadlines.

Liability.

Risk.

Interpretation.

And the most important one: "It depends."

Lawyers do not answer questions.

They circle them.

They surround them.

They weaken them emotionally.

Then they say "it depends" and wait for silence to do the rest.

- You will be asked for a simple answer to a complicated question.

- You will give a complicated answer to a simple question.
- Everyone will be unhappy, including you.

This book is not about the law.

The law doesn't need another explanation.

It already has too many.

Some of them contradict each other, which feels on brand.

This book is about the life around the law.

The rituals.

The habits.

The quiet insanity that settles in after years of pretending this is normal.

It is about the emails sent at 22:47 marked as "not urgent."

It is about documents labeled

"final\_v7\_REALLY\_FINAL\_THIS\_TIME."

It is about meetings that exist only to confirm that nobody knows who decides.

It is about the peculiar confidence required to say "this is clear" about something that clearly is not.

And the even greater confidence required to say it in front of another lawyer.

- You will argue with someone who agrees with you, but uses different words.

- You will disagree with someone who is technically correct but emotionally wrong.
- You will bill time for both conversations.

There is a special fatigue that comes with law.

Not physical.

Not even mental.

It is linguistic fatigue.

The exhaustion of knowing that every sentence can be attacked.

That every word can be interpreted.

That silence is also a statement, but only when convenient.

You stop speaking normally.

You start qualifying everything.

Not "yes."

"Yes, provided that..."

Not "no."

"No, unless..."

Not "maybe."

"Subject to further analysis."

- You will forget how regular people talk.
- You will notice it only when they stop listening.
- You will assume it is their fault.

Lawyers love precision.

Except when it is dangerous.

Then they love ambiguity.

Especially when it can be invoiced hourly.

They complain constantly.

About clients.

About courts.

About other lawyers.

About the system.

They will also defend the system with surprising passion the moment an outsider criticizes it.

- You are allowed to hate this profession.
- Others are not.
- This rule is never written anywhere, but strictly enforced.

This book does not offer solutions.

There are none that would survive peer review.

It does not give advice.

You already ignore enough of that.

It simply observes.

Quietly.

Relentlessly.

If you are a lawyer, you will recognize yourself.

Often sooner than you would like.

If you are not, you may finally understand why the answer was never "yes" or "no."

And why the bill was still sent.

# Chapter 1 - The Noble Idea That Ruined Everything

Nobody tells you the exact moment when the idea forms.

It doesn't arrive dramatically.

There is no lightning.

No internal voice saying: *this will cost you your soul.*

It usually appears quietly, disguised as intelligence.

You are young enough to believe that complexity equals importance.

You are tired enough to think difficulty must mean value.

You are confident enough to assume you will be the exception.

Law presents itself as a test.

A challenge.

A proof of capability.

A polite way of asking: *Are you smart enough to suffer productively?*

You say yes before you understand the question.

At that stage, law looks clean.