

AWKWARDFLYER

A BOOK ABOUT THE PEOPLE WE ALL HATE. OR LOVE

Lannoo

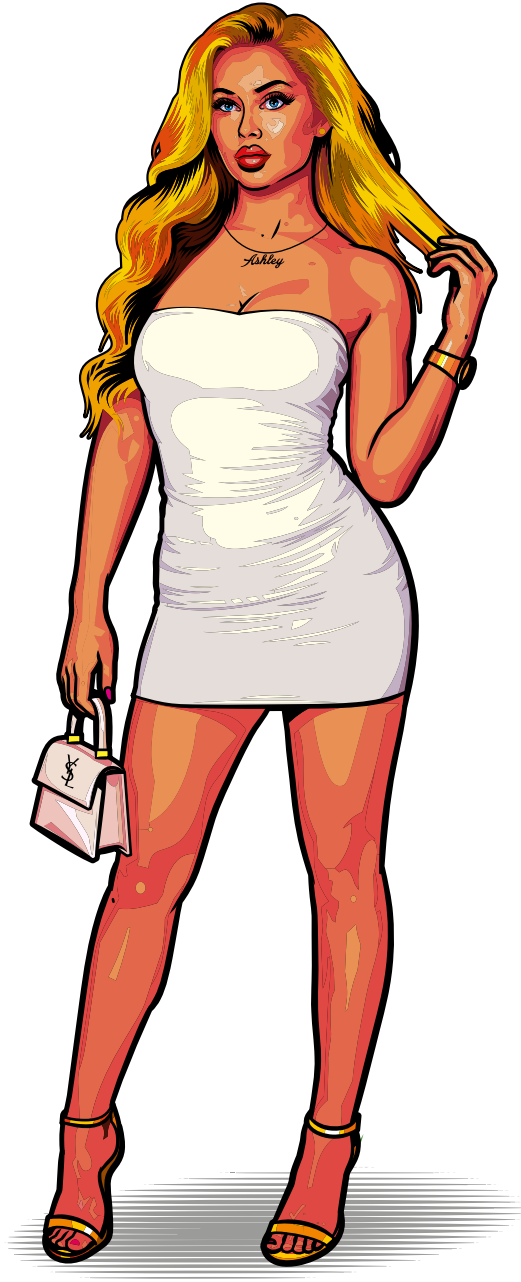
Behold, the gold digger.

She doesn't date men. She audits men. She never asks, 'How are you?' She asks, 'What do you do?'

She doesn't have a type. She has a minimum requirement. Not their personality, not their values, only their spending power. She's not cold. She's calculated, literally. She always says, 'I don't care about money.' Translation: 'I care about nothing else.' She's not high maintenance. She's subscription-based. No monthly allowance? Goodbye. No expensive trips? Not happening. If you have to ask the price, you're done. If you split the check, you failed the interview. For her, love isn't chemistry. It's a business plan. She doesn't fall in love. She only upgrades to a richer model. And when the money slows down, she starts digging again. Not deeper, but elsewhere.

Ah yes, the gold digger. She treats men like ATMs. Only useful while dispensing.







Behold, the soccer dude.

He always says he could have gone pro if it wasn't for that knee injury in 2005. Not because of the lack of talent. Not because he spent every weekend drinking with the lads and waking up in a pool of puke.

Every Sunday, he's back on the pitch. Not for the game, but for the 16 post-match beers. His ankles left the chat; his knees, in worse condition than his 93-year-old grandma. His breathing, a high-pitched wheeze, like a leaking air mattress. His sweat is a mix of humiliation and beer yeast, with a pH level so high it hurts to breathe near him. His team are losers, and he's the captain. Of course, he wears number 10. He's the playmaker of passes into the void. Full Nike kit, at least three sizes too small. Vacuum-sealed around his bloated beer body.

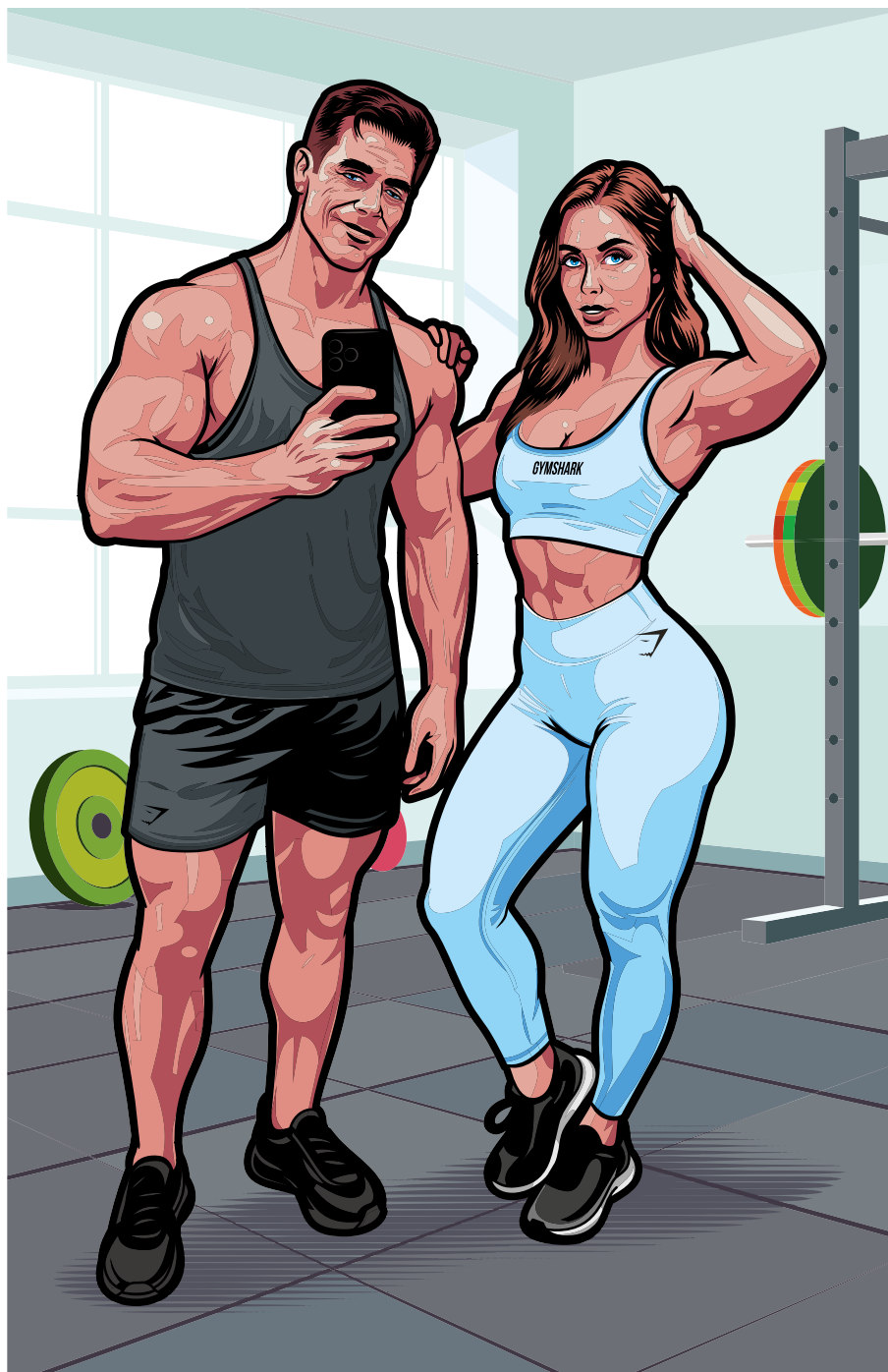
Ah yes, the soccer dude. The friend you keep around just so you feel less like a loser.

Behold, the gym couple.

They call it a lifestyle. We call it a full-time performance.

He's like a pickup truck in the city, built for heavy lifting but used purely for attention. She's like a green smoothie: looks healthy, tastes insufferable. They don't train together, they film together. Every gym session is a weird kind of foreplay. She's always wearing leggings so tight they might be cutting off blood flow. And he is constantly eyeballing other dudes in the gym, not out of insecurity, but hoping it turns into a confrontation so he can prove his alpha energy for the vlog. But don't call them attention-seekers. No, no, they call it power couple energy, of course. Every workout ends with a mirror selfie posted on their joint Instagram account, captioned 'Beauty and the Beast.' They have 60,000 followers and zero friends. And of course, they secretly hate each other.

Ah yes, the gym couple. They're like a protein fart. Loud, toxic, and somehow, proud of it.



The red flag

**He's like
alcohol: feels
amazing at
night and
makes you hate
yourself in the
morning.**



Behold, the evolution of masculinity.

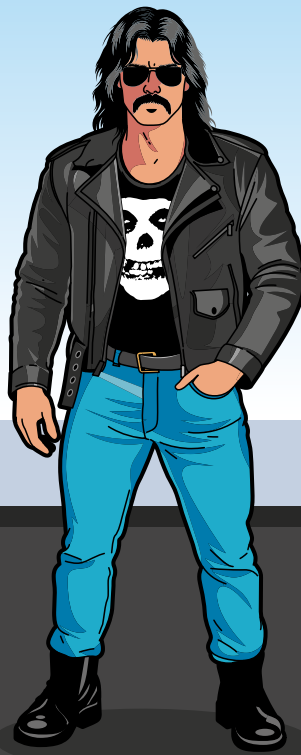
1980s

The Construction Worker



1990s

The Leather Rebel



The construction worker. Dressed in full denim, his chest 100% hairy, fueled by cigarettes and beer. **The leather rebel.** His hair looks like he just rolled out of bed. It took two full cans of hairspray to achieve that. Always wears sunglasses, even at night. **The testosterone dude.** Cargo pants and a white tank top, always letting his biceps do the talking. His

2010s
The Testosterone Dude



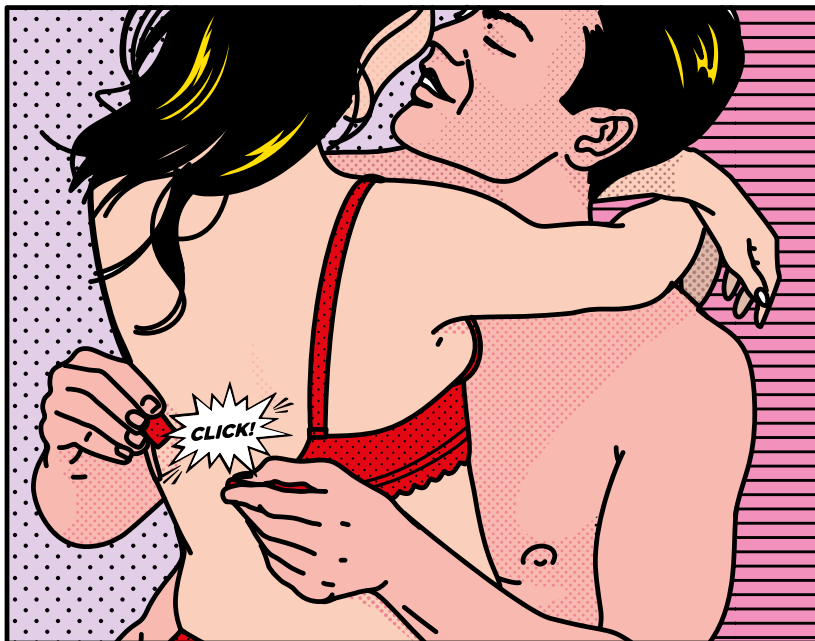
NOW
The Validation Runner



tribal tattoo, a symbol of pain, mostly emotional. And today, **the marathon dude**. 60 kilos of non existent muscle mass, wearing \$250 shoes and nipple tape, fueled by electrolyte gels, constantly talking. Talking about his average pace, and uploading every run to his Strava.

WORKSHOP

UNHOOKING A BRA WITHOUT LOOKING LIKE A LOSER



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FOR SALE

BRAND NEW WHITE SPORT SOCKS.
NOT COMPATIBLE WITH MY SANDALS



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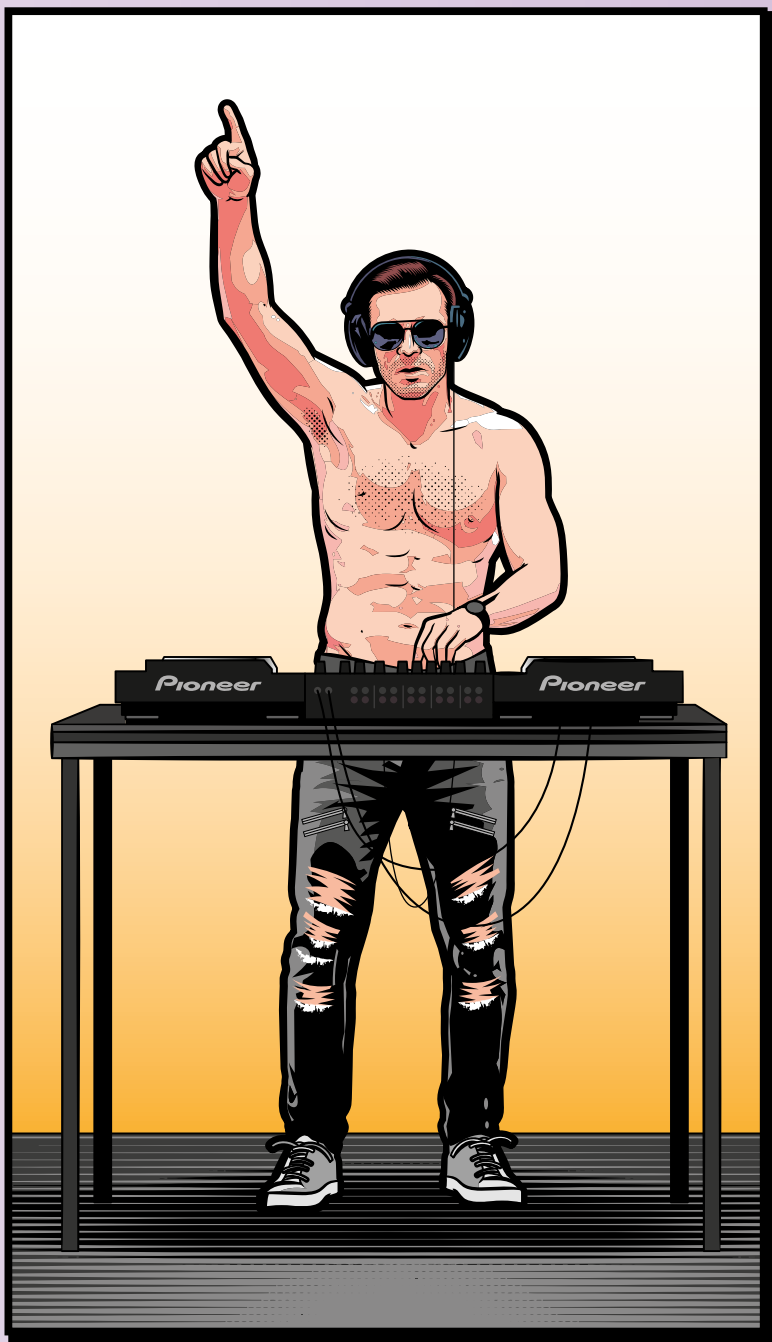
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Behold, the DJ.

There he stands, shirtless, because nothing says musical talent like visible nipples. He's not playing a set, he's playing pretend.

Every performance sounds like the Spotify Deep House Mix playlist. He's a simple man. His math is limited to 'three,' 'two,' and 'one.' His vocabulary has only two words, 'let's' and 'go.' He's always pointing his finger up in the air with so much power. It's less a DJ set, and more a power point. And yet, people still dance to his performance, because it's not about the music. It's about pretending they're having the night of their lives. He doesn't have talent. He has a lot of followers on Instagram, and apparently that's enough to become a talented DJ when he's not on a stage. He's in the studio posing for photos, while his ghost producer makes the actual tracks.

Ah yes, the DJ. He's like constipation. Always building up to a big release, and delivering absolutely nothing.



Behold, the hipster barista.

Every cup, a performance.

Ordering a coffee here is exhausting. Regular milk, oat milk, almond milk, or perhaps a milk squeezed from peas. The options are endless. The latte art? A swan, a heart, a leaf, adorable, until you realize you just paid \$23 for coffee in a paper cup. The menu? Anything but a plain old coffee, because serving actual coffee would be far too easy. The striped shirt, the beanie, the perfectly groomed mustache. Spot him in the streets, and you'd know instantly, either a barista or a craft beer brewer. And, of course, the interior is a temple of gentrification.

Ah yes, the hipster barista. Because coffee farmers earn cents, and he makes the dollars.



Behold, the vegan.

Always wearing a meat-is-murder shirt,
and sipping on a vegan soymilk caramel
latte, with more calories than a steak,
but with zero nutritional value, living with
moral superiority, and of course, a B12
vitamin deficiency, always convincing
you that you are the problem.

Ah yes, the vegan, constantly having
beef over beef.



