**5 simple life saving hacks when you're in a hurry**

How many times have we tripped over our couches trying to do 3 things at a time, because we had to be out the door… 10 minutes ago? I surely got a couple of bruises on my shins, running like a chicken with it’s head cut off, searching for a clean pair of socks.

Sometimes, no matter how much we try, the Universe just keeps working against us and the clock wins the race against time. From my own experience, I’ve put together a list of 5 simple life saving hacks to help beat the clock:

1. As strange as it may sound, whatever you do, do not rush. I repeat, do not rush! Rushing takes away the clear vision on our priorities by not knowing which action to take first, and therefore creating a very stressful, confusing situation.

2. Which brings us to number two: address one thing at a time. Trying to multitask by introducing one leg in the pants, while the other still misses a sock, might not be a good idea. Put your socks on first, then pull up the pants.

3. Make sure you always have a clean, ironed t-shirt/ shirt in your closet. It can be a real lifesaver in these kind of situations.

4. For crying out loud, leave the freaking phone alone! So what it keeps alerting every 5 seconds about a new Facebook notification or WhatsApp message? You’ll have plenty of time for those once you’re in the subway.

5. In that chaotic scene, when everything’s done and you’re ready to bounce out the door, make sure you grab a little cash in your pocket. You never know who you might meet and have to buy them a cup of coffee. It would a shameful situation bumping into a girl you really dig, and have no money in your pockets to buy her lunch. Believe me, I’ve there before and I’ve felt like slapping myself.

**No more stress and cold weather related rashes! Try this simple do-it-at-home solution**

Have you ever felt like the end of the world is near, when you got out of bed and saw your cheeks in the mirror, all red and dried, like there’s been a battle on your face over night? Well… <em>*yours truly</em>*’s been there and I can tell you it sure ain’t no pretty site!

Imagine going to sleep like any other night, with no visible deteriorating signs on your body, having a good and peacefull rest and then, without any warning, be in for a big surprise in the morning. You turn on the bathroom lights, get closer to the mirror, and witness your eyes going from half closed to fully open in just under a second, at the sight of this horrific rash on the sides of your nose and cheeks.

What is this?! All sort of thoughts are now running wild through your sleepy head, panic encompasses your body and you feel like your knees are about to fail your legs. What kind of sorcery has happened over night?

Hold your horses now. One of the main causes for this phenom, especially in the cold season, is <a class=”single\_story\_link” href=”<https://www.aad.org/public/diseases/scaly-skin/seborrheic-dermatitis>” target=”\_blank” title=”Seborrheic dermatitis”>seborrheic dermatitis</a>, an oily facial and scalp condition that causes scaling or flaking. The good thing is it can be treated right there on the spot with 2 cooking ingredients. The bad thing is it may reappear due to stress or cold weather factors.

Cooking ingredients? Yup, you heard me. Sure, the doctors recommend using a

<a class=”single\_story\_link” href=”http://www.laroche-posay.com/products-treatments/Kerium/KERIUM-DS-CREAM-p2235.aspx” target=”\_blank” title=”Kerium DS cream”>cream</a>, but from what I’ve learned you can succesfully replace it with a do-it-at-home solution.

So, you’ve seen the problem. Now let’s take a look at the solution. The 2 key ingredients can be, as mentioned before, found in your kitchen: apple vinegar and olive oil! Before going to bed at night mix 10ml of apple vinegar with 10ml of water and using some wadding, dip in the mixture, and then gently rub on your problem areas. After a few minutes, you can you some olive oil to gentley hidrate the area, again using wadding. Do this a few nights in a row, until you feel the little rash vanishes.

This is what I’ve used every time I’ve had this problem and I can tell you it is the best alternative to pharmaceutical creams.

**Have you tried tennis yet? 33 seems like a good age to do just that**

How many times have you watched on tv the French Open, Roland-Garros, felt an urge to run out in the park and try this sport called tennis? If you haven’t yet, let me tell you: 33 seems like a good age to do just that.

Why 33, you may ask. One of my closest friends has been a football fanatic all of his life. He used to breath, live, dream and play soccer 2-3 times a week, monthly, yearly, ever since he was a teenager.

Then, something happened after he turned 30. He became more curious about other sports and started diversifying his sports tv shows, tennis becoming more and more of an interest for him. One day, after watching a Roland-Garros final, he got so pumped that he wanted to transcend his euphoric state on the tennis court, just like we did back in the days after seeing a Michael Jordan performance.

So, the then, 33-year-old, hooked up with a buddy, who’d been in contact with this sport for a long time, and finally stepped on the tennis court, with no idea whatsoever about how to kick at a ball. At first, he was so clumsy, that he almost broke the racquet trying to hit balls close to the ground.

But as time passed, he kept on returning to the court, getting better and better, day after day, felling in love with a sport he had nothing in common with a few years ago.

Today, at the age of 36, he progressed through the amateur levels, reaching the 7th level, playing with retired pro players, having the time of his life. If you’d told him a decade ago that tennis will replace his beloved football, he’d laugh hard in your face.

Do you know what’s the most interesting part about this story? No matter how ‘old’ you get, it’s never too late to find a passion and definitely don’t fall into the “oh, I’m passed my prime, sport is not for me anymore” trap!

Go out there, enjoy your life, try new things and work that body of yours, don’t let the couch-beer belly get to it first.

# Have you been on a blind date? Who are you really dating?

We all know someone who’s been on a blind date, but is it really the way to go, especially in an era of Internet and smartphones, where anybody can send a selfie in less than 20 seconds? Well, it depends. Depends on your adventurous spirit, your state of mind at that time, your boredom level, but most importantly it depends on the other person’s vibe.

Opportunity is everywhere for a single guy out there. Dating sites, dating apps, “Cupid” friends, Facebook… you name it. Back in the day we used to rely on the person that played Cupid, on their taste, on their judgement and we had to hope it was not a prank. I surely got laughed at by supposedly going on a date, only to find out that my friends set me up and they were all hidden in the bushes, laughing their assess off.

In these fast-pace times we often choose a dating app, being more convinient and less time consuming. The question is: who are we really dating? Does she really look like the girl in the pictures, the one with a cute smile and lovely hair?

Well, chances are, Photoshop and other photo editing apps are part of her online uploading habbits, not to mention that extra weight hidden behind her selfie. A selfie took from her best angle, on her best day, with her best make-up on. I’m not trying to say everybody’s playing the game this way, but from my own experience, I can tell you there’s a vast majority out there running all kind of tricks.

I remember having the shock of my life dating a Tinder girl once. Picture this: going out the door with a gorgeous, foxy redhead on your mind, arriving at the dating spot and then, a fat, ugly, dwarfy-looking chick smilling at you: “Hey, it’s me!”. What in the world?! You’re not the one I have been fantasising about every night for the last week. No way! Believe me, it can be a real shocker.

Since that, let’s call it, unlucky date, I’ve learned my lesson: never date someone until you see at least her Facebook profile. Facebook has a lot of history, you can scan photos from 2-3 years ago, photos in which others have tagged her and she’s not necessarily in her best shape.

I’m telling you do your homework first and investigate all available sources. This way you can minimize the chances of having a real live shock. Best of luck out there!

# Dating after 30: expectation vs. reality

So, here we are, gents. Supposedly being "all that and a bag of chips", all grown up, basically young men, craved by all the hot and single ladies in the <em>dating after 30</em> game.

Do you remember what it was like fancying a girl in elementary school? You would get all shy, had to prepare your little speech for a week before having the courage to go and talk to her. When you’d get close, you’d feel a rush in your heart and your cheeks would turn red… Those were the days!

As we got older and high school knocked on the door, we stepped our game up, actually being a little bit more confident asking girls out, even offering a bouqet of flowers. Still I remember a few times I almost wet my pants before talking to some, because I really liked them and there was no way I could hide my silly emotions.

Unfortunetly high school flew pretty fast by, and dragged along college and the rest of our 20s. I always looked ahead and I would imagine that after 30, the dating game would drastically change and in order to get a date, you would have to be some kind of a super man, dressed like a million bucks and have connections at all the luxury restaurants in town.

In some cases, that scenario right there could fulfill the expectation, but in fact, for the average Joe, reality strikes a little bit different. Sure, who doesn’t want to go out on a dinner date, dressed nicely, wearing a good perfume, making her feel like she’s on top of the world? But, after a few dates like that, you feel like you’re getting tired of all the fancy things and want to get your (and her) feet back on the ground, wear a pair of dusty jeans with a t-shirt and just walk under the moonlight, sharing a beer and telling funny, embarassing stories.

Of all the dates I can remember, the most memorable ones where the times we both felt natural, relaxed, with no extra pressure created by a fancy location or a dress code. One time, as a first date, I just picked her up from a shopping mall and went donuts eating in the park, while enjoying a good conversation and filling our hearts with pure joy.

The reality of this dating game after 30 can be a bit distorted by some teenager’s mind, but in the end, all you need to do is relax, enjoy a couple of ice creams and get to really know the person next to you in the most purest and honest way. You’ll have plenty of time for fancy dating if things will go well between the 2 of you.

# Guys, should we shave our arms?

Growing up I didn't see any shaved chests, let alone arms, walking on the beach. Every man was rocking what Mother Nature gave him and the women didn’t seem bothered by bushes hanging on some of our father’s pectorals.

As years past by and the 80s and 90s eras got to an end, more and more guys started paying attention to their body hair, from their backs, to their chests and all they way down to the legs. You could see a new wave of young men using shaving machines on their bodies or even going further and stepping into beauty parlors for a painful wax.

At first not many people accepted it, calling this practice less manly and more of a woman’s thing, even going as far as claiming that a man who shaves his chest is not interested in women.

Nothing more further than the truth. Have you shaved any of your body parts, besides the face (and maybe your head)? There’s a true feeling of freshness and cleanliness after all the hair comes off, not to mention you sweat a lot less, especially in the hot season. Haters are going to hate no matter what and there will always be someone to critique this action, but who really cares as long as it makes you feel good?

Which brings me to one body part I haven’t tried shaving yet: the arms! Why? I really don’t have a straight answer. Could be that my arms’ hair is not that prominent, could be I’m afraid it wouldn’t look aesthetic or maybe I just consider it to be the only manly hair on my body, that last drop which gives an extra boost in her eyes, making her forget about the long gone legs and chest hair.

The truth is, of all my friends who shave their arms, there is not one single arm out there I can say it looks nice without hair. Sure, the first 2-3 days, when the skin is fresh, it may not bother, but after s few days, when those little, spiky hairs make their appearance, something feels like is not right.

I could be wrong, I could be right, and in the end is a matter of own preference, each individual making feel-good choices about him. The truth is, no matter what you do, where you shave (or not), some voices will still debate in the background. Be wise, don’t listen to them and do you!

# Who was your hero growing up?

We all had our heroes growing up and certanly some of us were influenced by more than one character, from cartoon figures, to movie actors, sports icons and family members.

They say the first real life hero every child grows up with, is his/her mom or dad, because they see those faces day by day, since day one on this planet. Maybe not exactly day one, but you get the point.

Next, as we pass the 3-years-old mark, we start realizing a bit more about what this world is about; we start playing with particular toys, which sometimes we even take to bed with us. Be honest, how many of you still have a teddy bear sitting in a corner of your bed, at night? I remember there was a period when I could’t fall asleep without holding a small white, with colorful prints on, towel in my hands. Hey, a kid’s gotta do to fall asleep, what a kid’s gotta do.

In kindergarten I must’ve had the best hero, one who always fought the evil alongside 3 of his buddies. Lesson learned: surround yourself with friends and be a team player, it has lots of benefits. My hero, ofcourse, was Leonardo, the blue mask ninja turtle, the one who carried two swords around. We used to play as “turtles” every single day, “fighting” God-knows which evil.

When elementary school came, I started being more and more into sports, and who else to get inspired by, in the 90s? The one and only Michael Jordan! Back in those days, the sport class used to be held in a tiny gym, the size of a normal classroom, with basketball baskets standing at a very reachable height. Can you imagine us dunking like we were in the NBA slam-dunk contest? Oh, the joy!

Everyone in my neighborhood was playing football at the time. In the schoolyard, behind the apartment buildings, on the street… everywhere you’d look, you’d see a soccer game going on. So I switched from Jordan to Ronaldo. Not Cristiano Ronaldo who plays today for Real Madrid, but the original, Brazilian striker, “Il Fenomeno” Ronaldo Luiz Nazario de Lima. He was so spectacular, all the kids craved for a fake t-shirt with his name on the back. Original jerseys were not an option back then.

As I got older, I started diversifying my horizons and began looking with admiration at people from different fields, from music, to science, to chess players, to computer geniuses and one thing that stuck with me after all these years was that, no matter how much you “love” someone, in the end he is only human too and makes mistakes (lots of them) just like everybody else, so take the good parts out of his journey and create your own hero, namely you.