



MAX PARADOX

WE'LL FIX LATER

**THE ABSURD TRUTH ABOUT
BUILDING AND FINISHING A HOUSE**

INTRO.....	3
Chapter 1 - The Decision That Felt Like Freedom.....	8
Chapter 2 - Budget, the First Fiction.....	16
Chapter 3 - Paperwork, or How Time Stops Meaning Anything.....	25
Chapter 4 - The Groundbreaking That Breaks You First	33
Chapter 5 - Walls Appear, Confidence Disappears	40
Chapter 6 - The Roof, or Hope With an Expiration Date	48
Chapter 7 - Windows: Transparency Is a Lie.....	55
Chapter 8 - Electricity: Where Logic Goes to Die	62
Chapter 9 - Plumbing: Everything Is Fine Until It Isn't	71
Chapter 10 - Heating: Comfort, Explained Incorrectly	80
Chapter 11 - Insulation: Paying Not to Feel Anything	88
Chapter 12 - Drywall: The Art of Pretending It's Straight.....	95
Chapter 13 - Paint: Choosing Regret in Advance.....	103
Chapter 14 - Floors: Living on Your Decisions.....	111
Chapter 15 - Doors: Privacy, Negotiated Poorly	119
Chapter 16 - The Bathroom: Where Optimism Goes to Steam	127
Chapter 17 - The Kitchen: Dreams, Multiplied by Invoices .	134
Chapter 18 - Stairs: Vertical Regret, Repeated Daily	142
Chapter 19 - Lighting: Mood, Ruined Systematically	150
Chapter 20 - Storage: Where Space Goes to Disappear	157
Chapter 21 - The Garden: Nature, but With Invoices	164
Chapter 22 - Neighbors: The Final Unplanned Feature	171

Chapter 23 - The Move-In: When Finished Is a Lie	177
Chapter 24 - The First Winter: Reality Turns the Heating On	183
Chapter 25 - The First Summer: Heat Finds Your Weak Spots	190
Chapter 26 - Small Fixes That Quietly Become Permanent	196
Chapter 27 - The Warranty Period: When Everything Breaks Politely	201
Chapter 28 - Furniture: The Final Proof That Plans Are Fiction	208
Chapter 29 - Cleaning: The Myth of a Fresh Start.....	215
Chapter 30 - Guests: Seeing Your House Through Other People's Eyes.....	221
Chapter 31 - Silence: The First Time the House Stops Asking	227
Chapter 32 - The First Repair You Didn't Panic About	232
Chapter 33 - When Someone Says "You're Lucky"	238
Chapter 34 - The House Becomes Invisible	244
Chapter 35 - You Would Do It Again (And That's the Real Absurdity)	249

INTRO

Everyone who decides to build or finish a house believes, for a brief and dangerous moment, that they are a rational person making a rational decision.

They have done "research."

They have watched videos.

They have talked to someone who knows someone who built a house once and survived.

This gives them confidence.

The kind of confidence usually seen right before a chair breaks.

Building a house does not begin with concrete or bricks. It begins with optimism.

Optimism is the first material delivered to the site.

It is invisible.

It is unmeasured.

It is wildly overused.

You tell yourself it will take "about a year."

You say this calmly.

You even say it out loud.

- You believe timelines are suggestions, not jokes.
- You assume professionals will coordinate with other professionals.
- You trust that words like “finished” and “almost finished” mean something.

At this stage, the house does not yet exist.

But the budget is already dead.

There is a strange emotional arc to building a house.

It starts with excitement.

Moves quickly into confusion.

Then settles into a long, quiet panic.

At no point does it return to excitement.

You learn new words.

Not useful words.

Very specific words.

Words that sound official.

Words that feel expensive.

Words no one explains twice.

- “Standard” means “this will cost extra.”
- “Custom” means “you will regret this choice.”
- “We’ll see” means “no.”

Every decision feels permanent.

Every decision is made while tired.

Often while standing in a muddy hole, staring at something that looks wrong but is apparently correct.

You nod a lot.

Nodding becomes a survival skill.

The house slowly grows.

Not in a straight line.

More like a series of emotional jump scares.

One day there are walls.

Another day something is missing that was definitely there yesterday.

No one seems concerned.

You are told not to worry.

You are told this often.

Usually right before you should absolutely worry.

- "This is normal."
- "Everyone goes through this."
- "It will look different when it's done."

"It" is never defined.

Finishing the house is when things become personal.

Structural mistakes are abstract.

Paint colors are not.

Suddenly, you are responsible for choosing between things that look identical but apparently represent wildly different life philosophies.

Warm white.

Neutral white.

Slightly offended white.

- You will choose wrong.
- You will realize this immediately.
- You will be told it's already too late.

At some point, you stop asking how long things will take.

You start asking if things will happen at all.

Your relationship with time changes.

Weeks become theoretical.

Months become flexible.

"Soon" becomes a threat.

And yet, you continue.

You keep going because stopping is not an option.

Stopping would require admitting something.

That this was never about building a house.

It was about discovering how much chaos you can tolerate while still calling it a plan.

By the end, you will have a house.

You will also have stories.

Not good stories.

Accurate ones.

Stories that begin with confidence.

And end with laughter that sounds suspiciously like exhaustion.

This book is not here to help you build a house.

It is here to sit next to you on the floor, surrounded by samples, invoices, and unanswered messages, and quietly say:

- You are not imagining this.
- It really is this absurd.
- And yes, everyone lies about how it went.

Chapter 1 - The Decision That Felt Like Freedom

The decision to build or finish a house never arrives loudly.

It does not kick the door open.

It does not announce consequences.

It arrives casually.

Usually in the evening.

Often on a couch.

You are relaxed.

This is important.

Relaxed people make terrible long-term decisions.

Someone says it out loud for the first time.

Not dramatically.

Almost experimentally.

"Maybe we should build a house."

The sentence hangs in the air.

Nothing bad happens.

This is how it wins.

At first, it feels like freedom.

Like adulthood reaching its final form.

No landlord.

No neighbors through thin walls.

No asking permission to drill holes.

- You imagine silence.
- You imagine space.
- You imagine a version of yourself who owns tools.

You do not imagine paperwork.

The idea grows quickly.

Suspiciously quickly.

Within days, you are "just looking."

Looking at plots.

Looking at inspiration photos.

Looking at houses that belong to people who clearly finished theirs.

These people are smiling.

You assume this means something.

The house, at this stage, exists only in your head.

And it is perfect.

Every room makes sense.

Every socket is exactly where it should be.

Nothing creaks.

Nothing leaks.

- You have already mentally placed furniture you do not yet own.
- You have opinions about light you have never seen.
- You are emotionally attached to a building that does not exist.

This attachment feels reasonable.

Then come the conversations.

Friends who built a house will react strangely.

They will pause before answering.

There is always a pause.

They will say things like, "Well... it depends."

Or, "I mean... it's worth it."

Or, "Would I do it again? That's a different question."

You ignore the tone.

Tone is for later.

People who have not built a house are much more encouraging.