

The Secret Lanuage of Women

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Sample of Content:

For couples to get along in life, it might be a good idea to learn the language.

Content:

It's quiet in the house as I sit down to an early breakfast watching the TV news, a favorite book readied by me side for the commercials. A faint noise from above and a slithery sound on the stairs sibnals the premature arrival of my spouse, ready to do battle. 'Good mornings' are followed by a crashing a cacophony from the direction of the dishwasher which is being emptied. Then sink sounds plow through the air to my sensitive ears, completely covering the breaking news. the message in this performance is that there is a lot of work to do today and I had beter help her do it. I counter by mentioning al the things I had already performed to no avail. I suggest that she make out a list of projects

waiting to be done but get only a long harangue on how the last list she made twenty years ago was half crossed off and the other half ignored. What a memory!

I have become adept at pattering on conversationally to a stony face and buttoned lips. The meaning contained in this feminine language translates that I have said or done something completely unsympathetic or have not done something supportive to her cause. I usually try to jump over this lack of communication by announcing the start of a new project dear to her heart, hoping that the real cause of her silence will reveal itself.

An offer to go shopping with her brings on an instant happy response, in spite of the knowledge of my notoriously short attention span toward women's clothes and household knickknacks. She drags me through the stores looking for bargains, exchanging the items she bought last week for new ones. She asks my opinion on wall sconces, sweater sets, cooking pots, flower arrangements and glassware. My priorities are strictly based on function and quality. Her priorities are exact matching shades of color, how it will fit in with the other ten thousand knickknacks, and whether the store will take it back.

Soon I find myself three steps behind, finding places to sit down, getting into conversations with the sales people and mimicking E.T. saying "Home". A remark that she never goes shopping with me to Sears Hardware or Crazy Max's Electronic Wonderland is met with a blank stare, a half smile, and a look that means an out-of-hand dismissal of the idea. The only saving of the day is a nice coffee and yogurt break in the middle.

Through all the variations of meaningful looks, reminders of past mistakes and silent treatments, the expression I see on her face of pure happiness when presented with an unexpected bouquet of flowers or a needed chore done while she was last minute food shopping for guests makes her secret language all worth while.

Next year we'll be married for 40 years. I've been in love with the same woman all that time. No, not great - if my wife finds out, she'll kill me. Just kidding. LOL

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