

## Femalian, Femish and Femeese

Here is the latest with Madame P, Empress of the Universe, And Goddess of All That Is Holy. Yes, it's my sworn mantra when referring to the Mrs.

Just outside the open windows of our boudoir, a gentle moon glow was sneaking its way warmly through the redwood boughs while their partners in a summer evening dance, the cypress, sighed and casually rumbaed to a rhythmic western wind. Madame P, my nimble little coquette, was curled up with covers not quite earning their name while I scarfed down a piece of chicken and grunted watching a History Channel special on the evolution of man's love affair with garage tools. She batted her baby blues and coyly mewed, "Do you hear music when you look at me?" Well; I love this chicky so I eked out a few bars of the Supremes, "I Hear a Symphony." I never finished the show and although we were getting to snow blowers, I'm not complaining.

Wives are second only to mommies as the highest life forms on the planet. They have a lexicon of love bequeathed on them by God. When She made our brains, She followed the K.I.S.S. rule for us dudes- keep it simple, stupid.

The female cerebrum was regaled with billions and billions of wonders and mysteries that even gave devout atheist Carl Sagan pause. Renowned pioneering professor emeritus, Dr. Estelle Ramey, of Georgetown Medical School, drilled it into my head that the male brain is typically shaped like a football, covered in a fine cotton mesh fashioned as a jock strap and is nestled in the cranial vault like a Monday morning quarterback in a Lay Z Boy. It has two types of tissues: 1. Large glandular areas for sex, contact sports, danger, and pathetic excuse generation, anti intimacy secretions and food and 2. Miniscule particles for listening, toilet seat etiquette and hygiene and separating whites, colors and dainty unmentionables.

Of course, without the ability to communicate with the holy ones, we brutish beasts are doomed to a knuckle dragging, sports column reading, remote control addicted existence. We rogues must embrace and learn the language of the divine beloved in all its dialects; Femalian, Femish and Femeese, for the species to survive or have any fun.

Examples of the heavenly dialects are countless but here are just a few glimpses of the genius of La femme and the mistaken beliefs of the beast. When the lady says, "It's your decision" it means, "I told you what I want, why in the hell are we still talking." When the Mrs. says, "I'm not upset," of course she is you clueless dolt and run for cover. This is similar to. "It's Ok, do whatever you want." If you hear your turtledove muse, "We need to talk", it means, "You need to listen." Always beware the immortal catch-all, "We'll discuss it later." The sky is the limit on translations of this one, so you best strap in and seek emergency shelter

We guys need a small universal translator which when swallowed with our favorite brewski migrates to the testosterone rich areas of the male brain, senses Femalian, Femish or Femeese and instantly translates. It must also immediately send antibodies to the denial and lame excuse glands to immunize against incorrect beliefs men have such as; shopping is not a sport, crying is not an effective means of communication, yes and no are perfectly acceptable answers to all questions, there is a statute of limitations on anything we have ever said, thought, or dreamed, there are not

multiple interpretations to anything said, there are not  $1.7 \times 10^{20}$  shades of white and of course every question is meant to be answered.

Well, we can dream and my time is up. Madame P says I'm done and is fumbling with her shoe library mumbling how our closets "shrunk". Oh no! Does that mean we are moving?