

Understanding Women

Part 2

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“When you rule the world, I want to be in charge of the advertising of your government.” It's how it started. I was not planning on writing. I was rather fascinated by how gracefully she counted certain amount of money to finally call her day off.

“With all this money?” she answered, turning her hand and looking at the money. “Or you mean that we women are going to rule the world one day?”

Two years ago, on the third day of January of 2008, I published “Understanding Woman: Part One”, which you've likely read already if you visit this site. It's had at least two revisions in those two years, but nothing major was added. I knew that something had to be added, and it's why I left it where it stands. I still stand by the ideas, but by then I had a crush, a relationship that influenced on my overall view. I still had not learned to question my thoughts on the subject.

I was in fact thinking of how diligent and organized she had proven to be in the 2 -or was it 3?-weeks that I had known her. But her idea was way better.

“I think there would be less war” she managed, giving an example of how peace is linked to the sense of maternity. *A world governed by women*, it's all that went through my imagination.

Cleopatra?

It dawns on me: *If women happened to rule the world, would the decisions they take during a mood swing equal the ones that men take when they're horny and dysfunctional?*

After I got home, I came to realize that it's not so much about what women want, but who they really are and what we can learn from them. Let me put it from perspective: The fact that I want a katana, doesn't make me Kenshin Himura; the fact that you want a good night's sleep, doesn't -even if you know the lyrics- make you the vocalist of The Starting Line.

Women. Out of all topics, I had to come to choose this one.

The question is, who is really a woman? I have a tiny problem discerning this answer. I'm not Forever 21 or Victoria's Secret, which means that I can't just grab a group experts, do some market research, develop a product and set a trend that women will end up identifying themselves with. I'm not trying to sell a product. And even if I was the CEO of either, they both have specific demographics to target. So, I'd be focusing on many women, but not all.

Poor experience is going to team up with karma one day and kick us all in the ass. For every single mistake we commit and every single bad situation we go through, we end up saying “experience”. I'm aware of this, -even if it's never going to happen- but in order to continue and answer my question, I'm going to have to rely on good old experience.

So, that. Welcome to the second part of Understanding Women.

Listen now, understand later.

(This is probably going to be my new business motto.)

“He's an asshole” she replied after I asked what was wrong. She was crying as I held her in my arms.

I've heard this line a million times (obvious exaggeration, by the way) and each time I've heard it, I've seen the hatred against one's self in the eyes, product of having crossed the beyond-thin line that divides the boundaries of love for someone else and self-respect. *A combination of love and hate causing one to be upset.*

In moments like the aforementioned, the very last thing a woman wants is to be questioned. It's confusing, it's annoying. And, most of the times, a shoulder to cry on seems to be more attractive than a plush pillow. Silent Company.

These situations require you to understand that people cope with problems at their own pace. It also requires the capacity to talk, ask, stay calm and not go to smack the shit out of whoever caused this. Even if you happen to get even later, the very moment is not the adequate one. It also requires the capacity to analyze and use your good judgement, because at the end, she might hold a lot of responsibility (if not all) and deserve the whole situation. Then it's when you find yourself sighing and holding yourself. *Listen now, question later.* Then it's when you become her superman.

Prose In Motion, Sorrow In Silence:

“The universe has a twisted, yet concise sense of humor” a friend inspired me to say. It wasn't the best day of her life, yet she almost smiled as if to say it wasn't my fault.

Prose is the most typical form of language. The English word 'prose' is derived from the Latin *prosa*, which literally translates as 'straight-forward'.¹

“If I can go through this, I can go through anything” she finally managed after talking for about a minute or two. “Thank You, Christopher” she said as she disappeared through the corridor. It felt like I missed something.

As I gave some thought to the situation, I came to realize what I already knew: Women have the ability to go through their day-to-day putting a smile and grace to all their activities. They speak with actions. *Prose in motion.*

But, what happens when they settle down where no one is watching? How do they manage the anger? And most importantly, what had exactly happened to my friend that day?

All of a sudden, I had a brief memory of the women who raised me.

One grain too much of salt stresses the heart.

“Excess sodium in the blood requires excess water in the blood to balance it. And this excess water means that the heart is working overtime, pumping a greater volume of blood than normal. This increased volume of blood stretches the arteries and blood vessels, putting one at greater risk for strokes and heart failure.”²

Sometimes, it takes something as tiny as a grain of salt to trigger the explosion of a time bomb -or make your heart go boom. It's as simple as that. When it's too much, it's too much.

“What's wrong, mommy? Why do you cry?” he asked, having no clue of the events of the night. It was around two in the morning and a little too late for a four-year-old kid to be awake.

“Nothing, your father came with a shirt full of lipstick” she said wiping her tears, pointing to the garbage can. She was only 21. He did not understand what the shirt meant, neither the feeling of confusion.

Something I find quite lovely about human nature is that when one's taken down by someone else, one rises back up very pissed off. *Vendetta*. Thrown-away clothes, locks changed, tears, screams and the loyalty that once existed now dead.

Oh, the adrenaline.

One afternoon, when he was 10 years old, he found a restraining order with his mom's name on it. It was dated 6 years back. He saw another women's name on it, but it was not his step-mom's. *What The Fuck?*

Eventually he found out that the reason for a restraining order against such a lovely woman was not his step-mom. That extra grain of salt in the plate was a woman she found in her bed with her own husband, woman who eventually got the shit beaten out of her.

Between angels and insects: Broad selection and low prices.

In a world ruled by logic and driven by instincts, we have two elements that serve as catalysts: morals and money. Lets face it, type and source of income, social circles, physical and mental health and your beliefs are the factors that might get you laid, married or neither. Well, actually is how you fine-tune and balance them what will make a difference between scoring a one-night stand or a life-long marriage.

On the other side of the equation, we have women in their constant search for the perfect person. Which, quite frankly, is not much different to placing a woman on a tight budget on a Forever21 store on a day with yellow tag deals: Wide selection, low prices and you can only select ONE dress -an extra comes with guilt as an added bonus.

I wonder if I Should send Forever21 an invoice for all the shameless free promotion.

“There's no money, there's no possessions, only obsession. I don't need that shit; take my money, take my obsession.” says Papa Roach on their song 'Between Angels and Insects'

Once a woman decides between an angel with nothing to offer, an insect with money or one of those rare hybrids that also happen to fall in the human category, money and everything else apparently disappear from the map if you happen to be good company and a good apprentice. ***cough*** *Britney and K-Fed*
cough

Which brings me to my next (and final) point...

We could learn a lot from women, you know?

The very first person one ever loves is its mom, biological or not. A mother is not simply a female human with a child, it's more than that. And I believe we can all agree here. I've had the luck to have not one, but three women in my life who have shaped most of me and who have taken extremely good care of me. So, I can safely go on a limb here and say that the best teacher one could ask for is one's mom.

From the very beginning of our lives we have women teaching us.

It was about 11:15 P.M., we had just arrived at the Santo Domingo colonial zone for a meal in one of the restaurants right after her presentation. I had owed her that since I wasn't able to go neither to her birthday party nor to another party she had invited me to.

“You're lucky we're not closer, otherwise I would've stuffed them in your bra.” I said complaining as she smiled accomplished. She had stuffed 200 Dominican pesos in my left back pocket minutes after I had payed for the cab.

About 3 personal pizzas and 7 millers later (she almost took the check from me, by the way) , we played silly in the area and took a cab and left to our respective homes. “Joven, ¿Cuanto es?” she managed, asking how much was the fare to her house. I looked at her sarcastically and waited till the doors were open. It was a good night.

After I got home, I analyzed her behavior. She was -and still is- one of the most gracious people I've ever met. Even seeing her walk bedazzles me for a second or two. What's more, no. I don't have a crush on her, even if she happens to be quite attractive (professional model, after all). I pondered previous situations where we've been together and I got to the following conclusion: **Women dislike to feel in debt.** That, is probably the reason why women are so selective when it comes to receiving favors.

This whole mess that I've titled Understanding Women would not be complete if I did not mention some of the things I've learned from the very women who inspired this. So, allow me to introduce C, A, V and N. These are the initials of four former girlfriends of mine. I was lucky enough to end up on good terms with all of them.

C is the girl that I once wished I had never met but who I'm beyond-glad I dated. She comes in to the picture after she joined a website that certain geek made a while ago. The relationship ended, afterwards things got nasty and the website went down with all the remains of the relationship. We're on very good terms now. In fact, she read this before all of you (I asked for her approval to mention her).

From her I learned lots of things, things that she doesn't even imagine. Here, however is the most important one: **Women expect to be understood** (*Why look, it matches the title!*). Such a realization came to me the day that she gave me an ultimatum and said “The day I tell you everything I feel will be the day that we break up”. And it all makes sense now. *If one has the time to figure a gal out and manage to date her,*

why change the tactic once you're in a relationship? And yes, such an ultimatum made me question our communication, but I'm not going to get there here.

A is the always-there, always-available type of girl. She was there for me in the good moments and in the bad ones, when I had cashed a project or when I was broke, when I needed to learn something and when I was being too much of a smart-ass. I learned so much about life in general from her, that to this day, all that is still sinking in. On many times I've stated that her current partner is one of the luckiest people in the planet and I stand by it. They're soon becoming parents and I'm really happy for them.

A is older than me, so, many of the things she did, only recently have started to make sense to me. She taught me so much, that It's hard for me to begin. In short, *she taught me that a woman looks for something more than a lover, she is also looking for a friend.* She taught me that *in a relationship you have to stand by your partner* and sometimes question your own beliefs. She also taught me that being silly is probably one of the most primitive-yet-awesome forms of expression.

V is a quick chapter. Brilliant for business, charming, hot and to the point. A control freak some times. I challenged her once and ended up learning the following: *when a woman is up for a challenge, expect her to deliver.*

Finally, N.

Chocoholic, brilliant, private-as-fuck and will kick your ass any day, any time in any gaming platform. She's the one who has influenced the most on me. She's still my best friend. And She'll probably stop talking to me for a few days after this is published.

She has taught me so much and proved me wrong so many times that she's actually going to laugh and be shocked when she reads this part.

We still have no fucking clue of how far a woman can go just to make one happy.

SOURCES:

- 1 <http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Prose>
- 2 <http://mattbrundage.com/publications/salt>