

Why Men Love Bitches

“Your boyfriend has been cheating on you for over a year, with me.”

My hands trembled and my mouth became suddenly parched when I heard the cold voice on the other side of the phone say those few words. Panicking, I quickly hung up the phone and sat there in shock remaining embarrassingly speechless. A million thoughts flooded my head. Everything began to make sense. The aloofness and constant excuses suddenly became crystal clear. I had been completely naive for over a year!

I took a deep breath, composed myself, and began brainstorming about all the evil ways to get even with him. I dabbled between egging his car, spreading a STD rumor around to all the girls, and even placing poison ivy in his bed. After some serious considerations, I realized I lacked both the guts and the care to do any of the horrific acts, so I decided to write a note. “Things are not working out.- Sorry.” Slipped it under his door, and walked away from the relationship. Even violated and humiliated, I was so sickeningly polite. I didn't know what I had done wrong, but still apologized. Pacing back and forth with the cell phone glued to my side, I waited for a phone call from him inquiring about my abrupt decision to end the relationship... But he never called. Whether he had known that she called me, or he just didn't care, I'll never know...

I sat curled up like a couch potato, sulking in self pity and indulging in Ben and Jerry's Cherry Garcia ice cream for three days. I watched Sex in the City reruns on HBO, until I ran out of comfort food. Finally mustering up enough strength to peel myself off the couch with unbrushed teeth and hair and make my way to the grocery store. I was dazed, but not enough to ignore the staring and whispering as I passed people by on the streets. I must have looked like a walking zombie because I caused a toddler to burst into tears, scream “Monster!” and run to her

mommy's side for comfort. I couldn't care less. Not because I was so tragically in love with this guy, but because I felt so belittled. Am I not good enough? Am I too passive? Or nerdy? What did this girl look like? What did she have over me? Was her appearance as icy as her voice? Or was as confident and fierce as her attitude? All these thoughts rushed through my head as I stood staring at ice cream.

I spent 20 minutes in the frozen food aisle debating between Chocolate Mint or Vanilla Bean, like it was a life or death situation. Finally settling on Rocky Road. I thought the symbolism was appropriate for the occasion. Then as my infamous bad luck would have it, I was stuck waiting in the check out line looking like crap in my lounge pants and cozy boots behind a gorgeous girl. My complete opposite. Like I needed something else to make me feel inferior at the moment... Black leather knee high stiletto boots ran up her toned thigh ending fiercely above the knee. Her mini skirt banded perfectly around the curves of her hips, and her cinnamon hair draped along her shoulders meticulously styled. A Louis Vuitton purse swung from one hand, and the other arm was wrapped around the bulging arm of a statuesque man. A Greek god.

Then, it hit me. Greek God was my boyfriend! Shocked by his pristine appearance, and even more mortified by his strikingly gorgeous new "catch" I quickly hid my face behind my ice cream carton in shame. While spying, and attempting to disguise myself as much as possible in the effort to avoid a dramatic confrontation, I noticed his change in behavior. He purchased a bottle of fine wine and rushed ahead to hold open the door for her. Ironic how he acquired the nickname "Mr. Cheapo" in our relationship, and had failed to show his gentleman side. In his eyes she was a "Royal Highness" too good to open doors, and she knew it. I waited to see her smile of appreciation, but instead her attitude ridden face remained stiff, her nose turned up, and her ruby red lips kept sealed. This meant she was clearly spoiled and expected nothing less from

her perfect guy, who bowed in her presence. Any half intelligent bystander could conclude he was officially “whooped” and the women was officially a “bitch.” Too bad her personality was like acid and quickly disintegrated her good looks. Just me and rocky road remained standing there, baffled, as I tried to grasp the idea of how perfectly good and well deserving women remain single while the “bitches” get the guys, and I was determined to find out why...

There had to be something I was seriously doing wrong, or perhaps a secret I had yet to find out. By the time I left the store, the cold air had settled into the valley and darkness was beginning to blanket the sky. My new mission suppressed my ravenous appetite, so I tossed the ice cream in the trash can and wandered into my favorite book store. I was drawn like a magnet to the relationship isle. I ran my fingers along the spine of each newly pressed piece of literature, searching for something to pop out at me. The books were all cynically titled such as “He’s Just Not That Into You,” and “It’s Called a Break up Because It’s Broken.” I had found it astonishing how a multimillion dollar market is based off the insecurities of women, and now I was one of them. Women search desperately for relationship answers attempting to gain insight by dissecting the male brain as if they are some foreign species. I guess men really are from Mars.

I reached the end of the isle and landed on a little white book with bold writing creatively illustrated in a women's red lipstick. “Why Men Love Bitches.” The title, along with the strikingly familiar ruby colored lipstick instantly connected the cinnamon haired “Royal Highness” with this book. AHA! Her secret. I plucked the book off the shelf and found myself curled up with a vanilla latte in the corner of the store. I became engulfed in each word. One chapter more cleverly named than the next. This book was a clear game plan for catching guys and included a detailed description of all the rules to go with it.

By the books definition I discovered that I was a “repeat offender.” I was guilty of being the “nice girl” time and time again. Even when having been cheated on I shamefully apologized. With each sentence I became more fueled by the authors insight. I found out that I was too simple, uncompetitive, easy going, shy, and certainly not high maintenance. Gone were the days of being accommodating, easily accessible, and a pushover. I was ready to give the “bitch” a try.

By the time I was able to tear my head out of the pages of the book, the store was getting ready to close and had vacated out. I quickly purchased the book and scrambled out the doors. The city was in full party mode by now, and I was in sweat pants. As I passed a local bar a group of good looking college guys whistled and stared as I passed by. What they saw through my disastrous appearance is a mystery to me, but guys will be guys. Normally I would have just kept my head down and avoided eye contact, however this time something compelled me to turn around and flick the guys off. They became the victims of my bottled up emotions, but to my surprise became oddly intrigued by my out of character actions. “Oh man, she’s hot!” they howled. I secretly felt empowered. I could feel it in my bones, this was the beginning of something new.

By the time I reached my apartment, I had revisited almost every moment of my last relationship coming to terms that I was completely myself the whole time, and maybe that was never going to be good enough for anyone. So then it was settled, I would change. The next morning I woke up with a new spirit, grabbed my credit card and went shopping. I stocked up on stilettos, mini skirts, red lipstick and nails to go with it. I had a new attitude and a new look. I hit the town full force quickly realizing the nightlife was the good life. I was on first name bases at all the hotspots and had morphed into a master manipulator. Before I knew it my cellphone contacts grew from 50 to 150 numbers in a month and they were all very capable bachelors. I

had men eating out of my palm of my hand, and strung one guy on in particular for financial gain. Indulging in the lavish lifestyle I had been deprived of in my previous relationship. Finally I breathed a sigh of relief at the power of knowledge. I was no longer on the outside of the game, but instead held the secret to the male brain and had risen to the top of the food chain.

Someone once told me, when you rise fast, you fall fast. I woke up one morning and realized, I had no clue who the person looking back in the mirror was. Where had my values gone? My moral compass was so off kilter, I had abandoned myself. What was worse was realizing that not one guy knew anything about the “real” me. They had fallen for some person I created. They were attracted to this facade, but in reality, that person was so far from who I am, and who I would ever want to be. Certainly, I wasn’t happy and I was pretty sure I wasn’t make guys happy either, just driving them crazy. Even though us “bitches” look like we have it all, we have nothing because we’re too busy pleasing ourselves and playing games that we never find true love. I didn’t know how to get myself out of it though. I felt stuck in someone else’s body. I couldn’t just disappear off the face of the earth, or show up at the clubs in my old clothes. I was programmed to work this way now, the secret had been revealed and I could never go back.

On the way to work that morning I had stopped into the bookstore for a coffee but before I could reach in my bag to pay, a guy from behind me reached over and took care of it. I turned to look up and was instantly swooned by the romantic eyes and warm smile of this guy.

“The coffee is on me. I’m Ben.”

He held out his hand, but I was still transfixed on his deep blue eyes.

“Ma’am your coffee.”

The employee snapped me out of my trance, causing me to spill the boiling drink all over myself. I suppose if I didn’t have bad luck I wouldn’t have luck at all. I was in extreme pain, but my

nerves and embarrassment over compensated the situation. I didn't know why I was nervous. I knew the game plan better than I knew my own phone number.

“Just play by the rules” I thought.

We talked effortlessly for a while. Time flew by too fast, as I could have stayed there forever. It ended in him asking me out on a date, in which I agreed without hesitation. Something about this guy was different. Very different.

Two months had gone by like a speeding bullet and we were heading out for a night on the town, and a romantic dinner. He stopped by my apartment a little too early because he was sickeningly punctual. While I finished unrolling the curlers from my hair he snooped around my apartment looking at old embarrassing pictures. Suddenly he opened my bathroom and stood in the door frame with my “Why Men Love Bitches” book clutched in his hand.

"NO!"

My worst nightmare had just come true, and I was speechless. Everything from my toes to my cheeks became numb as he began waving the book in the air. He stood there blatantly shocked and then tossed the book in my garbage.

“This is not always true you know? I would have never pegged you for the type of girl who would read this junk.” His words hitting me like bullets.

My face turned bright red and my body warm like a furnace from embarrassment. My dirty little secret had just been aired out to dry.

Over dinner he explained how the reason he liked me.

“You are different, simple, bashful, and easy to get along with. More than that, I love you in your lounge pants and cozy boots, and how you watch the history channel and read books for fun. I

like you because you're klutzy and not afraid to be yourself. You are not one of those girls at the clubs in mini skirts looking to play games. You are you." He recited.

Oh the irony... At that moment I realized he knew exactly who I was, and that was enough for him. I didn't have to be the "bitch," and subconsciously had forgotten to play by the rules from the moment we met. The game didn't apply to him, yet he had fallen, and I had fallen back. Although, I temporarily deviated from who I was, I decided to turn in my trashy stilettos forever and embrace my cozy boots. Gone were the days of the "bitch," and I was ready to truly be myself.