

The Inspiration for This Book

I'm not an egotistical person, but recently I had an aha! moment.

*If women ran the world, sh*t would get done.*

It was early morning, and despite a badly sprained lower back, I was scrubbing gobs of gunk off some dishes that had sat in the sink overnight. My ordinarily supportive boyfriend was heading out the door, and I asked him to take out the trash. Standing at the sink cleaning disgusting dinnerware was painful enough; lifting heavy bags of garbage wasn't going to happen that morning. I heard him sigh, looked over, and saw that he was pouting.


"Come on, darling, I've taken the trash out three days in a row."

I stared at him in stunned amazement. After all, he knew how much pain I was in. Did he think I was going to cozy up on the couch, snap my fingers, and make the trash disappear? Was he expecting the trash fairy to come pay us a visit?

As he sulked out the door (with trash bag in hand, I might add), it hit me. Women are amazing. When we see something that needs to be changed, improved, or just

plain taken care of, we do just that: we take care of it. Women do for our families, our friends, our jobs, the world, and (with the little time that's left) for ourselves. And we do everything that we do (usually) without complaining, even when doing a pitch-perfect imitation of our two-year-old mid-tantrum would be completely justified.

Margaret Thatcher once said, "If you want anything said, ask a man. If you want something done, ask a woman." I think every woman who's ever lived would agree. I also think it's time we stand up, pat ourselves on the back, crack open a pint of chocolate peanut butter ice cream (or just a pint), and celebrate us!



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