

Two Garage Sale Ladies

This is an exceptional story...

I had some stuff in a storage unit that needed to go.

I put an ad in Craigslist to sell it.

A woman—Sherry--emailed me about the Pier One 4' vase.

I sent her the meet up time and place.

What I'm about to tell you is true.

Normally, relationship coaches amend their newsletters if it's to protect a client.

Sherry is not my client.

As a recovered over-doing-masculine-energy-woman-when-it's-inappropriate, **I can tell you why men want to RUN** when they are **with a female doing what I'm about to describe.**

If you don't know about the terrors of a woman who is in masculine energy (doing/controlling/judging/leading) **when she doesn't need to be**, read on...

And since I encounter so many masculine energy women **who think they are in feminine energy** and their guy is running away, I encourage you to read on...

I get to the appointed parking lot early.

A dark blue Honda pulls up a couple of minutes later.

There are two women, mid- 40's and 50's- in the car.

The driver puts her window down and yells, "You the ad?"

I am many things, but the last time I checked, and 20 out of 20 people would agree, I would not label myself as an *ad*.

[Note: can you imagine this woman on a first date hollering upon meeting the guy, "You the man?" or "You Jerry?" as the opening line. Not too friendly, eh? Even if it followed a "hi," it would be more palatable.]

Deciding to be agreeable [which is what a man would do], I said, "Yes, I am the one who placed the ad."

They got out of the car.

They walked towards me in their 4th of July finery... all red, white and blue with little flag pins if you looked closely.

I said, "Hi, I'm Christine. So that I can put a face and name to a person who emailed me, what's your name?"

The hollering woman stood a little taller and said, "Mona."

I said, "Oh. I didn't get an email from a Mona."

They both stared. **Awkward stare.**

Then the passenger offered, "I'm Sherry."

I said, "Gotcha. I did get your email. Hi. We're just waiting on four other people before we go over to the storage unit across the street, but glad you're early."

Mona said, "I saw you have a mattress for sale."

I said, "Yes."

Mona: "**Why** you got a mattress?"

At that moment I understand why men hate *why* questions. Really anyone does. It makes it seem that you've done something criminally wrong.

Notice that her question wasn't 'why do you have a mattress for sale,' just 'why you got a mattress.'

I said, "It was for a project, *and* it's brand new."

Mona: "Ohhhh...a **project**" as she side glanced towards Sherry and delivered her comment in the most judgmental tone as though possibly 40 days and nights of wanton stranger sex or a CSI murder might have occurred on the mattress.

[This would be like on the first date with a man, where Mona would say to him, "Ohhh, so you were **married?!**" and expect the man to, from that judgmentally-delivered question to explain himself, in detail, what happened to his marriage. But men don't take the bait. They go silent.]

Now in woman-to-woman land, I was supposed to take the bait and offer an explanation to detail what the project was.

But I didn't. I felt annoyed and was busy feeling annoyed in a very open way.

Mona and Sherry were intriguing.

The second the minute hand on the **watch hit noon**—our agreed to time—I realized no other ad responders had shown up.

Mona, in over-doing-high-masculine-energy announced abruptly, "**It's time**" and she and Sherry, (turns out they're sisters) pivot and march back to their car like synchronized swimmers, slam the doors in unison and Mona starts the car's engine.

I was still standing in the parking lot.

I decided I was going to wait one more minute for any late arrivals.

Mona revs her engine a little.

[On a first date with Mona, the man is wondering if he could just leave now. He's thinking if he'd only gone with being a doctor instead of an accountant, he could feign being on call and escape with an un-arguable get-out-of-jail excuse.]

Mona revs her engine again.

She's driving alright. She's driving the masculine-energy-when-you-don't-need-it-racing car.

In unauthentic womanland I'm supposed to hop to and psychically interpret that she is upset that I'm not moving fast enough.

I was observing myself feel how her behavior would feel for a man.

This is why men get caught in the cross hairs of that female weapon...sensing she's upset, but she hasn't said why and she's masking her feelings and she's storming around banging things or in this case revving an engine.

Again, I understand **why men want to run** because the woman is masking her hostility (controlling) and that need to control is spewing out around anyone they come in contact with.

We drive the one block to the storage unit.

We enter it.

Mona and Sheila launch rapid fire complaints, "Oh there's not much light in here is there?" "I thought it'd be bigger."

"Is that blue or green?" "What's that??" "Does it look good or fake?"
"Hmmpf."

Then, **"Where's that mattress?"**

They strolled amongst 4-6 items for 15 minutes...complaining.

[On that first date, it would be like this: "Oh this basket of bread is so-so. Not very hot." "Wait staff is slow, huh?" "Look at these prices." "What are you going to have off of this tiny menu?" "I hate it when there are words you can't pronounce. Just say it in English already."

My phone rings. It's a late ad responder--Audrey.

I give her directions.

Audrey, late 20s-early 30s arrives. Super tan, blonde streaked hair in a pony, Audrey, looking like an ex-volleyball player, announces that she wants the toy chest and says so as she whips out some cash.

Up jumps red-white-and blue outfitted Mona like a tiger leaping onto a ledge in the zoo to stare at you ominously in pounce mode.

I got a dicey feeling-- this could get ugly. I stay open.

Mona, in an unauthentic statement, which is what happens when women lose their power by being in masculine when feminine would serve them more, whined, "Ohhh. So that's how it goes??? Someone who's here second gets whatever they want before the person who was here first?!"

As my phone is ringing with the next late responder, Mike, I quickly say to her, "Actually it's whoever pays for it first gets it. You haven't said you wanted anything yet."

I step 20' away to take the call and flag the late Mike to the correct storage unit.

I return.

Mona with a new found hustle states, "I'm taking the chest, the vase, the silk tree, the chair and I've got the money."

Audrey, huffs, stomps, and says, "Well this is a bunch of sh*t."

Again, in woman to woman land with two women resisting being in her feminine power and everything coming out so ***dramatically***, it was unspoken that I was to make this right for Audrey somehow.

Audrey exclaimed, "But *I* wanted the toy chest!"

Well a lot of women wanted George Clooney but Amal got him first.

Mona glared. Audrey snorted.

They were squaring off for a showdown right there in the dusty storage unit.

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