I dedicate this book to my Love, Mary. Thank you for standing beside me all these years. May our Love continue into eternity.

The cover art for this book was drawn by my friend, Gabe Cayton.

ABOUT THIS BOOK

Some time ago I noticed that I was hearing women say things that sounded very strange.

It took me awhile to figure out why these things seemed so strange, but I finally realized that they were statements that throughout all of recorded history, no man has ever spoken.

I have since spent many countless hours with some of the best minds in science, and have been informed that the following strings of odd words in seemingly random and illogical sentence formations, are physically impossible for the male human being to utter.

Therefore, I felt it was my duty as a loyal male, and lover of history and the spoken language, to categorize these sayings, so that all humanity may benefit from and thus realize, that women are in fact, different than men.

So I now present to you, "Honey, Do These Look Too Tight' …and 26 Other Things You'll Never Hear a Man Say"

Honey, do these look too tight?

I have never met a man who has ever worried about this. For you see a man is more logical and has learned how to deal with fluctuations in body mass. For instance my male counter parts that were once a 32” waist and have now found themselves to be a 38” waist, have learned that ‘tightness’ is only an issue if you try to get your entire 38” belly inside your pants. And that is why we have logically perfected the “flop”, which is simply a physical act in which our bellies are flopped over our waistband while we concurrently zip and fasten our top clasp. This ingenious act not only eliminates the ‘tightness’ issue, but also allows us to continue wearing the same pair of pants for many more years.

Lets get the newspaper so we can see what's on sale the day after Christmas.

After I just spent all day December 24th shopping for my wife's Christmas presents, running all over town (east Lee's Summit to west Lee's Summit), from Kmart to WestLake Ace Hardware to Goodwill, and finally to the store that I have found offers the best value and selection, Dollar General, it bothers me to think that after I have showered her with all these fine gifts that she would even have the desire to buy something for herself.

You know honey I think it would be a good idea if our son lived with us for a few years after he graduates from High School.

This is so strange, because you don’t know how many times I have thought the exact same thing!

Did you frost your hair?

I have always been fascinated by the magnitude of things my wife has done to her hair to keep it ‘thick’ or ‘shiny, or ‘straight’ or ‘full bodied’ or ‘curly’ or ‘healthy’ or ‘conditioned’ etc. My Father taught me a neat trick that I have continued to use over the years, and that is to use hand soap to wash my hair. It leaves my hair just as I prefer it, clean and coarse. But I guess the thing I most like about using hand soap is that a bar of soap is so much easier to find than shampoo. I can’t tell you how many fruitless hours and gallons of water that have been wasted, as I have stood in the shower searching through bottle after bottle of conditioner, until I have found a single bottle of shampoo. The only reason I can possibly think of why there would be this disparity in the ratio of shampoo to conditioner bottles is the fact that the Combo packs at Sam’s Club must nowadays be packaged 1 bottle of shampoo to 11 bottles of conditioner.

For me, it's not about the sex.

Hmmm. Hmmm. Hmmm. Don't laugh, because I am honestly trying to figure out if there is something else it could actually be about.

I don’t have anything to wear.

I never seem to have this problem as I always enjoy slipping on my blue jeans and favorite sweatshirt that my wife swears I have worn 10 years. I used to get mad at her when she would say something so outrageous as that I had been wearing my favorite outfit for 10 years. But of course being the male that I am, I searched deeper to find out the reason for the error of her ways and stumbled across it in my own back yard. One day my neighbor asked me, “how old is your dog”, and I said, “five years old”, and then my neighbor said, “Well, you know that’s 35 dog years don’t you”. And then a light from heaven above shined down upon me and supernaturally revealed, that female understanding of the elapsed time period during which an item of clothing is continuously worn is 5 times that of reality. For instance when I have worn my favorite sweatshirt for only 2 years, my sweetheart thinks I have worn it for 10 years. Bless her heart, she just don’t know any better.

I need my bangs trimmed.

Is bangs truly a word? I had never even heard a man say this word until 2003 when I was watching American Idol and heard William Hung sing, ‘She Bang, She Bang…’ and even then I wasn’t sure what he meant. So let me get this straight. Would a single hair hanging down in front of your face be considered a ‘bang’, and two or more would be considered ‘bangs’? Then I guess myself and all other men I know of, have bangs that they need trimmed, which for years we have incorrectly been calling nose hairs.

I'd like to get cute little outfits for the dogs, dress them up, and then take their picture so we can send it out for our Christmas card next year.

Sometimes I find myself sitting there, just staring uncontrollably at my wife when she says something like this. I'm smiling at her like a good loving husband should, but inside I am saying to myself, "Surely, she is shitting me". And then I come home one day and the three dogs are dressed up like drag queens, with pleading looks on their faces like, 'Help us and we promise we'll never crap on the rug again'. It's not right. It's just, not, right.

Lets just hug and be friends tonight.

As I am getting older I find myself being OK with these words, however I am not ready to admit to it, and definitely not close to saying it.

Lets stop and ask for directions.

Men have evolved from homing pigeons and thus given enough time, gasoline and coffee, they can go around and around in circles for hours until they find what they are looking for without the embarrassment of having to ask for directions.

I would love a family portrait this year.

My wife and I have 3 children, all boys. We had a family portrait taken last year, and through the experience, I cleared up in my mind once and for all, that evolution is a hoax. For you see, if it takes that much time, effort and struggle just to get 4 males bathed, groomed, dressed, assembled in one place, and smiling all at once, then based on this, the evolutionary process of a monkey turning into a man is totally out of the question, as this would literally take millions and millions of years to occur.

It's my time…

In a way I wish men could say this because it really is quite an excellent excuse to get out of so much that one doesn't like to, or want to do. Just once, when my wife asks me to take out the trash I would like to be able to say, "Oh honey, you know I really would love to take out the trash but unfortunately, its my time".

I think the kids need braces.

Braces have always seemed to be one of the great rip offs of all time. I grew up with crooked teeth, my Daddy grew up with crooked teeth, and my Granddaddy grew up with crooked teeth, so the thought of spending $4500 (more than a years pay for Granddaddy, and more than my Daddy's first new car cost) on teeth, was a no-brainer. I went out with a girl once in High School who had braces. After kissing her once, and finding my lips looking like I had kissed Ron Popeils' 'Vegamatic', I quickly realized that the Baptists must have invented braces just to keep the hanky panky down.

I have so many split ends.

How would you ever know if you have split ends? I mean how can you actually contort you head, neck and eyes around to see the end of a hair, let alone to see if it is split? Women can do things men never dreamed of with their bodies. My wife exercises occasionally, and often she will say, “Hey, grab your ankles and bend down and touch your face to your feet”. First of all, doesn’t she realize that she has been asking me to do the same thing over and over again for years? Isn’t this what people in Old Folks Homes do? Secondly, and think about this one, why would anyone <u>want</u> to touch their feet to their face?

Isn’t that a cute little Volkswagen?

The El Camino has been the treasured car of the male for sometime now. Its utilitarian nature far surpasses that of mere foreign “cute” imports in ways that frankly, most women can’t seem to appreciate. For instance, if you own an El Camino you can haul manure and go out on a date at the same time. And when you are done with your beer can, you have a convenient recycling reservoir right behind your seat. Granted there are no places to put a single flower on the dashboard, but most El Caminos have deep-dish ashtrays that are getting hard to find anymore.

Do you have a pad I can borrow?

There are some things (or lack of some things) in life that I am just so thankful for. My next-door neighbor Kenneth Lyons is about 85 years old, and thus has accumulated lots of stuff I wish I had. So when I find I have need for something I usually hit up Kenneth first. I have found myself on Kenneth's doorsteps saying, "Hey Kenneth, can I borrow you 24' aluminum ladder?" or "What's up Kenneth, can I borrow your large pipe wrench?" and many more things. But to have to go to his doorstep (probably by night), and say, "Hey Kenneth, do you have a pad I can borrow?", would probably change our relationship profoundly, and I would end up buying a lot more tools of my own.

Do you have those pretty drinks with the little umbrella and whip cream on top?

My face would just about turn beet red if any words other than, ‘Give me a cold beer’, came out of my mouth. You see, you know what you’re getting when you order cold beer. But with them girly drinks, you don’t know where them umbrellas have been.

I'll just have toast and coffee.

Have you ever noticed that there are many more men who frequent the “Waffle House” than women? If a man were to order toast and coffee at the “Waffle House” he would get beat up by no less than 5 truckers, 2 waitresses and 1 fry cook. The only thing that could help the police solve the crime would be the clue that none of the mans assailants had teeth. With biscuits and gravy, hash browns, bacon, pancakes, grits, corn beef hash, and country fried steak and omelets and French toast, a person deserves to get beat up if they order toast and coffee.

I called my Mom this afternoon and…

Lets face it most guys haven't spoken to their Mother in almost 5 years. The mere thought of daily or weekly phone conversations with Mother is what keeps most men ignoring the Surgeon Generals Warning on the side of cigarette packages. I think that is why men get married in the first place, so that they now have someone to hand the phone to when their Mother calls.

Oh, aren't these cute panties?

White BVD's are what most men are accustomed to. Sure, there may be a time in our lives when we have worn a plaid boxer short, a striped or patterned stretch Lycra, or maybe even in our wilder days, a silver thong. However, in these times of our wandering, God in his graciousness has continued to draw us back to that which is worn in the Holy of Holiest, the Blessed White BVD's.

Lets put the Christmas tree up together want to?

I can’t think of one thing that is farther removed from the mind of a man than this thought. Just the mere utterance of this phrase by my wife simply dumbfounds me to the point of shear speechlessness, and under the further threat of being cut off, I year after hopeless year, wind up cursing those damned twisted sets of Christmas tree lights.

I think I am going to have to buy a 1 – Piece this year.

Men, take note, as this is a monumental statement for a woman! This is equivalent to a man acknowledging he will never have a 6-pack abdomen ever again. I personally, have far surpassed this point. To give you an idea of how bad it is, I can't remember the last time I haven't been winded after cutting my toenails. Nor do I have to worry about belly button dirt anymore, as what used to be an "inny" is now a 'flaty", and the dirt just falls right off. And truth be known, I haven't even seen my manhood (except in a mirror) for over 5 years now.

I can never find anything in this darn purse.

This is truly a problem of such magnitude that I am surprised that Dave Barry hasn't written a column about it yet. It seems that the solution to this problem is commonly to replace the offending purse with a new one. Have you ever heard the phrase, "If you always do, what you've always done, you'll always get, what you've always got"? Isn't that the problem with this 'replace with a new one" solution? Now there are some women who are smart enough to know through personal experience that carrying a wallet works just wonderfully, but the scathing looks they get from purse carrying women are those reserved for dikes, and worse than the looks a Republican gets when he doesn't vote along party lines. I think the last great hope for this worldwide problem is tackle boxes.

It's all about Fabio…

I just don’t get this one. Why would any woman be so drawn to a beast of a man, with ravishing eyes and uncombed flowing golden locks, who unabashedly wears no shirt thus exposing his massive chest and biceps, and always wears pants so tight that a good woman would blush if she cast her eyes inappropriately? I admonish all good woman to search diligently for a man of Barney Fifes looks, inner character and wholesome thoughts toward her.

The light sucks in this closet - I can’t see anything.

I personally have never needed an overabundance of lighting in my 1/20th of our closet. For you see I learned sometime ago by reading a book on Feng Shui, that simplicity is good for the soul, and I have taken that to heart in my clothing color selections. By buying only blue jeans, blue T-shirts and blue sweatshirts, I have not only calmed my inner man but have also eliminated the need for <u>any</u> lighting in my closet.

I'm going to take the dogs to get groomed.

The closest I come to thinking that the dogs need bathing (I never have thought they need ‘grooming’) is when I am sitting in my favorite chair and the poodle jumps up to sit on top of the back of the chair, which is totally rude in the first place if you ask me, and I then I begin to smell something unpleasant. When I slowly turn to get affirmation, I find a dried dog poop, intertwined with grass and butt hair, approximately 3” from my face. Although I am a Christian and the Bible says, “A righteous man careth for his animals”, I am still at this precise moment not thinking about bathing the poodle, but my thoughts are much darker, approaching throwing the poodle in front of a speeding vehicle. It is only later I calm down and begin to think how sad the kids would be if the poodle was fresh road-kill, that I finally realize that the poor animal just needs a bath. So I then I call my wife and let her know.

Look! The 'Phantom of the Opera' is coming to town.

See if you can imagine the following phone conversation:

"Hi Kenneth this is Mike next door. Oh, peachy and thanks for asking. Say you are just going to fall out of your Lazy-Boy when you here this. Are you stabilized? OK here it is. I just read in the paper that "The Phantom of the Opera" is coming to town! Yeah! I know! I know! I have always wanted to see it too! We have got to go. Huh? I know, I know, and he is so mysterious with that mask on too. I already know exactly what I am going to wear if I can find some black shoes to match. You think? Oh, awesome. That will match your hair perfectly. Well I think we should just buy the most expensive tickets online tomorrow. Tell our wives? Heck no, we won't even mention it to our wives until they are in a really good mood. Oh I can't wait! Well, I have got to go do some laundry - I am so excited. I'll talk to you later Kenneth".