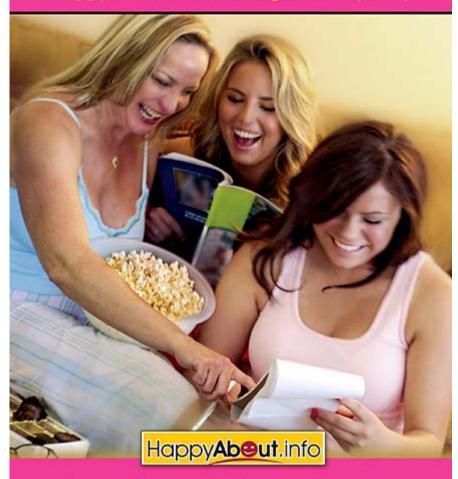


Happy About® Learning the Easy Way



LINDA EDWARDS, NICOLE GLENNON & DANIELLE GLENNON

"Lessons About Life Momma Never Taught Us" Book Excerpt

Happy About Learning the Easy Way

By Linda Edwards, Nicole Glennon and Danielle Glennon

Subset of the book brought to you by Happy About



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WHITE PAPER Table of Contents (included here)

- Introduction
- Chapter 1: Stop Being Needy, Clingy and Psychotic
- Chapter 3: Stop Being So Nice!
- About the Authors
- Getting the book and other books from Happy About

Getting "Lessons About Life Momma Never Taught Us" (http://www.happyabout.info/lessons-about-life.php)

"Lessons About Life Momma Never Taught Us" can be purchased as an eBook for \$11.95 or tradebook for \$14.95 at: http://www.happyabout.info/lessons-about-life.php or at other online and physical book stores.

Please contact us for quantity discounts sales@happyabout.info or to be informed about upcoming titles bookupdate@happyabout.info or phone (408-257-3000).

Contents

NOTE:	This is the Table of Contents (TOC) from the book for your reference. The eBook TOC (below) differs in page count from the tradebook TOC.
Intro	Introduction1
Part I	Dating3
Chapter 1	Stop Being Needy, Clingy and Psychotic
Chapter 2	Don't Make a Girlfriend Out of Your Boyfriend
Chapter 3	Stop Being So Nice! 13 Nicole 13
Chapter 4	Don't Be Fooled by Words
Chapter 5	Learn that Men Don't Change21Nicole
Chapter 6	Don't Get Lost in Cyberspace25Linda
Chapter 7	Practice Honesty 31 Danielle 31
Chapter 8	Don't Be Delusional

Chapter 9	Wait for the Right Man39
	Nicole
Part II	Sex
Chapter 10	Keep a Three-Month Rule
	Linda
Chapter 11	Hold Out for Romance
Chapter 12	Practice Celibacy and Other Dietary Fads53
	Danielle
Chapter 13	Can You Be an Easy Lover? A James Bond Girl?57
	Nicole
Chapter 14	Don't Use Your Body as Bait61
	Linda61
Chapter 15	Don't Be a Victim of Lust65
	Nicole
Chapter 16	Don't Practice "Cool" Sex67
	Danielle
Chapter 17	Don't Screw Your Friends71
	Nicole
Chapter 18	Learn to Manage Your Sexual Energy73 Linda 73
Part III	Health
Chapter 19	Guard Your Alcohol Consumption79
	Nicole

iv Contents

Chapter 20	Know Your Body 83 Linda 83
Chapter 21	Take Care of Yourself87Linda87
Part IV	Marriage93
Chapter 22	Think Before You Say "I Do"
Chapter 23	When Married, Maximize Your Sexual Advantages99
Chapter 24	Chastity Is More Than Sonny and Cher's Daughter
Part V	Life109
Part V Chapter 25	Don't Take It Personally— They Can't Help Themselves
	Don't Take It Personally— They Can't Help Themselves111
Chapter 25	Don't Take It Personally— They Can't Help Themselves
Chapter 25 Chapter 26	Don't Take It Personally— They Can't Help Themselves

Chapter 30	Get Over Your Dad 129 Nicole 129
Chapter 31	Tell the Truth About Abuse133
	Danielle
Chapter 32	Conclusion: Live Without Regret137
	Danielle (15-17) 137 Nicole (18-20) 138 Linda (48-50) 138
Authors	About the Authors
Appendix A	Comprehensive List of 'Things to Think About'145
	Dating. 14 Sex. 14 Health. 14 Marriage. 14 Life. 14
T-shirt	Lessons About Life T-Shirt15

vi Contents

Introduction

The book is about modern girls and women taking care of themselves and learning to manage their relationships, their attitudes, and their lives.

The tone is like a pajama party, with the three of us taking turns describing what we have learned from our experiences and what we came to realize while talking about our problems laughing, sometimes crying, and often coming to what seems to us to be profound insights about ourselves.

The three of us have been friends for the past five years. Even though our ages are diverse (from 15 to 50), we discovered that we share the same experiences and problems with boys and men. We subsequently began to turn relationships, at times, into scientific projects to find out who they really are and to identify the reasons for the things they do that drive us crazy. Our research and discussions led us on voyages of self-discovery. As a result, we finally learned lessons that really ought to have been taught to us years ago.

The following pages describe what we have learned. We narrate our experiences in an informal and humorous fashion. We're glad to share these with others so that they can learn from us without necessarily having to go through the trauma and failures that we experienced in finally coming to a place of wisdom about these matters.

We hope that as you read the following pages, you will recognize that beneath the surface we really are sisters, sharing in common the problems, fears, and joys that make us who we are and that sometimes drive us crazy. Come join the pajama party and laugh and learn along with us.

NOTE: The names of those we refer to as "our characters" in the book are the universal names of "Adam" and "Eve." What better way to explain men and sex then to go back to the original couple? Some things never change; nor, in our opinion, have men and women changed since the dawn of time.

2 Intro

Chapter

1

Stop Being Needy, Clingy and Psychotic

Nicole

The age range of the three of us spreads over more than three decades, from 15 to 50. Linda, Danielle, and I had a number of pajama parties together and learned, to our astonishment, that in spite of the diversity of our ages, all three of us have been repeating a dysfunctional pattern of behavior in which we behave very badly after a succession of boys has used and then discarded us. Furthermore, we have become aware that a number of our girlfriends have been going through this dreary cycle as well.

My friend, Eve, for example, was maintaining a long-distance relationship with a boyfriend. They were talking on the phone one day and he said he would call her that evening before he went to sleep. She never heard from him that night so she tried to call him. He didn't pick up so she tried again in the morning, then several times in the afternoon, and several more times after dinner. Late in the evening, in desperation, she tried again, and he finally picked up. "What is your problem?" he screamed at her. "You are so needy, clingy and crazy!"

The three of us could tell similar stories. I could, for sure. The pattern begins as I get into a relationship. For a while things are wonderful, but

then the guy suddenly breaks off contact with me. A well-adjusted person, with a firm grasp of reality, would just let him go. After all, he obviously has a reason for the disconnect, even if I can only guess what it might be.

So I've had to admit the difficult truth that I'm not "a well-adjusted person, with a firm grasp of reality." The three of us have discussed together whether one reason we become psychotic is because these guys do things like say they're going to call, but then lack sufficient courtesy to give us the 30 seconds worth of explanation that we deserve, which sets off bells and alarms in our minds.

If they just left a message, "I don't feel like calling. Goodnight," it would be enough. But they can't even do that much. Guys like that might not be stupid but they act stupid. They lack remorse and aren't even tempted to try to excuse their behavior. They seem inept, deaf, dumb, and blind. We want to ask them "Did your mom not teach you anything on how to treat a woman?" But that's a stupid question, because the answer is obviously "No." Just like our moms didn't teach us the things we needed to know in order to stay out of those situations.

Our behavior in these circumstances is absolutely crazy because it has no basis whatsoever in any rational thought process. What can possibly be going through my mind when I phone the guy over and over all day long, leaving messages on his answering machine, sending him emails twice an hour, and texting him every 15 minutes? Do I imagine that if he won't answer the phone the first eight times I call, he might pick up the phone on the ninth? Or the twelfth? It's just insane behavior. Literally! Someone defined a type of insanity as doing the same thing over and over expecting each time to get a different result.

And after all, who knows why he isn't calling?

Perhaps he just needs a little space and a chance to assure himself that he is remaining in control of his life.

Or maybe he's tired of being with me.

Perhaps he's with someone else and is no longer interested in me.

Or maybe he was run over by a dump truck and is lying in a coma in the intensive care unit of some hospital.

One indication that I really am psychotic when a boy does this to me is that, on some level at least, that last possibility—the one with the dump truck—seems to me to be the most attractive of them all. At least it is far more appealing than the one just before it—the "with someone else" one. If that jerk is messing around with someone else then I would run him over with a dump truck myself, if I were given the chance. Or would feel like doing so, at least.

I have to keep realizing that this is a stupid and twisted way of thinking. When I feel like I'm losing control over a relationship, and then attempt to regain my position in some obsessive fashion, I lose even more control. Worst of all, I lose control of myself. The solution is for me to not get impatient at these times and go spiraling into panic mode, but to get busy with some project that doesn't have anything to do with dating. I have to stop sitting around and looking at my phone. I'll go to the mall with my friends perhaps. Maybe I'll work out. I could get a punching bag and pretend that it is Adam's face.

However I manage it, I need to give the guy enough space so he can do his own thing without me, if he wants to. And anyway, the only possible thing I can do to get a guy back who isn't coming around any more is to ignore him. Linda says that some men are like boomerangs; they only come back when you throw them away. Or perhaps they are wild horses. If you try to lasso them they will pull away from the noose.

That "wild horse" thing is a pretty good picture, actually. I'm sometimes hanging on to the rope with an iron grip while some horny stallion drags me on my stomach through a lot of dirt and crap. So I should just let the guy go. If he has unfinished business, maybe he'll come back.

But after all, would a perfectly sane person even want such a bozo back? Another thing that makes such behavior so crazy, is the total absence of any possible answer to the question that if he really can treat me in this shabby way, why would I want him? What self-respecting girl would ever consent to be in an intimate relationship with a self-absorbed person who can treat people like this? Why would I even consider trying to maintain a relationship with a person who uses and abuses people?

Unfortunately, I can't do anything to put broken boys back together. The only part of these dysfunctional relationships that I can do anything about is the one I am responsible for my own self. And it's becoming clear to me what my part of the problem actually is. I really do become "needy and clingy." Therefore, I need to become emotionally self-contained. I need to figure out how to get into the driver seat of my own life.

So I'm changing my attitude. I must learn to play what marketing philosophers would call a "supply-demand" dating game. Since becoming more available only turns men away, I should set the standard that if they want more of me; they have to play by my rules.

That marketing model sounds more calculating than I'm willing to actually be. But the fact is, I'm learning to hang out with a guy I like while being able to say "no" and make it stick. It is getting easy, in fact, because I'm finding it empowering, even amusing to remain in control of myself. I don't play games, but I simply develop a healthy amount of emotional space between my psyche and any guy these days.

In some ways, I'm learning to manage a relationship as though it were a dance. I can't go charging like some mad cow through the dance; I need the grace to move back, move to the side, then close and back again. I need to play with the situation. At the beginning, guys act like it is a dance, of course. But some of them turn it right away into rough sport—as though it was a war and I am the enemy to be defeated. If a guy wants to turn our dance into a game of dodge ball and try to nail me with his big balls, I'll just go find someone else to dance with.

It's okay for a girl to be in the lead in this dance. It's okay for me to be in the driver's seat when it is important for me to be there. It's not okay to do insane things with guys. I'm committing myself to never again be needy and clingy!

Things to Think About:

- Don't worry if you don't hear back from a man...time will tell you the truth.
- 2. While you can't control a man's behavior or actions, you can control yours!

Chapter

3

Stop Being So Nice!

Nicole

I love doing nice things for people. I perform acts of kindness such as purchasing for my friend special treats during final exam week to help her cope with the stresses of that time.

When it comes to relationships with boys, I guess I'm sometimes too nice. One particular experience illustrates my problem. When Adam and I were going through a low point in our relationship, he tore the ligament in his shoulder in a football injury. He was facing surgery and became terribly depressed. I tried to make a really creative effort to do what I could to make him feel better by preparing a special package for him. I included in the package all his favorite things: a six-pack, a Big Hunk candy bar, a girly magazine, and a gift certificate to our Restaurant, which is where we had one of our first encounters.

I sent the package simply to be nice and to help the guy feel better. I wasn't trying to instigate anything, nor trying to leverage my gift to Adam for some ulterior purpose. As an indication of the fact that I did not intend to manipulate Adam into some response, I didn't put my name on the package. I had just gotten a new job and sent the package from my work address, which he wouldn't have easily recognized. I didn't want him to feel obligated. But, on the other hand, I guess I wanted the gift to be a game. I left enough clues so that he should have figured it out if for no other reason than the gift certificate was to our personal restaurant.

I was dismayed when I never heard from Adam. He never even told me that he had received a package from some source he didn't recognize. I'm sure that he knew the package was from me, however. Perhaps he imagined that my behavior was strange. Strange thoughts were going through my mind, for sure. Maybe Adam didn't get the package. Perhaps it was delivered to the wrong place. I did a little psychotic PI work and gave the tracking slip to Linda. I told her to call Adam and to represent herself as a manager from FedEx.

"Hi, Adam," Linda said. "I'm Sally from FedEx. It was reported that you did not receive a package that was sent to you. Did you receive the package?"

"Well, yes I did," Adam answered.

"You in fact received the package?" Linda repeated.

"Yes"

"So there was no reason to lodge a complaint?"

"No."

"Thank you for using FedEx," Linda said.

I never heard from Adam about anything for over a month, and he never brought the package up to me. I was totally hurt. I had invested a lot of time and imagination in that gift. If I had just sent a get well card, my feelings would be different.

I think that part of my problem was being too nice for Adam's own good. Perhaps he thinks of himself as a macho player and doesn't want to be seen as a wuss. But he could have emailed me or left a message. Actually, I have no idea to this day why he never acknowledged my gift. I just know that I didn't feel okay about this.

From what I hear and have observed, I think a lot of girls make the mistake I made of trying to be too nice to some guy they are interested in. Linda said that she tried to earn men's love by doing things to make them happy, not stressed. She says she gave herself too completely to a boyfriend. When his laundry room was being repaired, she did his laundry. He would have a BBQ at his house and she would serve as chef, hostess, and head of the cleanup crew. None of these things won his love, piqued his attention, or even earned his gratitude.

He would give her \$500 so she could take his daughter Christmas shopping. Linda would wash his cars and dog-sit for him when he went on trips, took the dog to the vet, picked up his mail, watered his plants. She did all that while he was on a trip to New York where he picked up the person who took her place.

So I think that my behavior towards guys must be a matter of timing whenever I do anything to display thoughtfulness. I must not be too nice too soon in a relationship. I must manage my level of niceness.

From now on I'm keeping a check on how much I do and how soon in a relationship I do it. I'm not going to be nicer than any guy deserves me to be. I guess it would be clearer to say that I'm not going to be nicer than any guy can stand for me to be.

Things to Think About:

- **1.** Being too nice, too soon takes the mystique out of a new relationship for the man. He knows he already has you.
- 2. Protect your heart by not being too nice too soon.
- **3.** Overly nice behaviors can be perceived by men as "needy and clingy."

Authors

About the Authors

Linda Edwards is a 50-year-old businesswoman and is part owner (partner) in a mortgage company. Nicole Glennon, is a 20-year-old college student. Danielle Glennon is a high school student in her mid teens. What do they all have in common?

Men!

They all have passion to learn how to understand men, date them and love them.



Linda was born and reared in a small Kentucky town. She was raised by strict Southern Methodist parents. Her father was a well-known Doctor of Optometry. Both parents were very involved in their church and community.

Linda married at the young age of 19, and left Kentucky to begin life as a young officer's wife in Hawaii. They divorced after eight challenging years, and Linda subsequently experienced a horrific car wreck, following which she married a man who still believed her to be attractive in spite of her face that had been horribly disfigured by going through a car's windshield. Following nearly ten years of problems and the birth of one wonderful child, she divorced a second time.

"For the first time in my life," Linda said, "I faced the realities in the world of men and dating." She had spent the past ten years making up for "lost time" while working to understand the psyche and behaviors of men. She tried to come to insights with how often she seemed so wrongly to interpret and to respond to men's intentions.

Nicole and Danielle Glennon, on the other hand, had been raised with their parents divorcing while they were both still quite young. They have seen men and women in and out of their parents' lives. Oddly enough, one of those persons was Linda. She had a long-term relationship with their dad. This is what brought the three of them together. After Linda got dumped by their Dad, the girls made a pact to always remain close friends.

Little did they know how close they would become!

12 Authors



Nicole grew up in northern California in the Bay Area and is currently 20 years old. She loves her life and has such great friends and family. She did gymnastics for ten years and competitive cheerleading for six. Nicole enjoys all sports. She loves water skiing, boating, yoga, dancing, and being in Tahoe snowboarding. She loves college football, and enjoys going to most sporting events.

She currently lives in Los Angeles going to school down there and working for a production company. She is not sure where the future will lead, she is taking it one day at a time. Why worry about the future when it's the present that she is most concerned about. Nicole feels that the best times in life are being with friends and family, being silly, laughing, and having quality time because for her that is what life is all about.



Danielle Glennon grew up in Danville, California attending Monte Vista High School. She is proud of her school and loves being involved with Monte Vista's Cheer Organization, representing the squad as a team captain. Her life has been surrounded with Cheerleading for seven years including competing in the past for Pyramids.

She is blessed with many friends and continues to grow friendships everyday. She has the loudest laugh and the biggest heart for the people she cherishes. Danielle is a very compassionate, loving girl who enjoys life and the challenges that it brings each day. In the future, she plans to go to college and hopefully develop a career with children, or somewhere in the health industry. Working on this book from the ages of 15 to 17, she never imagined how much she would learn about herself.

14 Authors

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