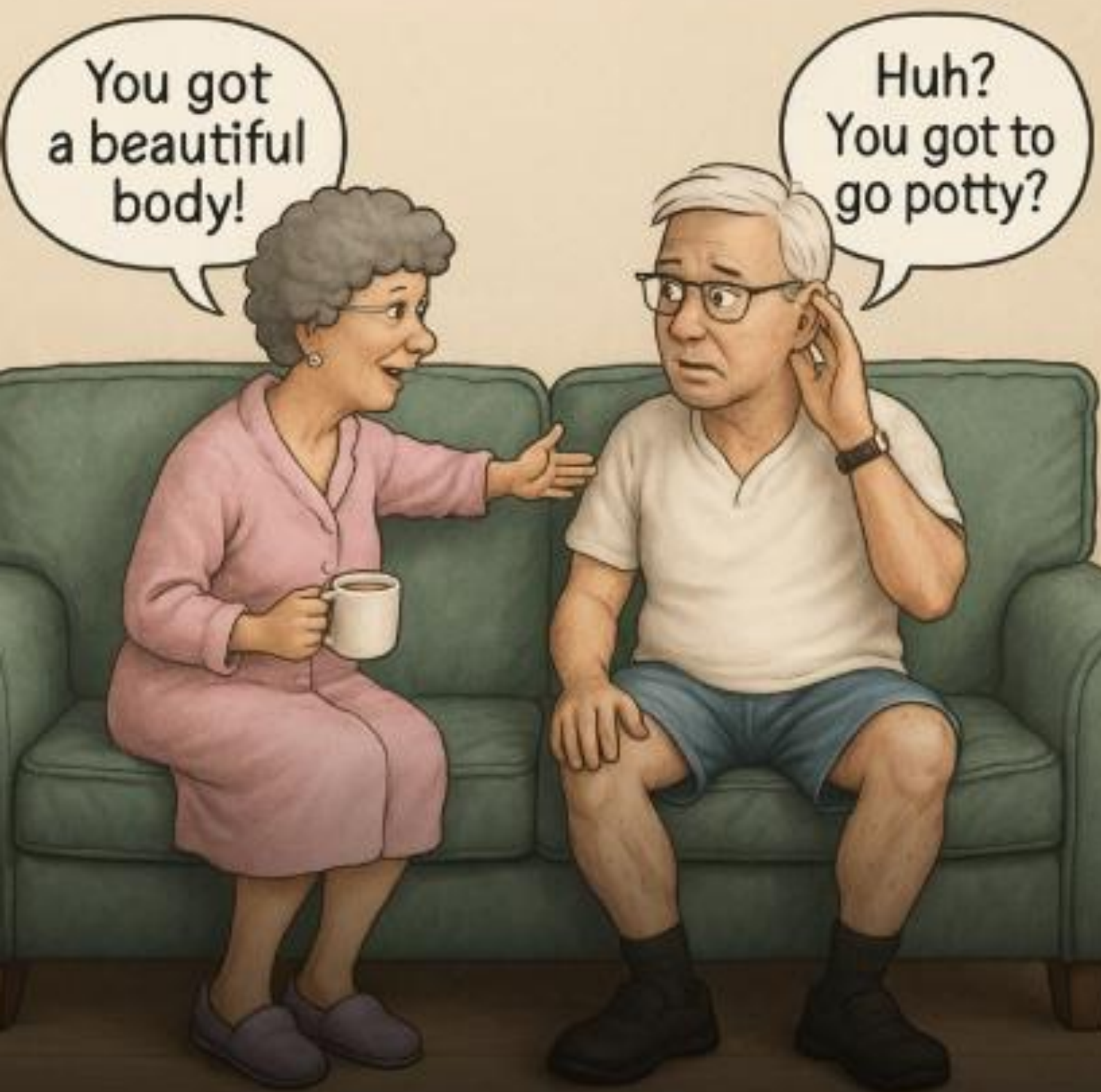


wAck-a-dilly Chronicles



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Chapter 1

The 'Other' Woman

Let me start right out from the giddy-up and tell you I'm not having an affair with someone else's man: not to say I haven't been on that side of the fence in my younger, stupider days, shamefully, I have. I also have been through two divorces and too many relationships to count. (It would make this book the size of an encyclopedia if I wrote about all of them). And my mother always told me that I would have to put my married last name on my tombstone, at this point my tombstone is five feet across.

Footnote on that, I didn't change my last name with my third marriage. I kept my maiden name.

I am the other, 'other' woman. I am the sister, the best friend, the co-worker of the woman whose husband or significant other has just dropped his brains down below waist level. To protect the names of the innocent 'women', I will call the cheating, no good, dumbass husbands, 'Tom', 'Dick' or 'Harry'. 'TDH' for short.

It's not easy being the other woman. We hurt, we cry, and lose sleep for the woman who is really going through this breach of contract. Most of the time we just can't believe she is putting up with this...we never would...right?

I have noticed that when women have affairs, they sneak, hide, wear a wig, and sunglasses to their lover's meeting place. But not men— they park their trucks with the trashy woman who has laid her hands on a married man right in the middle of the city. They ask to bring their new stripper girlfriend home for a swim in the family pool - just to get the family accustomed to the new living arrangements.

No wonder we bitch and nag so much. We as women, would go through all the effort to save face and men hang it out like dirty underwear with a big ass diarrhea-poopie stain on the back.

I guess to analyze this; we must ask the million-dollar question – WHY?

Why would a man who has everything (usually in his middle 40s), a job, a home, a family, a wife and three weeks' vacation, want to totally screw things up and go through hell?

I would say brains below waistline, but that would end this book too quickly, so we'll go deeper.

It is human nature to want predictability, security, and a sense of knowing where our future is going. (Who are we going to sit next to in that proverbial rocking chair?)

It is also human nature to want surprise, excitement, fun and irresponsibility...the irresponsibility part is for the TDHs. So, with that said, men who are in the middle of an affair screw up everything they've worked for up to this point, in a whirlwind everchanging from one minute to the next heap! The betrayed woman is left, not knowing what to do from one stupid stunt after another. Standing there like a deer in the headlights, hoping to the bitter end that he will come to his senses and beg for mercy.

When you take the role of the 'other' woman, you must know that you can't make the woman who is going through hell, do the right thing. It's all up to her. As painful as it is for you, it is your job as the 'other' woman to listen, laugh, cry, support, suggest and slip in occasionally, "What the hell are you thinking????"

I think it's important for readers to know about authors, to get into their heads and see what makes them tick. Most books put that little blurb on the back cover where no one reads past the second line anyway. So instead, I will go in and out of my own life experiences every now and then to show you how I became an expert on every TDH.

My first marriage was to my high school boyfriend - I feel sorry for your heart. I should have taken a good look at his parents from the start, but when you're eighteen you really don't notice things. Like that big gaping hole in the bathroom door caused by TDH's father (I'll call him TDH Sr.) when, in a pissed-off rage chased TDH's mother down the hall into the bathroom. I think she did manage to get the bathroom door locked, but not for long. I swear to God; the door was NEVER fixed. Duct tape does not count. There were even a few times while I was there that TDH Sr. hit TDH. It was my mission in life to save poor TDH. First mistake.

Here's where the saying, the apple doesn't fall too far from the pricker bush, comes into play. I like the word pricker. It reminds me of the word I really want to call the TDHs of the world. My first marriage lasted seven horrible, hellish, nightmare-long years. Looking back, I drove my friends half mad, okay, maybe all the way mad, trying to help me out of a very dangerous relationship. I used to say I had a revolving front door on my house. My 'other' woman friend would pack me and my disabled child up and move out. Only I would turn right around and move right back in, a week or two later. I don't think I could

have put up with me if I was her. Now that's love of the other woman. During those seven years, I was verbally battered to the point where I could not even trust my own mind.

Example in point, TDH would say;

"You looked in the direction of that guy. I know you slept with him."

Even though I did not, TDH convinced me that I had. That's some scary mind shit. My physical body had suffered too. I weighed a whopping 103 pounds. My hair was brittle and falling out, my teeth would bleed by just running my tongue over them. I would go for days without realizing that I did not eat and if I did eat by any chance, I could throw up on a dime and be quiet as a church mouse. Not a good skill to put on your resume.

The last time I moved out, my 'other' woman best friend (she still is), and another woman friend helped me. I said, "I'll just take a few things out of the house while TDH is working". Let me tell you what, those 'other' women friends, cleaned house, and I don't mean washing the windows. They took everything they could get their hands on and put it into storage. They were like the Grinch-ettes who stole Christmas.

My 'other' woman best friend was smarter than I was.... Still is, but we won't tell her that. She knew she had to hide me somewhere so TDH couldn't find me and convince me to move back in or beat the crap out of me. TDH called my mother and told her that he was going to have me and the 'other' woman arrested, and she needs to tell him where I was. Did I mention that my 'other' woman best friend was smarter than my mother too? Well, she was, and the only reason she is not to this day, is that my mother is dead, but that's another chapter.

Best friend 'other' woman didn't tell my mother and I was able to make the first major step to being TDH #1 free.

Did I mention that every statement in this book is true? Yep. You just can't make this stuff up. No one in their right mind would believe it.

Here's one to hang on the wall. I have a friend who is just starting the whole process of finding out. I think her TDH has brass balls that drag on the ground because he stays out all hours of the night, that's if he comes home at all. He even had the nerve to tell innocent woman, (his wife), that he and his stripper girlfriend (we'll call her kind, rotten dirty RUNT with a capital C or RDC for short).

"We are soul mates," he said, in an email no less. Talk about lawyer ammo, innocent woman friend has not told her young children the reason that their daddy does not come home anymore. She told her TDH, "Tomorrow is your son's seventh birthday, why don't

you stay the night, sleep on the couch so you are here when he wakes up?” TDH replied, “Well...I can’t.” “Why not?” she asked.

“Well, RDC thinks that I will cheat on HER with you.”

Did you hear that???

The cheater is afraid that the cheater will cheat with the one who shouldn’t be cheated on in the first place. Like I said, you just can’t make this up.