

Reviews for *Mancode: Exposed*

--As a long time warrior in the Battle of the Sexes, I would've won a lot more skirmishes had I had a copy of *Mancode* in my saddle. Reaching back toward my shotgun, I would've found this book. Instead of shooting the man, I could've said, "Stop acting like a man!" Buy *Mancode* and stop wasting bullets.

~ **Beth Wareham, author *Power of No***

--Finally! A woman who gets what I'm going through every day, front hat whole spitting thing to my deep abiding love for chocolate. Well done!

~ **Amber Scott, author of #1 Kindle bestsellers *IRISH MOON, FIERCE DAWN, WANTED***

--*Mancode: Exposed* is a scathingly funny, rapid fire and heartfelt looks at guys. Author Rachel Thompson delivers a satirical piece that invokes strong shades of Penny Marshall and Seth McFarlane.

~ **Casey Ryan, Host & Creator, *Cutting Room Floor* radio program**

Excerpt for *Mancode: Exposed*

MEN NEED ROUTINE

Men need routine. Everyone knows kids routine. That goes without saying. Plenty of studies on that. No, I'm talking about the big guys.

If my guy can't be asleep by 9:30 p.m. each night, he's Mr. Crankypants the next day. Granted, he's up at 4:30 a.m. to deal with East Coast clients. But it kind of puts a dent in our social calendar. On the weekends. When he doesn't have to be up early.

It even makes TV viewing difficult if the kids and I stay up late. Funny how he'll listen to his shows so loud my mom up in Northern California can hear them but when we want to watch a show, I'll get a text (yes, a text), "TURN IT DOWN," when it's already so low we're reading lips.

Sigh.

Men need routine.

I drink my coffee at home. I have Joey the Coffeemaker who greets me every morning with "How you doin'?" What girl doesn't want an Italian Stallion (okay, he's invisible. What's your point?) as she shuffles up in scary hair, morning tee and sweats? My guy, however, is constantly bugging me to get dressed (gasp!) and join him at Starbucks. Why on earth would I want to do that?

Doesn't he know I'm a writer? Okay, so maybe I need a routine, too. But we're talking about him. What is it about his insistence that we go to Starbucks?

“I love the whole atmosphere—lots of noisy people, the music, the activity, the grinder, the interaction. It’s how I start my day, every day. Without it, I just can’t get going. Why can’t you understand this?” he asks in frustration.

I know he loves me and wants us to spend kid-free time together. I get that. And I love him for it. I also recoil in horror. Doesn’t he know I’m a writer?

“Babe, I get your need for socialism. Okay, wait. Let me rephrase that,” I say, looking for a smile. Nothing. Tough crowd.

“You know I’m a social chick. I have my social times. But writing is not one of them. If I wanted to be social, I would have picked a different profession, like math or something. Er, maybe not. And while I love you to death, you don’t leave me alone when we go to Starbucks. I can’t get anything done,” I explain.

He nods. He knows I’m right. (Of course I am. Pft.)

There’s something he doesn’t realize about his Starbucks routine that’s bright as day to me. He’ll get his crap done if I’m not there. He may want me there, but he’s got deadlines just as I do. And being a one-man show, it’s even more critical that he do his own thing.

Men need routine.

Carving out time together with two careers and two kids is tricky, but we do it. Routines keep this democracy from crumbling.

Sometimes we deviate of course. Illnesses, vacations, when the kids have days off school — which just screws everything up.

And sometimes I go with him. Sure, I love to hang out with him. And sometimes I really, really want a piece of pumpkin bread.

LIME IN THE COCONUT

*** Guy yesterday told me, point by point, how he disagreed w/ my theory that chicks talk in circles, men in points #umpointtaken ***

Women are soft and curvy. In case you haven’t noticed, we have boobs. Which is why we talk in circles. Bear with me.

Men are leaner, walk tall and carry a, um, (okay, in some cases, questionable and only in their mind) big stick.

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Therefore, they talk in points.

It makes sense if you think about it.

Sure, these are generalities. I am discussing WOMAN and MAN. Fairly general topics.

I have no data to back this up, of course. So this theory is full of holes because I totally made it up after a few martinis. But I like it almost as much as my Pradas.

One guy said he wouldn’t believe it unless I could back it up with considerable studies and data.

I was like, dude. I’m a writer. I make shit up.

But I’ll give you an example.

My good friend explained to me that some tiles were broken on his kitchen counter. He would be travelling and couldn’t get to it, so he asked his wife if she could get someone in to deal with it.

Normally he's a handy guy, but it's a specialty tile and he accepts his limitations (good boy) and didn't want to screw it up. He left on his trip.

This is how their conversation went:

Him: Did you get the tile fixed? Her: Well, I had them come look at it. Him: Oh. I thought you were having it fixed.

Her: They had to check it. I'm not sure if they can do it right. The guy looked a little funny to me. So I got a few more names and I'm having them come over and check, also.

Him: Sweetie, it's really simple. I promise you. You don't need to go to all that trouble. One guy, fixed, done.

And on it went.

He's focused on the end goal—having it fixed. She's focused on what? Getting it done right.

When you think about it, they'll both reach the same point. Eventually. It's really a matter of how they're going to get there without driving each other completely bonkers.

It's like that game **Rock, Paper, Scissors** only in this case, does Circle trump Point? Does Point trump Circle?

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What came first: the sperm or the egg? But it's really not a game when you think about it. We're all here to interact with each

other. It's not a she *against* he. It's a he *with* she. Though too often, it does end up being a *versus*-type situation and that can become

problematic. How do we make the lime in the coconut happy? Wine helps, certainly. As does humor. And lots and lots of sex. I'm sorry, where was I?

Tile. Yea, yea, they worked it out. She called in a second, coincidentally much more handsome fella, and he got the job done (and there was nothing funny about him). The tile, people. Not her. Ya pervs.

Everyone was happy.

Well, maybe not her husband... he was a little jealous. But so what? Handyman came and went and she was left longing for the arms of her own guy.

Sometimes chicks talk in circles to get to the point. Maybe we don't always say what we mean.

We don't do it on purpose to confuse you. Hey, at least we admit it.

It's not our fault you fellas didn't take AP Chick in high school (and if you did, you were probably doodling boobies anyway).

We almost always make it worth your while, baby.