

Sample review comments and excerpt PDF for A Walk in the Snark

Early praise for A Walk In The Snark

“The author's wicked sense of humor sprinkles everyday stories of relationship angst with spicy hot pepper with keeping it real adventure.”

Bonnie Jean Adams
Chicago Culture and Events Examiner

“I love the Mancode and Chickspeak; and the D-List (serious) portions create a very intense and tender balance between the light and dark of life. I loved it.”

Amber Scott
Author of *Love Lust*
Contributing Editor at 1st Turning Point

“A WALK IN THE SNARK” - a collection of Rachel's best stuff, should be at the top of your 'recommended readin' list for you and your guymanperson. Maybe it should even be a required reading "manual" for marriage. I'm pretty sure it could solve ALL the problems couples face, stop global warming and result in a true and lasting world peace. If nothing else it'll make you think, laugh, think, and laugh some more.”

Daniel Audet
Author, *The Writer's Road*

“The first time I came across her blog I found myself reading post after post and laughing the whole time. This book is no different. Read this book.”

Shelly Aucoin, Reviewer
A Girl And Her Blog

“Crisp, cutting and caffeinated. A gem of a read.”

Rebecca Tsaros Dickson
Author of *I Could Tell You Stories*
Editor-in-Chief of Indie Ink

“Rachel lends her trademark sardonic wit in full ebook format. A Walk In The Snark is her don’t miss look at the relationship between men and women.”

Liz Borino
Author of *Expectations*
and *What Money Can’t Buy*

Excerpt from A Walk in the Snark:

The Bait & Switch technique is illegal. Hmm. Correct me if I’m wrong...
but isn’t that called...marriage?”

Introduction to “Men vs. Women, Deconstructed”

When I started writing the Mancode pieces, it was pretty easy, to be honest.

In my mind, it was about the goofy stuff guys do and how we chicks interpret them, and that interplay. Hard drives vs. sex drives. Our need for more shoes vs. their need for well, geek stuff from thinkgeek.com. Straightforward, right?

Turns out, not so much.

People talk about the Mancode in a lot of different ways.

There’s the *Maxim* mag Mancode, the single guy’s “if you date your best friend’s ex-wife, don’t tell him about it, you idiot,” kind of thing; or “never sit right next to your best male friend in a movie theater” nonsense. Highbrow stuff.

Then there are a few very serious Mancode tomes out. And I mean, very serious. Like I was not aware it was an insult to my femininity if a guy walked on my right side. You know that gentlemen must always open doors for their ladies (which brings up a whole other problem... um... what if I’m a not a lady), and watch girly movies without complaint (so *that’s* what guys are supposed to do—read the manual!). Duh!

Needless to say, my posts and tweets about men’s—let’s say “odd”—behavior, sparked quite a bit of debate, which rocked. I also received a lot of terrific feedback from men on my Twitter stream and blog, who asked me for some interpretation—why do chicks not say what we mean? Men were confused. Is there a special code? Was there an AP class in high school they should have taken in order to understand women better? (Yeah, probably.) Why do women set their watches differently than men? Why do we speak in shoes?

So, I branched out into my series of Chickspeak pieces and “Deconstructed” articles, in the hopes that readers of all types—single, married, male, or female—could have further insights into our foreign-girl species.

That’s about when the attorney cautioned me that people might use my book as legal advice; I figure that if someone rearranges the days of the week (See “Days of the Week, Deconstructed”) after reading that section of the book, well, they probably need more help than I do, buddy.

Please prove me right!

SECTION 1 MEN VS. WOMEN, DECONSTRUCTED

MEN ARE FROM *SEINFELD*, WOMEN ARE FROM *FRIENDS*: AN INTRODUCTION TO THE MANCODE

I get asked all the time about the genesis of The Mancode. Really, it's simple: I just got tired of having to change the toilet paper roll—for eighteen freakin' years.

I was never that much of a believer in the whole *Men are from Mars, Women are from Venus* thing. My husband and I communicate fairly effectively...he brings me coffee in the morning and I say, "What took you so long?"

It works out just fine, thank you very much.

We've been married eighteen-plus years, and we've worked out most of the little "tube of toothpaste" things that drive most couples crazy. My guy came trained pretty well, I have to admit. He does his own laundry (more on that in a minute), he cooks (more on that, too), and he um...thinking...oh yeah, makes a killah martini.

However. Lately, there seem to be a few things that are driving me up the wall. And, based on some of my girlfriends and their comments about their men, I'm not alone.

Most men live by **The Mancode**. Even though they will *disagree* with you on this or even *defend* their actions, they have rationalized this guy stuff they do. If you are newly married and want to adorably defend your darling husband who does none of these things, you swear, go ahead.

Just wait, honey. He will.

Here are some examples:

- A MAN will drop his wet towel right NEXT to the hamper, on the floor. Why? Because it's wet. Oh, *of course*. That just makes *so* much sense. (Insert look of incredulity here.) Same goes for dirty socks and (ugh!) underwear.
- A MAN will be completely befuddled and unable to take the empty roll of toilet paper off the holder. He is physically incapable of putting the new one on. He wasn't able to do this as a boy, and it continues to be beyond his capabilities as a grown man. The same principle applies to the empty paper towel roll in the kitchen, by the way. He simply cannot do it. It's a DNA thing.
- A MAN is unable to use the deodorizing room spray that has been placed so thoughtfully by you in the bathroom for the sole purpose of covering up his stink after his use. He sees it, he knows how to use it; he just chooses not to. He revels in his stink. It's somewhat akin to a dog marking his territory. He thinks it was awfully nice of you to put it there as a decoration, though.
- Speaking of bodily functions, your MAN is so used to habitually farting and burping at a loud volume to "impress" you that he forgets to use his quiet fart/burp "voice" when company is over, particularly when the children's friends are visiting, resulting in crimson faces and tears of said

children. “Oh, well,” is his usual response, along with murmurs of something about being the king of the castle.

- A MAN will make as much noise as humanly possible when told to be quiet by an exhausted mother, especially if there is a colicky newborn in the house—or in my case, a testosterone-filled five-year-old Tasmanian devil child—who has just fallen asleep. When this poor, tired, bedraggled mother asks, begs, pleads with the daddy to please, please, *please* be quiet, just this once, the MAN will inadvertently bang shut every drawer, door, and window in sight. And then yelp loudly because he slammed his wittle, bitty finger, thus waking the sleeping babe. Goddamn it.

- A MAN will help around the house. He is a giver. He will even, at times, throw in a load of laundry. Where it will stay. Forever. Men do not fold clothes. Ever. Men do not put clothes away. Ever. It is written.

- A MAN *will* cook. (How do you think he wooed you in the first place?) Mine does. However, he will use every pot, plate, and utensil you've ever owned in the process. Your kitchen will look like the Battle of Gettysburg. He will, of course, be so exhausted by all this preparation (read: using all that stuff) that he can't possibly clean it all up. He will kindly leave that for you. Of course he will.

- A MAN will go to the grocery store as long as he has The List.

Now, sending a MAN to the store is like sending him into a foreign country. Though he has been there a million times before, and has eaten the same brand of bread since birth, he must call you for confirmation before purchase, *or else he won't buy it*.

You must be specific with The List, or he won't come home with the items you've requested.

Write down SOUP and you're likely to get soups from China you didn't know existed, accompanied by explanations of “Well, I didn't know!” I can see you nodding.

- A MAN will listen to his TV programs at a volume that the people of China who actually made that soup can hear. If you do somehow manage to wrestle the remote away from his clutches to watch your own show, it is mandatory that he complain about the volume of your show (half of his), as well as the girliness of the content. It is written.

- A MAN can never find anything in the refrigerator without your help, even if it is right in front of him. This is called Refrigeratoritis in my home. It only strikes when I'm sitting down, finally, after a long day with the kids. Of course it does.

- Beware of letting your MAN drive your car. It will come back covered in receipts, food wrappers, sweatshirts, sundry bits of foreign matter, and with your cache of spare cash missing. Any thoughts you had of keeping your new car looking sparkling disappears like “tears in rain.”

- Finally, a MAN will always take out the trash, but only after it is filled to overflowing, the puppy has decided to tear into it, and you've decided, damn it, that you will just do it yourself despite your bad shoulder and sore back. He will huff and puff and make a big deal out of it, but he will do it. He is doing YOU a favor, after all. It is singularly YOUR trash, you know.

The same concept applies to putting the large water bottle on the water cooler. The MAN will put it on but only when he's darned good and ready.

Now in all fairness, my husband is a good dude and takes my writing about these things in stride. He also makes a damn fine martini.

Of course he also said that he will be reading this post and commenting (when pigs fly).

So what does all this mean?

Easy...

Men are from *Seinfeld*. Women are from *Friends*.