

FROM WHERE I SIT

JOHN COONEY

The Women In My Life ...

After years of being told that men and women are the same, I'm relieved to learn that it's now politically correct to admit what anyone with half a brain has always admitted: namely, that men and women couldn't be more different if they tried.

What do I mean? Well, it's not rocket-science, surely. The evidence speaks for itself:

- Women have longer torsos and shorter legs, bigger kidneys and smaller lungs, larger thyroids, bulkier pelvic bones, and brains that don't weigh as much as a bloke's.
- Women laugh more easily, cry more easily, and will usually lose at arm-wrestling – but they're a tougher breed when it comes to diseases, infections and handicaps.
- Women live longer, need more sleep, and are far less likely than men to jaywalk, pick their noses in public, or plonk their elbows on armrests in movie theatres and airplanes.

But wait ... there's more:

- When women are depressed, they either eat or go shopping. When men are depressed, they invade another country.
- Women love cats. Men say they love cats, but when women aren't looking, men kick cats.



- Women don't sweat, burp, break wind or snore – therefore they have to nag, otherwise they would explode.
- And when the alarm goes off in the morning, men wake up looking pretty much the same as they did when they went to bed – whereas women somehow deteriorate during the night.

Oh, and one more, before I self-destruct:

- Women have the last word in any argument – anything a man says after that is the beginning of a new argument!

Now, don't get me wrong. I like women. And some of my best friends are women. My grandmother was a woman. My mother was a woman. And I've got a couple of sisters, both of whom are also women.

My wife's a woman (that's one of the reasons I married her). My daughter's a woman. And four of my grandkids are women (or will be one day).

But, despite the fact that women have kept cropping up all through my life, I'm still not at ALL sure what makes them tick.

My granddaughters, for example, notice flaws and blemishes that my grandsons never see ...

The girls were at our place just the other day, crawling all over me affectionately while I was trying to read a book.

The youngest (she's five) pointed to the mole on my chin, and asked, "What's that?" And I told her, "It's Marmite - I forgot to wash it off!" (which is what I've told all my grandkids, down through the decades).

She didn't believe me, of course, but then pointed to the lump on my ear-lobe. "What's that?" And I told her, "It's where I keep a tiny little singing frog!" "Singing frog?" she queried. But she obviously didn't believe that, either.

"Got anything else, Granddad?" she asked, hoping to find some other curious deformity.

"No," I declared, wanting to get back to my book.

"You've got lots of pink veins on your face," interrupted one of the older girls (an eight-year-old). "You can get rid of those, you know."

"And no offense, Granddad," said another little darling, "but you could do with a bit of a work-out." At which point they all fell apart, giggling.

"Hey, that's not FAIR," I protested loudly. "How about saying something NICE about your poor, devoted Granddad?"

"Okay," said one, patting my head. "At least you're not BALD!"

"And you give us MONEY!" said another, shouting me a hug.

"And you let us use your tummy for DRUMMING!" said a third, tapping away on my torso.

See what I mean about women? I rest my case ... ❁

ACCORDING TO GRAPEVINE'S FOUNDER/EDITOR: "YOU'RE MORE TROUBLE THAN THE CHILDREN ARE!" IS THE GREATEST COMPLIMENT A GRANDFATHER CAN EVER RECEIVE ...

THORT



I can see how astronomers figure out the distance of stars and their size and climates and all that. What really gets me is how they find out what their names are?