

ALSO BY  
ANITA RENFROE

*Songs in the Key of Solomon:  
In the Word . . . and in the Mood*

DON'T SAY  
I DIDN'T  
WARN YOU



Kids, Carbs, and the Coming  
Hormonal Apocalypse

Anita  
Renfroe

voice

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New York

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"I'll Never Fall in Love Again"  
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FIRST EDITION

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THIS LABEL APPLIES TO TEXT STOCK

For my family,  
without whom I would not know love  
(or have material)

actually going on in my vehicle, so, of course, she can afford to be über calm and make me look bad when she leaves it to me to fill in the blanks for her.

**ANITA SAYS:**

You do see, hon, that there are about six lanes between us and that exit, right? You might want to think about putting on a blinker so those people know you need to get over. You need to get over a couple more lanes or we are gonna miss the exit. You gotta get over because I can see the exit. You're not gonna make the exit. There's the exit. You're gonna miss the exit.  
**YOU MISSED THE EXIT!**

I ask you, Who could compete with Little Miss Techno-Calm? Not that he would ever marry her. Sure, she's great with directions, but she can't play the piano.

When John and I were dating, he knew that he was preparing to be a minister, and guys who are going into full-time ministry work are on the lookout for certain types of girls who might be well suited to that life. I have no idea what might have given John that idea, but he knew I had one desirable minister's wife skill set: I could play the piano. I guess he thought that was enough

to offset my much larger set of liabilities (no edit button between brain and mouth was the most egregious). So we entered into the estate of holy matrimony with no money and lots and lots of love.

John used to meet with couples and go through their pre-marital counseling sessions with them. We used to laugh because all of those books said pretty much the same thing: If you want to have a great marriage, all you really need is great communication. Which would be fine if both parties were speaking the same language. But the gap between woman-speak and man-speak is bigger than that between clients and hairdressers. And the way we approach the things we want to discuss is so different. I don't think John has ever "prepared" for an "intense discussion" (aka "argument") with me. In fact I think he has spent most of his waking hours trying to figure out how to avoid those and always seems genuinely surprised that we "need to talk." On the other hand, I prep. I get my game face on. I think of what it is that I need to say to him and three possible responses. Then I think of three things I could say to each of those responses. Within minutes I am already twenty-seven moves into the conversation, and he doesn't even have a clue we need to talk yet.

Also, my husband of all these years is still laboring under some delusion that if he merely stops talking, somehow the argument is over. Not by a long shot, buddy. The argument has simply "changed venues," from out in the open, where he can control his side of the conversation, to inside my head, where I am now talking for BOTH of us. John still has no clue as to why I can be *more* upset thirty minutes after he's stopped talking. He doesn't have a clue what he's been saying all that time inside my head. He would have been better off to stick with the conversation.

**GPS GIRL SAYS:**

Prepare to exit on the left.

Recalculating.