

## Big Strong Men Should Help Defenseless Woman

by Craig Bouquin



Where would women be, without the help of big, strong, intelligent men like me?

*A man must accept his natural position as guardian, mentor, and guide for the women in his world. They need a man's help handling stress, making key decisions, and in muddling through their petty little day to day challenges. A man is, after all, in total control of his environment. It's simply a given condition. He's in command—without the need of effort or forethought. The innate inferiority of women drives the need for men to help them feel confident, almost important—in their own cute little way. Call it nurturing; call it encouragement; call it an approving little pat on the head. A woman simply needs a man to look up to for that “Good girl!” acknowledgement.*

...and then there's this bridge I want to sell you.

I went to a fast food place for some lunchtime indigestion recently. In front of me in line was a Mom with her three children: a little baby on her hip and twins in a stroller. She had a bright pink cast on her wrist. She was telling another woman about her abscessed tooth. The twins were screaming loudly and struggling to get out of the stroller, but I was able to hear her mumble something about an infected in-grown hair on her “scar tissue.” I backed away to give her room in line, just to be helpful. I am always willing to help where I can.

She ordered a long list of lunch items—loudly, to compete with the noisy mumble of the crowd and the malcontented pair in the stroller. A young lady behind the counter asked some question to clarify the order—just as Mom had bent down to retrieve a dropped toy at her feet. She knew something was said, and rushed back up to hear the question. In the transition, one of the twins had grabbed her hair, causing Mom to stop and free herself.

The counter girl then repeated the question louder—with a demanding tone. Mom quickly snapped upright and smashed her head under the stainless steel counter. Her reaction caused the baby on her hip to start one of those back arching, raspy, super screaming crying things that goes through your head like a nail. I decided to offer my gallant assistance. I moved to the next line over to give her more room. (Of course, I didn't want to impose with direct contact or anything like that.) I noticed others following my lead.

The girl leaned forward over the counter to repeat her question in a much louder voice. At that same instant the Mom stood up (rubbing her head in real pain), which resulted in the girl effectively screaming the question in Mom's face. Before the girl could finish, Mom leaned in to her and yelled something I could not identify. Her hair was a wreck, and her glasses were hanging off one ear, resting neatly on her lip.

She fixed her glasses, and wheeled the trio of screaming little ones in to the Play Room. She turned and hollered something back to the counter girl. Some of it sounded like “bring it in here!” I stepped to get the door to the play area for her. I guess I wasn't thinking. She gave me a strange look. It was something of a soft Mona Lisa smile, but with just a touch of cornered wolverine. Her teeth were still clenched, and her eyes were bugged out. I remained

expressionless, and avoided eye contact. She scared me.

I got in my car and drove to the “drive through window” so I could really help out by having less of a crowd for her to kill. I sat in the parking lot to eat. As I was preparing to leave, I noticed that the Mom was leaving with the kids. I could see that she had several food bags scrunched up in her fist. She had some sort of white creamy stuff in her hair, and she was missing a shoe. Several people were looking out the window at her.

She was parked next to me. She stopped the stroller right next to my driver’s door. I was overcome by an irresistible urge to assist this poor, defeated woman in any way I possibly could. I crawled over and got out the passenger side of my car. I walked to the gas station next door, just in case she might need something from there.

She buckled up the kids in their car seats, and limped around to the driver’s door, but stopped to answer her cell phone. After some time, she opened the back of the van, pulled out a laptop computer, and was apparently taking care of some sort of issue, relaying information to the caller. All while removing the “goo” from her hair with a napkin. It was clear she had a hard time hearing the caller over the sound of the kids, and nearby traffic noise.

Eventually, Mom backed her mini-van out, and pulled away. Some kid in a car (with a boom box vibrating his brain away) whipped through the parking lot, cut her off, and drove away. She maneuvered to avoid a collision. I could hear the little ones still screaming. Only the sound of the van scraping down the corner of the building was louder.

I thought about how she kept her cool with the kids—while wishing a plague on all of the counter girls on the planet. She spoke to the twins and the baby in a soft “kindergarten teacher” voice, as she secured them safely in their car seats, while limping around the minivan with one shoe, and casting flamethrower glances at the people looking out the windows at her. She handled—what looked to me like an aggravated phone call, with great calm, and seemed to solve somebody’s problem. Her maneuvers to avoid an accident with that idiot kid were impressive—especially considering the cast on her wrist.

Her van disappeared into traffic as she drove down Main Street. (I think she wanted a piece of that kid to hang on her mantel at home.) I could tell where she was by the sound of horns blowing, and the screeching of tires. I felt relieved. I felt a sense of peace. I felt good about my efforts to help her. I felt lucky to be alive. I felt I might need a restroom.

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