

Confession # 11: Being bossy without being detected



No man likes his wife to boss him around. Period. They hate that. Don't do it. In public it's brutal to watch, and in the privacy of your home it's just counterproductive.

A husband will instinctually tune out the rest of any sentence starting with "Today, will you..." Your normal guy would rather stare hard and long at the sun than look over that "to do" list you've thoughtfully put together, no matter how cute the stationery. This is hardwired in them and is no fault of their own.

But stuff has to get done, right? To help remedy the situation, I have come up with a clever way of getting your requests "out there" without one tear shed. The only catch, it only works if you have kids—possibly a dog—but most effectively with kids.

This is what I do, let's say it's Saturday morning and I have a list as long as the guitar solo in Free bird. I sit the kids down, with Larry in earshot, and I tell THE KIDS what we are going to be doing that day.

"Today kids, we are going to Target to get lightbulbs to replace the burned out ones in the bathroom, and then we're going to clean up the garage and next...blah blah blah." You get the idea. The kids are Sweden. They're neutral ground.

As long as they hear the word "Icee" in there somewhere, they're golden and now your plan has been firmly placed in the day's activities.

Three rules when executing this strategy:

- Never make direct eye contact with your husband the entire time you are talking. Bossy is a primal assailant to the masculine ego and can be sensed easy by just a

glance.

- Be precise with your words, and your voice should be a little louder than usual, but breezy. Like you're ordering into a takeout window.
- Never mention "daddy" by name in the whole line of events. It's "we."

After you're done, make bacon. Heat up the skillet and fry up a whole pack of bacon. I am not really sure why this helps, some sort of counterbalance. The aroma must kill any hint of tyranny that might still be lingering in the room after your little speech.

Now that I think of it, this is more a tip than a confession. You're welcome. I should be some sort of freggin marriage counselor or something.

For Confessions 1-10 click [HERE](#). The other confessions are less helpful and way more embarrassing than this one.