



DIARY OF A BADDIE

with
Angela Kateemu

Dear Diary,
In another episode of dumb questions men ask. It is right up there with "what do you bring to the table? Men have gathered yet again, with podcast mics on their lapels to ask: what do women want?

Sir. I want your money. If you can sprinkle some true love on top, even better. Let's get married on Monday. I am free after 10.

But the moment you answer like that, then you are branded a gold digger. Fear women, they say. Because the men asking this question are busy calling from the Customer Care of Romance. To be free. Zero balance. Expecting premium service. They have rehearsed this question so many times it now sounds a symposium. Like it belongs in a TED Talk. Like we need a panel discussion, a whiteboard, maybe a breakout session.

We do not.

We have answered you. Repeatedly. You have just been hoping we were joking. Because look at the evidence.

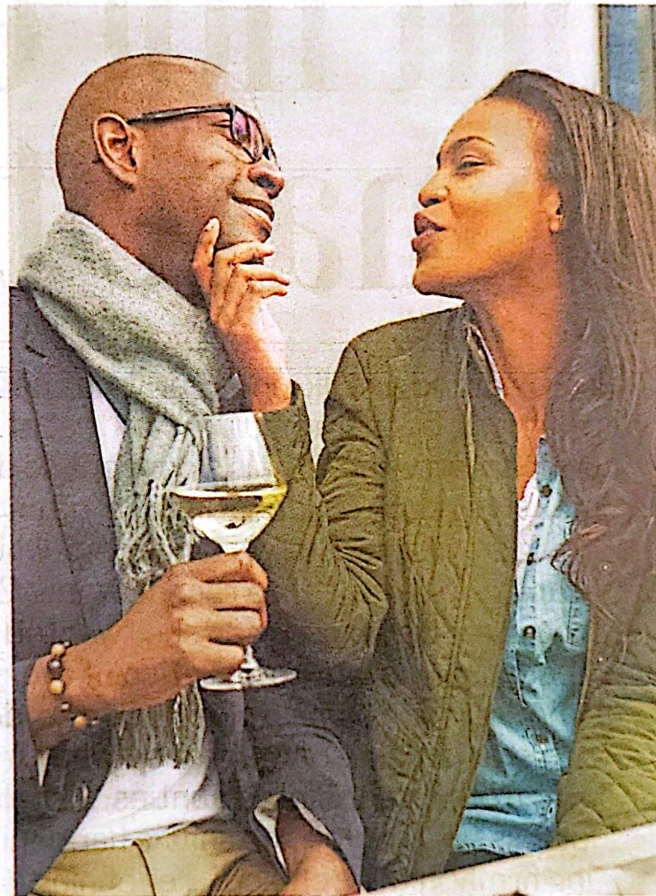
They do not want to go on dates. My place or yours? They do not buy you flowers because apparently now women can buy themselves flowers. They do not want to take you to Maldives, God forbid they touch that cement money. They do not want to be seen with you because they are keeping their options open. Translation: you are in a relationship with a man who has no situation.

I am a man, the say. That is it. That is the offering. That is the full package. I am a man is the new bare minimum. As if gender is an achievement. As if God was taking custom orders that day. Something they had nothing to do with...hell, I could have been born a man.

"Oh. You are a man?" You want a certificate? A Nobel Peace Prize, perhaps?

Meanwhile, this same man is out here looking for a Proverbs 31 woman. A full-service package: CEO, fertile, prayer warrior, chef, therapist, investor, community pillar, and general backbone

What do women want? Sir, I want your money...



of society. A woman who wakes up at dawn to build her empire, packs lunches with love like a '50s housewife. A woman who fears the Lord, but also fears missing his calls. A woman with the wisdom of a 40-year-old and the skin of a 24-year-old. Can she have *nyash* too? Let's not forget THAT core requirement!

And then there is me.

I do not even know how to feel like a baby girl anymore. I am out here hustling like 10 men. A whole syndicate. A cartel in heels. Soft life? I have soft thoughts. Briefly. Between invoices.

So yes, sir, respectfully, since you asked. I want a Range Rover. I want a condo with a view where I can sit in peace and watch the city exist without demanding anything from me. I want trips to Bali, not character development into the Badlands. Send rent for the year. Let's start there. We can build intimacy after Q2.

Because women know what exactly they want. We have always known. The real question is: can you handle it? Richard? Out here drinking Smirnoff Ice with a straw?

Marilyn Monroe said it plainly in *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes*: a man being rich is like a girl being pretty. You would not marry a girl just because she's pretty, but my goodness, doesn't it help?

Exactly. Because let's stop pretending this is about gold digging. It is about alignment. You want softness? Provide safety. You want pretty? Do not be petty. You want peace? Provide stability. You want a Proverbs 31 woman? Come as a Gold mine with provisions, not proverbs.

What do women want, you ask?

We want you to stop asking us to choose between the man we love and the money we have very strong, deeply committed feelings for. We want both. And can the man have abs too?

Otherwise, please, stop calling. We are not customer care.

XoXo,

Yours in soft delusion and hard facts,

A battle-hardened baddie

—TheKat