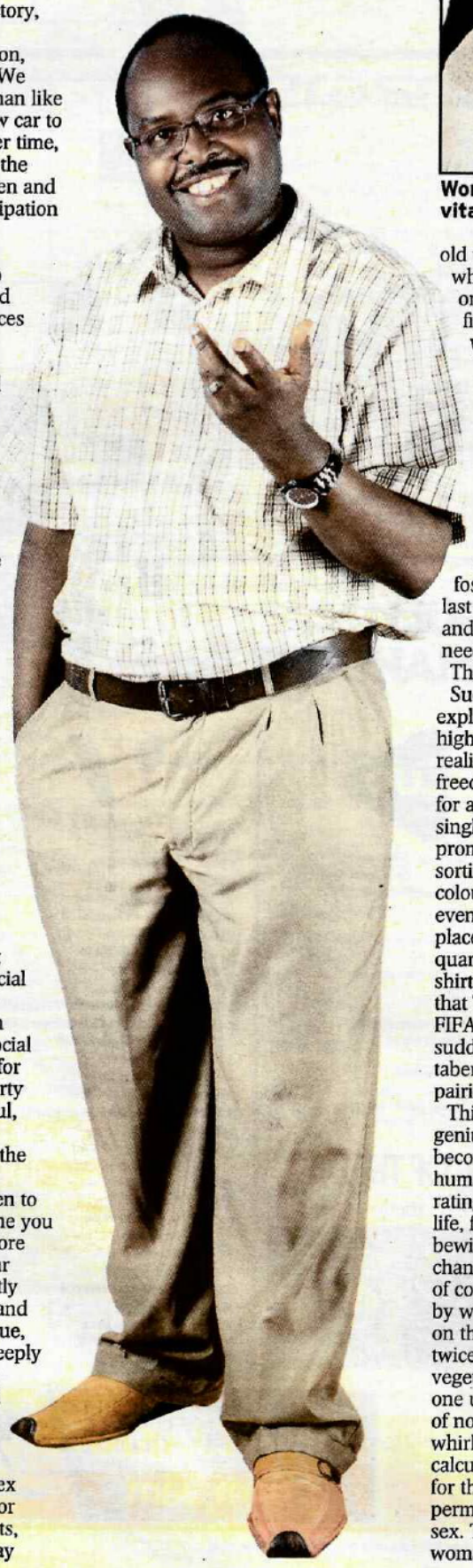
GREAT THINGS HAPPEN WHEN A WOMAN MIXES WITH MAN

HILARY BAINEMIGISHA
baihiljoe@gmail.com





Women having fun. Women are the foundation of society, playing vital roles as nurturers and educators driving social change

Another International Women's Day passed by on Sunday and we are back to business as usual; no change in our appreciation of this delicate gender. Some men still think *nyash*, sex, children or a cook, whenever a woman crosses their thoughts! Our forefathers limited a woman to a baby factory, a chess pawn for peace or an accessory for sexual gratification, and that is why they all died. We now know that limiting a woman like that is like getting a brand new car to decorate your compound. Over time, the world came to realise that the car had better uses when driven and that is how the women emancipation crusade started.

But do you know that we have people who still prefer to restrain their cars to compound decoration and trek life distances on hooves? They cite safety considerations not knowing that involving a woman would have made it a lot easier. There are also people who know the potential of women, but will steer off because of arrogance, cultural hangover, paranoia, mistrust, ignorance of gender differences and a bad example in the neighbourhood. They end up buying ten ladders, instead of one. I hope you know the proverbial man who wanted to see over the fence to his neighbour's compound. He bought 10 ladders and piled them so that he could mount and see across. Yet all it required was to erect just one ladder straight-up to achieve a better height.

IMPORTANCE OF WOMEN

Women are the foundation of society, playing vital roles as producers, nurturers, educators, and leaders, driving economic development and social change. They represent nearly half the global population, with their economic, political and social empowerment being essential for sustainable development, poverty reduction and fostering peaceful, equitable communities. Many women know their worth; it is the men we have to educate.

And, to do this, I need the men to turn around and look at the time you were still single and flying. Before a woman entered your life, your existence was a simple, if slightly pale, rudimentary, unplanned and a disorganised organisation. True, you had a system; a reliable, deeply flawed and utterly comfortable system. Its population included a single, multi-purpose cup and plate, a bed that always looked like a war zone and a diet consisting primarily of rollex and Instapo. Sometimes the floor hosted discarded Waragi sachets, forgotten underwear, a three day old used condom and a single sock, whose mate was believed to be orbiting a distant planet. In fact, finding a pair of matching socks was a victory of no ordinary kind.

The centre-piece of the room was Mount Laundry, a perpetually active volcanic pile of clothes that defied gravity as it awaited Maama Moses, the elderly lady who washed the clothes in the neighbourhood. The kitchen, a place of silent terror, featured a sink full of one forgotten saucepan containing fossilised remains of a meal from last week when a girlfriend visited and left angry because her financial needs weren't impressive to you.

Then, the woman arrives.

Suddenly, that pale existence exploded into a kaleidoscope of high-definition colour and you realised that your concept of freedom was just a fancy word for a lack of seriousness. Your single-purpose laundry basket was promptly replaced by a five-step sorting process involving delicates, colours, whites, things you didn't even know you owned. She also placed a terrifying and non-forgiving quarantine bin for paled collar shirts, helplessly smelly jeans and that T shirt written on South Africa FIFA World Cup 2010. Your sink suddenly sparkles like a Church tabernacle and the elusive socks start pairing up like inseparable twins.

This is where the true, understated genius of women in our lives becomes apparent. They are the human equivalent of a five-star rating system on the App of your life, forcing necessary – and often bewildering – updates. Such changes may be inconveniencing of course; it is hard to get an adult by who used to dry-clean himself on the landlord's balcony to bathe twice a day, mow down the armpit vegetation and learn how to use one underwear per day! But instead of noticing the transformational whirlwind, many men get out their calculators and start demanding for the promised dividends of a permanent woman in terms of sex. This is because the often tired woman cannot handle copulation twice, three times a day, even when she used to on earlier impromptu visits! Men mostly want sex, but women mostly want love. Even then, both interpret love differently. For men, love is sex and respect but, for women, it is care, support, intimacy, connection, assurance of the future and a hundred more things.

Thus, even the sex altar of convergence becomes a central axis of conflict! Women need to feel loved, adored and significant in order to feel the desire for sex, but the man needs sex before he can feel loved, adored and significant! Starting it becomes as hard as concluding it. Because after making love, a man has killed his animal and wants to rest, maybe sleep or think of the next hunt. However, the woman wants to cuddle, discuss love and listen to how adored she is.

THE GPS OF LIFE

It is in that maze of gender differences that the woman's contribution starts to get lost. A woman only needs to withdraw her services for a man to realise that he cannot return to Misri. A man's brain is designed to remember exactly three things: His phone password, the promise of the next sex and the position of Arsenal in the Premier League. Everything else is cloud storage that frequently loses connection. Dates, appointments, anniversaries, the names of her friends, where the spare keys actually are, etc – all of it is outsourced to the incredible, relentless, and unforgiving memory of the woman in his life.

Thus the woman becomes the essential GPS, guiding him through the minefield of social obligations, preventing him from showing up to a black-tie event in his Arsenal T shirt and ensuring that her mother-in-law's birthday is acknowledged with a gift, which has to be purchased before the morning of that very day. Men, who have loving wives, know how these women even station their whole 5GB App of choosing and pairing clothes at your disposal every morning. And if you ever wonder how to make it through your newly promoted busy office at work, the answer is simple: follow your woman. She holds the master game plan, the tactic list, the recipes, and the emotional thermostat.

THE FEMALE TOUCH

Guys, be honest; take a look around your apartment and if there is a plant that is still alive, a pillow with a filling that hasn't migrated to one corner, or a piece of art that wasn't procured from a stadium vendor, you have a woman to thank. Women have this extraordinary power – a superpower, really – of entering a man's space and, with a few strategic purchases and the ruthless elimination of bachelor detritus, elevate it from a crash pad to a home.

They swap out the blinding overhead lightbulb for mood lighting. They introduce you to such concepts like perfume mixing and bathroom scents. They make you realise that while you were perfectly fine eating rollex out of a rolled old newspaper wrap, there is a distinct, almost spiritual satisfaction in eating it off a clean plate that matches the other clean plates, nicely rested in a clean cupboard. They even make you realise that flies and cockroaches are not normal residents of your pad! Their influence is the difference between surviving and thriving.

You see, women evolved as the prefects of the cave. As the man ventured into the wild to hunt, he left her at the cave to tender the young as she waited for food from him. She made sure the cave was free of dangerous reptiles, ants and caterpillars. In the process, her concern for safety enabled her to develop an eye for neat arrangements, a stronger sense of smell and a touch of soothing relaxation her hunting man should return to. The safety of the cave was her office and her life was stimulated by a clean, comfortable home for her man and children. That is how women developed a sharp eye for the short-range details. She will notice a piece of strange hair in her husband's hair as soon as he walks into the house. But a man will hardly realise that his wife bought [illegible] outfit, shoes, set of earrings, or did new makeup because it is not perceived as vital to his survival.

The man would return to the cave with his kill and spend the evening recuperating to be ready for the next hunt. The woman would feed the family and make sure they are comfortably rested. Till today, women love housework and the comfort of a clean home, which is a manifestation of a warm, homey nest. However, men try to avoid housework at all costs and feel demeaned doing it.

But, anyway, even if I stopped here, dear gentlemen, isn't this enough to get you onto your hooves for a standing ovation in honour of women? Happy belated Women's Day!