

THIS BOOK IS  
DEDICATED TO  
EVERYBODY  
MENTIONED INSIDE\*  
WITHOUT YOU  
THERE WOULDN'T  
BE A STORY.



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# **A Note on the Font**

This book's body type was set in Adobe Caslon. The chapter headers, bold sections and headers/footers were set in Obvia.



# Introduction

Hello. Welcome.

If you couldn't tell by the chapters, 'M' is my favorite letter of the alphabet. The extra 'M' in my book title feeds my need for symmetry and allows you, dear reader, to savor that lip-to-lip vibration. Try it with me now: *MMMM*. Yeah. Chills. In fact, you can't say *MMMM* without your lips touching.

Did you just try to do it? Ha! I like your style. Let's continue.

Below are five caveats to build a proper author and reader relationship.

1. All names have been changed to one that begins with...you guessed it: 'M'. For kicks and giggles, I identify celebrities that I admire to match the appearances of some of my relationships. Also prevalent are pop culture references, enough aphorisms to make your head spin, and my tendency to get sidetracked. This ball of fun aside, these are my honest narratives.
2. If you get bored of my writing, no offense taken. I know my transparent nature isn't fancied by everyone. Therefore, spice it up! Try to make your reading into a game. Every time *Side Note* or *Insert* appears in parentheses: Take a drink. If your drink consists of alcohol, please drink responsibly (i.e., don't spill it—yelp—half kidding). There's well over one hundred listings of these two phrases so getting shitfaced is highly probable. This may help make the book better. It's your call.
3. I'm sorry if I make you uncomfortable with my mentions of cultural appropriation, race, sexual orientation, or any other language deemed derogatory. These identities don't define my characters; they play a role in describing them. My explicit details are written solely for illustrative purposes. I am not homophobic, racist, sexist, or the like, so don't make it your civic duty to send me an onslaught of harassment by twisting and misinterpreting my words. *Help raise awareness, not tempers.*

4. My writing structure is thematic in each particular chapter. Every story articulates separate chunks of my life in sequential order (or close enough to it) rather than this book being wholly chronological. Basically, it's a bunch of mini stories using buzzwords to build from, people and events in my life as material, music from my iPod, piles of receipts and cocktail napkins with my jotted notes, and the mental musings from my journal entries—then *wah-la!*—collectively written with my heart on my sleeve to tell my one big story. *Whew*. Writing has always appealed to me, so it was only a matter of time before I pieced all my scraps of paper together to write a book.
5. Besides yours truly, music is a main character. There are 802 footnotes (or endnotes for the eBook readers) of songs, and an additional 160 song insertions (after the word Cue) to further define my subtitle: *and the music that made me*. That's more melodies than all six seasons of *Empire* combined! The tracks I've listed may not be from the original artist but the one printed is the version I'm referring to (and adore). I've credited the entries to the band name, vocalist, or backing vocalists only (although DJs and such made this accuracy a little mucky). I also tried not to duplicate musicians; however, songs with multiple artists featured on one track proved this one to be difficult too. *Meh*. It's the effort that counts. If I forgot a contributor they're just written in invisible ink. [*Winks*.]

In the book you're holding I talk about my life's shiny and triumphant moments:

- my two children,
- keeping a thirty-year (and growing) friendship alive, and
- practicing the importance of self-care.

As well as sharing more rougher and distressing failures:

- my divorce,
- struggles with sex and alcohol, and
- getting fired after ten years of employment with a company.

Nothing inside is groundbreaking material but if it resonates with one other person it'll make both of us feel less alone. So, however it translates

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to you—whether it'd be a *laugh out loud* or a *what the hell was she thinking*—my intentions are good. I don't write to push a boundary; I write to spark a connection. Unity reminds us that we're more alike than we think.

It doesn't get more authentic than this, my friends (now that you've read the caveats we *are* friends) and from this newly established relationship I mustn't worry if I sound too forward or if you'll still like me after you've read my words. Because this is who I am. Inside and out. I've poured many years and emotions onto these pages, so I appreciate you taking the time to read them. Let's be real; I know you could be binge-watching something right now instead. Who isn't drooling over Manny Montana in *Good Girls*? [*Wipes mouth.*]

Okay, enough jibber-jabber. Let's do this thing.

**Author's Note:** I paid two professional proofreaders to give me valuable feedback and corrections, yet I will still lose sleep over having grammatical errors (commas are a bitch), my slang being misunderstood (fo' sho'), or my content being half-assed (even when I'm talking about my ass). Self-confidence is an ever-evolving journey.