


The Sweet Potato Queens' Wedding Planner/Divorce Guide

Jill Conner Browne

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Jill Conner Browne : The Sweet Potato Queens' Wedding Planner/Divorce Guide before purchasing it in order to gage whether or not it would be worth my time, and all praised The Sweet Potato Queens' Wedding Planner/Divorce Guide:

0 of 0 people found the following review helpful. I love the Sweet Potato Queen's booksBy Cheryl McMahonI love the Sweet Potato Queen's books. Jill Conner Browne's writing is laugh out loud funny and can also be poignant. Her take on love, life, the South, dating, parenthood, marriage and divorce is certainly unique and enjoyable. Plus, the recipes are to die for (literally, they have so much fat...but seriously, good to make a vat of and share!!!)2 of 2 people found the following review helpful. Just What the Doctor OrderedBy thirdsunriseI bought this book and read it to a friend going through a nasty divorce. Not only did she laugh, she said absolutely every word rang true. The wedding planner

half is silly fun with a few good ideas thrown in, but any woman who's had to kick out a Man Who Needs Killing will relish the divorce guide and all its wicked humor. 0 of 0 people found the following review helpful. Five StarsBy kimluv it :)

You are cordially invited to attend...The Sweet Potato Queens are bona fide experts at planning a marvelous marriage (and ending one flip this book right on over if you're looking for advice on dumping a deadweight hubby!), so who better to provide this handy wedding planner? And even if you're not planning your own nuptials, surely you have dreamt about your perfect day, regardless of whether you've met Mr. Right yet! In this essential manual, you'll learn: How to plan a truly regal wedding What to wear (and what not to wear) to your own wedding, or to anyone else's How to organize the sassiest games and sauciest entertainment for the occasion How to plan and prepare the greasiest, tastiest wedding vittles for your big-ass guests You are hereby summoned to appear . . . The Sweet Potato Queens know a thing or two about ending a marriage (and beginning one flip this book on over if you're planning on attaching yourself to the ol' ball and chain!), so who better to provide this crucial divorce guide? Besides, whether you're getting your own personal divorce or not, chances are you'll be calling Mr. Right Mr. I-Don't-Think-So sometime in the future! In this practical handbook, you'll learn: How to survive even the nastiest divorce while maintaining your queenly composure Why it's appropriate and necessary! to throw divorce showers and send out divorce announcements Why love is even better the second, third, or fourth time around From the Hardcover edition.

From Publishers Weekly Starred . Brown's fifth outing shows no sign of wearing out her welcome as the Southern fried guru of belles past 40 but never past their prime. Browne justifies her one-stop shopping approach to relationships (which combines advice on planning nuptials as well as tearing them asunder) by quipping, "Statistically, 100% of all divorces do start with weddings." Browne's audiobooks are laugh-out-loud, steer-your-car-off-the-road listening experiences. But the reason there are nearly 4,800 worldwide chapters of Sweet Potato Queens is because she uses her wild and irreverent humor to empower and embolden her readers. Bemoaning that too many young women are going to college in search of a husband, Browne cautions, "If you're gonna go to college for Pre-Wed, I insist that you also take a full course in Pre-Death/Pre-Divorce and get yourself an education that will prepare you for the 'unthinkable situation' taking care of yourself and possibly a bunch of children by yourself for a large part of your life." This benevolent Boss Queen has the rare ability to sprout phrases like "busier than a one-armed monkey with six dicks" and still sound refined. Her wonderful, deadpan delivery enhances the humor and her warmth radiates on every track. Simultaneous release with the Crown hardcover (s, Nov. 28). (Jan.) Copyright Reed Business Information, a division of Reed Elsevier Inc. All rights reserved. About the Author Jill Conner Browne is the author of the #1 New York Times bestsellers The Sweet Potato Queens Field Guide to Men: Every Man I Love Is Either Married, Gay, or Dead and The Sweet Potato Queens Big-Ass Cookbook (and Financial Planner), as well as the national bestsellers The Sweet Potato Queens Book of Love and God Save the Sweet Potato Queens. She is Boss Queen of the Sweet Potato Queens of Jackson, Mississippi. From the Hardcover edition. Excerpt. Reprinted by permission. All rights reserved. Chapter 1 Pre-Wed One of the Queens, Tammy Pippa, owns an architectural salvage company, Backroads Architecturals. This delicate flower of womanhood goes out and tears down old houses and buildings with her own hands and hauls off the good parts to sell to home-building folks with good taste. (Her husband, Charles, does help out.) In one of the fine old houses she was deconstructing, Tammy Pippa discovered a little paperback book that no doubt had been hidden away because of the shocking nature of its contents. Called The Book of Nature, this thin tract was written and sold in the early 1920s for a dollar. The cover notes proclaim it to be for the married and those intending to marry a complete explanation of all. Tammy Pippa called me immediately. I raced over to pick up the book and found plenty of explanations I've been wanting for quite some time. I was expecting to sleep much sounder in the future after getting all my troubling questions answered and all. I also expected to acquire the knowledge to settle a number of unduly vexing issues for you, my readers. I knew in the opening pages of the book that I had come to the right place. The author, a guy, stated that some other guy had possibly exaggerated when he said that the reproduction of the species is the only duty a woman has to fulfill in human society. Hmmm? That other guy gave me pause, I gotta tell you. I'm thinking, okay, fine, have it your way, buckwheat. Well reproduce em, and then we will be punching out. Everything else everything else is now your problem. Since you're so fucking smart, here's a bunch of babies for you. We're going out for margaritas and then we'll be napping. We've fulfilled our duty to society. Good luck with them kids! To smooth things over, the author wrote that he personally thinks that there are women who have brains as well as ovaries. He was not making a rash, blanket statement of generalization, of course, but simply conceding that it might've happened sometime, somewhere. There are whole piles of women who never have children, he opined, but care for the children of others and thereby may be performing an even greater service than the actual production of children. What makes me even crazier than reading this kinda crap from some guy even if it was written eighty years ago is seeing women still buying into it today! Young girls are still going off to college with not a thought in their heads about getting an education that will lead to an actual job so they can go out into the world as self-actualized, self-supporting people. There are far too many enrolled in Pre-Wed, only to survey the crop of prospective husbands who might be

manipulated, cajoled, or otherwise convinced to support them for the rest of their livesmen wholl simply take up where Daddy left off. I know a little about this kind of thinking. Remember, my own personal financial plan for the future was that my daddy would live forever. I never considered interviewing other potential candidates for the position, and I certainly never thought about taking care of my ownself. As far as I was concerned, Daddy had a lifetime appointment, and his lifetime would naturally coincide with my own. When all of a sudden his life was over, there I was with a whole bunch of my life left and no Daddy to finance or direct it. Huh? Now, theres a quandary for you, right there. So what did I do? The only thing I thought I could doI looked for another man to take his place! Let me just tell you, if you find yourself in a similar situation now or ever, this aint the answer. In fact, it is the very antithesis of the answer. Now, dont misunderstand me. Theres a cosmic difference between having someone who supports you and fixes things and handles all the pesky details of the financial side of life and believing that you need someone to support you and fix things and handle all the pesky details. Hunny, I am all for sitting on your ass and being waited on hand and footits great work if you can get itas long as you know, firsthand, that you could do it for your ownself, should the need or desire ever arise. Because, lemme tell you something else I learned the very hard way: Every potential husband is a potential ex-husband or even a potential dead husband, and you need a plan just in case either scenario develops down the road. And sometimes (make that usually), whether he leaves your life upright or feet first, he leaves behind a big ole mess, and who do you think gets to clean it up all by herself? Dont be looking around. Its you, sweetie. Remember how you felt as a teenager, chafing against your parents but having to do what they said because of the my house, my rules deal? And how as a young adult, you still had to please them some to hang on to their support because you just couldnt make it on your own yet? Remember how that felt? Well, imagine that youre forty and have no education. You quit school to get married, and you havent had a paying job in twenty years. Youve got one or two children and a fair amount of debt, and your husband is a screaming asshole. Yet the thought of leaving is more terrifying than the thought of stayingbecause youre totally dependent on him. If youre gonna go to college for Pre-Wed, I insist that you also take a full course in Pre-Death/Pre-Divorce and get yourself an education that will prepare you for the unthinkable situationtaking care of yourself and possibly a bunch of children by yourself for a large part of your life. Youll sleep a whole lot better, I promise. Parents will sleep better, too, if they help their children learn this. Groom Selection Process Once youre living in the world of reality, youre ready to think about the Groom Selection Process. Our precious Queen Loni had a fascinating screening process, which she used with felicitous results for quite some time. Loni had the great good fortune to live near a very gifted psychic named Bonnie, who could read photographs of people and was never known to err. Bob was the guy du jour in Lonis life, and she wanted Bonnies stamp of approval on himor not, as it were. So the next time Bob came over, Loni told him her daughter, Jackie, had just gotten a new camera and would Bob mind too much, you know, humoring the ten-year-old and posing for a picture? He was only too happy to oblige; it was, after all, a photo of him. Loni then took several pictures over to Bonnie for a reading, slipping Bobs into the mix. Bonnie spread them all out on a table and gazed at them thoughtfully and mystically for a brief moment, and then, with no hesitation, she snatched up the photo of Bob and in tones dripping vitriol, said, Whos this prick? Loni said hesitantly that, well, it was Bob, who was kinda her new boyfriend. Bonnie put the ole ix-nay to him quick, declaring Bob unfit for human consumptiona foul-tempered, lyin-ass drunk. (Dont you love her quaint economy of words, cutting right to the heart of the matter?) Then Bonnie conjured up another revelation from the images, which Loni had selected randomly, somewhat as a test for the psychic. Bob was the only one Loni had wanted the scoop on, and he had been promptly culled, but in the mix was a photo of a friend of Lonis, a young man, a very young man, a man twenty years younger than Loni to be exact. When Bonnie came upon this photo, she picked it up and said, Your ship has finally come in. She pronounced to thirty-nine-year-old Loni that nineteen-year-old Jim was her perfect match. Loni laughed nervously and left. She had a lot to think about now, for sure. She hadnt expected anything like what Bonnie had just laid on hernot about Bob and certainly not about Jim. In a very short time, Bob revealed himself to be the very same foul-tempered, lyin-ass drunk Bonnie had described, and Loni ran him right on out the door. And, by and by, young Jim commenced to coming around pretty regular, and he finally convinced Loni that she needed to pay attention. And, wellyou guessed itLoni and Jim have been very happy together ever since. Whoda thunk it? Well, Bonnie, for one. Its a crying shame that the very gifted Bonnie has since departed this life. She was a wonderful human being and shes greatly missed by all her family and friends, Im sure. But hey! She would have been a service to womankind had she lived long enough to provide this excellent screening service to us all. She could have had a website, and all wed have to do was e-mail her a guys picture for new divinations, saving us untold hours of heartache and tears, not to mention pain, money, and wear and tear on our friends. Id a whole lot rather pay an anonymous psychic a buttload of money to tell me some guys a lyin, cheatin sackashit than listen to it for free from my girlfriendsor worse, open my own personal eyeballs to whats smack in front of em. But no, Bonnies dead and gone, and we are just all on our own, winging it here. It behooves us one and all to Be Particular. That sweet Seattle Queen Natalie wrote me with a question about a vitally important issue. Shes only about thirty and therefore larva, as we know (women under forty are larvae in SPQueendom), but she was doing the right thing and seeking counsel from me and dipping into the vast storehouse of knowledge and experience held in trust by my Queendom. Natalie had had, it seems, the great good fortune of a Southern birth and childhood in North

Carolina, but along about her mid-twenties, her parents divorced and her mama decided she needed to move to the other side of the country for a breather. Our Natalie decided that sounded good to her too, so she loaded up and moved off to Seattle with Mama. For a few years she was liking it out there just fine. She and Mama both have good jobs and share a home they love, but . . . (You knew there would be a but in there, didnt you? Me, too.) Everything is fine, Queen Natalie said, but she is 100 percent not attracted to the men out there. It took her a little while to figure out why the local guys were off-putting in such a big way, but it finally dawned on her: They dont smell right to her. She had grown up around and learned to love men who smelled like pit barbecue and the occasional oil change. The men out there smell like decidedly unmanly things like cologne and mocha lattes. I see her problem. I feel her pain. Natalie was shocked to learn her olfactory sense played such a big part in her love life. I was not at all surprised. Ive known firsthand for years that most of us humans really and truly cannot get past the end of our own noses. Smell matters. A lot, they say. (They are famous scientists in France, I suppose. I worked with a guy once who was always claiming to have read about major breakthroughs in whatever bullshit he was peddling that day. When questioned, he always attributed the breakthroughs to famous scientists in France.) Anyway, they say that blindfolded mothers can identify their own newborn babies by smell. I havent tried to do that, but I do know that the smell of a babys head and yes, in particular, my own babys head is just about the most highly addictive, thrilling, and yet soporific fragrance I have ever personally encountered. When my own precious daughter, Bailey, was a wee babe, I would lie down with her for a nap and curl her tiny body into the curve of my own and fall asleep breathing her scent. Id drink in the smell of her the way a recovering drunk sucks on a cigarette. If I couldve stuffed her entire body up my nose, I would have. I can still close my eyes and remember the feeling Id get from that fragrance but maddeningly, I cant conjure up the actual smell. (Now, theres a great thing for somebody to figure out how to bottle. Forget new car. If you could offer a mother a tub of something that smelled exactly like her own babys head, well, theres a fortune waiting to be made right there, is all Im saying.) The smell of a man has always been of paramount importance to me, too. Natalie was blindsided by her nose but not me. Ive always trusted mine. Thereve been men I liked just fine at first meeting, but upon the first close contact HUP! YOURE OUTTA HERE! Not that they smelled bad who would even go out with a stinky guy? No, they just didnt smell right to me. The right triggers just werent firing, and that was that. And were not talking about cologne herewe were talking about skin. The particular hot spot for me is the skin in the area where their jaw meets their neck, and drifting on down to where their neck joins their shoulders. Ill hug a guy and give him a good neck snort and see what registers. The right smell will give me a definite twitch. Your nose or at least my nose will sometimes know when a relationship has ended before your brain does. I remember one relationship in particular that was going from bad to worse, but I was still hanging on in that inexplicable way we too frequently do. After an exceptionally bad boyfriend day, he hauled off and hugged me, and I stuck my nose in that neck spot and sniffed, and boy hidee, Ill tell you, I just knew. We had hugged and everything else our last time. He no longer smelled right to me. He werent mine and more important, I werent his no mo. But back to Queen Natalies question for me. What she wanted to know was did I think that she should suck it up and stick it out in Seattle and hope to (a) happen on the only barbecue chef in the Great Northwest, (b) change her taste in smells, or (c) just become a none (like a nun, only without the religious theme)? Or should she (d) go into debt to finance a move back to the South to sniff out her Mr. Right? I think you know what I advised. From the Hardcover edition.