

Marsha Marie's

# Crowded Bangles

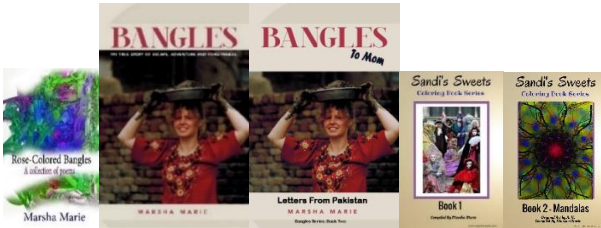
**'How I Should've Driven My  
Co-Wife Crazy'**



A Memoir in the  
**Bangles series**

"Adult Nature"

## Other Books by Marsha Marie



- Marie, Marsha, *Rose-Colored Bangles: A Collection of Poems*, Indie Published, 2016 (Bangles Pre-Launch release.)
- Marie, Marsha. *Bangles: My True Story of Escape, Adventure and Forgiveness*. (Bangles Series Book 1) Indie Published, 2016
- Marie, Marsha. *Bangles to Mom: Letters from Pakistan*, Indie Published, 2016.
- Marie, Marsha. *Sandi's Sweets Coloring Book Series*, Books 1 and 2, Indie Published, 2016.

For more details, go to [www.MarshaMarie.com](http://www.MarshaMarie.com) .

Crowded Bangles



Crowded Bangles:  
How I Should've Driven My Co-Wife Crazy  
Bangles Series

A Memoir of sorts

by

Marsha Marie

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First Edition

This is a memoir of humorous nature—for adults only.

Edited by Kimberly Linkletter.

Book cover by Marsha Marie.

Can you imagine a world without men? No crime and  
lots of happy, fat women.

*By Marion Smith*

## Introduction

This is one of the books in my *Bangles Series* (A series revealing my 22 years abroad, and my return to the States.) I created *Crowded Bangles* to make fun of one of the most tumultuous times of my life. This book is purely fun in nature and contains strictly adult humor. It came about one day when I was sitting and thinking of all the things I should have done during that time of my life, and what I would do now instead. I think everyone looks back and ponders on things that they would do differently. Though all of the books in the *Bangles Series* deal with my adventures abroad, they are mostly of a serious anecdotal nature. I wanted this one to be different and have some fun. I hope you enjoy my true ridiculous story of polygamy.



## Crowded Bangles

Many tell us that things are manifested in life thru the law of attraction. Normally, I believe in this school of thought. But here and now, I would like to say that I don't think that this thinking is true *100%* of the time.

Why do I think this? Well, it's a long story, but here is the meat of it: in one of my previous marriages I was given a co-wife. She was apparently a Christmas gift of sorts I guess. And stranger yet, she didn't know I existed. Then to top it off, I was told that I should not mention it to her. (Really?! We share husbands and the same penis, and you don't want me to talk to her about it? Am I stuck in a nightmare or something?) Well, in any case, I do not remember at any time in my life asking the "Great Universe" to send me any co-wives, so where exactly did she come from? Well, like I said before, I really do believe in the law of attraction and try to exercise it as often as possible, but somehow my wires seem to get messed up over and over again.

Now some readers may not be familiar with the term co-wife, so first let's define what it means. A co-wife a woman whose husband has another wife in a polygamous marriage—not to be confused with sister-

wife, which means the two women are sisters on top of it; this is somehow even more disturbing to me, but let's move on.

Since I have firsthand experience at being a co-wife, I thought it would be great fun to jot down a short story outlining the ways that I wish I had driven her crazy. Of course, all of this creativity is in hind-sight now. I only wish I had thought of them at the time instead of cowering in the corner like a baby. (But lesson learnt.)

How did I find out about her you may ask? Good question. Imagine this scenario: You are lying in bed snuggled close to your husband when he suddenly says, "Oh, by the way, I'm leaving the county this morning. My flight is in few hours. Can you drop me off at the airport?"

"What? Why?" you say in disbelief.

"Oh just some family business I need to take care of. I will be back in a few weeks."

You drop him off at the airport, still not believing what just happened. You stand there thinking, what do I do now? So you decide the best thing to do is clean the house. You clean and clean, and somehow you manage to convince yourself that your honey's strange behavior make sense. "Sure, of course he had to go. Maybe the family needs him for something urgent. I wonder when they called asking him to rush home."

Then suddenly you receive a text message from a mutual friend you both share.

“Did you know that your husband is getting married on Friday?”

“What the fuck?”

Yep, that is exactly what I said when I saw the message that day. Well the rest of the scene didn't play out very nicely as you can imagine. I later found out that he had set-up, planned and executed a marriage right under my nose; actually now that I think about it, it was probably done while I was at the gym working on my gluts. What an ass. (yea, me and him).

Since I don't want this book to seem sexist or anything like that,,, I'll call her co-spouse instead of co-wife. But better yet, let's use the nickname that I adopted from one of my English students in UAE; she called them COW-wives. So from this point onward, I will call them, cow-spouses! (Come on now, you have to say the name with more vigor than that..... really give emphasis to the *W-sound*.... cowwwww-spouses; I mean let's face it, if you marry someone who already has a spouse, you are a damn cow, no doubt about it.)

Honestly, this whole *surprise-cow-spouse-thing* could have happened to anyone I guess, not just me. Maybe you have one and just don't know it yet. So please ladies, I implore you, learn to see the signs. Signs like, secret late night phone calls while walking around outside, not allowing me to post pictures of us together on Facebook (not even the fact that we were married in the first place), and him using BleachBit on the computer's history every night. I know these are such obvious signs, but hey I was in love. I never dreamt that

he would want anyone else but me. Right? I mean why would he, me being so fricken awesome and all!

Anyway let's say you do see some signs, there are several ways to find out if you have a secret cow-spouse bumpin' *your* bed buddy in another bed.

- Thru friends slipping up (like ours did)
- Thru his family (especially if they hate you like mine hated me)
- Facebook (a really awesome resource for info)
- Talking in his sleep (warning: just make sure you know what language they are talking in first, you don't want to clobber your loved one just to find out that they were speaking Swahili or something.)
- Private detective (then at least you will have some pictures to cherish, and possibly put up on Facebook later, or for the court room--your call)

Okay, now let's say you find out that you have a cow-spouse, or maybe even two (depending on their energy level I guess, don't even get me started on that topic) then what are you going to say to your hubby? Well when I found out, it was so fucking frustrating because he was in another country, so a frying pan to the head just couldn't work; so I had to do with texting about one thousand obscene messages, to him, his friends, and his mamma. Okay, I admit that I may have exaggerated a bit, but that is what I should have done anyway. (Or you could just try 1-800-CALLADAMNGOODLAWYER. Operators are standing by.)

Then, if you have kids, there is the question: how do I break the news to them that their dad married a cow? Well, if skywriting the message “Your dad is a lousy fuckup” is too expensive for you, you can always put up posters on every street in your town. That would work too, but it might also get you a spot on Dr. Phil so think that one through first. (Again, not what I did, but that would’ve been great.)

So once you have told the kids and the entire family on both sides now knows about the lousy fuck-up that you are married to, it’s time to let the cow-spouse in on the little secret. (Assuming here that she is still in the dark about you.) Now there are several creative ways to let her know; you could tie a yellow ribbon around his dick-oak tree and let her find it next time she is there (but make sure to tie that baby tight so the message doesn’t fall off), or send a friendly nuke over to her house with a hello message written in crayon, or just do what I did--text the bitch and say .... hey, by the way, you are number 2!

Now once everyone on the entire planet knows that your spouse is a total imbecile you need to decide what to do. Here are your options:

- Plan A: Leave
- Plan B: Stay

Let’s look at these options a bit closer shall we.

Plan A is to leave: this seems fairly popular. Most women have a tendency to call 1-800-IAMTHE

FUCKOUTOFHERE as soon as they find out and even before the husband can say “I’m sorry!” (But not me; I chose Plan B: Stay, shocking I know.)

Plan B is to stay: an option that requires some real balls. Staying with your partner in this case requires lots of patience and forgiveness; none of which I had at the time. (Sadly, I ended up on the floor in my psychiatrist’s office begging for refills of my medication. It wasn’t until two years after the day I discovered his little secret, I finally bagged up all his shit in 30-gallon black garbage bags with little Post-it notes all over them saying ... Fuck off loser. I think it is obvious by now that I am not a real quick study.)

I often wonder what I would have done differently if this whole scenario were playing out today and not when I was so young and stupid. For instance, instead of dreaming up different ways of killing myself, and pumping myself full of those stupid pills (a probable mixture of titanium and Prozac) I should have had some fun—you know, drove the two of them crazy.

Now, I am sure there are some people out there that actually enjoy polygamy. I can even think of a few nice things about having a cow-spouse myself, like sharing housework for example. It would be great to have had someone to share shit with, like doing laundry or bleaching the toilet every two days; and god knows how much I hate cooking. So I personally would have loved to pass that baton to her. And who knows, maybe had she been in the same country as me we could have been like sister-wives (oh gross, there’s that word

again!). Well, I guess some people can find happiness in this situation, but I am definitely not one of them. All of this being said, what I really wished had happened to me, was having two husbands. Oh yea, that would be great: double the money, and double the honey. Double-dipping would take on a whole new meaning for sure. And I have no doubt that my car would be the cleanest in town, and my yard would be the trimmest. Just imagine a home without one burnt out light bulb....well hey, a girl can dream can't she?

And finally the list that you have been waiting for-- the list of things that I should have done to drive my co-wife (cow-spouse) crazy. (By the way, they are not in any particular order; I love them all!)

- I should've put a dead fish in the trunk of her car, and then pretend I didn't smell anything.
- I should've have put a mountain of day-old cow meat in her living room (No packaging at all; just a mountain of meat on a sheet on the floor.)
- I should have called the bank and cancelled all of her credit cards.
- And while I was on the phone, I should've cancelled the termite coverage on her home and buy a truck load of termites and poured them down the chimney.
- I should've switched all of the sugar in her house for salt, and vise versa.

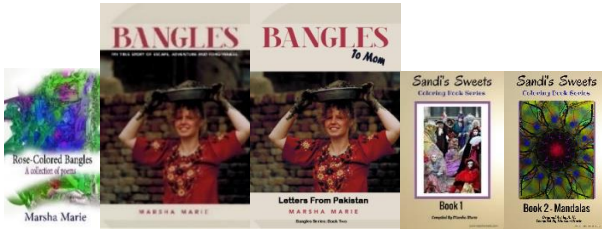
- I should've put superglue in her shower gel and this would've closed her vagina-shop up for good.
- I should've bought her a year's subscription to the monthly magazines: *Down with Bigamy* and *Real Monogamy Wives*
- I should've henna tattooed a huge red "A" on her forehead while she was sleeping.
- I should've bugged her purse and given constant check-ins on Facebook.
- I should've followed her around the house and sprayed Lysol on everything she touches.
- I should've filled out a psychological profile about her and mailed copies to her marked anonymous.
- I should've gotten a dog and named it after her.
- I should've reported to the nearest priest that she was seeing demons and needed an exorcism.
- I should've have sewn anti-theft strips into every one of her purses.
- I should've hired a clown to follow her around.
- I should've written fake love notes from our husband, but put other women's names on them.
- And my personal favorite: I should've castrated our husband and sent his penis to her in a care package, with a note that says—So there!





Marsha 'Yasmine' Marie has been a writer, human rights activist, English instructor and department head, American accent trainer, communication lab designer, voice-over talent, blogger, administrative assistant and mom. Born in Ohio, but raised in Arizona; Marsha lived and taught in Asia for over two decades. She has now returned to Arizona, and lives with her children. Check out [www.marshamarie.com](http://www.marshamarie.com) for updates on upcoming titles in the *BANGLES* series.

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