

## *THE POWER OF THE P!*

The power of the vagina, or the power of the P, as many would call it, is a real, viable, and attainable thing. He who holds the key to the vagina maintains the control. Many would say that the world is about two things: power and control.

Control your vagina and maintain your power. But does it belong to you? Is there ever a time when your vagina belongs to you and you alone -besides the times when you are using the bathroom? Ever wonder why it is in such high demand by everyone?

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## **Foreword**

“Whose Vagina Is It, Really?” – the ideal teaching tool for the girls, but the instructive eye-opener for men! Everybody requires enduring behavioral interdependence, repeated interactions, emotional attachment, and need fulfillment. Undoubtedly, intimate relationships play a central role in the overall human experience. Humans have a universal need which is satisfied when intimate relationships are formed with another human being.

However, intimate relationships consist of the people that we are attracted to, whom we like and love, romantic and sexual relationships, and those who we marry and provide with emotional and personal support. With the divorce rate in America and other countries estimated at over 50 percent for the past ten years, an increasing number of people are finding it affordable and less nerve-racking to be engaged in noncommittal intimate relationships. While money and other resources are always a major spotlight in most relationships, the woman’s body, especially the vagina, continues to be the focal point of the relationships.

For most women, their vagina is their prized possession, power, and bargaining chip. On the other hand, it is the opinion of most men that a woman’s vagina is for them to keep and care for as long as they are paying the bills and providing food and shelter.

As the vagina fights between men and woman continue, one of the most prolific and modern-day writers, Sandy Daley, has put forward some solutions in “*Whose Vagina Is It, Really?*” in her own unique and hilarious style. Sandy encourages women to keep the power, while demanding more respect and understanding from men.

Sandy skillfully ignores the idiom, “He who pays the piper calls the tune.” She comments that men may have the money and are paying bills, but they should not dictate the terms of the relationship. The writer urges women to “Love yourself before anyone else; but love him wholeheartedly as well if you have chosen him. Oftentimes we become nags and don’t support our men. If you want him and he is worth it and he is the One, then love him the right way.”

“*Whose Vagina Is It, Really?*” is the ideal teaching tool for the girls, but the instructive eye-opener for men. Funny, but conscious writings.

-Patrick Maitland, publisher, *Street Hype* newspaper

## ***Introduction***

They say that good things sometimes are the result of a bad situation, and this book is a true testament to that statement. I met a man whom I thought was “the one”. I ran to my girlfriends- specifically my hairdresser/ girlfriend J- boasted about him loudly, and thought that I had found true love. Boy was I ever wrong! Not only did he turn out to be the biggest womanizer that I have ever met, but a major jerk as well. And he was an “almost pastor” – and that’s another thing: how could you be an “almost pastor”? It’s either you are a pastor or not, right? He sat in the front of the pew in the church when Sundays rolled around, with the mind of a major pervert behind closed doors.

The man brought up things in bed that I have never thought about, things that should never be repeated, but use your imagination. So here I was, now dealing with not only a womanizer, but I was also messing with the Church and God. I ran with my tail between my legs, praying each day that the Lord would forgive me for my transgressions. I had always seen myself as a possible “Preacher’s wife”, with all the perks that come along with the title. However, I did not think that God would approve of how I would have ended up in that stately position. Fire and brimstone, and of course my Pentecostal upbringing, won over my lust and desires. I desperately tried to put this man, whom I thought was going to be my husband, out of my head.

To ease my pain, I threw myself into my work, trying to ease the pain without turning to alcohol. And a funny thing happened along the way: the more I wrote, the better I felt. Women and men also took notice of what I had to say in my weekly column in *Streethype Newspaper*, and they related to my thoughts and honesty. They laughed, cried, and went along with me as I tried to restore myself and heal my broken heart.

Then months later, after no contact whatsoever, this same “almost pastor” called me out of the blue one night and asked, “So is it still mine Sandy?” He went on to say, “Hopefully you have not been giving my pussy away to anyone?” I could not believe my ears! “The nerve of him,” I thought to myself. Hence, “Whose Vagina Is It, Really?” was born, and a whole can of worms was opened up. Women understood my question and men could not believe that I, a woman, had the balls to ask such a question. Every event or function that I attended, “So whose is it really Sandy?” was the question that was asked of me by almost every man who had heard rumors about my upcoming book. Normal conversations flew out the window!

So for that, I thank my Mr. Wonderful for allowing me to make lemonade out of lemons and to, more importantly, bring laughter, joy, and a lot of insight to other women. For the other women in your makeshift Western- like harem, I say; thank you as well. Still yet, I am hopeful for everlasting love, as one bad apple does not spoil the bunch.

Over the year, I spoke to both men and women (unbeknownst to many of them), desperately seeking the answers that I needed as to why men act the way they do. I wanted to learn from my mistakes as well. I desired no further stupid moves in my future love endeavors. The answers that I sought however, did not come from others, but instead came to me from my very own words. So, in this book, you will see not only my stories and experiences as I exhaled

each week with my column, but also case studies of other women as well. This book is unscripted and comes from a very real place.

Boy, did I learn a lot! I learned that women are still viewed as mainly objects of desire and that our lives are never one dimensional. We love our men and our families with no boundaries at all. I also learned that we make a lot of mistakes when it comes to our guys and how we deal with them. When a man chooses a woman, it is a big deal for him, as men have so many women to choose from, because of the ratio of men to women.

Our men feel let down however, especially after they have chosen us as their “wives” and many, “do not trust us to care emotionally for them.” My heart was pulled by its strings while listening to men over the year. I began to truly understand their position for the very first time. Most men do not set out to cheat on you when they get with you; they want to stay and be with only *you*. You, however, need to help them along and, yes, use your vagina to make things work for you at home.

Through self-examination, lots of research, and a lot of listening, *“Whose Vagina Is It, Really?”* will allow you to get to the heart of the matter. Men and women are to be held accountable for what happens in a relationship, and *“Whose Vagina Is It, Really?”* is a guide of sorts to help you along the way. But it is still up to you to implement these suggestions and use my, and other people’s experiences to help you in your own life.

With each story, you will be able to see yourself and make the decision as to what is best for *you* and *you* alone. And if you wish to be single for the rest of your life, and swing from the chandeliers with different men every other night- with protection of course- then the choice should be yours. If you wish to find that perfect mate and settle down, the choice is still yours. The vagina belongs to you! Do what you want with it! God is not going to take it back for over- or -under usage.

**Note: All the names in this book have been changed, in order to protect the identity of the people mentioned.**

## **The Break-up**\_\_\_\_\_

Needless to say, my relationship with Mr. Ohio, my Mr. Wonderful did not last! It however, served as an inspiration for this book. Not because I was saddened and heartbroken at its failure, but because it taught me so much, gave me so much, and finally made me aware of things that I had been doing wrong in my search for love.

There is no bitterness at all towards my “Mr. Wonderful” – as I like to call him- just the utmost of gratitude. His actions have truly allowed me to shine, and have enabled me to share so much to the world. No two people are the same, but everyone should set their own boundaries, similar to what I have done, and I share with you, in the following pages.

**Enjoy!**

## ***The Choice***\_\_\_\_\_

The following are some of *my* personal do's and don'ts that I now live by. Over the years, I have set many rules, broken many, but there are some that will never change. Case studies of wonderful women are also intertwined throughout, to help highlight the issues as I see fit. Maybe you can use all, or some, or none of the suggestions if you wish.

**The choice is yours to make.**

## Chapter #2\_\_\_\_\_

Do:

***Date lots of men (think of your dating pool as a basketball team). This does not mean that I want to see you on an episode of Maury asking, "Who's your baby daddy?"***

When it comes to dating, women have it all wrong and totally backwards. The thing with us girls is that most of the time, intimacy means that we fall in love as soon as we have given a man a "piece", as we sometimes call it. We are programmed to think that we are sluts if we are seeing more than one man at a time.

A man however, is given a pat on the back for being a "man" when he has lots of women. Your new strategy in this whole dating game is to date lots of men, to help you figure out who is your *right* partner. Now, be careful here, as you really don't want to sleep with every man, but you should find a way to *see* lots of men at the same time. You are really searching for your match.

My brother suggested that I, and other women, should, "think of your dating pool as a basketball team Sandy, with forwards and defensive players, and players who sometimes stay on the bench." I liked his reasoning, and so I ran with it. Let's say there is one guy that you like a lot. He is your forward. He is the one that you want, but the trick is not to make him feel *too* special, as not only will he become complacent but, who knows, someone else might step up and try to take his spot. Have you ever seen that pretty girl with a good job, nice body, and intelligent wit about her? She constantly tells you her man's reluctance to really commit to her, even though she sleeps with no one else, and has no other man around her. She has settled with this nonchalant behavior from her man.

*Don't* settle for that half-assed behavior from *your* man. Unless you make it known that you are seeing other men and that you have other prospects, you will be seen as nothing but an easy lay that needs no commitment. Now if you *don't* really want to have commitment from this man, then of course that is all fine. Continue doing what you are doing. If you decide to make a go at it and you want a relationship, make it known and see your man's reaction. If he is flippant and does not seem to care one way or the other if another man is putting his hands on you, and loving you, do yourself a favor and move on. He only wants sex from you. If that is *not* what you want, why stay and waste your time and energies on someone who does not want you that much?

Go on to the next man and do not think twice about it. If your neighbor sees you with Tom one day and Dick the other day, who cares? Look her straight in the eye and ask her, "By any chance do you know of a man that could fit into my basketball group?" The backlash that you will receive is nothing compared to the heartache that you will have over the next few years if you choose the wrong person, and did not *date* to find your true partner. Men do it all the time. You should as well!