

## *Jack and Jill*

*written by life*

**N**ot long, not long ago, In fact just a moment ago. Not far, not far away, actually somewhere near here, lived Jill and Jack. They had been together for a few years.

It seemed as if everything between them was going smoothly when something infinitely small came up, a miniscule problem, one that only Jill seemed to notice. Jill loved Jack very much, but at the same time life with him seemed ... well, seemed like pure torture, even traumatic, a constant drama. And because of this Jill had a well-developed sense of justice.

After all how could she live with this feeling and with the fact that each day she must pick up Jack's dirty socks, cook dinner for him, and clean up after him. Jill didn't like this at all. After all, just like Jack she had her work and other responsibilities.

Just like Jack came home from work tired every day. So why should she have to do the domestic chores all by herself? Because, since time immemorial, it's been said that housework is for woman? Jill was certain that this wisdom was the creation of men, because they themselves didn't want to do the housework and still don't. But she couldn't stand housework, the cooking, the laundry, the vacuuming, the dishes the dusting and so on, and so on... She simply wanted to vomit when she thought about everything she had to do. So "To hell with it", why should she do it? Why couldn't Jack share this burden with her? But Jack had already made it clear that he was not keen on sharing these duties with his sweetheart.

At first in their happy relationship Jill tried various things to show Jack how tired she was of taking his dishes to the sink for him. She would say, for example, "Oh, Jack, I'm so tired", and so he would reply, "Rest yourself honey, and clear the table later". And at that moment Jack would think to himself how good and fair he was for allowing Jill a break and his heart popped with affection, for himself, because he'd allowed Jill a brief respite.

So finally, one day, Jill decided to change her tactics, resign from what she now saw to be her stupid naivety, and decided that Jack would catch on if she laid her cards on the table. She resolved to tell him everything without mincing her words. She'd tell him straight out!

And what do you think happened next? Did it change Jill's life? Did she find justice?

*Well, Jack listened to everything (sometimes glancing at the television), sympathized with her, admitted that he hadn't noticed anything, but that since she was fed up, he promised that everything would change, that all the housework would be shared 50/50. He even promised that he would start scrubbing the toilet bowl when he had finished using it, and so on and so forth...*

*Jill suddenly believed that the world could be a beautiful place, that she had brought her desires to life! She believed Jack. She believed that her life would start making sense again and that she would return to her former self – a smiling, cheerful, passionate woman bringing happiness to other's lives.*

*However, her luck didn't last long, only about an hour actually. Because after they had eaten Jack's dishes, as usual, remained on the table. Jill brought the dishes to the sink thinking the homework was to be shared from tomorrow, first thing in the morning. But tomorrow turned out to be just like yesterday, just like the day before that, just like a year ago. As usual, Jack's dirty underwear lay next to the bed, his towel on the chair, his dirty dishes in the table, the tooth-paste cap left screwed off, and the toilet-bowl stains unwiped ...*

*So what do you think Jill did? She began tearing the beautiful hair from her poor head and she let out a scream: "ahhhhhhhh". Finally, exhausted, she began to cry. She now knew that her direct approach had done no good. She thought to herself; "What can I do? I can't possibly go on living like this".*

*And she came up with this – since I can't get through to him on a psychological level, I'll try to get through to him on a physical level! She resolved to introduce some physical exercise into Jack's life, together with a few specific chants. She prepared a simple combination of exercises, ones that could be done only with her help. For example, push-ups while chanting; "I will put my dirty underwear in the washing machine".*

*The next exercise was also not too difficult – a back exercise while chanting; "I will dust the computer".*

*The next consisted of exercising the stomach muscles, which was accompanied by a resounding; "I will clean the bathroom floor".*

*And so Jill goes on training Jack, even though it's no easy task. But while carrying out this training Jill has realized this: "What Jack wasn't taught as a boy, he'll never learn". And because of this fairy-tale ends with Jill appealing to mothers everywhere: "Mothers! Teach your sons the simple but nevertheless essential task of cleaning up after*

*themselves everyday! Don't do everything for them! Don't allow your sons to become crippled future partners incapable of functioning properly in a relationship!"*

*THE END*

