



Are
Men
Really
Dogs?

Connie Lawrence

Are Men Really Dogs?

by
Connie Lawrence



Eloquent Books
New York, New York

Copyright © 2009 Connie Lawrence.
All rights reserved.

No part of this book may be reproduced or transmitted in any form or by any means, graphic, electronic, or mechanical, including photocopying, recording, typing, or by any information storage retrieval system, without the permission in writing from the publisher.

Eloquent Books
An imprint of AEG Publishing Group
845 Third Avenue, 6th Floor—6016
New York, NY 10022
<http://www.eloquentbooks.com>

ISBN: 978-1-63135-115-0

Book Designer: Bruce Salender

Printed in the United States of America.

Dedication

To all the strong women in my family: Mildred, mother and matriarch, the kindest person I know; Winifred, aunt, who is never afraid to say her piece; Beryl, aunt, for always having interesting family anecdotes to tell; Alice Genista, cousin, 'mother', friend and supporter; Lorna, sister, confidante, advisor and friend; Anji, sister, friend, my 'Rock of Gibraltar' who lifts me up even when she is down; and last but by no means least, the strongest, little person, Sydney, who at age three has stolen our hearts and re-taught us the true meaning of love.

Acknowledgements

Thank you, to all my family and friends who supported me and who encouraged me to take this project to the next level.

To my sister Anji who has been begging me for many years to pursue my passion and my sister Lorna who encouraged me to use insomnia to my advantage.

To my primary readers, those to whom I entrusted the very first draft of my story, Anji Dennis, Dave Dennis, Orville Green, Marie Greene, Alice Lowe, Garfield Lowe, Carol Lawrence, Janice Marshall-HoSang, Josephine Marshall, Karl Rodney, Lorna Williams and Denise Young. I thank you all for your critique, negative or otherwise and for your editorial guidance and assistance.

A very special thank you to Orville Green and Karl Rodney who literally held my hand – patiently guiding me throughout the process; staying on the telephone with me all hours of the night to help with the editing process. I thank you sincerely for your expertise. You are the best.

Chapter 1

I married him because my sister asked me. I did it as a favor to her. I did not know him; did not care to know him and had only agreed to help a brother. I already had a baby father, Jay, the father of my two children Mar and Jon-Jon. Jonathan Dennison, Jr. – Jay, as I called him - was a dog. A real Jamaican dog. He was living proof that all men are dogs.

My home was in South Florida. It had been for a number of years. I had left and returned to Jamaica and was back again. Life was hard, trying to balance my career as a Doctor of Internal Medicine and raising two children, one of whom was very demanding and high-maintenance from the day I spat her out of my teenaged womb.

So, when Marilyn, my sister, approached me with this weird proposition, I believed she was fucking joking. I knew my sister. I knew that she was as serious as Mutty Perkins, the conservative Jamaican radio host. When he was not serious, he was quite serious and when he was serious, he was deadly serious.

She said this man could help me with the bills and fix things around the house. I never knew I needed a repairman. I asked her if she knew the man she wanted me to marry.

“I know him very well. His father is a preacher,” she said.

“I bet he is,” I said sarcastically.

My mind ran immediately to Herrod Clair and I shuddered.

As far as I was concerned this self-made TV Evangelist who appeared on Sundays was a fraud and a religious pimp. I did not like him; I had no respect for him and I feared Marilyn was asking me to marry *his* son.

“Why don’t you marry him yourself?” I asked. She responded, “I would, if I lived in the United States and I wouldn’t be asking you to help him out. He is an American-trained mechanical engineer. He is a good-looking Rastafarian – real cute – one of the best-looking men I have ever seen. Trust me. You will like this guy.”

She said he came from a good Jamaican family. His sister had been one of her best friends for many years. She pushed the guilt trip button. “Look,” she said, “the poor guy just got divorced from a real bitch. She took him to the cleaners.” I asked, “What’s that got to do with me?”

I was disgusted. Marilyn saw the look of revulsion on my face. She begged me to do her this one favor. This would be her last. I wondered if she saw me as someone who was in the habit of taking in stray cats. This was such a bizarre favor to ask of anyone, especially one’s own sister. Things were bad with me but not so bad that I would want to sell my soul to the devil. What if I did her this favor and this man turned out to be a criminal, a murderer, a woman beater?

She was asking me to let him live in my house until he got his papers and got on his feet. I could say ‘no’ but there were some people I could never tell ‘no’ and Marilyn was one of them. Nevertheless, I still blurted out, “Hell no, I won’t, no, no – I can’t do it. I do not want to be in the same living space with *any* man – especially a stranger. *You* of all people should know how I feel about men.”

“How do *you* feel about men?” she asked, pressuring me. I responded forcefully, “*They are all dogs.*” She stared at me intently and quietly asked, “Are they? Are they really?”

Are Men Really Dogs?

I ignored her questions and said, “Marilyn, what the fuck do you think? Am I the new Santa Claus running between Jamaica and the USA, handing out marriage certificates for men in distress? What are you asking me to do?”

Did she think I was so desperate? Did she have such a low opinion of me? Why would she ask me to do something like this? For a long moment, I did not really know what to think. There were times when I could not understand my big sister even though she was like a mother to me. A brilliant woman with an MBA from Columbia; she had risen to become Vice President of the largest financial institution in the country. Mature, well read, and highly sophisticated, but here she was asking me to do a business marriage as a favor to her and her best friend.

My questions annoyed her. She tried to conceal her frustration. She was asking me a big favor and yet she did not want to upset me or hurt our relationship.

“Jazz, I am not asking you to sleep with this man,” she said softly. “All I am asking is for you to help a brother and in the process help yourself.”

“How the fuck will I help myself? You tell me!” I said angrily. “You are asking me to file for this man and have him live in my house until he gets on his feet. How the *raas* is that going to help me?” She called me selfish. I felt the muscles in my body contract. Jay had used the same words the night before. Maybe they were right. Maybe I was just a fucking selfish woman.

Buy the B&N e-Pub version at:-

<http://www.barnesandnoble.com/w/are-men-really-dogs-connie-lawrence/1113116308>

Buy the Kindle version at:-

<http://www.amazon.com/Are-Really-Dogs-Connie-Lawrence-ebook/dp/B00JFLUIOS/>