

GRUMPY OLD WOMEN

Unhappy, evil, unbalanced, bitter, cruel, foul-mouthed, hater of all beaders, money grubbing, selfish, grumpy and Prozac induced witch.

Yes, that describes her well, and throw in a few more adjectives in the same vein to describe this vile person, and you have only just begun to describe the ugliness this person exudes. “I would not buy a thing from her” Is the general outcry. “ She has absolutely no joy, no sense of what it is like to give with no expectation of getting something in return” is the accusation. “She needs a LIFE” is the verdict. “I will from this point onward see her as a stupid angry person” is the sentence.

Who is she? What did she do to get such a band of people on such a venom spewing hate fest?

Why, that person is **ME!** What earned this accolade is *The Cracked Bead*, and frankly some wild fantasies from brain cells that are on disconnect. I know that these people are in the minority. From the literally 100’s of emails I have received from beaders, store owners, and designers from the relatively unknown, to the “Big” names, you have cheered me on. You have written to me not only in agreement with my “opinions” but also stating “ABOUT TIME someone said this!” “I am so glad that someone FINALLY had the COURAGE to write what you did” “You have said EXACTLY what I have felt for so long”. So **many** of you have written to tell me that you too, have had very similar experiences, or have told me of experiences which I have melded as to become my own (to protect the innocent). And you have ENJOYED the HUMOR and did not take my writing to be angry, but just a style of writing meant to grab your interest and perhaps even ENTERTAIN!!

Despite the warnings of DO NOT READ THIS IF YOU ARE EASILY OFFENDED, despite my attempt to poke humor, “black” and raunchy as it is, a minority of readers do not “get” the humor or the essential message. Fine, I understand that the particular style I use in *The Cracked Bead* is not suited for the frail, white-gloved little old lady who sits in pew number 3 directly in front of the church choir every Sunday morning at 9:30. (I was condemned for the use of a prostitute in “*If It’s Not Free...*”, true and as

wise as the prostitute's story was!) Nor is it enjoyed by the members of the Pollyanna Society who believe that everyone and everything in life is good and pure, and never should an unkind word be thought, let alone spoken. Oh, and of course it is not appreciated by those who think I wrote about them SPECIFICALLY. I expected that. And yes, I did expect to some of you to become offended. To those people, I ask : Please do NOT read *The Cracked Bead*, it is not for you. Like a train wreck, you know it's going to be ugly, shield your eyes and look elsewhere. If you can't help it and you MUST look, I take no liability for your disgust.

To those of you who think I had YOU in my double barrel vile spewing shotgun, I am sorry to say, likely it was not. I don't have time to write about the single idiot who has pissed me off. My "Characters" of which I write about are several clones rolled into one Juicy Fruit of a being. Some of these situations and personalities are in fact "personalities" contributed by those who have written to me with their amazing stories that sometimes surpass anything I could make up and I hope I never encounter. Yes, truth is indeed stranger than fiction!

I am sure that no matter how I might protest to someone who might accuse me of having written about HER, she will never accept it. The world so revolves around such an individual that everything I write is about her. Such hatred I have against her, and yes even her groupies that she is compelled to let everyone know how savagely I have attacked her PERSONALLY. She even sees her name cryptically hidden....yes, even spelled out if you take the 6th letter of the 10th word of every other paragraph (ITS THERE!!! I KNOW IT!!! It should be OBVIOUS to everyone this is about ME. Don't you SEE my name?!)

OK, fine it IS all about YOU. Happy now, whom ever you are??
Shhheesh!! (Oh, this is *The Cracked Bead*, I don't have to watch my language... **FUCK!!!**)

It's an odd thing, when bashing occurs on a group. It becomes a sea of piranhas, each wanting their pound of flesh. The more that swim in that murky water the more blood thirsty and mindless they become. Chomping at any bit they can. Into that murky pool also jumps the fence-hoping shark, hungry for her share of blood too. Certainly that blood will make her supreme. The shark that lingers on whichever side of the fence that will offer

her the feeding she desires. One day perhaps she is on mine, sending me emails of such strong agreement, that she contributes her own experiences. The next day, she is on the other side of the fence chomping at the very thing she has proclaimed as her own opinion. Let me deal with those who make up their minds, even if it is in disgust with what I do, and stick with it, at least I can respect them. A fence-flipping shark, I cannot. Have the freaking courage to make a stance and stand by it! Trust me, if I can do it, anyone can.

Speaking of making a stance, I still stand up for what I have written. To the minority of readers who fail to see any humor in *The Cracked Bead*, and have become so clouded in fault finding that you have missed my number one message to all I will spell it out, simply, purely and to the point:

Those who sell their patterns and beadwork as well as the bead stores **DESERVE** to earn something for their talent and hard work (Yes even those of you who **GIVE** your patterns away deserve to have a few bucks). There is nothing wrong in earning money with your art and talent, it is **NOT** a crime. If you need to give away your patterns to create a following, my pity is on you. In essence you are giving away yourself for your own ego. Your ego-strokes, and friends are of the type who would eat plutonium laced mini dogs just because it is free at the local Big-Mart. People would take dog shit if its free. So it means little to nothing to have a group behind you drooling like dogs for your next free item. Try selling if you really want to test your worth.

Yes, what **YOU** do, can have an effect on all beaders, the art of beadwork is a very small niche. Do not expect or demand things for free, if you can't afford it, you can't have it. If you can buy beads, you can buy patterns and books. Like many things, beading is a luxury, not an entitlement.. (No...I did **NOT** start out using free patterns as some claim. I **BOUGHT** a book, and beads. **EVERY** pattern other than my own which I have used I have **BOUGHT**).

To the vast majority of you who “get it”, you are of an intelligent mind, and I am sure you will continue to read as I will continue to write, understanding that tongue firmly implanted in cheek, perhaps even with the occasional use of profanity (oh dear god!) I will tell stories whether they are entirely mine, or a blend of scenarios contributed by those of you who whisper in my ear, with your commentaries and experiences that are simply a variant of my

own. I will continue to offer my stance on issues that affect beaders as we attempt to take this art form not just as a hobby but as a business, with all the ramifications such an endeavor puts in our paths. If it were not for those of us who treat our art as a business as much as for the love of it, those of you who are hobbyists would never have the books, magazines, patterns or even the very beads you have come to love. As we respect and value you, we also need to be treated and valued the same way. Remember that my grumblings tend to be directed at those who lack this respect not the vast majority of you who keep my Prozac free blood warm and I always hold you dear in my heart.