

**A**re you a woman's woman or a man's woman? We all know the difference. A man's woman will pierce your skull for leverage with her stiletto to get to the man at the other end of the dinner party table.

A woman's woman will take your call at 3am when you're crying about the same thing you were crying about the week before and the week before that.

Men's women put themselves first, women's women put themselves last.

I should know better, but it still shocks me to witness man's woman behaviour. I'm convinced women who sleep with other women's men, who make you feel invisible at a party despite standing a foot away, and who shut the boardroom door on you are driven by intense female rivalry.

I'm also convinced women's

## WITH FRIENDS LIKE THESE...

Whether they love you or compete with you, women can be a girl's worst enemy

women who do everything for their female friends are driven by guilt and fear.

Fear they won't be liked if they say no, guilt at feeling fed up with their friend – silencing themselves in the process and overcompensating by being at their beck and call when needed.

Competitive women push my own competitive buttons and before I know it, I am locked in a battle I cannot win.

Women who use information as power, who claim to know more about your friends than you, who claim to know more about your work colleagues than you and who don't miss an opportunity to let you know it, are usually feeling insecure with their own position in this world.

I had a girlfriend we used to play a trick on at the pub on a Friday night. Watch this, I'd say to the group as I nudged my friend and whispered: 'See that guy, he keeps making eyes at me and I think he's really cute.'

Five minutes later, she'd be standing by his side, batting her eyelashes and flirting her tush off. Why did I stay friends with her? Because I thought the friendship was what I deserved.

In short, I hated myself and surrounded myself with women who did the same. And I'm not without blame, I've been flattered when a married man has come on to me even though I have declined his invitation to join him when his wife's away.

I have neglected to tell my female boss about a work do I was invited to and she wasn't until the day of the function as I walked out the door.

In my 30s, I have learnt the difference between real and fake friends and have tried to keep the relationships in my life real.

But some slip through my radar and I find myself again asking why I am friends with women who still push my buttons.

Men's women drive to annihilate the competition, women's women want to be liked by every woman they meet.

Yet you can have a happy mix between the two. You don't have to go for the extreme every time.

It's good to share your problems with a female friend and comforting to know there are women you can share with, just don't do it at the cost of your own life.

