

## Why a Man Needs a Woman

I knew I was having an X-Files overdose when, last night, Agent Sculley got lost into my REM sleep. No, this account is not the type that would make the guardians of morality at the MTRCB do the sign of the cross and run around like headless fowls. I was an alien in my own dream, for crying out loud! And my fellow ET and I had just abducted Agent Mulder's partner so we could pick her brain inside our mothership. We attached her to our highly-sophisticated mind machine and asked her a question that we thought was significant in our study of the human race: "What 'use' are the females of your planet to their male counterparts?"

We were glad that Sculley was telepathically articulate and we thought she made sense. Following are excerpts from her reply to the question we posed before her:

**"They need our pampering."** A man may be as massive as Hulk Hogan or as wispy as Peewee Herman, but he is sure to succumb to our pamperings. I believe that this ability to care, nourish, and nurture is firmly woven in our DNA strands. This is what makes female earthlings excellent daughters, mothers, and wives. And, mind you, this characteristic, which is second nature to us, always works to our advantage. We cook them a hearty meal and in return they siphon seas dry and level mountains flat if we so please. We give them a good sponge bath and they conquer kingdoms and name new lands in our honor. We lock them in a warm embrace and give them a searing kiss and

they will dare tread uncharted territories and unknown worlds despite the lurking danger.

**“They can comfortably show their soft side around us.”** In the company of other men, being soft will elicit doubting stares and malicious whispers. Around us, they can be their vulnerable selves without fear of being accused as sissies. Unknown to them, we like it when they shed tears in our presence. It affirms our faith in their humanity enough to allow them to continue to hold key positions of power around the globe without making a big mess out of planet Earth. Because if they should foul up, we are left with no other option but to let them know who really are in charge.

**“We can inject some fashion sense into them.”** We were the ones who made them realize that they couldn’t be walking around forever on G-strings made from plant leaves and animal hides. We were the ones who convinced them that violet and brown just don’t match, unless one is a party clown. We trained them to put on a tie properly in two minutes flat, so they could come pick us up early for a date, only to make them wait an hour for us to dress up. We even pushed our luck further by successfully brainwashing them into believing that shopping is a female thing and their sole purpose is footing the bill and carrying the purchases. I can say that we’ve been effective teachers for, from among them, we saw many who made it big in the fashion world either as the ones who create the clothes or the ones who strut the catwalk in them.

**“We go out of our way to laugh at their jokes.”** Among themselves, they preempt each other’s punchlines. While we, always patient and considerate, let them finish a corny joke no matter how many times we’ve heard it. We are even kind enough to react with a girlish giggle. And that causes them to suddenly put on this stupid stance like they could send Robin Williams and Jim Carrey jobless. We willingly play along for, in the final analysis, it works to our advantage. Because we laugh often, not many of us develop the same illnesses that prevent most of our men from enjoying their retirement years. Yes, laughter indeed is the best medicine. And yes, we live longer.

**“A woman is a partner, never a competitor.”** We love watching them compete about practically everything from market shares to political seats, to being the first to catapult a man out of the Solar System. But nothing beats the fun we have when they compete for our love and affection. Unfortunately for them, competition can be extremely exhaustive, life-threatening even. In the company of a woman, a man doesn’t need to be constantly on competitive mode. For them, a woman is but a partner. There are even those moronic ones who regard us as non-equals. Ironically though, this delusion (that they are the smarter gender) works in our favor for we can get them to do things, from the silly to the incredible, which on their own, they will not dare do. So how can you disagree when we claim that behind every successful, heavily-perspiring man is a beaming woman who’s having the time of her life?

**“We are the source of man’s greatest motivation.”** Our faces can launch a thousand ships. Our smiles can inspire an artist to scamper for his palette and easel and paint a canvass to create a masterpiece. Our charisma can send an army to fight to the death without need for a reason. You may summon in a room all the men of science, politics, entertainment and sports, and poll them on what drove them to invent incredible machines, build empires, conquer nations, discover the unknown, erect colossal monuments, write soulful music, climb the highest peaks, and break world records. And you can boil their answers down to this: The sex drive. The greatest of all motivations that only we, the women, can spur.

**“We suffice their dual, primal need to chase and protect.”** In their presence, we pretend to be weak to satiate their need to fulfill their roles as pursuers and defenders. They all want to be He-Man, and we let them. We run slower, so they can catch up with us, even if we can give the cheetah a good race. We pretend to break down easily even if we can pulverize our enemies single-handedly. We put on a fragile façade even if we are as resilient as the Pyramids. Even if they unjustly label us “the weaker sex”, we choose to keep mum about it. What they don’t realize is that we are giving them a dose of their own medicine by ordering them around like slaves under our guise of helplessness. Funny how much they enjoy playing the roles. But we enjoy it more.

**“We can conceive.”** We have the ovaries. We supply the good half of the chromosomes needed to produce an offspring. They, the factory workers, however willing and able, can’t produce a baby without the factories we carry around. And with the recent advances in genetic engineering and cloning, they should start reinventing themselves, else they end up as nothing but lampposts.

Sculley was lucky I was an ET in my dream. Otherwise, as an earthling proud to be a member of the male species, I could have encased her in a capsule made of paper, doused it with gasoline and ejected her into the general direction of the sun. All because she was telling the truth.