

Why, Why, Why?

I first became intrigued with the male species the summer before I entered sixth grade. That particular summer, I hung out on the front porch all day, watching the neighborhood. Every day, a neighborhood boy rode by on a bicycle he had modified to look like a chopper motorcycle, complete with extended forks connected to a small front wheel, a banana seat, and sissy bars. Most kids were still riding Huffy bikes, so this caught my attention right away.

We lived in the corner house at the bottom of a hill, and he'd race his modified bike down the hill at breakneck speed, turning the corner so quickly he'd barely miss the oncoming traffic. This daily ritual was both exciting and gut wrenching. As I'd watch, I'd pray for his survival, as day after day he'd barely escape a horrifying demise.

After about a month of death-defying displays, he rode his bike onto the outskirts of my yard, laid it down on the lawn, and confidently strolled across the yard toward me, with his hips thrust forward as if leading with his manhood. My heart was pumping so hard in my chest I thought I would die. He introduced himself and said he lived up the block. He wore a jean jacket with the sleeves cut off over a sleeveless white T-shirt, blue jeans, black leather gloves with the fingers missing, and black leather boots. He asked me for my phone number, got back on his bike, and left.

He continued to ride past my home every day but did not call or acknowledge me for about a week. When he finally called, he asked what I was doing. I told him I was babysitting my brothers. It was my birthday, and my mom and stepfather had gone out, forgetting entirely about my birthday. He wished me a happy birthday and hung up. In the meantime, I went to check on my half brothers.

After a few minutes, there was a knock at the door. I opened the door, and before I could say hello, he planted a kiss on my lips, wished me a happy birthday, and left. I had never been kissed by anyone before, so I wasn't sure what to do. I stood there for a good fifteen minutes before my half brothers started fighting, and I went to break it up.

The next day, he stopped by to tell me we were going steady and handed me a bracelet made of a dog's choke collar, which in retrospect was appropriate. Since there were no other prospects at the moment, I took it and put it on, figuring that this was the way it was supposed to be. When school started, we were an item, and he made sure everyone knew it by threatening any male who spoke to me.

Although possessive at school, he really didn't pay much attention to me over the next two years other than during the occasional petting and dry humping. His older brother had gotten a girl pregnant while in high school, and according to him, the girl had ruined his brother's life, which was why things never went any further.

This on-again, off-again relationship lasted almost three years. Toward the end of the relationship, he snuck into my bedroom through the window during the middle of the night, stuck it (his manhood) in just once, climbed out the window, and went home. Over the next few days, we didn't talk about the incident. Then he said, "What we did can never happen again because I am not going to be roped into a marriage." As you may imagine, this was very frustrating, especially since this was the seventies, and many of my girlfriends were making sex sound like participation in the hottest sports event ever. Don't get me wrong—good girls did not get caught having sex out of wedlock, but sexual freedom was on the rise.

During this time the seed for the Nimrod Bureau of Investigation (NBI) was first planted, in no place other than my head, because there just wasn't enough drama in my life. Why *nimrod*,

you ask? Because I thought I understood the meaning of the word—not the biblical meaning but the implied meaning based upon the usage of my stepfather, who referred to all males as nimrods.

Over time, I have developed my own definition for the word and decided *nimrod* was a generic term based on the words *nidus*, meaning “a point or location at which something originates or develops”; *man*, meaning “an adult male”; and *rod*, meaning “a measuring stick.” Thus, for me *nimrod* came to mean the human males I would interact with in order to learn more about myself. Quite a stretch perhaps, but it gave me a place to start.

As the founding and only member of the Nimrod Bureau of Investigation, I went right to work exploring male behavior. With investigative vigor and an eagerness to learn, I started making a list of the males I’d already encountered, and by the time I was sixteen, learning about the male species had become a full-time endeavor. I cannot come up with a sane reason for dedicating myself to this extensive undertaking, except that I had no idea of the amount of time and effort it would take.

In ninth-grade science class, I stumbled upon what I determined to be a breakthrough in my research: men and women are wired differently. One fundamental difference between men and women is that men have a Y chromosome and women do not. In addition, there are seventy-eight distinct genes residing on the Y chromosome, so I surmised that maybe this had something to do with why there appeared to be so many types of males walking the earth. What if each gene or combination of genes produced a specific type of male? Since the only way to prove this theory was through close observation and interaction, I decided I would have to date and marry, a lot—in the name of science, of course. As a result, I have discovered seventy-eight types of genes and compiled a list of the types of males within each gene pool I have encountered thus far

during my extensive research. In other words, my research is all-encompassing, but it is worth it because along the way I continue to discover the remarkable powers of reflection—or examination of one's past—acceptance, and humor to heal the human spirit.