

THE INNER WORKINGS OF THE FEMALE BRAIN

Promiscuous as the mind is – constantly searching new avenues and doors to sow its seeds of maliciousness – the female brain was, and remains to this day, the holy grail of understanding. Many a honest man has lost his sanity, sometimes his identity and his life, questing for the unattainable. What makes these creatures, which share such similarity with men, so different? The answer, if known, would make me a rich man. Alas, I do not. But, I did take the time to painfully assess these creatures, sometimes probing perilously close to losing my life, and have finally managed to make my observations known to the world. I warn you, dear reader, this is not for the faint of heart.

Lets begin with the most obvious thing that anyone notices with these creatures – their gait. These sapiens have a peculiar kind of a rambling walk, bordering on a strut, that makes them easier to identify in a crowded room. (*Of course, the other thing that identifies them in a crowded room is their habit of dousing themselves with strange smelling fluids! But, we'll get to that later.*) The walk is their one sure way to get attention – they gyrate their body in an unearthly fashion while walking! – and they do get it, no doubt. We men being as we are, can't keep ourselves from looking at them. The female has realized this. So, the female's brain – which is one hundred time more advanced than ours' – immediately latched on to this weakness of ours and the story of Pied Piper repeats itself....

Let me remind you of an interesting remark that was made by the Shah of Persia, a few hundred years ago. He said that the single, surest way of attaining salvation – both physically and mentally – is never to trust a female. Well, over time, this aphorism has lost its charm as more and more trustworthy females graced the world and drove the Shah to exile. But then, the present day situation demands more caution on the part of the male. The female brain has quickly analyzed the greatest weakness that the Y-chromosome accords to us. It is that, while the man has to spend his time, money and efforts to woo the girl, she on the other hand just has to smile, and the guy's hers! No one has been able to satisfactorily explain this phenomenon, but it doesn't matter, because now there is a new wave of deception tiding the planet. The female has acquired from somewhere the tools to successfully make the man abide by her whims and fancies – so much, so that if Sigmund Freud were alive today, he would have called the male populace of the planet as a “*sad bunch of toilet-tissue-emulators*”! Though we must be ashamed of ourselves, not to mention cautious, we're neither, and end up being the receiving end of nitrogenous treatments meted out to us by the female.

More than everything, the female brain has evolved so quickly, that when we were still trying to make faces at ourselves by looking at our reflection in the river, the female was busy creating masks! This disturbing fact has revealed atrocious allegations against what really went on in the Garden of Eden. She has learned to mask her true emotions so well, that we really feel baffled when she can smile so sweetly at us, hold our hand so warmly, look into our eyes with her lovely eyes and say, “*Get lost, you jerk!*”

Ever seen women slap a man? Well, I have, and trust me; it's not a pretty sight. (I have been on the receiving end of many a slap, though that's not important to the story right now!) Every time she walks away after slapping the jerk, he holds his bruised cheek in his hands and dreamily stares after the departing female and sighs. He says, “I think she likes me...” We men will never improve.

Coming to the gewgaw that these creatures allow themselves to be part of, the smelling fluids I talked about earlier. Neither countless like-minded fools nor me have ever understood the reasons behind this strange phenotypic character. The female bathes in what are known to be “perfumes” – the very word should have made her shy away from it, because in Greek, “*per-*“ means toxic and “*fume-*“ means stench. Well, please try to explain this phenomenon. Something really smells fishy, doesn't it?

The day the mystery of the female brain is solved, it'll be *Genesis: Chapter 1* all over again! But, lets be honest to ourselves. The day is never going to come. We men will remain the scum of the planet for at least another millennium. Feminism is indeed significant, but it should never border on chauvinism.

WRITTEN BY, IRONICALLY, A MALE.

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COMMENTS ARE MORE THAN WELCOME; THEY WON'T BE ENTERTAINED, HOWEVER.**