

# **We like girls**

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*This one is for all my female friends. It is also my entry for darkmagemyren's contest. Enjoy*

# 1. We like Girls

We like girls. You ask why? We like girls because we can't think of anything we like better.

Imagine a world filled with only men. Can anything be so horrifying? And boring?

Men complain about nagging wives, women who are too demanding, girls who are aggressive, and those whose principal aim in life is to lead a man to the altar.

There is simply no substitute for a girl. No life-sized mannequin or inflatable doll will do. Only a girl can kiss like a girl.

Why are girls so lovable? This is a question that is not always easily answered. Girls can be slightly irritating, especially when they act superior to men. Actually, women are biologically superior to men. In the long stretch, women outlast the men. You know why? Men spend so much time serving women. Consider this: a man begins to serve a pretty woman when he is 18 until he is about 58, he shall have opened 50,000 doors for pretty women, given 30,000 seats for helpless females in crowded buses, carried 40,000 grocery bags for their girlfriends, called 20,000 taxicabs for them, and lighted 50,000 cigarettes for party girls. Imagine all the energy burned in practicing chivalry or doing things that were not absolutely necessary. By the time a man reaches 60, he is ready to drop dead. but without regrets.

Women are biologically superior to men (they can do everything a man can do... and have babies besides) and they demand attention and protection from men.

A girl has their moments when she is slightly unlovable. This is when she nags day in and day out until her tongue gets sunburned and when she spends hours before the mirror arranging her hair and rearranging her face. It is amazing how much time a woman spends before the mirror - and as she gets older, the mirror does not tell her any flattering news.

And yet - there is nothing like a girl. Women are illogical yet sympathetic, demanding yet helpless. When a warm-blooded male sees a pretty girl swing her hips and flash a radiant smile, he melts like butter on a hot cake.

There is nothing like a beautiful, shapely, provocative girl for us deep thinkers.