

My Relationship with Boy Friends

If I had to pinpoint the time of my life when I had the startling revelation about boys, I'd have to say it was in Mrs. Cole's second grade class when she made me sit next to Bryan Parasol--a boy! We started talking to each other and I soon learned that boys didn't have cooties after all; they were people just like girls were. Then I think that can't be the first time I associated with the opposite sex. It must have been at Jason Barrientes' sixth birthday party. There I stood, waiting to turn six myself, in my cute purple party dress, and at a boy's house. I remember refusing to go because the birthday boy was...a boy. Ewww. My mother made me go, and I realized that Jason and I had something in common, Thundercats, a popular cartoon at the time. Boys weren't so bad after all. Then I think about my siblings. I, being the baby, was born into a family of three boys. I was bound to get along better with boys than girls.

What did I know about my gender? Sure, there was my mother, but I didn't play with her, I played with my youngest older brother, Hans. We played with GI Joes, built forts and played in the tree house in the back yard. These activities were all stereotypical boy things. Of course I had girlfriends, it was unacceptable to befriend anyone of a different gender than your own at such a young age. But, I couldn't reveal the secret I knew about boys being okay to my girlfriends. They wouldn't understand anyway. I figured they'd laugh at me and taunt: Kamala and Jason sittin' in a tree... That was the last thing I wanted.

So, when the other girls started noticing the boys as more than the kids who played dodgeball during recess, I started making friends with the boys, knowing that it was no longer taboo to speak to them, and began to understand how they think. For some reason I tend to get along better with boys than girls. Maybe it's because I don't feel that I am competing with boys. Girls are **always** subconsciously competing in one way or another. I try to avoid stupid competitions whenever possible.

I would never come close to calling myself a tomboy; I am more of a male attaché to females. I am not ashamed of playing with Barbie and Jem dolls (Barbie's rocker friend)--in fact, I probably had the most extensive collection on the block. I had a kitchen set as well, and I had my share of female friends. But, if I had to list the top ten closest friends of all time, I guarantee six of them would be boys. How many girls would feel comfortable making a statement like that?