

The Reason
by
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Our class was recently asked to answer the age old question, “**Why are you here?**” as best as we could, and of course, I had an answer. I was here to stimulate greatness in others, simple. Then I was asked why that was important to me...many, many times. Each time that I answered the question I thought to myself, “This is it, I finally have it.” I was wrong, for how could I have the answer when she **keeps asking the same question?** And then she made us understand the real question. I knew how to answer then, and that I’d known the answer since I was a kid.

Now I know what you’re thinking; children don’t have a lot of deep thoughts and realizations. After a child figures out his favorite pizza, who has *the cooties*, and which lion to be when they form Voltron at recess, the universe is pretty much mapped out. Not all five year olds, however, are made the same. In 1985, I was a very wee five year old. I did climb trees, play with G.I. Joes, and watch cartoons. I did try to trick my mom into buying me ice cream and loved going to the pool, but when left to my own devices, I was not like other kids. I had deep thoughts, and startling realizations. One realization shook me right down to my Superman Underoos.

This epiphany came to me one summer day in good ol’ 1985 while I was watching a scene from E.T. in which a “drunken” Eliot stands on a classmate to bring himself eye level with

a girl and kisses her. At that moment, a couple of things clicked into place. The first was that I loved girls. I loved girls. I knew that I was going to be obsessed with them forever, and not just girls but women, too. The deal was sealed one day when I saw my babysitter in the shower. OH MY GOD. A shock for that poor sixteen year old girl whose name I can't remember, but whose “face” I'll never forget. I made everyday after that about spending as much of my time around girls as I possibly could. **To me, women are God's masterpiece.** High five Lord.

“You have to keep an eye on that Perez boy. If he's not kissing girls or playing doctor, then he's sitting under the monkey bars...waiting.” Yeah, I was that kid. I'm still that kid. Sorry about that, ladies. To this day I'm still a fool when a woman is in the room and if that woman is a redhead, I'm legally retarded. I don't know why.

The second thing that I realized was that I was alone. The truth was more complicated than that to be honest, and it came a little slower than the first realization. I wasn't complete. I was missing something very important and wasn't sure at first what that was or how to get it, but I knew that girls had something to do with it. Unfortunately no amount of getting girls to kiss me or show me their underwear was helping, though I never stopped doing it. I was pretty good at it, and nobody likes a quitter. The more time passed the more I knew something wasn't right. As a teenager, I had many girlfriends and what I now know were many, many ill-advised trysts, but nothing was filling the emptiness. I would spend my days locked in my room listening to Nine Inch Nails in the dark, pondering my problem. It was like being a perfectly healthy person with the exception of missing a heart beat. Sex wasn't the answer, and neither was spending time with my friends, but I did start to notice that they did each have a piece of the puzzle. And there

it was. I needed more than just a girlfriend or a friend; I needed to somebody that was both. More than that, I needed someone to love who loved me in return.

I don't want to be misunderstood, dear reader. I don't think that I need someone in my life to live well. I could spend every day of my life making movies and counting my millions. I could keep stride with the Titans, dine with the gods, go home to an awesome loft with a gorgeous view, and the last thing I would think before I drifted to sleep would be how much I wish there could be someone lying next to me whispering “*I love you.*”

To love and be loved is why I'm here. The idea that I might run into the right woman at any time is what gets me out of bed and helps me put my two feet on the floor. Trying to be a better mate for that special woman is helping me to be a better man. In the quest to find my special lady friend, I have had many adventures; I've been stalked and kidnapped (not at the same time or by the same girl), I've been engaged and had my heart broken, I moved to Texas (which I do not recommend), and I still haven't found what I'm looking for. Maybe I never will, or maybe I'll walk out of this class not watching where I'm going and bump into her in the hall. It could happen.

I live for two things; the present and the future. If I don't succeed today, there's always tomorrow. Maybe I'm a hopeless romantic, but there are worse things to be in this world, and maybe the world could use a few more hopeless romantics in it. Hope guides me. Perhaps, in time, it will guide me to her. I wouldn't complain if she just happened to be a redhead.