

The Mating Call Of The North American Female Sounds Like The Deep Bellow Of A Birthing Moose

by Erin Zulkoski

Majestic. Regal. Stately.

Deadly.

The North American Female is one of the most dangerous species on the planet, ranked just below the rhino and Rosie O'Donnell...although, if Rosie were to attach a horn to her forehead, she'd move up the ranks at the deadliest creature, but that's beside the point.

The North American Female appears harmless at first, but once she is in heat, she turns into a lethal force. No one can stop the NAF. I don't understand all the science-y crap associated with the mating of the female--something about hormones and pheromones and other junk, but I do know this: she is cunning and will stop at nothing to find a suitable mate with whom to procreate.

She will fancy herself up, applying face paint, wearing elaborate costumes, or sometimes, very little at all, and plots strategies that General Robert E. Lee would be envious.

For example: picture this setting--a crowded nighttime liquor establishment. Such establishments are prime locations for the NAF to make her killing. Her subject? The North American Male. A simple-minded target, easily over-taken and dominated.

The Female scans the room, observing the behaviors of the Males, and determining which ones she will prey upon. Too short...too fat...too obnoxious...then, she spots ones, and zeroes in on him. Just the right height, weight, not too muscular, and she plants herself near him, and begins her elaborate ritual.

She sits upright, puffing her chest out, pouting her scarlet lips, and gives a coy glance at him. He is keen to her, and returns her advances. He inhales deeply, sucking in his gut, brings his shoulders back, and gazes back at her. They exchange smiles. The Male leans forward over the bar, has words with the bartender, and a minute later, the Female is presented with a drink. The Female looks at the Male, nods her approval, and this signals the Male to come forward.

The Male is given a slight upper-hand, but the Female is in total control of the situation. One false move, and the Female can end the Male. The Male is aware of this, and is cautious. The Male approaches, and suddenly without warning, the Female lets loose a guttural scream from the depths of her belly and lunges towards the Male, clubbing him over the head with her drink glass. The Male, unconscious and bleeding, falls slumped to the floor, and the Female swoops down upon him, taking advantage of him right there in the middle of the crowded bar.

After she has had her fill, the Female leaves the Male on the ground and begins stalking her next victim.

