

# **A Man Needs a Tool Kit**

by Sasha Sanders

I recently bought my first tool kit. I didn't set out to; it just sort of happened. I was wondering mindlessly around Game when a gleaming, golden light emanated from one of the shelves. I followed it like a man hypnotised, and the next thing I knew I had a 40-piece tool kit in one hand and R80 to pay for it in the other.

Now I am not ordinarily inclined to make impulse purchases. I am a measured and conservative shopper. Yet this tool kit drew me towards itself like it knew I was a man in need. And indeed, it has changed me forever. I know that sounds rather grandiose for a feeble tool kit. But as I approached the checkout counter with all the boyish excitement a young lad feels when he gets a new toy, something struck me. Something so momentous and life-altering that I am going to give it its own paragraph. Here it is:

A man needs a tool kit. For without one, he is not a man.

Don't be fooled by the apparent shallowness in this statement. It is a simple, sublime, magnificent piece of knowledge – and one that I was oblivious to until I was at the till paying. I cannot explain it rationally but at that moment, as if magically, a new sense of masculinity came over me. So much so that I was tempted to rush home and present myself, spread-eagled and naked on the bed with only the open tool kit covering up my manhood, to my girlfriend when she walked in. But I didn't even need to. I could tell by the look in her eyes when I told her I got a tool kit that she, too, saw me with a new degree of manliness.

That I will only use the wrenches and screwdrivers twice a year is neither here nor there. The point is I have them in my possession. So when something is loose, I can tighten it. When something is broken, I can fix it. These are not only

things a man is supposed to be able to do, but also things he can derive masculine affirmation from. He simply needs the tools to perform the job and reap its rewards. And I now have those tools.

But this awakening was only the beginning. I soon realised that tools are not the only tools a man needs, if you know what I mean. A man also needs to have a pair of hiking boots. They make him feel athletic and rugged. A man needs to have a good suit, because it makes him feel distinguished and well groomed. And a man needs to have some stubble some of the time – it's one of the things that makes men men, not women.

Then there are things a man needs to *do*. Like fishing. Going off to inexact locations, for extended periods, discussing undisclosed matters, makes fishing to men what shopping is to women. A man needs to be able to prepare a good meal: real men don't just bring home the bacon – they cook it, too. A man needs to be able to make a good fire, because before there is romance, there is a burning flame, and the bigger the flame, the more manly the man. Finally, a man needs to drink whiskey, on the rocks. Holding a tumbler, shaking ice blocks around, would make even Woody Allen feel like John Wayne.

Yes, I am truly a new man, thanks to my tool kit. And to think, I might have remained ignorant to its powers had I not gone to Game on a whim that day and ended up spending, as it turns out, the best R80 I've ever spent.

Take my advice: if you suspect you may have missed the boat of manhood, head down to your nearest hardware shop. And now if you'll excuse me, I have some DIY to attend to.

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