

THE FALLS

By Laurel Shapiro

Once upon a time, a long time ago in Fairytale Land, there was a village located on the edge of a waterfall, Viagra Falls. The villagers' chief sources of income were tourists and bottled water from the falls.

The women really hated the falls. Frisky men are good, but all the time? It was like something out of a slapstick comedy. Also the falls were very dangerous for the men. If a man fell in while getting a drink, he turned up the next day stiff as a board and just as dead. The women could drink the water, bathe in it, whatever, and it had no effect on them.

But the men, what to do about the men? Even the *mist* from the falls would invigorate them. The women set up a committee called WAF—Women Against the Falls. They plotted and schemed. The first thing they did was bottle as much water as they could and store it in a hidden cave guarded by a dragon alarm system that responded only to women. Now when they solved the real problem, they would be able to dole out what was left as they saw fit. This gave them a heady feeling of accomplishment.

But they hadn't fixed it yet. They decided to get some legal advice. After all, the government must be able to put a stop to this nonsense. They hired a Boston firm's foremost attorney, Denny Crane. He flew in with his entourage, studied the situation from every angle, visited with the powers that be and finally declared, "It behooves you to leave the Falls alone because everyone in charge is a man and they like it just the way it is, and so do I." For payment Denny took a car full of Viagra back to Boston. He made his second million rebottling

the elixir in very small containers, naming it Denny Crane's Viagra, and selling it at enormous prices.

Back at the falls, the women hatched a desperate scheme. They would blow up the source of the water supply and go from there. The women hid, the mountain exploded and Hilary was elected President.

Too much? OK, the women hid, the mountain exploded and a new falls emerged. It had a new name, Niagara Falls, and the men gradually forgot their halcyon days. Occasionally, when they were very good, the women would slip a little something extra into their water. It became a myth...Once upon a time, a long time ago there was a falls called Viagra.

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