

Bumpy Ride Ahead As Jet-Lagged Hamsters Try Viagra

by Con Chapman

Researchers have successfully used Viagra, the male erectile dysfunction drug, to treat jet lag in hamsters. Reuters

I was on a 48-hour turnaround to the west coast to call on Pet Place, Inc., my biggest customer, and I'd been running my tail off trying to close a deal. By the time I got on the red-eye back to Boston I felt like a two-week old newspaper in the bottom of a hamster cage, but I didn't care; I'd just made the biggest sale of my life--100,000 Super Rodent hamster wheels, water bottle included--and I felt like a million bucks.



"I just flew in from the coast and boy are my little arms tired!"

As I walked down the aisle to my economy class seat, I couldn't help but give the eye to one of the stewardesses. A cute blonde, she gave me a big smile and said hi. Seemed to me she put more emotion into it than her job description required, but maybe I

was imagining things, or just on a sales-quota high. I looked down at the ring finger of her left hand--she was single.



"Coffee, tea--or a complimentary copy of our boring in-flight magazine?"

What's the expression? While the cat--or in my case, my wife--is away, the mice shall play? Hey--I'm a rodent too!

"Excuse me?" I said as I settled into my seat. "Can I get a cup of water?"

"Certainly," she replied. I took out my pill box and popped a Viagra into my mouth.



"Here you are," she said as she handed me a plastic cup.

"Fank you," I replied with the pill on my tongue. Not too suave, I said to myself, but when you fly as much as I do, you need something for your jet lag.

"I call this dance the 'Funky Robot'."

For once in my life I paid attention to the pre-flight safety instructions--she looked great in her orange life vest. I unlatched my tray table and jumped on it to get a better look.

"I'm sorry," she said with a breathy, sultry voice. "The captain has turned on the 'Fasten Seatbelt' sign, so all trays must be in the upright position."



"There's some sort of rodent in seat 12C."

That's not all that was in the upright position. "*No problemo*", I said, trying out a little Spanish I'd picked up in Southern Cal. It is the language of love, you know.



"We know you have a choice of bankrupt airlines, so we appreciate your business!"

As she removed her life vest I couldn't take my eyes off what lay beneath--two big, soft you-know-whats, looking for all the world like Indian burial mounds covered in white linen. "Kowa bunga", I said to myself, and I meant it, whatever it means.

I know what you're thinking--just another horny salesman on the road, looking for love on the run--but who are you to judge? I keep myself in great shape--when you're selling hamster wheels you have to look the part. I've been sexually mature since I was six weeks old and I'll probably be dead before I'm three. I've got to have some fun while I can.

We prepared for take-off, and I started to fasten my seat-belt when I, uh, encountered a little problem.

"I need you to fasten your seat-belt," she said to me politely as she patrolled the aisle.

"I can't seem to get it closed."

"Let me see if I can help you," she said. Dear God in heaven, I thought, as she leaned over me and struggled to secure the clasp. This makes up for lousy airline food.

"I tell you what," I said after a few moments of this exquisite business. "Why don't you sit on my lap and we'll talk about the first thing that comes up?"

"I've had my eye on you since Express Check-In at John Wayne International."

Before you could say "Federal Air Marshall" some dorky guy with a crew-cut is all over me like a can of flea powder. "You have the right to remain silent," he's shouting in my ear. "You have the right to retain counsel, and the right to retain your complimentary bag of peanuts and SkyMall Shopping Guide."

"But officer," I said, "I couldn't help myself. I'm on medication."

"Doesn't matter," he said. "You can't make a pass at a stewardess unless you're sitting in first class."

