

The Viagroid Babies

For all the... babies

The sign on the door of the newborn in the maternity clinic, reads
“*Club of the Viagroid Babies. No entrance allowed to other babies*”.

All the babies of the club are very happy to be born, and they own this wonderful fact to **Viagra**.

They all feel grateful to the pill that brought them to life.

Indeed, without it, all these beautiful little creatures wouldn't be alive.

“*Hooray for Viagra. Hooray*”, they all cry out.

Before they leave the maternity clinic, one by one, these chubby babies tell us the story of how their parents met for the first time.

First baby

My dear little Viagra babies. My father has swallowed boxes of Viagra, which is why when I was a fetus, during all the period of gestation, I had the taste of a pill. In other words, I was Viagra-high all the time.

My dad is 65 years old and my mother is 40. They met on the street, when my father almost run her down with his truck.

My father is a handsome man, even now, at his age. He has had countless relationships in his life, but he had never got married because he traveled with his truck and he was away for long periods.

One day, as he was on his way from Berlin to Athens, he almost fell asleep as he was driving along the main street of a Greek town. That is why he almost run down a woman. Thank Heaven, he managed to brake the truck and the girl was saved at the last minute. He immediately got out of his truck and run panicked to help her. She had fallen down and she looked terrified. He helped her get up and to sit down at the edge of the pavement. He saw then, to his great relief, that she hadn't been injured. As you may have guessed, this lady was my mother, who, after she got her wits back, rebuked him.

– But how on earth do you drive like that, and you are a professional driver!

– I am exhausted. I come all the way from Germany.

– And why didn't you stop somewhere to rest, and continue later?

– I wanted to return to my home as soon as possible.

– You'd arrive at your house, and sent me at Heaven.

– I am very sorry. Where is your house?

– Down the street.

– Come, I will accompany you there, my beautiful lady.

And so, despite his worry and anxiety, my father had the courage and the nerve to make a compliment to my mom.

– But I feel fine. I can go by myself.

– No, I won't let you do that. I want to be sure. Unless of course you have a problem with your husband.

– There is no husband, my mother answered and so my dad found the nerve to continue.

He took her to her place, and they are together since then.

My mother is a good housewife, she is a little overweight, with a sweet round face, and she cooks all the time.

I suspect that I am going to become a chubby child.

Second baby

My dear little Viagra babies, I don't have a father. He died of a heart attack when I was born. He used to take the pill too often and so his heart betrayed him.

My father was 78 years old and my mother is 35. They met at the cemetery. My dad was visiting his wife's grave and my mom her mother's grave.

My father was a retired bank accountant and he had lost his beloved wife five years ago. Since then, he visited the cemetery every day. One day he had forgotten to take with him matches, to light the oil lamp on her grave, and as he was looking around for someone to give him a match, he saw a cute girl crying her heart out at a nearby grave. He went close hesitantly, and, placing his hand on her shoulders tenderly, he said.

– Come now, don't cry, that's how life is. Birth and death.

– These are wise words. But when one loses one's mother, that's very painful, dear sir.

– I understand you completely. No matter whom you lose, there is always a gap in your life.

And saying that, he took the carefully placed handkerchief from the pocket of his jacket and offered it to her, to dry the tears from her face.

– Here, use my handkerchief.

– Thank you.

She blew her nose, saying.

– I leave alone. I have no brothers, nor a father. Why do you come here?

She shouldn't ask that, because judging from my father's age, he must have lost some close relative. But he answered calmly and seriously.

– My wife's buried here, and I visit her grave almost everyday.

– I am very sorry. May you always have the courage to do that. I come here only once a week, because I am very busy. I am a realtor. I will wash your handkerchief and return it to you next time. I will place it near the oil lamp, on your wife's grave.

– Thank you. Since you mentioned it, do you have any matches, by any chance? I've forgotten mine.

– Yes, of course. Here you are.

– Thank you my beautiful miss.

And so, my misfortunate father didn't hesitate to make a compliment, despite the tears and the pain for his loss.

– Can I help you clean the grave?

– Yes, thank you.

And on that lucky-unlucky day my mother helped him clean the grave.

As you understand, the pain for their losses brought them together, but only for a short time, because my arrival separated them.

Now, my poor mother will be crying over two graves.

Third baby

My dear little Viagra babies. My father took Viagra only once and the miracle happened and my mother got pregnant. He is very timid and he avoids using the pill. That is why he doesn't make love very often, despite the fact that he's married to a much younger woman.

My father is 60 years old and my mother is 30. They met at my mother's shop, who is a manicurist, where he went to fix a trouble. On the very next day he returned for a pedicure, for the first time in his life.

My father is an electrician, and he keeps his shop at a good neighborhood of Athens. He is a very reliable professional. He works hard and never loses a client. One day he received a phone call for a damage at the manicurist's place. He grabbed his tools and went there as soon as possible. And where was that? Of course, it was my mother's shop, who was extremely busy because of the summer period.

– Good morning lady, I came as soon as I could.

– Good morning. Please hurry up, because I have many customers waiting.

– Yes madam, I will fix it right away. Don't worry about it.

My dad, from between the cables, looked at the well shaped legs and hands that waited patiently for their manicures and pedicures to be completed, but also at the charming owner of the shop, whom he really liked a lot.

"Today is my lucky day", he thought, *"I see so many beautiful things".*

As soon as he finished working, the lights came back.

– And so now you have plenty of light, my beautiful lady.

"There is also light in my life, now that I've met you, my doll" the thought.

He didn't hesitate to make her a compliment in front of her clients and to make some 'wicked' thoughts about her. But my mother paid no attention to what he was saying.

– Thank you very much, how much do I own you?

– A leg cleaning.

– You mean a pedicure, she corrected him

– Yes madam, with that you'll pay me for my work here.

Since that day my father has clean, well cared for feet and so will I, I think.

Fourth baby

My dear little Viagra babies. My father is so happy with my birth, that he reassured my mother that he will take again Viagra, as many times as it is necessary, to give me a brother. He keeps his pills inside a bowl, in the kitchen.

My father is 58 years old and my mother is 31. They met out, on the street, near a building under construction. My mother was passing by when she heard someone whistling with admiration.

My father is a builder. On one summer day, when the temperature was high- as was my father who was hanging from a beam and he almost fell down and see the sky upside-down, a sexy girl was walking down the street. My dad saw her deep and rich bosom from high above. He whistled with admiration, she turned he head and she looked at him. That was all it needed. My dad was thunderstruck. He never understood how quickly he climbed down the beams and run out of the construction, near her.

– Good morning my beautiful lady, where are you going? He talked to her teasingly, without any hesitation.

– I am working. I am a saleswoman. I sell bowls of the finest quality for the kitchen.

– Is that so?

My mother didn't pay attention to my dad's manners, and she continued to promote her products, since that was all she cared about at that moment.

– Yes, that is so. Would you like to see our leaflet?

Saying that she took out of her bag one of her advertising leaflets.

– These are the most suitable products for every housewife.

– Are they?

– Yes, please, take a closer look. Your wife will be very happy if you buy some.

– I'd be glad to take a look and also to buy some, but not for my wife, because I am not married.

His stared again at her revealing bosom and of course not at her leaflets and bowls.

– Let me see, I want them all, that bowl, and that, and that, and...you.

And so, my dear little Viagra babies, I was born, and as you understand, I will be eating my crème out of my mother's bowls. But

we should buy some more, because as I have already mentioned, my father keeps his Viagra pills in one of them.

Fifth baby

My dear little Viagra babies. My father has already had three children with the help of Viagras. I am his fourth. He insists that he'll continue to use the pills because he wants to have many children, despite the fact that his doctors advise him to stop them, because they damage his health. I have already filled a claim asking for my brothers to be accepted in our club, after all they are, too, Viagroid children.

My father is 70 years old and my mother is 34. They met at his store.

My father has the oldest antique store in Athens and he is very proud of it. He boasts all the time that he is the only one who sells authentic old furniture and various old objects.

One day, my mother entered his store, dressed and coiffeured in a very conservative way, but still with all the aura of her beauty and her youth.

– Good morning.

– Good morning my beautiful lady.

My father's compliment was real, he didn't make it just to sell something.

– What would you like?

– I have to go to a marriage and I thought to buy something old and authentic as a gift. What would you suggest?

– I have many things to suggest, like this vase. What about the mirror, over there? Would you like to take a look around? I also have many interesting things upstairs, on the first floor.

– I want something that is really old, but at a logical price.

– That depends on its quality and its antiquity.

– To tell you the truth I know nothing about antiques and so I don't trust that whatever one tries to sell me will be really old.

– Our store is dependable, madam, my father answered feeling offended. But why offer such a gift, if you are so doubtful?

– Because I like old things.

As she looked around his store, she said.

– As I can see, you have nice furniture and various beautiful small objects.

– I'm very glad that you like them. Have you found something that you like?

– I think I will buy this old teapot.

– It is a very good choice. In which address would you like us to send it?

- I will give you my address, because the marriage will take place at a small town, not in Athens.
- Very good madam, answered my dad, feeling satisfied.

To her big surprise, my mother received not only one, but two packages. My father had sent her a beautiful, old vase accompanied with his card and an invitation for a coffee on Sunday morning, at the flea market of Monastiraki.

Do you know where I will be sleeping? In an antique cradle. My father has acquired more cradles for my brothers and sisters. I've heard that they complain because these old cradles are rather hard. Oh, my poor back...

Sixth baby

My dear little Viagra babies. My dad was against all these pills, that's the reason he kept visiting a sexologist. Finally his friends persuaded him to try the Viagra, and when he saw how effective the pills were, he doesn't want to stop them. So he became a father against his will. Of course now he is very happy for having me, but he doesn't want a second baby. He was a fireman, but he got an early retirement because he wanted to dedicate his time in my upbringing.

My father is 61 years old and my mother is 28. They met during a fire that broke out at the lingerie store where my mother used to work.

Despite his age, my father has still got a fine shaped body. He used to be one of the best firemen. On that day the fire department received a call about a fire in the center of Athens and my father was on duty. He was in charge of the fire car that arrived at the site of the fire. They found themselves outside the store, which was filled with smoke, while the salesmen and the saleswomen were gathered outside, waiting apprehensively.

During their effort to put out the fire, my father despite his great experience and his liability, mistakenly threw some water on a saleswoman who was standing a few feet away.

As you may have guessed, she was my mother.

- I am very sorry madam, are you wet?
- As you can see, I am, answered my mom angrily.
- But you are standing too close, please step a little further away, please.
- Are you saying that it is my fault?
- I never said that. We are always trying to do our job the best way we can.

– Anyway, it's no time for a small talk, she replied angrily and entered one of the dressing rooms.

She took off all her wet clothes and came out wearing some of the more modern clothes that the store had for sale.

When she reappeared, my father went close and said with courage.

– My beautiful miss, I am glad for the accident, because you are more beautiful in these clothes.

– Really? I see you can still pay attention to these things, despite all the commotion in here.

– But of course. How could anyone not notice such a change.

– Anyway, thank you. Oh, what a day! I hope we'll never need you again.

They never needed my father to put out a fire in the store, but my mother needed him to put out her... fire.

Seventh baby

My dear little Viagra babies. My father used the Viagra even before he met my mother, and so he knew exactly how many pills to take and how often.

My father is 59 years old and my mother is 37. They met as they were both jogging.

My father is an accountant and because he spends many hours sitting in front of his desk, he makes a big effort to keep in shape. Every night he jogs at the park near his house. He doesn't jog a long distance, he just runs around the park, which is rather small. One night as he jogged, he stumbled on a stone and fell. A very fit girl saw the accident and run to help him. She was my mother.

– Are you hurt?

– No, thank God. I feel in a very good shape today and I run a little faster than usually.

– That's OK, I don't think that you fell because of that.

– This little park is very neglected. Nobody takes care of it and there are many risks for all of us who try to keep fit.

– Why don't you go to a gym instead?

– I don't like it. I prefer to work out at the open air.

– Yes, but now the gyms are big, sunny and with excellent air condition.

– Anyway, I prefer to work out near the nature. What about you? Do you come here often?

– I am a professional trainer and I work at a gym. But as I live nearby, I also jog here, at the park.

– You have a beautiful body, it is obvious that you are an athlete.

My father didn't hesitate to make her a compliment, and not only that, he thought to himself that his fall was a very lucky moment.

– Thank you, I work out for many years, I like it very much.

– I have to sit for many hours because of my work, that's why I jog whenever I can. I don't want to have a beer-belly, you know how men become at middle age.

– You look just fine.

On the very next day my dad became a member at the gym where my mom used to work.

He went there as many times as it was needed to have a date with her, and never visited it again.

Do you think I might become an Olympic champion?

Eighth baby

My dear little Viagra babies. My father gets his Viagra pills secretly, from a friend, because he doesn't want anyone to know. It is very stupid! One day as he was hurrying to his friend's place, to get his Viagra, he fell and sprang his leg. It was during that period, with his leg all bandaged up, that I was conceived. He was lucky despite all his bad luck! He was left with a small disability in his leg, but luckily I have no problem.

My father is 55 years old and my mother is 23. They met when my mom opened her hairdresser's salon in his neighborhood.

My father ever since he was a teenager has had long hair. He only cut them short once, when he saw my mother across the street from his flower shop.

He spent several days trying to think of a way to open a conversation with her, until one day he decided, heavy-heartedly, to sacrifice part of his mane in order to talk to her.

So he went out of his shop and entered my mom's hairdressers.

– Good morning. Can I have a hair cut now, or are you waiting for a customer?

– Of course you can. I have no appointment right now. Aren't you the florist from across the street?

– Yes. I wish you all the luck with your new salon.

– Thank you, I hope it goes well!

– I am sure it will be very successful, don't worry. Our neighborhood is very densely populated.

– Yes, but there are other hairdressers', too.

– Never mind them. If you do your job correctly you have nothing to worry about.

– Have a sit.

- Thank you.
- How would you like your hair?
- Not short.
- But short hair is very in fashion right now.
- I don't care. I have long hair ever since I was young. Cut them only a little, please.
- Don't you think it's time for a change?
- No, I don't need this kind of change, but other, more ...substantial, he said laughing meaningfully.
- Well, the others will follow... after your haircut, she answered, without being offended.
- Well then, my love, cut them as short as you like.

My father couldn't resist her request.

And my mother cut them so short, that he was left speechless when he saw himself at the mirror. But he didn't say anything, he only smiled and invited her for a coffee after closing time. With such an awful short hair he felt sure that no woman would ever look at him. He couldn't possibly imagine that he would soon have the woman of his dreams.

Of course I must add that despite this success, he never again cut his hair so short, no matter how much my mother insists.

I suspect that my mother will have her 'revenge' on my little head.

Ninth baby

My dear little Viagra babies. My dad took the Viagra pill by mistake. In a reunion of his school, he mistakenly swallowed the Viagra of his friend instead of the pill he should, for his blood pressure. Because of his presbyopia, he confused the pillboxes. He can still remember the night, when he returned home after the reunion, and astonished even himself with his sexual performance. That is how I was conceived. After my birth he called and thanked his old school mate, even though he never really liked him.

My father is 63 years old and my mother is 41. They met at a television studio.

My father is a musician and goes with his band to various music television shows and radio broadcasts. At a television studio he met my mother, who was an ex model. On that day my father was late, as usual. He was hurrying down the many corridors, looking for his studio, when he stumbled on my mom.

- Oh, I am sorry, are you hurt?
- Almost. Why are you in such a hurry?
- I've been invited in a music show, and I am late.

- Don't be so nervous. The shows never start on time in this studio!
 - I believe I am very late. I am always late, actually. It's a flaw in my character I can do nothing about.
 - Oh, sir many people have the same flaw. I wish there were only these kinds of flaws, the ones that don't really hurt other people.
 - These flaws don't hurt, but they do make others very angry!
- They walked hurriedly side by side, talking.
- When they arrived at the right door, my father stopped.
- Here is where I must go. My band is already here. Are you working here?
 - I am here for a commercial.
 - What a stupid question, my beautiful miss. With such a beauty what else could you do?

On that day my father played his violin more beautiful than ever. My mother stood and listened to him, until he finished. She confessed to him that she was enchanted by his virtuosity.

On their first date my father was late, again, but he wasn't late conceiving me.

Tenth baby

My dear little Viagra babies. My father is the first man on earth who took the Viagra pill, the first man- guinea pig of this pill. And he never regretted it. Ever since that day he swallows it non-stop. He has already made three marriages and my mother is his fourth wife. With her his 'adventures' are over, because he has no alternatives.

My father is 71 years old and my mother is 44. They met at the art gallery where my father was exhibiting his paintings.

My father lives in a world of his own. He is a painter and he spends all his day inside his studio. He has many times exhibited his work, but still he is not famous. On the other hand, my mother is a well-known photographer, very sociable and a little snob. She attends only carefully chosen events. So it's a mystery why she went to my father's exhibition. I guess it was destiny.

- Your painting has something mysterious and distant.
- Do you really think so?
- Yes, I do. I am not an expert of course, but that is the feeling I get from your paintings.
- I am impressed by your words, because most people think exactly the opposite.
- I could be wrong.
- You know, I believe you are the only one who's right!

- May I take a photo of one of your paintings?
- Of course, no problem.
- Thank you.
- Tell me, which painting do you prefer?
- I like this one, although I must confess that I don't really understand it.
- Oh, so you prefer surrealism.
- No, to tell you the truth most of the times I prefer paintings with a clearer meaning.
- Like what for example?
- Like the sea. I like seascapes.

Well, as you may have guessed, after a while my dad sent her one of his older paintings, whose theme was the sea.

And so a love storm came in their lives and me along it.

I think I will probably cause them many more storms, since none of them is really made to become a parent.

Eleventh baby

My dear little Viagra babies. My father, despite his age, is very active. He may be using a cane, but that didn't stop him from coming running in our maternity clinic to see me. Since my mother became pregnant he stopped taking Viagra, but he keeps one box as a souvenir.

My father is 75 years old and my mother is 39. They met during a concert at Lycabettus theatre.

My father is a fanatic music lover. Wherever there is a concert, my father is always present. He is a retired civil servant, divorced and so he can enjoy his music passion without any problems. He always manages to get the best seats at every concert he goes.

One night, at Lycabettus theatre, he met my mother, who writes lyrics, and she had written the lyrics of three of the songs that the band performed at the concert. They sat next to each other.

During the break, my father talked to her.

- That is a very nice song, don't you agree?
- Of course I agree.

My daddy continued his small talk.

- The melody is fantastic.
- Yes, it is great.
- And the lyrics are nice.

My mother smiled.

- The lyrics are mine. I wrote them.
- Oh! They are fantastic! He answered truthfully.

- I am very glad that you like them.
- Have you written many songs?
- Yes, enough.
- Today I've made a great acquaintance- you, a great lyrics-writer. I've heard your name several times. Have you written something new recently?
- I'll soon have something new, believe me.

Indeed my mother wrote the lyrics for a song about their acquaintance.

I suspect that my dear mom will write a song for me too.

Twelfth baby

My dear little Viagra babies. My father is a well-known, rich Athenian. That is the reason he decided to get married at such an advanced age. He enjoyed the pleasures of life and then, at an old age, he decided to accept 'imprisonment for life' with a much younger woman and also to have a child, me. He keeps one Viagra pill in each pocket, because he doesn't want to be left without them.

My father is 69 years old and my mother is 29. They met at the birthday party of my dad's magazine.

My father is a publisher of many magazines and he keeps saying how lucky he is because my mother came into his life. My mother is a reporter and she was sent by her newspaper to cover the birthday party of his new magazine. I wouldn't call my mom beautiful, but she is a well-shaped, logical and calm girl. My dad has chosen her for exactly this reason, he had already met too many 'crazy' women in his lifetime, according to him.

During that evening my father was surrounded by many people of the high society and many beautiful girls. My mother had to try very hard to manage to get a statement from him about his new magazine. She was very persistent, but my dad got angry and spoke rather harshly to her.

But on the very next day he regretted his behavior, so he called her.

- Good morning. I would like to speak with the reporter who had come to the birthday party of the magazine 'Panorama'. I am the owner, George Archodopoulos.

- Yes sir. You mean Miss Zervou, I will connect you right away.

- Yes please.

- Good morning Miss Zervou, I would like to apologize for being a little rude with you yesterday.

- You have disappointed me a lot, sir. I had to try to persuade my publisher to give me this work, and I failed completely because of you.
- Again I offer you my apologies for my behavior. It has been a very stressed day for me. How can I make up, for you and for me?
- You can have another party soon or invite me to the next birthday of your magazine.
- I guess I'll have a party for both occasions. When can we have a private conversation, so than you can interview me without problems?

My mom will stop working from now on, because she wants to dedicate all her time to me.

"It's such a pity, I had to struggle very hard to become a good reporter", she kept saying when I was in her belly.

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