



Happy Hour in a Stone Age Cave — A Fable

By
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Hagbah and Gelilah were partners. They lived in a two-story walkup cave somewhere in Asia-Pacific. Hagbah was a terrific hunter and the alpha male in the area. Gelilah was a ravishing beauty and the foremost gatherer in the valley. They did okay. Not rich but comfortable.

The start of their relationship was rocky, especially when Hagbah broke into her parent's cave, hit her over the head, and dragged her off. Her parents, recognizing this act of endearment, were proud that the prominent Hagbah selected her. When she came to, Gelilah was pissed. With an enormous bump on her head and a splitting headache, she grabbed Hagbah by the nether region and said, "Hit me one more time, jackass, and I'll feed what's left of you to the T-Rex up the road." Their relationship improved appreciably after that.

Over time, things settled down with hunting, gathering, and avoiding predators. Although, on one occasion, Gelilah was fed up with Hagbah's idea of lovemaking and demanded he finds a way other than grabbing her from behind while she picked berries. "Listen, Mr. Neanderthal, try a little kindness and gestures of love. Otherwise, go sleep with the pterodactyls."

Hagbah was a slob among his other faults, and Gelilah had to pick up after him. He would come home from a hunt, throw the meat on the floor along with his animal skins, and expect her to clean it up. But what bothered her was that he left a pile of her gatherings everywhere. We're talking fruit, vegetables, seeds, and other stuff. Just left to rot.

Over time, she noticed a pleasant smell from the rotting debris and its liquid. She tasted it, which was awful, but a big smile crossed her face after a few minutes. Hey, she thought, this isn't bad. She convinced Hagbah to try it that night. He had the same reaction as her. They drank, they laughed, they relaxed, had fun, and, um, uh, amazing sex.

Revelations began to emerge. Gelilah wondered why they ate raw meat. Hagbah agreed and remembered that their neighbor Spankle had rubbed some sticks and stones together, and their cave lit up, and their food was hot.

It was decided that the downstairs and upstairs cave dwellers would get together and explore this new phenomenon every day. So, they and Spankle started a group of like-minded cave dwellers to partake of the rotting liquid.

And that's how the Happy Hour was born.