

Mrs. Jones doesn't want to flush

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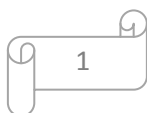
Watching TV the other day, I heard one of those phrases that you hear more and more often lately: "World War III will be fought over the little water that remains on planet Earth. We need to save water so it won't run out in 2044".

Great, let's all clap ... for bullshit!

It's easy to understand that waste leads to shortage in some places. Waste today, deal with the consequences later. But this wasted water will be heated up by the sunshine and evaporate. Dark clouds will fill the sky and that same water will rain back down.

The drain in my shower does not send this precious water to another dimension, or to heaven or hell, or to the four elephants and gigantic turtle that hold up the flat medieval world.

Just to clarify, this generic confusion about river pollution has nothing to do with me keeping my shower on longer than I really need to.



I mean, really? And who exactly is going to tell this to Mrs. Jones?

She fell for it! And now she's telling her husband and four children that they don't have to flush the toilet every time they pee.

Two drops of Pine-Sol in the toilet will solve the problem. Every ten pees, they are finally allowed to flush. But not every time, no way! Poop, all right, but not for pee.

Mrs. Jones's youngest son asked her, "Mom, isn't it better if we just not flush when the pee is clear, and flush it when the pee is yellow?"

But Mrs. Jones is a tough lady. "Shut up, kid. You're not the one paying the bills."

And wouldn't you know, a well-known journalist from an eco-friendly New York radio station came to interview Mrs. Jones, and her words spread through the airwaves to houses all across the five boroughs.

Mrs. Joneses started to multiply like rabbits all over the city, and houses everywhere started to smell like cheap bars.

And imagine how happy housewives were to imagine that not only could they save money on the water bill while helping to prevent World War III, their husbands could spend more time at home, because they wouldn't have to cross the street to indulge themselves at the local watering hole. If they closed their eyes, their noses told them they were already there.

The reporter had added: "Mrs. Jones, besides controlling how much water you use in your own home, you also encourage your neighbors to do the same."

Mrs. Jones! Mrs. Jones! Not only are you stinking up your own home, you have to hassle your neighbors, Mrs. Jones? Go watch the weather forecast and see if it will rain in the Sahara, Mrs. Jones!

I don't know if there will be World War III in 2044, but whoever makes Pine Sol is probably feeling pretty good. Only the guy that owns that sleazy bar around the corner is unhappy.

Poor guy, lost eight customers, it will be hard for him to pay his water bill...

I already ordered a gizmo I saw on the shopping channel: a toilet silencer. That way, Mrs. Jones's disciple who lives next door won't be ringing my bell and bothering me.

Let me flush in peace!

Okay, Mrs. Jones? Did you know that some guy on TV said it was healthy to eat crap? Imagine, you could kill two birds with one stone: better health and even fewer flushes!

Mingau Ácido (Marcelo Garbine)