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# Escapade

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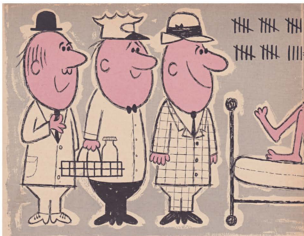
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## Matin' Place

By Gross Selznick

*Herewith, a frank satire on a national best-seller which is either a soap opera or a shaped-up opera or an American classic—depending on when was the last time you paid a visit to your analyst*

AS Amanda Hobotson crawled sexily from her orchid-colored foam rubber bed, stretched sexily and delivered sexily across her forehead to her sexy pink chamber de toilette, the sun was rising sexily into the sky over seething, sexy Pooton Place. Scudding clouds, shaped like the delicate figures in French postcards, sexually crossed the boiling sky. Below, the hot, wet-slipid silence was broken by the pinging of dogs in heat. Hot, vital day had come to Pooton Place.

Amanda paused in her voluptuous crossing of her lavender

bedchamber and gazed hungrily downward through her long, curved, sexy lashes. At her feet were a pair of plaid shoes. As she bent to retrieve them, her rose-colored robe parted, exposing her firm, soft, erect, drooping mammarys.

Amanda inspected the garment in her hand. The Ivy League narrow fly, she noticed, flapped across the seat, just below the buckle, was the legend, "Funder please return to Stephen Holston, 69 Pooton Place."

Amanda laughed, a rich, vibrant, sexy sound. "Old Stephen," she said aloud, in her throaty, husky, sexy voice. "Forget his shoes again." She tossed them onto the nearest lavvy seat, making a mental note to drop them off at Stephen's on her way to market. Then, she continued her swaying movement to the next room.

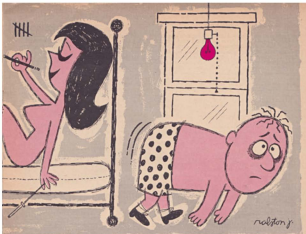
After a quick bath and a breakfast of pomegranates, Miso cheese, Minella 22 and Spanish Fly, Amanda amused herself for a while by standing nude near the kitchen window, winking at poor little Herman Develop, the pitiful little accountant who lived next door with his battle-weary wife, Bertha. Then, the front doorbell chimed, the opening notes of Belero. Amanda hastily donned a fish-colored bandaid and swooned sexily through the house to the door.

It was Stephen Stallion, the laundryman. "Got the laundry here, Miss Hobotson," he said, staring at her bandaid.

"Bring it right in," she murmured. She moved sexily into the parlor, as the laundryman followed, bent under the weight of a full laundry bag, shaped vaguely like a phallic symbol.

"Cheer," said the laundryman, dropping the bag, "you can use a lot of towels."

Amanda laughed lightly, a sound of sexy bells. "I'm very



melvin frank

clean," she confided with a sexy simper.

"Yeah," agreed the laundryman. "You must be."

"Drinky?" invited Amanda.

The laundryman wiped his brow. It was hot in the parlor, nothing, nothing. "Not on duty," he said.

"Oh, come on," Amanda coaxed him. "Just a little?"

"Well, all right. Just a little."

They shared an intimate, hot martini.

Amanda's eyes strayed to the laundry bag, shaped vaguely like— "Come upstairs," she suggested. "I'll pay you."

Later, after the laundryman had left, Amanda went back to the kitchen window to tease Herman Drishup a bit more. Herman, clipping hedges, squirmed uncomfortably in the hot, nothing, nothing, sunny heat of the sun. Erratically, he clipped the hedges and, when he was finished, they were shaped somewhat like the form of a realising, sexy woman. Finally, with an oath, Herman hurled his clippers away and dashed across the yard. He stumbled, glory-eyed and pointing, into Amanda's kitchen.

"Why, Herman," coaxed Amanda.

"I don't care," he panted. "I've got to—I've got to—" He fell at her feet and nibbled at her toes.

"Herman, be careful. You'll get mad pollen in your stomach."

"I don't care," he mumbled around her big toe. "I've got to—I've got to—"

Then, Britois Drishup was standing in the doorway. "Herman?" she cried.

Herman drank into himself, Amanda's toes forgotten. Cowering like a dog in heat, he crawled, slithered, crept, thank out of the kitchen. Britois glowered. "Honey?" she hissed.

Amanda chuckled wryly. "I love life," she said, putting nasty old Britois Drishup in her place.

Then, the doorbell rang again, the opening notes of Bolero sending a quick electric flash through Amanda's tail, legs, skin, plump body, and she turned and dashed to the door.

It was Stephen Horvath, a pained expression on his strong, broad-jawed, level-eyed, sexy face.

"Stephy?" cried Amanda. "Come in?"

Stephen entered. "Amanda," he mumbled, in his deep, back, sexy baritone, a voice that caused vibrations to run through Amanda's golden, full, sexy body. "Amanda, your husband is slipping."

"Oh, thank you," she murmured, leaning against him. "It must be the heat."

"I wouldn't call it early," Stephen told her, "but I seem to have left my shorts behind, and I do need them. These corollary knickers, you know."

"Of course," whispered Amanda. "Come upstairs. I found them this morning. They made me think of you."

Later, after Stephen had left, walking much more easily now, Amanda sat at her kitchen table, making out her shopping list. She needed pomegranates, she needed him chest, she needed wine and, oh yes, she needed a new red bulb for the front door.

As she completed her list, she looked out the kitchen window. Britois Drishup had called her husband in the garage door. He was squaring and winking, pitifully, pathetically, wryly. Amanda watched him for a moment, then remembered she wanted to go to market. Still she watched him. She could always go to market after the mailman had come. ■