

"Janey? Kathy. Yeah. Say Janey, didn't you date my brother Zed a couple of times? ... O? ...Well no, a game of scrabble isn't my idea of dating either...He was doing what under the table! ? ...Yes it certainly is insulting, especially to you...Nothing! ! I mean, you're so gorgeous! ...Listen Janey; Zed's sex life isn't what it should be, and...well that's just it, he doesn't have one. He can't even make it, you know, manually, unless he's visualizing crosswords! ..It sure is, and frankly Janey I'm very concerned. Anyway I was hoping you could, drop over and...You will! Just what he needs? Marvellous! Thanks Janey. See you soon. Bye!

For an hour or more Zed had been sitting with poor posture on the edge of his narrow cot. His eyes were fixed catatonically on the distant, irrelevant elms. When it came, the light tapping at his bedroom door startled him.

"Yes? Kathleen?"
 "No, it's me" said Janey Westley with booring predictability, may I come in?"
 "No... go away, I'm not receiving visitors."
 "Well la-de-da," perried Jane, "Ain't you the party's poop."

Figuring her crisp rhetoric had disarmed him, Janey opened the door, walked in and startled Zed for the second time in as many

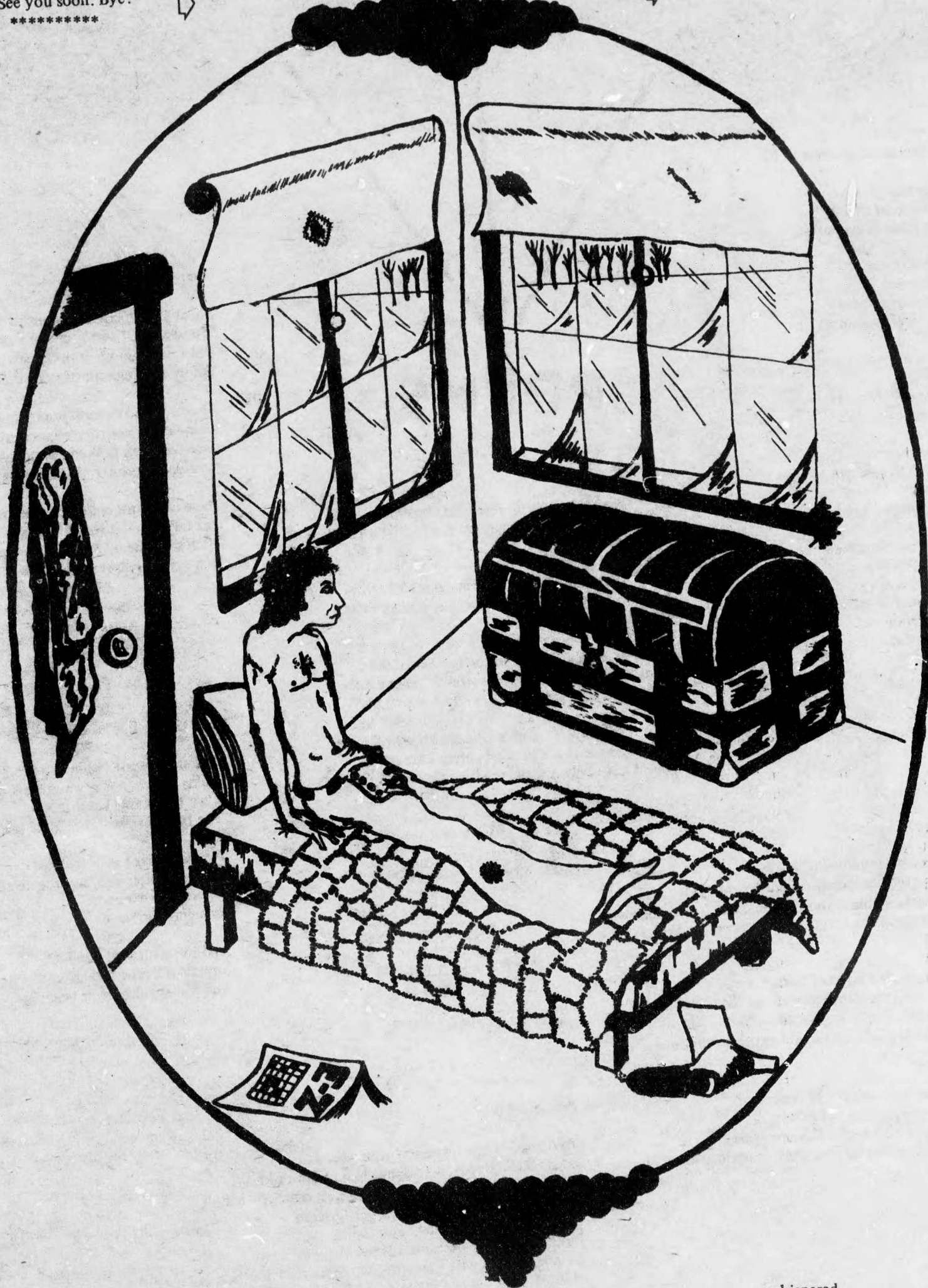
paragraphs.

"Jesus Janey, look at you!"
 "What's the matter with me?"
 "What's the matter! ?" Zed parroted, "everything you've got on is about a million sizes too small. They must be your kid sisters!" he reasoned.

"Silly. It's a micro-skirt and a shorty sweater."
 "Boys, I'll say. Your stomach is bare naked!"

She looked at him with large blue, liquid eyes. "You don't like it, she pouted.

"That's not true. I.I like it fine. It's just,



well, it's February and..."
 "Your very considerate, Zed." said Janey, closing the conversational distance. "Thats nice."
 "Hey wait a second Janey, not so fast. I-ah- I'm-ah- I'm not-ah."
 "Coherent?" gested Jane.
 "Please Janey I'm trying to describe a very delicate personal problem."

"I know all about that," Janey assured him. "Sexually, you think you're motivated by crosswords, but with girls", she illustrated by touching the tips of a thumb and finger, "Zed".
 Sadly Zed collapsed; careful not to miss the narrow cot. Hot tears ran down his cheeks; he buried his head in his pillow.

"What did I say," asked Jane stupidly.
 "Mnnmmgggnmm." said Zed.
 "What? Don't speak into your pillow Zed. It isn't polite."

Suddenly, he turned. His face was burning. He wanted to speak but the words wouldn't come. He tried crying again.

"Shh Zed. It's alright". She craddled his head into her shorty sweater. "Not only do I know the problem, I know the solution. Are you Ready?" she asked.

"Mngmn." he answered.
 "I across. I want you to give me a four letter word for 'a caress of the lips.'"
 A light went on in Zed's head. "Kiss," he

whispered.

"Mmmm" said Jane, "Love to... Now, give me your 4 letter word for 'a tapering, blunt tipped, fleshy organ.'"

"Tongue?" suggested Zed.
 "Well OK," smiled Jane "we'll start there."
 Again their lips united. This time it was wetter and better. When it was over, Zed's trousers looked like the main tent at a circus.

"My my," said Jane, patting the peak. "I wonder what's under this 6 letter word for 'lightning fastener?'"

"Shall we take a look" said Zed hoarsely.....

 At the same moment, somewhere out on the horizon, a chainsaw began to buzz.