

# Secrets of the Kama Sutra

*by* Jake Barnes

One noon hour I was in a crowded restaurant, tray in hand, trying to find a table and I jostled an attractive young Indian woman. "Mm, that felt good," I said. She laughed. She bumped me with her hip.

We sat down face to face at a just vacated corner table. "No names," she said. "I am the mysterious woman, and you are the handsome stranger."

We chatted and chatted for the better part of an hour. At the end of that time I asked her to marry me. She said maybe, but there was one condition. She held up one slim finger. "Do not, under any circumstances, ask me to show you how to do the Mare's Trick."

"What is the Mare's Trick?" I asked. She shook her head. "Hush," she said. "I cannot tell you."

Some months later we got married at the County Clerk's office at Lake Tahoe. We had a delightful view out the window of a parking lot and the Bijou Moonlight Laundromat.

We consummated our marriage that night at our hotel. We made love one, two, three times, and then I asked her, begged her, to show me the Mare's Trick. "Pretty please, with sugar on it" I said. She sighed. "Okay," she said, "But if you think you are tired now, just wait." Then she told me to roll over on my back.

In the morning, I could hardly move. But there was a smile on my face. The morning after that I was in the hospital suffering from exhaustion.

