

Pitcher

by Matt Potter

3D is killing my porn career.

So I stand at the end of my driveway wearing a matching white halter and latex micro-mini, pitcher in hand, selling homemade lemonade to drivers-by.

Traffic on the street has tripled since I started. Many drivers recognise me from *Squat and Cough 7*, my last big success. And there have been quite a few rear-end collisions too.

A frequent driver-by is Barney, my ex-husband.

"It's your fault I'm doing this, Barney," I screamed through the driver's window of his BMW as he pulled up yesterday.

"You got the house *and* the pool boy in the settlement," he yelled back.

"And you got the plastic surgeon!" Bending over, I had to hitch up my halter. "Now I can't go within 200 yards of his practice or house or mother!"

Never marry a divorce lawyer. And if you do, never divorce him.

Barney buzzed up the windows and I saw my tits in the dark reflection: sagging, especially around the edges. I threw the pitcher at the car and smashed the window, lemonade and glass splattering everywhere. Tyres squealing, he sped off.

It's hard getting work done that's cheap *and* reliable, so sagging anything is a major career-crisis.

Tottering on my ten-inch wedges back to my lemonade stand, I imagined how many more glasses I'd need to sell before I can get my new super-size-me, gravity-defying rack.

As my career counsellor once said: Be proactive! If life hands you lemons, make lesbian porn.

