

A Quick Game of Monopoly



by Arthur Amos Holmes

Ned Parkington called me on the phone the other night and invited me to a little party he was giving. Ordinarily I would have declined his invitation because cocktail parties do something damaging to my hopes and aspirations. They simply bore my socks off. The men all gather in a little group and discuss nuclear fission or the strategic importance of Palestine, while the gals huddle together talking about African violets and Martha Hill's unwanted pregnancy.

I think I accepted the invitation because my wife, JoLoyce, had gone to Atlantic City to attend a seashell convention. I was a bit lonely and Ned Parkington DID make a very good martini.

Within ten minutes after arriving at the party... I was part of, right in the middle of, a group of men discussing

nuclear fission. I stood there nodding my head and looking as if the discussion was fantastically interesting. I regretted yawning every ten seconds but I just couldn't help myself. I kept trying to inject something new into the conversation and I wasn't very successful. I said, "It seems as if leisure suits have fallen on bad times." The men looked at me oddly (it looked like sympathy) and resumed their discussion on the atom. "You know," I said, "I thought today was a very hot day. Probably due to the sun." The men looked at me oddly (it looked like pity) and tackled the situation in Palestine.

I excused myself and went over to the bar. I poured myself a martini, dropped in six olives, and stood looking at the women gathered at the opposite end of the room. Such pretty dresses, such lovely faces, what divine figures. I was hoping (actually I prayed) that one of those delicious women would break away from Martha Hill's pregnancy and come over to the bar. Then I could say, "My dear, I do not believe there is an artist in this world who could capture the perfection of your legs." Of course these kind of prayers are NEVER answered and so, with a courage I

didn't know existed, I returned to that group of male tranquilizers.

"What I say," said William Banton, "Is that if the prism is a solid bounded by two polygons and three or more parallelograms... does this blast the theory of unification if the lateral edges of the parallelograms are not... I repeat... NOT... perpendicular to the base?"

I wanted so badly to shout, "WHO IN THE HELL GIVES A DAMN," but I just stood there and mumbled, "Bill, that's a very good question."

And then a miracle happened. I looked across the room and there was Clara Snedley standing before the fireplace. She had detached herself from the female group at the other end of the room and was warming herself before the fire. Clara was wearing a see-through blouse that was... well... interesting... uh... thought-provoking. I casually walked over to her. "Clara," I smiled, "What a thought-provoking blouse."

Clara smiled (only the devil could make a woman smile like that) and said, "Amos, I'm so glad you came over. I was being bored out of my mind. What have you been doing with yourself lately?"

"Well," I replied, "I have been

redoing my bedroom at home. I wanted something a little more modern and so I did the walls and ceiling in mirrors. The only piece of furniture is this huge waterbed. I have music piped in from my stereo system and the room is dimly illuminated by candlelight."

Clara smiled (only the devil could make a woman smile like that) and purred, "It sounds like a most interesting room."

I snapped my fingers. "Hey," I said, "I just had a wonderful idea. Why don't we get away from this massive horror and go over to my place and play monopoly?"

"I'm afraid," replied Clara, "that JoLoyce wouldn't like that."

"JoLoyce is in Atlantic City attending a seashell convention."

Clara stood silent for long moments while I tried to subdue my trembling.

Then she said, softly, "I won't be able to stay long."

I grabbed her by the arm and we hurried across the room and out of the house. We were running toward my car when Clara breathed, "I just love monopoly."

"So do I," I panted.