

# TROPICAL ESPIONAGE PART 6

**Title:** Tropical Espionage

**Author:** Aunt Edna

**Disclaimer:** Scarecrow and Mrs. King don't belong to me, they belong to each other. It just took them a heck of a long time to figure that out!

**Setting:** Somewhere, Out There, In Season 3

**Rating:** PG

**Notes:** Thanks to Blue Leader, Uncle Charlie, Debbie Ann Macabie, Aunt Lillian, and Uncle Iggy for getting this off to such a good start! Thanks to Aunt Lillian for giving it the ol' one-two.

**Warning:** I was in a really strange mood when I wrote this, so keep that in mind as you read. ;-)

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Part Six

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"Howard has a what?" queried a quizzical Amanda.

"A talent. A very special talent," Loki answered ardently, warming to his subject. "You see, most dogs are quite intuitive about people, and Mexican Hairless dogs seem to be even more so. I have this theory that, because they are hairless, their skin is ultra-sensitive to heat fluctuations, and you know how those lie detector tests are based on things such as pulse rate and body temperature? Well, I think Howard uses his sensitive skin to detect minor fluctuations in body heat. He can tell when people are lying. And," he concluded complacently, "Howard has NEVER been wrong. Not once!"

"You mean to say your dog is a walking lie detector?" Lee inquired incredulously.

"Yep. I'm not sure what Mr. Drake wants with a canine lie detector, but he's offered us an awful lot of money for him. It could save our whole business," Loki continued with a heavy sigh. "I just wish Mrs. Lipschlitt could see it that way. All she knows is that she loves Howard."

Amanda reached over and patted the luckless Loki on the shoulder, offering what little comfort she could. "I'm sure you'll find them, Mr. Lipschlitt. Are you sure we can't offer you a ride?" she continued, despite the warning look on her impatient partner's face. "We're heading to our hotel. Why don't you join us? I'm sure Mrs. Scheinkman won't mind."

"Oh, of course not, sweetie," the rotund woman replied readily. "The more the merrier."

"Oh, all right. I guess I won't very likely find them roaming the beach. Maybe she took him to our hotel. I don't know where else they'd go," Loki decided dejectedly.

"Good, it's settled then. Mr. Crandankle, we'll have one more stop to make," Phyllis informed the driver upon reaching the parked limo.

"Makes no never mind to me," Mr. Crandankle replied as he lifted his cap off of his eyes and ignited the ignition.



Lee clenched his jaw so many times in the twenty minutes it took to arrive at Loki's hotel that Amanda thought he was going to chip a tooth. She and Phyllis found Loki's lengthy explanation into the breeding practices of Mexican Hairless to be very informative. She especially liked his description of the candle-lit canine dinners he and his wife provided for the breeding pair prior to the consummation of the copulation contract.

When they arrived at Loki's hotel, the odd foursome disembarked from the stretch limo and approached a bellboy lounging languidly at the hotel entrance.

"Excuse me, uh, Seymour," Lee began, noting the nametag perched upon the bellboy's gold braid-emblazoned uniform. "Can you tell me if a Mrs. Lipschlitt has checked in?"

"Uh, no. No Mrs. Lipstick has been here," Seymour answered apathetically.



"Not Lipstick, Lipschlitt," Lee corrected crossly, his mood already sour from the long ride. "We are looking for a . . . What's your wife's first name, Loki?"

"Yuwana."

"Yuwana Lipschlitt," Lee informed the ignoramus.

"No, I don't wanna lipstick," the bellboy retorted rudely. "Americans," he muttered moodily.

"Lee, let me try," Amanda offered, putting her hand gently on Lee's arm as she saw the telltale muscle in his jaw begin yet another warning twitch. "Seymour, we are looking for a Laplander lady with a Mexican Hairless. Have you seen them?"

With a shake of her head at the others' looks of surprise, Phyllis interceded.

"Honey, let me have a go. My Ralph used to be the same way." Turning to the bellboy, she shouted, "HAVE . . . YOU . . . SEEN . . . A . . . LA-DY . . . WITH . . . A . . . DOG?"

"Oh. No lady with a dog," Seymour pronounced before promenading back to his post.

The flabbergasted foursome made their way inside, hopeful that they might encounter someone with some knowledge of the missing Mexican Hairless and his harassed mistress. After a short discussion with the desk clerk, they made their way to the fourth floor, key card in hand.

"He said she checked in an hour ago. Maybe they're still here," Loki said stoically as he inserted the key card in the lock. As the door lock clicked, Lee motioned the

other three against the wall and slowly pushed the door open. Noticing nothing of note, he waved them all inside.

Loki's face fell as he faced the fact the room was vacant. He moved morosely to the bed and plopped down.

The sight of the strangely dressed Laplander sorrowfully situated on the opulently appointed king-sized, heart-shaped bed, caused Amanda to smile. "It'll be okay, Mr. Lipschlitt," she said sympathetically. "At least we know they were here, and I'm sure that --"



"Amanda, look at this," Lee interrupted immediately.

"What is it, Lee?" she queried, quickly crossing the room to his side. "Oh my gosh!" she exclaimed, embarrassed as she looked down at the book of matches he held.

"Yeah," Lee snorted snidely, "I thought that was anatomically impossible."

"Lee!" Amanda said, slapping his arm. "What does the matchbook say?"

"Bahama Mama's Exotic Dance Club," Lee smirked smugly. "It looks as if Loki and I have a lead to follow."

"Loki and you? What about me and Phyllis?" Amanda inquired incredulously.

"Amanda, you don't really want to go to such a place, do you?"

"And how do you know what kind of place I want to go?" Amanda retorted resentfully.

"A-man-da!" he exclaimed in exasperation. As she continued to give him her best 'don't tell me what to do, buster' look, he acquiesced. "Oh, all right. Let's all go."

C'mon, everyone, let's go find us a hairless Mexican," Lee smirked slyly as Amanda yet again slugged him in the arm.

TBC by . . . Carrie!

Here are the things that have to be mentioned in your section, Carrie:

**PERSON:** Frank, a hot dog vendor from Detroit

**PLACE:** a jewelry store

**THING:** a parasail (wink, wink, Aunt Minnie)

**PHRASE:** "No way are you gonna get me inside that!"

