

An adventure with a difference.

INTRUDERS

Shortly after I returned home from work and jettisoned my high heels, I looked out the front window and saw my three cats acting funny as if someone were nearby.

A Volkswagen Rabbit sedan was advancing up my driveway, and it kept coming right onto my front lawn. Inside were a man and a woman. Assuming this incredible act was more ignorant than deliberate, I walked outside with a deadpan face.

The man got out of the car and swaggered up to me as if it were perfectly acceptable to park on my property. Ignoring my request for his name, he helped his wife out of the car and they walked into my house.

I went after them. "What do you think you're doing? I'm afraid you'll have to leave. I don't know you."

The man walked into the bathroom and began shaving.

I followed the woman back to the car, and several children appeared. They all piled into my house, screaming, messing with my phonograph, my African curios, my oil painting supplies. "If you don't all *get out of here*," I shouted above the din, "I'll have to call the police!"

Nobody paid any attention, so I dialed 911 even though it wasn't a matter of life and death, rather than waste time looking up alternate numbers in the phone book. The dispatcher said the police would be delayed about an hour and a half because of more pressing cases. I protested but she hung up. Another hour and a half to endure this wanton destruction of my property! Boy, would I sue these outrageous trespassers.

To pass the time I went from room to room, admonishing. The man had finished shaving. He was a hulking, flabby brute with greasy grey hair, and he had changed into light blue striped pajamas with the top unbuttoned showing his revolting hairy chest.

"You'd better get out of here," I warned, "because the police are coming." He grinned and said he didn't care, and as I tried to get past him he grabbed my arms. I pushed and kicked and tried to knee him in the groin but he was too strong for me. Where, I wondered, was the adrenaline strength that was supposed to come when you were seriously defending yourself?

Just then the police showed up, which only made the children escalate their vandalism with a vengeance, ripping out table lamps and the telephone.

"You see how disgusting these idiots are," I told the officer. "Really low class."

"We don't refer to people like that," he advised me. "Discrimination, you know." But the police were very effective in removing the intruders.

"What about the damage?" I demanded. The officer told me offhandedly that I should file a complete report later.

One of the children had taken an inflatable mattress outside and was using it to slide down a hill beside my property. It looked like fun, and I was thinking of trying it myself after they left. Before I could do so, the whole street became crowded with traffic and people were swarming all over. A big tent arrived on the adjacent land that had been cleared to build new homes. It looked like a setup for a circus. So that was why those intruders had wanted to camp out at my house, to get a prime location for the entertainment!

After watching for a while I determined that it was more likely a kind of rally, as there was a large stand being set up for awards in the shape of gleaming silver hubcaps. It was a skateboard contest on dirt tracks. There were lots of children, but adults were also competing. Although I had no interest in the skateboarding, I still wanted to try skidding down the hill on the air mattress as soon as the traffic cleared.

While waiting, I noticed movie star Stewart Granger standing alone in a corner of my living room. I went over to keep him company and he seemed pleased to see me. He put his arm around me and we exchanged amorous kisses, but he seemed preoccupied.

"Is anything wrong?" I asked.

"No ... well, actually, I'm a little concerned about my director. I'm sure he isn't going to get my coloring right in this film I'm doing."

"You mean, color mixing?" I recalled the term from somewhere.

"That's right." Looking at me with added respect, he rewarded me with a sexy kiss.

"But surely," I said, "they must have color charts and so on to get it right?"

"I suppose so," he said, nodding.

Eager as I was to continue our cozy conversation, I was rudely awoken by my alarm clock. Time to get ready for work again. It was one of my most vivid dream adventures.

