

## Crazy World

*By Donna Bishop*

What is that magic that seems to be at work in our crazy world that cause just the right words on a newsprint ad to produce a desire for that very object?

Just such magic occurs with the ad: "Family seeks companion for love one. Must be available for travel. Interviewing Monday, December 6<sup>th</sup> from 9:00 a.m. until 11:30 a.m. at 3350 S Broadway, Suite 100, Denver, Co 80009."

I'm not looking for a job but who isn't interested in traveling? Early morning on Monday I'm off to the Broadway address. The building is a three story office type with no identification outside except the numbers 3350. Opening the door to Suite 100, I face a deserted space with the exception of a conference table and two wooden chairs. I step back through the door for reassurance that it's the right place. The metal plate beside the door clearly shows Suite 100. I check my phone for the time 9:20 a.m. Monday, Dec 6<sup>th</sup>. Avoiding the seat at the head of the table I sit in the second chair to wait. Pulling the newspaper ad from my purse I again read, "Family seeks companion for love one." It appears I'm not being interviewed by the family unless it is a family of one. Perhaps not even a family member is going to interview me.

Looking around the room I realize this suite is possibly just temporarily rented. Now my imagination ignites my nervous system. I'm in danger, the ad is a trick to get me into an isolated location. Suddenly I decide my life depends on getting out of the building and back to the safety of my car. Hearing no voices or footsteps in the hallway, I slowly opened the suite door. Momentarily, blood rushes to my head. I'm uncertain. Do I need to turn right or left? I stand dead still. Straining to hear any sound in what I now fear is a totally deserted building, I allow my natural instinct for survival to propel my weak legs towards the outside door. The door is locked! No it can't be! Try the other side. The door resists but I push it open and rush to my car! Feeling safe at last but still very upset, I sit in my car with all the doors secure. I reprimand myself for being so stupid in answering an ad without considering the potential consequences.

It is now close to 10:00 a.m. I observe people entering 3350 S. Broadway. It is beginning to look like an ordinary place of business. Should I rethink my reaction to the situation? Do I want to be a travel companion? I suspect with my imagination my only traveling companions should be the keys of my computer.