

RED BLANKET CAPER

By Juanita Preston Sparks

I couldn't believe my eyes. There I was driving down an ordinary residential street. I looked up to my left and saw a brilliant blaze of red on, of all places, a roof.

What could it be? A kite brought down by a blast of air? A red plastic bag lifted aloft by a gust of wind?

Well, my imagination ceased to function. I had to get to the bottom of this. I made a right hand turn at the next intersection; drove around a couple of blocks. Sure enough. The red object was still on the roof.

I slowed down to better examine the object. Object? No. It was a teenager, all bundled up in a red blanket. But that wasn't all. She was sitting up there on the roof, and talking on a cell phone.

Now, why in the world would a teenager be perched on a roof, wrapped in a red blanket, and talking on a cell phone?

I had to pursue the sight, although horns were honking and fingers gesturing.

I drove on for a few blocks, but my mind's eye would not let go of the kid and the red blanket.

I made another right hand turn and headed back to the scene of the mystery. I found myself on the right street, and looked upward to the roof. Disappointment filled my soul. No blanket, no teenager, no cell phone.

By now it was way past my time to be home. As I headed that way- there it was again! A red blanket!

This time the blanket was walking. Yes, walking. But wait, there were not two legs walking, as one would expect, but four legs.

Four legs would equal two teenagers, right? Yes, I saw four legs on two teenagers walking down a street, wrapped in a red blanket.

I couldn't help myself. I made another right hand turn, caught up with the pair, prayed for a red light to keep them in view.

There they were, arm in arm, walking toward the park, blanket and all. Each was talking on a cell phone. Were they talking to each other?

Luckily my car caught up with the kids and the blanket at the entrance to the park. They had removed the cell phones from their ears. At first they just stood there, looking around. They were probably checking to see that no one would be watching them. Oh, oh blanket in a park. Were they looking for a place to make out? I wondered?

Dare I follow them into the park? Was I stalking?? Should I intrude on this very intimate moment?

I watched. They spread the blanket on the grass and evidently decided to lie down on the blanket side by side. Oh, my, maybe I should go home.

While I was watching, a man, who appeared to be homeless, judging by the way he was dressed, approached the kids on the red blanket.

Was he going to harm them, I questioned? Should I interfere? Perhaps I was brought here to protect these young people.

As the man got closer to the kids they got off of the blanket and folded it neatly into a square. They smiled at the homeless man, handed him the blanket, and walked off in the direction from which they came. The cell phones were once again close to their ears.

Let me tell you, it is a good idea never to try and figure out what a teenager is going to do. They will fool you every time.