



SHORTS

Merlyn's Pen New Library
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Showroom Fantasy

The blazing red paint sparkled with an iridescent cherry glow. The lighting danced across the car like a chorus line. In gold letters, the word "Corvette" seemed to leap out and hypnotize. The glaring chrome hubcaps glistened like a moonlit lake.

Then I carefully opened the flawlessly designed door and sat in the contoured bucket seat. The aroma of new leather filled the air around me. A giant, powerful stereo with enough gadgets to pass for the cockpit of a 747 sprang out at me.

I finally gained enough control of myself to close the door and adjust the seat. I noticed the keys on the electronically-tuned dashboard. The trembling fingers of my right hand plucked up the keys and slid them into the ignition while my clammy left hand grasped the steering wheel like a leech sucking on a human arm. I was just about to turn the ignition when I noticed a short, bald man wearing a pea-green blazer and plaid pants peering into the window and repeating, "Sir, may I help you?" Taken by surprise and distracted from my fantasy, I muttered something and stepped out of the car. As I moped out of the showroom, I reached in my pocket and fished out my car keys. Then I arrived at the car, stumbled in, and drove off, still somewhat dazed, in my Ford Escort.

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