

Two nights ago my friend Suzanne had a new worst ever nightmare. I know because I was at her house sleeping over. We were meant to go walking at 6am but instead Suzanne came to my bed and said, "I've been up since 4am, I had my new worst ever nightmare, move over I'm getting in."



Now before I tell you about the nightmare I have to give you a little background information on 3 things; Suzanne, the blow out craft sale this weekend and her previous worst nightmare.

SUZANNE: She is my age, (50), she is beautiful and wears fancy clothes, she has large breasts, hates having greasy hair and is one of the three most generous, loving people I know. We went to elementary school together and then shared a house before she got married at 24. Don, her husband, is 6'2" and Suzanne is 5'3". Suzanne wears heels at ALL times to try get a little closer to Don's height. At home she puts on 2" wedgy flip flops to do chores in and even slips them on to get from the bed to the toilet at 2am.

"Just in case Don wakes up and sees that I am short!" Suzanne confesses.

BLOW OUT SALE: This weekend Suzanne is having a sale to get rid of discontinued and damaged stock. She does craft shows like me. She has invited me and my 2 girls (8 & 10) to come and sell our stuff. My kids would love this but it would mean being away from Jody who has been away in the arctic for a while and leaves Monday for 3 weeks of field work. As for Jody joining us at the sale, he would rather turn the compost.



PREVIOUS WORST NIGHTMARE: It is Friday night and Suzanne has just got in from work. She is tired, her hair is greasy and her clothes filthy. The doorbell rings and her entire high school grad class is here for the reunion party she has forgotten she is hosting. Just like in a Robert Munch book the huge number of guests file in to the kitchen and start looking for food. There is none. The last people to arrive are Suzanne's Mum and Dad They are immaculately dressed and they march over to the pantry where no classmates have been. On the shelf is one can of baked beans. They take the can out to the centre of the kitchen, open it and eat the entire can in front of the guests. Then they leave. End of nightmare.



Little intermission: I have to admit that this is more of a letter for women than men, every-time I tell Suzanne's night mare to a guy they kind of stare blankly. So men, feel free to stop reading now.

NEW WORST NIGHTMARE: "Between 1am - 4am", Suzanne tells me "I got up about 5 times to pee. Each time I thought I could get out of my dream but I couldn't. You know, this one was a really bad nightmare, I think you should go and make tea". I run down the 21 steep stairs to make tea in the spotless kitchen and come back to hear this...

"It was the morning of the blow out sale, the 24th, and I was standing in my kitchen when it dawned on me that I had nothing ready for the sale. All my inventory was in the broken hot tub and it needed to be on the patio, all neatly displayed. When I peeked out the kitchen window I could see people lining up in the driveway. Don was sitting on the couch drinking coffee & reading & was not about to help. I looked down at my body and saw that I was shoeless and that I had on this hideous beige cashmere onsie.* A really ugly beige, the kind they use for old peoples' shoes. This onsie had no pops or zipper so I could not get out of it. I couldn't pull it off over my shoulders either. I was trapped. Plus I was very short! I had on no bra or undies so you can imagine what I looked like and Sa, that beige was so ugly. I tried to find some scissors to cut it off but there were none in the house. You and the girls were asleep so I couldn't ask for help. I looked in all the rooms for some high heels but there were none of those anywhere. Do you need more tea?"



"No, i'm fine" i replied.

"So anyhow, trapped in this onsie and looking very short I then see on the calendar that it is December 24th, not



September and these people will be coming to shop at my house on Christmas day! I have no christmas tree and no turkey. I needed to get to Thrifty's right away and get my turkey. I would go in barefoot and go very quickly and hopefully not too many people would see me. I could get a tree on the way home and shove it in the back of my Mini. Then I would quickly set up for the sale because these people were right up against my window looking in on me in my onsie. Then i think Sa, that i have stolen you and girls from Jody over christmas. That is the meanest thing ever! I felt so horrible for having invited you, so this must be the meaning of the dream, you should not come this weekend. We should go walk now, can you understand what a disturbing nightmare that was?"



MY WORST NIGHTMARE:

My nightmares are not usually about getting trapped in clothing. I tend to dream about sitting exams that I have forgotten to study for and my life depends on the mark. The one repetitive nightmare I have is that I am going to the One of A kind Show in Toronto and we are still over at the Automotive Building. I arrive to set up my booth and the show staff direct me behind the back of the building where there is a large pig pen with a shelter over to one side. "There's your booth" they say and march away.

O.k that is it. I will be at the Toronto Show (hopefully inside) as well as Calgary and Vancouver. Please read on for details.