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When In Rome

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WHEN IN ROME

They greet you at the door. You're looking fit these days, they remark. As they hang up your coat they confer for a moment.

One of them takes you by the hand and leads you to a comer of the room next to the sofa. Another hands you a branch. Someone else drapes a dishtowel from your arm.

They keep coming and going. Each time they place something else on you—an accordion, shark's teeth, stick-on paper stars, a power drill they occasionally run.

Finally, you get so hungry and weary that dinner, or even a drink, would be welcome. Even though you can hardly bear the crush of these objects anymore, you can't help wondering what they'll bring next.