

*Olé!*



Tony woke up suddenly from a dream in which he was flying higgledy-piggledy through the air. The sensation of being airborne was so real that he instinctively grabbed hold of the bed's headboard. It was a recurring dream, and one that his gestalt counselor, Dr. Beezer, said meant that he was about to take a trip. Well, fine, except that he'd had the dream maybe a dozen times in the past month and he was still stuck at home in Podunk, USA. Then a sudden pain shot through his nether regions. It was an all too frequent soreness signaling that his hemorrhoid was acting up. Probably that's what had awakened him. He opened his eyes – carefully, so as not to exacerbate his discomfort – and was puzzled to discover that his pajamas had changed color during the night. Gone were the blue flannel Dr. Dentons with the Pooh Bear motif; in their place was a bright red polyester bolero jacket with intricate black piping. What the heck?! He must have dozed briefly because that flying sensation returned and he automatically reached for the headboard again. Except this time it wasn't there. His hands closed over nothing! Glancing down, he saw – or *thought* he saw – the ground rushing past him. He wasn't sure because the pain in his hinder had redoubled, causing his eyes to tear. But the breaking point came when he looked up and found himself staring into the faces of a hundred or so strangers shouting *okay*. No, *olé!* Well, that settled it. No more schnapps 'n schnitzel before bed for him ever again!