

thing come from?" I queried amusedly, not realizing it was for me. "Well, that's the best present I could find in the gift shop," Gordon mumbled. I thanked him with a hug and kiss while the band cheered. Later that night, when our plane was boarded by Canadian customs officials on our return to Toronto, we were asked if we had anything to declare. "Oh, nothing at all," Gordon answered confidently, until Barry chirped up, "Except for Liona's cannon." "What cannon, miss?" the unsmiling official demanded, making me unpack my entire suitcase until he satisfied himself that I was not importing illegal firearms into Canada.

As often happened, Gordon drove me home from the airport, since I lived en route to his house in Rosedale. At 4:00 a.m., when we pulled up in front of my parents' Paragon Road house, he asked if he could use our toilet facilities for a moment. "By all means," I replied, "but creep into the house quietly 'cause my parents' bedroom is quite near the bathroom on the main floor." After pointing him in the right direction, I tiptoed back down the hall. Suddenly I became aware that my mother had awakened and, without a stitch on, was sleepily stumbling towards the bathroom door, thinking it was me in there. Our family has always been unselfconscious about nudity, and on summer nights we always slept *au naturel*. I reached the bathroom door just as she was about to enter. She had already turned the doorhandle, pulling it slightly ajar. In an urgent whisper, I emphasized, "Don't go in the bathroom!" My mother, seeing my panicked eyes and being in a somnambulistic state, had a vision of a monstrous bear that I had locked in the bathroom. Letting out a blood-curdling scream and pulling the door shut fast, she ran off confused to her bedroom, howling all the way! At this point, Gordon was convinced that my mother had seen him standing there taking a leak; she must be shrieking at the sight of a naked man. Gordon fled from the house, embarrassed by what he presumed my mother had seen. By now, Mother was back in bed fully awake, laughing uncontrollably about the impact she must have had on the unfortunate Mr. Lightfoot, who while peacefully relieving himself had been