

It went hmmm when it turned, zzzzip when it blinked, whirr when it stood still. It sounded like the whirring of the refrigerator trying to start the motor into a cooling cycle.

As I leaped out of my chair it pulled back as if in surprise and made a hasty U-turn then it headed up over the neighbor's rooftop and down below the street lamp.

The Drone was striking. It's red, blue, yellow lights gave the appearance of a robot during a Saturday night low rated Science Fiction movie. I was not expecting this robot, not expecting it to invade my privacy. I had just left the confines of a warm house. I sat down outside on the deck chair. A cool glass of ice water in hand turned cold as my heart did a double take. Even though my nightie covered more of my 5 foot one inch body than my summer wear of shorts and t-shirt covered I felt violated. The hour was 10 P.M., the summer air warm but cooling with a slight breeze.

That invasion ruined my quiet time. I was ready for action, ready to confront the culprit.

"It's the neighbor across the street," says my husband. "If it comes around again" ...suffice it to say that the peeping tom device would not be peeping any longer. A "peeping tom" is one who spies on someone without that person knowing it. It's voyeurism to my way of thinking. Now, our high technology gives a peeping tom more leverage. He or she no longer needs to peek into a window. There is a robot to do the peeping and transport the images back to "the mother house" .

"It's the neighbor," says another neighbor. "He says that he likes his 'toys' and that he has two other drones. One of which is a helicopter." Times have changed.

We had a peeping tom in the neighborhood when I was in grade school. The night was hot. The doors and windows were open in order to catch a breeze. Gauze curtains hung at the ready as the wisp of air taunted them. It was a time before television, at least in our quiet Montana city. Middle 1950's opened her arms to radio programs like "B Bar B Ranch", and "Gun Smoke". Dad was working the night shift, mom was in the kitchen, the baby was sleeping and the rest of us, my two brothers and a sister were getting ready for bed while listening to "The Lone Ranger" as he rides again.

We heard a yell. The dad of my friend Sharon came running across the shared backyard yelling to "get away from there." That's when I noticed a shadowing form move away from our screen door. He made it to safety. The neighbor couldn't catch him.

Mom closed the door after thanking the neighbor. She locked it and then did the same to the front door. I felt as though I was no longer safe. That's when I found a hero in Wonder Woman. She has been my superhero since that summer evening. I will no longer hide behind closed doors and shuttered windows. The next time I will go talk with the culprit.

Too bad I don't own powerful bracelets and a truth rope. My invisible airplane, though, is tucked inside my invisible hanger...just waiting to join the drones and do justice. It's a hummer, too.

Lana Russ

