

# Home Security

*by* Kyle Hemmings

I don't believe in old-fashioned peepholes. The glass is flimsy and someone could poke through, returning me to my source of darkness, the way I must have experienced life before I could dream in colors. I prefer wide-angle peepholes, offering at least a 120 degree sweep. This way I can bar three or more intruders posing as new neighbors. They might have heard that I stash money in aluminum cans, the ones where I once kept generous amounts of pipe tobacco for a foggy day. They might think that loneliness has made me gullible, more than willing to open for them all kinds of drawers. Or hampers. I hate the thought of anyone snooping through the contents of my hamper while I'm preparing acid-neutralized coffee for two or more guests. I hate their subtle hints about lint on my dryer screen. And their smiles. Their smiles could be masks and they might want to steal my fingerprints and the various names I went by in the past. I could be left without a raincoat. And what if there's a nuclear war? What would I wear? If an invasion of a land-locked country, such as mine, what good would ultra-wide peepholes do? What role would thermal sensors play? On a recent episode of *Myth Busters*, the experts were trying to prove that thermal sensors were not reliable in detecting if a real person was behind a fingerprint. Each morning, I stand before my bathroom mirror, my cheeks burning and flushed, wondering if the fingerprints there are mine, or stepping off to the side, whether I have been truly obliterated.

