

“Was anyone hurt?” I asked when I got to the scene.

It looked as if a blast had scattered things everywhere. There were fragments of wallpaper, insulation board, and painted strips of this and that covering the floor and most of the furniture.

As I tried to get a handle on the situation, I thought that it looked as though I needed to call some type of emergency services wagon. Confusion reigned complete. There was a hint of smoke in the air and a general smell of hydrocarbons.

I looked with concern for my wife, who was still in the house. As I slowly made my way through it, I could see that there was something new that had emerged from the chaos. There was a great mural standing in the workroom that was evidently part of the set for a children’s play. It was a great work of art.

I sighed deeply and got to work. It was time to clean up the aftermath of another colossal art explosion.