

Science Fiction

Sitting on the floor in the living room, my grandson was watching his favorite cartoon on TV. I heard him call out, "I'll be back in a little while Grandma." I turned and saw him disappear into the television set.

I was amazed at how thrilled Corey looked as he rode a fire spitting monster over a hill. I couldn't help wondering if the monster was friendly.

As one scene after another was played before my eyes, I began to dread the time when the program would be interrupted by a Commercial and I would loose Corey.

I set the VCR to tape. At least I'd have something to show Coreys' mom. How could I explain her son was wondering around in a TV wonderland.

If I called the police what could I say? My grandson has been kidnaped by the TV screen? They would surely lock me up.

Watching the program, I began to recognize some of Corey friends. My heavens, the TV is swallowing its viewers! Was it only the children or would my friend become part of their soaps? Would my husband become part of a sports event? Would I be part of a quiz show?

"Help, Help" I had to have help before we all became little pieces of celluloid.

"It's all right Kay."

"No, Corey is in the TV set."

"Its all right Kay."

I rubbed my eyes and looked around. I was having a Writers Group Science Fiction nightmare.