



Lighter Side

By John Kasun

The Twilight Zone is Alive and Well

The following stories are true and nothing was changed, altered or added to protect the innocent or the guilty.

Often, when I am working trade shows or visiting archery shops, people who have read this column often ask, "How do you come up with the ideas for your columns?" Actually, I never have to "come up" with an idea; I just have to watch what happens every day in normal life and write about it.

For example, my brother Ron, who lives in Florida, was on a short visit to my home last summer. One day, during his visit, I had some business appointments and he decided to do some wade fishing for smallmouth bass to occupy his time. I fixed him up with all the fishing gear he needed and directed him to some hot spots where I knew he would find action. As I headed off to my meeting, Ron headed to the area I had suggested, about 30 miles away. When he returned later that day, he told me he had gotten halfway to the river when he realized he had forgotten the wading shoes I had set out for him. If that had been me, I would have returned home to get the footwear or stopped at a local store and bought a pair of cheap sneakers. Not Ron, the eternal optimist. He continued on his way and when he pulled into the fishing spot, he found two pairs of sneakers lined up on the side of the dirt road.

He explained, "I looked all around and there wasn't anyone along the road or in the river. I checked out both pairs and one pair was a perfect fit, so I put them on and went fishing. Had a great time: excellent fishing and when I came back to the car, I placed the shoes back where I found them and came home." You cannot make a story like that up. It is ridiculous but true.

Speaking of "ridiculous," that brings to mind something I personally experienced the day before this column was due. Talk about great timing.

My home is located on top of a small hill outside of Duncansville, Pennsylvania. Needless to say, when I am going home, it is a slight uphill drive. This past week, when returning from running some errands, I had just made one of the final turns to my house when what looked to be a huge baseball appeared at the top of the hill. I say "looked to be" because it was about 3 feet

in diameter and bright white with red cross-stitching. For the next few seconds, everything seemed to happen in slow motion as the ball bounced slightly and began slowly rolling downhill, directly toward me.

My immediate reaction was to slow down, as a ball in the road normally means children close behind. However, as the ball rolled downhill towards me, no children appeared. As the ball closed the distance between us, it made its way to the edge of the street and slowly onto the lawn of a neighbor, where it rolled to a stop. As I pulled up beside the ball, I swear it was smiling and looked satisfied with itself. The ball kind of reminded me of the look you see on a puppy's face right after it has pulled all of the toilet paper off the roll in the bathroom and sits there, seemingly so proud of a job well done, while waiting for someone to say "Good boy!"

Slowing to a crawl, I topped the hill and made the final turn leading to my home, keeping a sharp eye out for playing children. I knew of two homes along the way that had small children or grandchildren and felt certain I would see someone in the yard frantically looking for a giant beach-ball-sized baseball. Imagine my shock when all the lawns were vacant: no children, parents or grandparents anywhere in sight. There was no sign of life anywhere, not even a dog or a stray cat.

While my concern was for any children associated with the ball, it occurred to me that any kid playing with a 3 foot high, bright white baseball might be about 40 feet tall. Suddenly, the whole episode seemed like a chapter out of the famous "Twilight Zone" TV series that focused on paranormal activities. I felt a distinct chill as it occurred to me that I could have just gone through a time warp of some sort where I was somehow transported to a world of giant children and I could actually have been transformed into a little boy doll in a toy car. (This theory makes a lot more sense if you are a "Twilight Zone" fan.) My mind flashed forward and I could see myself waking up in what I thought was a huge leather bed only to find I had actually been sleeping in a giant baseball glove.

Moments later, as I entered the safety of my home, I related all that had happened to my wife, who looked at me with a puzzled smile. "What are you going to do?" she asked.

"Simple," I replied. "Next time I go out, I am going to check for any posters on the light poles for someone looking for a lost 3 foot baseball. If I am the only one that saw the ball, I am going to keep my eyes peeled for a 40 foot tall kid carrying a huge bat and hope he doesn't ask me if I want to wrestle."

John Kasun writes from his home in Duncansville, where he doesn't make up stories; they simply happen to him and he just writes them down.



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