

THE OTHER SIDE OF THE FOG

An Pete Jacob's stepped out, the fog immediately swallowed up his house and he could see nothing but the white blanket all around him. It gave him the weird feeling of being the last man in the world.

Suddenly Pete felt dizzy. His stomach did a flip-flop. He felt like a person in a falling elevator. Then it passed and he walked on. The fog began to clear and Pete's eyes opened wide with fright, awe and wonder.

He was in the middle of the city.

But the nearest city was forty miles away!

But what a city! Pete had never seen anything like it.

Graceful buildings with high spires seemed to reach to the sky. People walked along on moving conveyor belts.

The cornerstone on a skyscraper read April, 17, 2007. Pete had walked into the future. But how?

Suddenly Pete was frightened. Horribly, terribly, frightened.

He didn't belong here. He couldn't stay. He ran after the receding fog.

A policeman in a strange uniform called angrily. Strange cars that rode six inches or so off the ground narrowly missed hitting him. But Pete succeeded. He ran back into the fog and soon everything was blanked out.

Then the feeling came again. That weird feeling of falling ... then the fog began to clear.

It looked like home ...

Suddenly there was an earsplitting screech. He turned to see a huge prehistoric brontasaurus lumbering toward him. The desire to kill was in his small beady eyes.

Terrified, he ran into the fog again ...

The next time the fog closes in on you and you hear hurried footsteps running through the whiteness ... call out.

That would be Pete Jacobs, trying to find his side of the Fog ...

Help the poor guy.