

Hello, Everyone in Room 4,

Thanks so much for your stories about "Shrinking". I laughed so much reading them, I had to go back and read my original story again. I'd forgotten it. I read it over, then went back and read your stories again, and I thought, I've got an old wireless in the cupboard, one I've always meant to take to the dump.

I got it out, plugged it in, and it still worked.

"I'll try an experiment," I said to myself.

I turned to 2YA. That used to be the name for what we call National Radio today. The News was on.

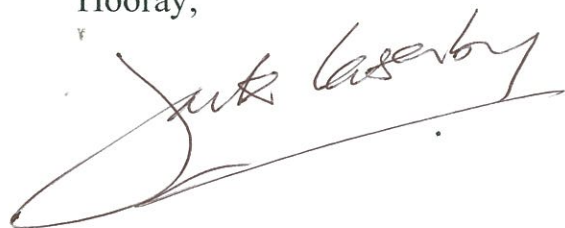
"Waimea Intermediate School is having problems," said the announcer. "Its pupils in Room 4 have all grown old overnight. Some of the boys have grown beards, and the girls are all wearing bouffant hair styles that went out of fashion fifty years ago."

I turned off the wireless, pulled out the plug, and put it in the boot of my car. When I go out this morning, I'll hide it in a cardboard box and take it to the rubbish dump.

I hope the beards and the bouffant hair-do's have disappeared.

Thanks for your stories,

Hooray,

A handwritten signature in dark ink, appearing to read "Jack Casbury". The signature is stylized with a large, sweeping initial "J" and a long, horizontal flourish extending to the right.