



"Danny," Walter called softly. Danny looked up at his brother's floating head. "Danny," he began. "I never told you this, but I . . ." And that was all he got to say, because the hole kept rising, past his mouth, his nose, and finally right over the top of his head.

Walter was completely swallowed up, floating in empty darkness. He closed his eyes as he began to spin, plunging head over heels through pitch-black space. Then, *thud*, he landed hard on his knees. There was something in his arms, something wriggling around.

He opened his eyes and found himself back in the park by his house. He had an arm wrapped tightly around Danny's neck and a hand gripping the boy's nose. "I'm telling," Danny squealed.

Walter let go and fell back on the grass. He was dizzy, very dizzy. Danny jumped up and started to run, but stopped. "Hey," he said, "what's that?" He went to a tree and picked up a box resting against the trunk. He held the box out to Walter. "Look," he said, "it's some kind of game."

Walter grabbed it. "Hey, give it back," said Danny.

His big brother got to his feet. "You don't want to play this," he said. "Trust me, I tried it once." He went over to a trash can and jammed the box deep inside. "Come on," he said, "I've got a better idea. Let's go play catch."

Danny smiled. "You mean together, me and you?"

Walter put his arm around his brother. "Yeah, that's right," he said. "Me and you, together."



#### Draw Conclusions

What does Walter realize about the game Danny finds in the park?