

Every day after school, my brother Ryan would pick me up when he finished college. He always played with me as we raced home. We ran through the trees, over a fallen log, across a small stream, up a rocky bank and through the ferns, hurling flashes of fire, water spouts and thundering air back and forth at each other.

When I stopped suddenly, Ryan kept going. He crashed into me and we tumbled head-over-heels into the ferns. **"Got you!"** he yelled, lashing me with a hurricane. "We don't want space monsters like you here on Earth. Go back where you came from!"

But I had forgotten the game. "Look," I cried, pointing up into the branches of a tree. "What's that?"





Sample pages