

“You already have my baseball team,” said Nipper. “Nothing’s more precious than that.”

“Well . . . your uncle is always giving away interesting presents to you and your sisters,” she said.

“I’ve got two toy cars—and some stickers,” Nipper replied, eager to make a deal. “I also have a weird spoon, an old silver dollar, and a really fancy pocket watch.”

He struggled to twist his body as he spoke, but the yarn held him in place.

“Let me go and you can have all of it,” he pleaded.

Missy’s shadow disappeared and reappeared. He hoped she was walking around him, considering his offer. Polka-dot fabric appeared again, very close to him now.

