

Tony was sitting outside on his front porch with a magnifying glass of about two inches in diameter, from what Barry could discern. He appeared to be focusing a pinpoint of sunlight through the glass, trying to fry some kind of bug; maybe an ant or some other crawly thing no one ever had any use for. Barry stopped and looked in his direction. Tony didn't see him, nor would it have made a difference if he had. In any case, Tony suddenly had the urge to find out what it really felt like to be burnt to a crisp. For some reason his curiosity got the better of him and was determined to carry out the unthinkable on himself. He brushed away the bug with his left hand so he could place it flat down on the porch. He went back and forth with his other hand to get the right adjustment and form the tiniest pinpoint of sunlight centered on the top of his left hand. The tiny light looked like a star in the sky he had seen just the night before and it was beautiful. He felt it get uncomfortably hot but couldn't help but maintain it nice and sharp; as sharp as a needle his mom used to fix the buttons on his shirt. It looked so much like the real thing that he started singing, *twinkle twinkle little star how I wonder what you are*. He began to see a very skinny line of smoke rising from his hand and continued to sing louder and louder as the burning sensation became more and more painful. Before long, the smell of burning hair and flesh was airborne, while he sang louder and louder until he was screaming the song out like a heavy-metal front man giving his all, in front of thousands of adoring fans. **TWINKLE TWINKLE LITTLE STAR HOW I WONDER WHAT YOU ARE!** Soon, the song became just a scream as tears dropped off his cheeks and landed on his burning hand, making a sizzling sound when each drop landed.

When his mom ran out in a frenzy, Barry stopped the *brain game* and saw Tony throw the magnifying glass as far as he could, screaming and wig-wagging his hand as if he were waving to get the attention of an old friend a quarter of a mile away. Barry could just about see the burn mark on his hand having grown to roughly the size of a pea from where he stood, while his mom hurried him into the house for a little first aid application, or perhaps even a trip to the emergency room.