

the litter box to cover up the evidence." With that he began kicking his back feet vigorously, each kick shooting a small clod of dirt into the air, some of which landed near the prism, but the vast majority flying all over the garden randomly. His aim in the litter box was not much better, as Gracie's father sometimes announced when he walked barefoot by the hallway closet where the litter box was kept.

Gracie shielded her face with her jacket sleeve and yelled, "Roscoe, quit it!" Holding his chin up high, Roscoe kicked faster, showering dirt into the night.

"Just a moment, my girl! You'll see! In a few minutes we'll all be back in the house and I'll be having my favorite dream about chicken—the Hundred Pounder!"

"*ROSCOE!* Look out! The kitten!"

Roscoe was still kicking dirt into the air as he turned his head to look behind him. The kitten had crept right up next to the prism and she was about to pounce. Roscoe gasped.

"*NO!* I said don't touch that!" He spun, showering Gracie with dirt from his toes, jumping just at the same time as the kitten pounced at the prism. Gracie jumped too, although later she would wonder why. As she jumped, she was able to just grab the tip of Roscoe's feathery tail. In turn, Roscoe could just reach the kitten's tail with his teeth as her little paws stretched out toward the glowing prism, and all three of them flew together through the night air toward the very spot that Roscoe did not want them

to go. All three of them jumped to that very place, and all three of them arrived there at just about the same time.



Had you been standing among the eggplants that night watching the two cats and the little girl at that exact moment, you would have seen all three disappear with a loud *pop* in a bright flash of silver light, as soon as the kitten's paws touched the prism. From farther away you might have seen the very strange sight of a rainbow arcing up into the night sky toward the Moon from the middle of the garden. But as it was, the night was quiet and still and no one saw them go.