

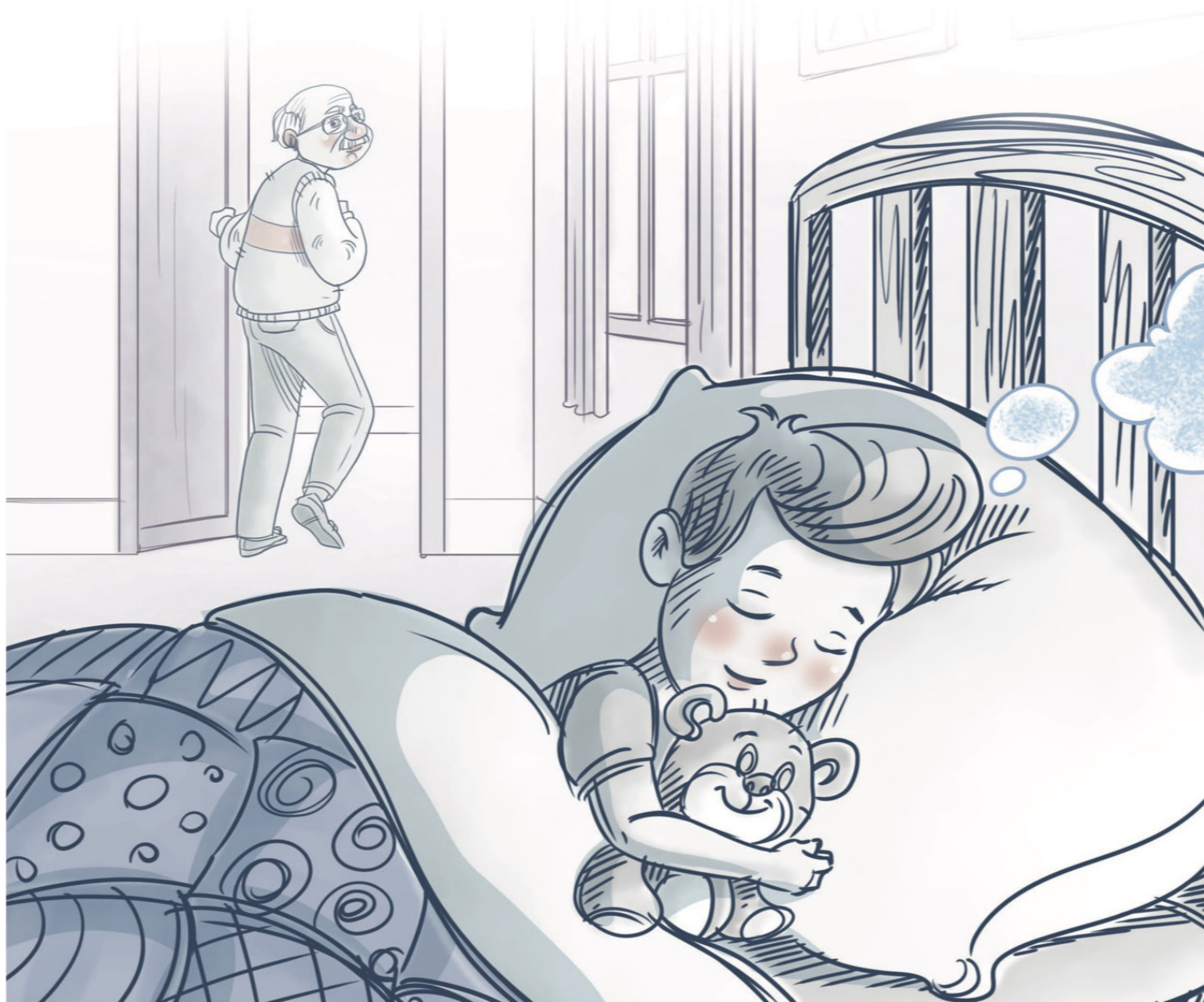
David's sleepy face creased with a smile and his breathing slowed. "The room flew through the nighttime sky. But someone had to steer it! So the boy jumped out of bed and found all the buttons that made the flying room go."



“He looked out the window and could see his backyard and swing set get smaller and smaller as he got higher and higher. He sailed over a bunch of houses, and the park at Jesus’s house. He sailed”



Papa stopped. His grandson was asleep. Papa slowly crawled out of bed, crept out of the room, and, of course, left the ceiling fan running. Papa's job is over. But the dream is not.



The ceiling fan continues to whirr and spin. The room sails higher and higher. The little boy pushes the buttons as the room moves side to side.

