

JIP YAWNS.

A mouse wriggles between her claws. She only caught it a moment ago, but Jip is already tired of the mouse.

Her tail sways back and forth lazily. "I'm bored."

"Me too," Sam grumbles, stretched out on his pillow.



In a split second, when Jip looks at her brother, the mouse manages to escape. It darts under the cupboard. As Jip chases the mouse, she feels something soft and thin. Not a mouse, but something else. She pulls it out from under the cupboard. “Hey,” Jip murmurs. “What’s this?”

She almost missed it, but there it is: a *RED THREAD*. Not an entire thread. No, just the beginning. Where does the thread end? Jip doesn’t know. “Sam, look!” She grabs the thread between her paws and shows it to her brother. The thread is soft, but firm. It’s narrow, but strong. “It’s the perfect red thread . . .” Jip whispers.

