

She was floating above their heads. She was turning round and round in a strong wind. And as they watched, the wind pushed Jennie to the top of the stairs.



'No, Glen! No!' Regan shouted. 'Don't hurt her!'

The wind stopped and Jennie fell gently to the floor. She stared at the two friends for a moment. Then, without speaking, she got up and walked into her own room. She shut the door behind her.

Regan and Frankie went back into Regan's room. Together, they put everything in its place. Nothing had been broken. Nothing had been burnt.

Then the two girls lay on their beds and fell asleep immediately.

Frankie and Regan were still asleep when the boys rang the doorbell the next morning. When the girls were dressed, everybody went into the kitchen. Regan told Jack and Tom what had happened.

'Why did you let Jennie throw away the piece of metal?' Tom asked Regan. 'Now we've only got half a message. And we can't understand it.'

At that moment, the kitchen door opened and Jennie came into the room.

'Hi, Jennie,' Regan said. 'You look terrible.'

This was true. Jennie looked tired and frightened.

'You must tell me something,' Jennie said. 'In the middle of the night, did I wake up on the floor outside my room? That's what I remember. You were there. I saw you. But perhaps I was dreaming. I *was* dreaming, wasn't I, Regan? It *was* all a dream?'

'Yes,' Regan replied. 'You were dreaming.'

'Thanks,' Jennie said. 'I'm going back to bed now.'

When Jenny had gone, Regan laughed. 'We won't have any more trouble from the Blonde Bimbo,' she said. 'Now, what are we going to do about Glen?' She repeated