

'I'm going to try it out,' said Jonah. 'My finger's started bleeding — and besides, how do we know we haven't done too many?'

'Hey, it was my idea! I'm going first, okay?'

'Okay, but no more balloons.'

Jake looked at the net. It was pulled to the full length of its tether by hundreds of balloons. The breeze had definitely picked up, and Jake tugged at the string to test the drag.

'Hmmm. It might be alright,' he said.

Jake started weaving the belt through the net. Then, without untying the net from the bench, he put the belt into his jeans.



*So far, so good,* Jake thought. The balloons clustered above him.

Lastly, he started picking at the knot that secured the net — and all the balloons — to the bench. The knot was tight — too tight.

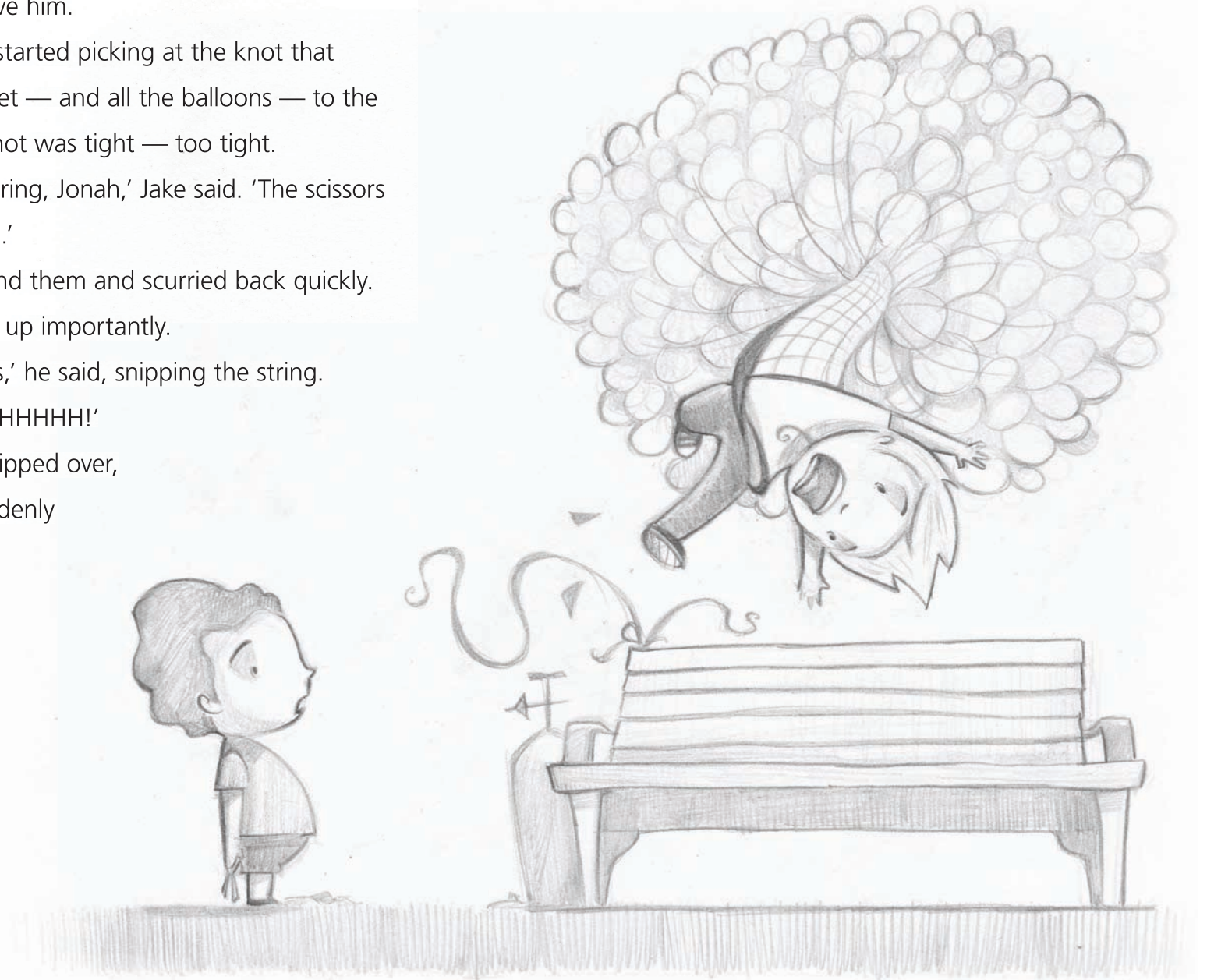
'Cut the string, Jonah,' Jake said. 'The scissors are in the bag.'

Jonah found them and scurried back quickly. He held them up importantly.

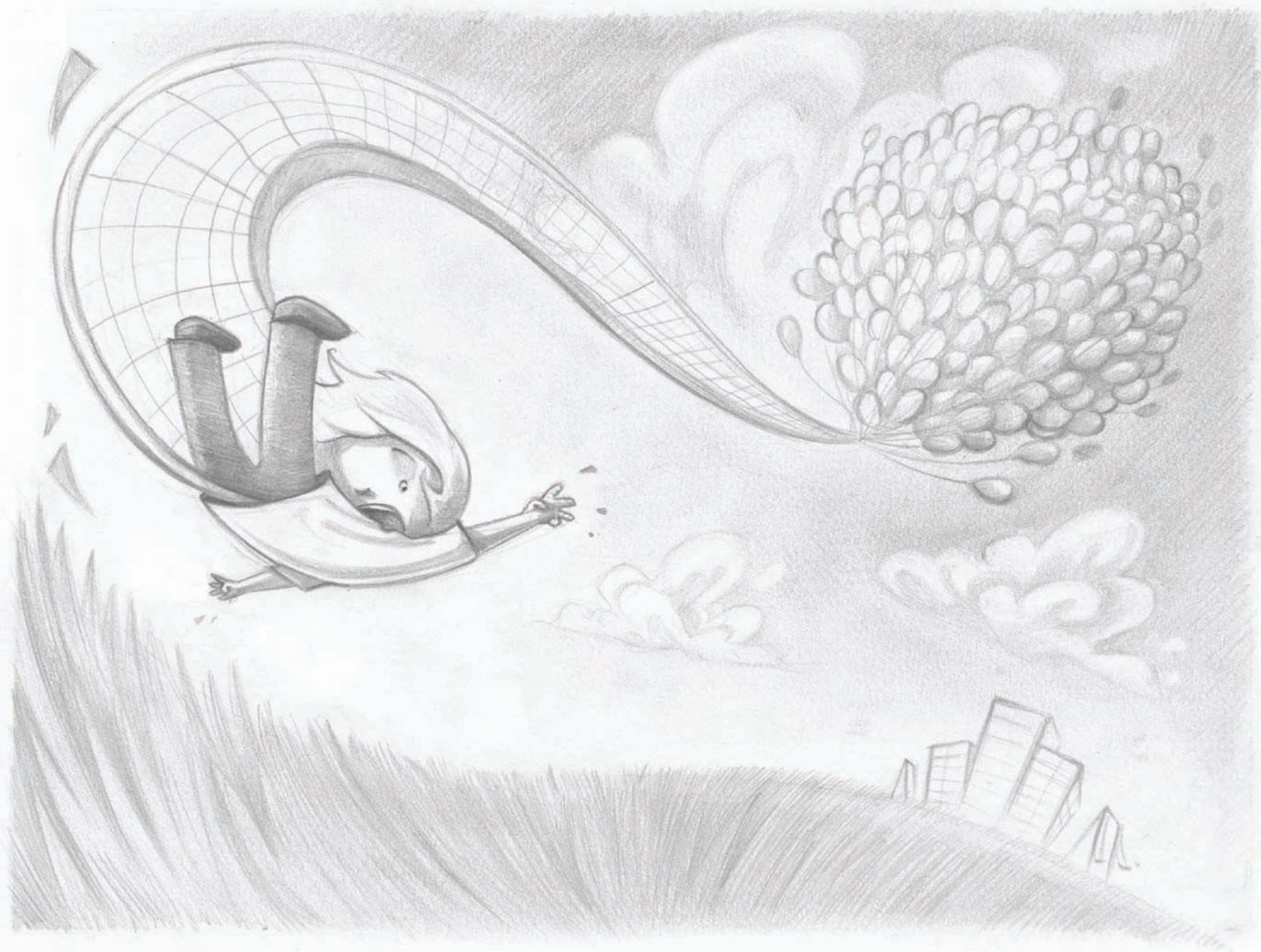
'Here goes,' he said, snipping the string.

'WHOA-AHHHHH!'

Jake was tipped over, pulled up suddenly by his middle.









With his legs off the ground, he thrust out his arms like a diver, trying to save his head from hitting the grass.

'So, we need more balloons ...' Jonah figured.

Jake hardly heard him. The wind was blowing him fast across the park, a hyper wheelbarrow in a world championship wheelbarrow race.

'Get the stick,' he shouted to Jonah. He was heading straight for a sandpit with its cluster of kids climbing equipment, swings and slides.

'I CAN'T STO-OP!'

