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Tweet-tweet

Jack sat up in bed. He stared out his window.

The sky was dark gray. The sun would be rising soon.

"It's almost time," he whispered to himself.

The day before, in the magic tree house, Morgan's note had said, "Come back tomorrow, in the early morning."

Jack jumped out of bed. He put on his jeans and T-shirt. Then he grabbed his back-pack and crept out into the hall.

Jack peeked into Annie's room. She wasn't there. He slipped downstairs and out the front door.

Annie was sitting on the porch steps. Jack sat down beside her.

"What are you doing?" he asked.

"I was waiting for the birds to start singing," said Annie. "Then I was going to wake you up."

Jack and Annie watched the sky go from dark gray to light gray. Then the birds began their song.

"Tweet-tweet," said Annie.

Without another word, Jack and Annie left their porch. They headed up their street to the Frog Creek woods.

It was cool beneath the trees. Jack and Annie hurried through the woods to the rope ladder. It hung from the tallest oak. At the top of the oak was the magic tree house.

They climbed up into the tree house. It was barely light inside.

Annie picked up the note lying on the floor. She held it up to the window and read aloud:

Dear Jack and Annie,

Camelot is in trouble. To save the kingdom, please find these four special kinds of writing for my library:

Something to follow Something to send Something to learn Something to lend

> Thank you, Morgan

Jack took a deep breath.

