

# THE CALL

*Ring! Ring! Ring!*

It was the phone. Dack heard it.

His mom picked it up. "Dack!" she yelled from the kitchen. "Phone for you."

Dack came into the kitchen. He took the phone from his mom.

"I think it's your boss, Jim," she said. "I couldn't hear him well."

"Hello?" Dack said.

“Dack,” the voice said.

“Yes, this is Dack.”

“It’s me,” the voice said. “It’s Tim.”

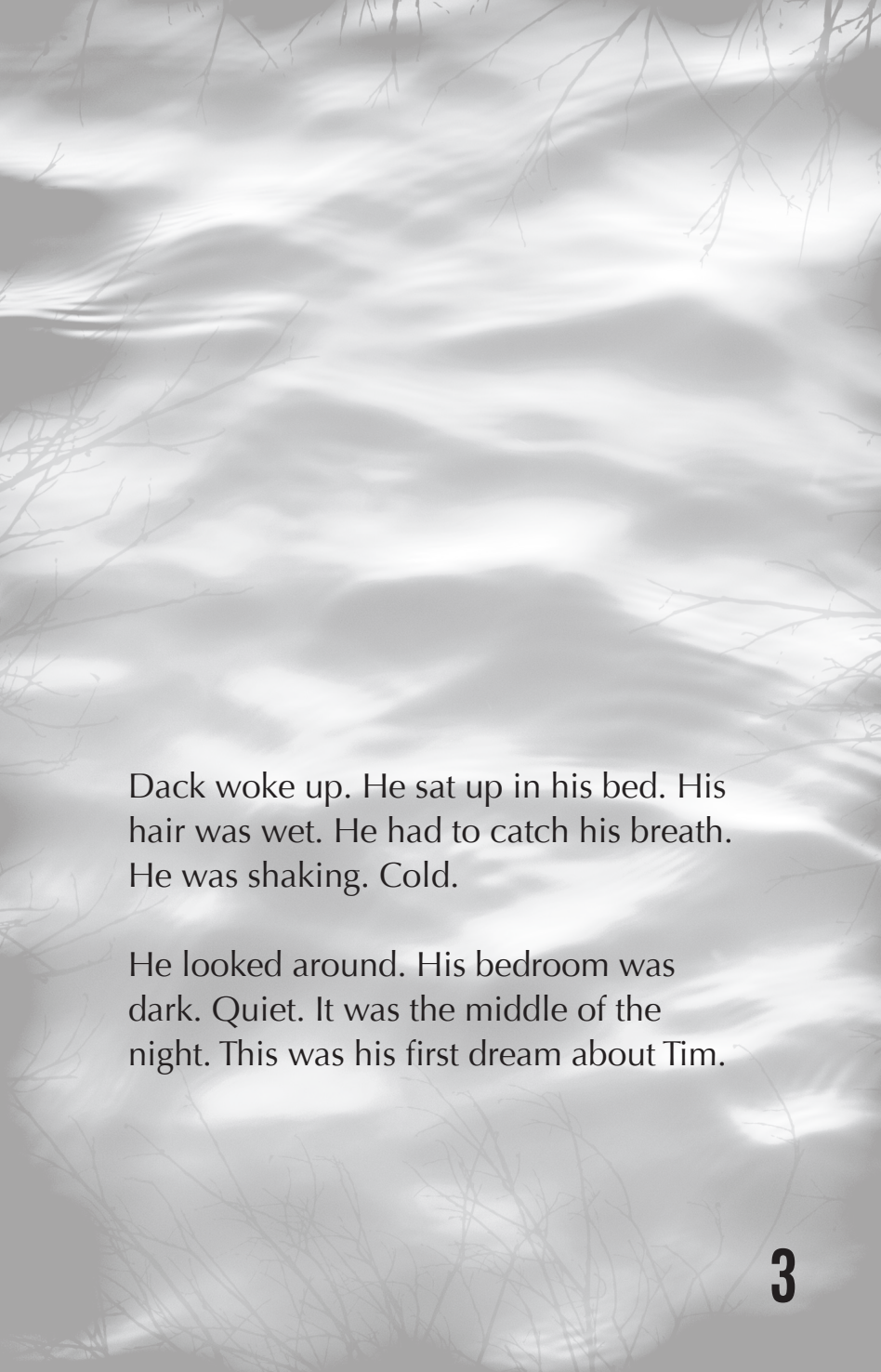
“Hey, Tim. What’s up?” Dack asked.

“We have to talk,” Tim said.

“Why?” Dack asked.

“I’m dead.”

“No!” Dack yelled.



Dack woke up. He sat up in his bed. His hair was wet. He had to catch his breath. He was shaking. Cold.

He looked around. His bedroom was dark. Quiet. It was the middle of the night. This was his first dream about Tim.



# FRIENDS

“What was that?” he asked out loud. His friend Tim was in his dream. But why? What did it mean? Tim had been missing for weeks. No one could find him.

Dakota Peck and Tim Ward were friends. They grew up together.

Dakota was known as “Dack.” Everybody called him that. Dack was shy. He had some friends. But not many.

He lived with his mom. Mrs. Peck was a land agent. She sold land and houses.

Tim Ward was a good guy. He was smart. Made good grades. His parents were nice. They loved him. Tim was an only child, like Dack.