

# CHAPTER I

## GIANT PYJAMAS

Dan Delion rarely slept in on a Saturday. The early morning sunlight streamed through his bedroom window, coaxing him awake. He rubbed the sleep out of his eyes and stretched his long skinny arms toward the ceiling before bolting out of bed.

When he tried to stand up, he tripped over his long pyjama pants and sprawled out across the floor.

“What’s going on?” he asked himself as he sat up. His pyjama pants were way too long, and so were the sleeves of his pyjama shirt! He jumped up off the floor, hiked up his pant legs, and ran over to the mirror. He had always been one of the tallest boys at school. Everyone always told him he was growing like a weed. That’s why he was named after the flowering



weed, dandelion. Lucinda the Ladybug had explained that to him.

He stared at himself in disbelief. He couldn't believe how short and small he was. "Why am I so short? What's happening?" Dan said to his reflection in the mirror as he patted his arms and legs. "Why am I wearing these giant pyjamas?" He ran over to his closet. All of his clothes were small and looked like they would fit the new short Dan. Only the pyjamas that he was wearing were much too big.

Waking up in giant pyjamas wasn't the only strange thing. He had a weird feeling that this day had happened before. But how could it? He heard the clinking of dishes coming from the kitchen. Dan wondered if his mom or dad would say anything about his sudden short size when he went downstairs. He jumped into a pair of jeans that he grabbed off the floor, and pulled a bright yellow hoodie over his head. He combed his thick spiky blonde hair as best as he could and dashed down to the kitchen. It was the first day of November, or so he thought, and he hoped it wasn't too cold outside.



While running down the stairs Dan had another surprise. Half-way down the staircase, bright white sparkles circled around his head, arms and legs. Dan reached out to touch them as they melted into his body. Then his clothes changed! Instead of wearing jeans and the hoodie, he was wearing his brown shorts and a yellow tee shirt! He stopped on the middle step and rubbed his arms. "What are these sparkly things, and where did these clothes come from?" Dan shook his head and zipped down the bottom half of the stairs.

He sprinted over to his mom, who was standing at the kitchen sink. "Mom!" Dan shouted in an anxious voice. "Do you notice anything different about me?"

"Hmm . . . let me see," his mom replied as she spun around and looked Dan over from head to toe. "Um, well, is it something to do with your hair?"

"No! My hair has always looked like this!" Dan answered.

"Well, did you break your magnifying glass or something?"



“No! I have my magnifying glass right here in my pocket!” Dan replied as he felt the magnifying glass in his front pocket. He took it out and showed it to his mother.

“I give up, Dan. I don’t see anything out of the ordinary about you,” his mom said as she carried a cereal box over to the kitchen table.

“Mom, you mean you can’t see that I’m shorter than I used to be! Don’t you remember? I used to be really tall. Everyone always told me I was growing like a weed! Look at me now! I’m, like, really short. When I went to bed last night, my pyjamas fit me perfect. This morning, when I woke up, they were, like, miles too big for me.” Dan’s big brown eyes looked like they were about to pop out of his head.

“Dan, you’re being silly. What’s gotten into you this morning?” his mom said as she pointed to a kitchen chair, motioning for him to sit down. Dan picked up the box of cereal and poured it into his bowl. “You’re the same size you’ve always been,” his mom added. “You’ve never been very tall.”



“What? Oh, never mind, Mom.” Dan shook his head and poured himself a small glass of milk. He ate his cereal in silence, confused about everything that had happened. He dared not tell his mother about the white sparkles that had melted into him on the staircase. “She’ll think I’ve gone crazy for sure,” he thought to himself. After gulping his milk down, he pulled on his white socks and tied his high-top running shoes. “Maybe Holly will know what’s happened to me,” he muttered under his breath as he ran out the front door, letting it slam shut behind him.

Dan stopped on the porch. Something else was weird. It wasn’t November! But how could that be? He remembered going trick-or-treating the night before. Instead it was a warm spring day. There were flowers in his mother’s garden and all the trees were in bloom.

Holly Hocks lived next door and she saw Dan standing on his front porch, scratching his head. “Hi, Dan,” Holly called out as she waved her hand. She loved to shop and she was getting ready to go to the Seedington Mall with



her mother. Holly, who was six feet tall, was the tallest girl in the entire school.

Dan ran over to the porch. "Holly, I'm soooo glad to see you," he said, twisting his hands together.

"What's up?" Holly asked, as she twirled a lock of her dark chestnut-coloured hair and straightened her drooping shoulders.

"I was hoping you could tell me." Dan jammed his hands into his pockets.

"What do you mean?" Holly crinkled her forehead. She wondered why Dan was acting a little bit weird.

Dan explained to Holly that he woke up wearing giant pyjamas and when he looked in the mirror he noticed he was short. "I asked my mom about it, and she told me I've always been short! I can't believe it," Dan said as he ran his hands through his spiky blonde hair.

Holly stared at Dan in disbelief, her big blue eyes opened wide. "Dan, you're acting really weird right now." Holly stood up. "Your mom is right. You've always been short. Maybe you



were wearing your dad's pyjamas by mistake or something."

"No, they were my pyjamas. I left them on the chair in my bedroom. C'mon over and you can see for yourself."

Holly poked her head inside the front door and told her mom she'd be back in a minute. "I should have showed them to my mom too," Dan thought as they ran toward his house.

They ran up Dan's front porch and darted through the screen door, letting it slam shut behind them. His mother was reading the newspaper at the kitchen table, sipping a steaming cup of coffee. "Good morning, Holly," Mrs. Delion said with a smile. "How are you today?"

"Good," Holly answered as she smoothed her chestnut hair.

"Mom, I need to show Holly something in my room. We'll be right back," Dan said as they took off up the staircase.

They ran into Dan's room. The pyjamas were draped over the chair, just as Dan said they would be. But they were not giant-sized



at all! They were small, and looked like they would fit him perfectly! Dan scratched his head, completely puzzled.

“Dan, you’re kinda acting weird,” Holly said as she picked the pyjamas up. “These are not too big for you. These are not giant pyjamas.”

Dan frowned.

“Whatever! Holly, I don’t know what happened this morning, but those pyjamas used to be huge. And what about those white sparkly things that melted into me when I came down the stairs this morning? I felt funny today too, like this day already happened to me before. What’s the date today?”

“It’s the last day of May,” Holly answered. “White sparkles! What white sparkles? You’re freaking me out!”

“Oh, no!” Dan exclaimed. “Are you sure? Isn’t it the first day of November? Didn’t we go trick-or-treating last night? Are you sure it’s the last day of May?”

“Of course I know the date. Look outside, it’s really warm today. How could it be November?”

“If it’s the end of May, that means the





Clover County Track Meet is in less than two weeks! I better start practising today!" Dan looked up at Holly.

"We didn't go trick-or-treating! What are you talking about? Yeah, the track meet is pretty soon. You'll have to run really fast to beat Speedy Seedy," Holly answered.

"I know," Dan said. "But at least I beat him before."

Holly's eyes opened wide in surprise once again. "You've never beaten Speedy Seedy in a race. When did you beat him before?"

"I don't know," Dan stammered. He was confused again. He was sure he had beaten Speedy Seedy before.

"Dan, are you sure you're okay? You're acting really weird."

Dan put his head down. "Yeah, I'm okay. I've got to go to the English Ivys' mansion and talk to Lucinda the Ladybug. If anyone can help me, she can!"

"Who's Lucinda the Ladybug?" Holly asked as they ran down the stairs and out the front door.



Dan froze in his tracks at the bottom of the porch. He quickly turned to look at Holly with a stunned look on his face. "You don't know who Lucinda the Ladybug is? Don't you remember? We're all named after flowers and plants! She taught us that. You're named after the flowers hollyhocks. That's why you're six feet tall. And your shoulders droop, just like the real pink flowers do! Your favourite colour is pink too."

"Whatever! I have no idea what you're talking about," Holly replied while she pushed her long chestnut hair behind her ears. She was beginning to get scared and wondered what was wrong with Dan.

Dan closed his big brown eyes for a moment. It was no use trying to explain anything to Holly. He was anxious to get to the greenhouse he had found in the backyard of the English Ivys' mansion. He wanted to ask Lucinda the Ladybug what was going on.

"Holly, I've got to go! I'll talk to you later." Dan spun around and ran toward the gravel road that led to the English Ivys' mansion. All



was quiet except for the sounds of birds chirping and Dan's running shoes crunching as they hit the gravel road. Once he reached the outskirts of town he began jogging up the hill toward the abandoned mansion which was covered in vines of English ivy. "I know I beat Speedy Seedy before," he thought. "And I remember I found Lucinda the Ladybug on the last day of May. I found her inside that old greenhouse. But if today is the last day of May, how could I have already found Lucinda the Ladybug?"