



Penny was six years old the first time she heard the whistling. It came to her in a dream and whisked her away on a ribbon of melody. Sometimes the whistling was soft and low. Other times, it was shrill and twittering. Then came the harmony: A chorus of whistling like the lyrical tones of a thousand flutes. Weeks and months and years flew by, and Penny danced in her dreams, swirling and turning until the morning sun quieted the music and gently woke her to a new day.

Then there were the lights. Blues and purples, greens and whites. Tiny pinlights, like the tip of a sparkler, flickered in front of Penny's sleeping eyes.

