

"Prize Inside," the cereal package read. But I was almost finished with the whole box, and I hadn't found any prize at all. I poured myself a bowl, added milk, and started my breakfast. And then, I got so interested in the book I was reading that I almost missed it. There, lying in the puddle of milk at the bottom of my bowl, was a small silver key. It didn't look like the usual kind of cereal box prize—it was real silver, and it seemed very, very old. I had to hold it up to the light and squint to read the lettering written across the top: think small. "Think small?" I thought, and suddenly I noticed I was shrinking and shrinking, faster and faster. By the time I stopped, I was sitting in my spoon like it was an armchair. I looked up at my milk-filled cereal bowl, as big as a swimming pool, and then...

