



As the Tuesdays stared in wonder, Tiger twitched his little nose, stretched out his little arms, and started to grow in size. He was now as big as a seven-year-old boy!

He grinned a big grin, jumped off the table onto the floor, and zipped out the door.



Mr. Tuesday got very busy. When he wasn't working in their shop, he was hammering and sawing and painting the little houses. He even built a post office, a firehouse and a tree house for all the dolls to play in.

"Timothy, you have built a magical street," said Mrs. Tuesday. "I think we should name it Tuesday Street."

As all the children in the neighborhood loved to visit the Tuesdays and play with the dolls and doll houses, Tuesday Street became the most popular street around.

Mr. and Mrs. Tuesday were very happy.

"Timothy," said Mrs. Tuesday, "that big oak tree must have been magical. I think our wish did come true."

But they didn't stop there. They made a brother and sister for Trudy and Tuffy and named them Tommy and Tammy. The Tuesdays enjoyed making dolls so much that before long their little apartment was filled to the brim. There were dolls on every table, every bed, and every chair.



The Tuesdays followed him as he ran up and down Tuesday Street. Suddenly, the air began to tingle and tickle and fill with little swirls of light like a million fireflies.

“Wake up, Wake up!” shouted Tiger as he knocked on every door of every house on Tuesday Street. One by one, doors swung open and all the dolls came out. But, like Tiger, they were no longer dolls — they were REAL PEOPLE!

