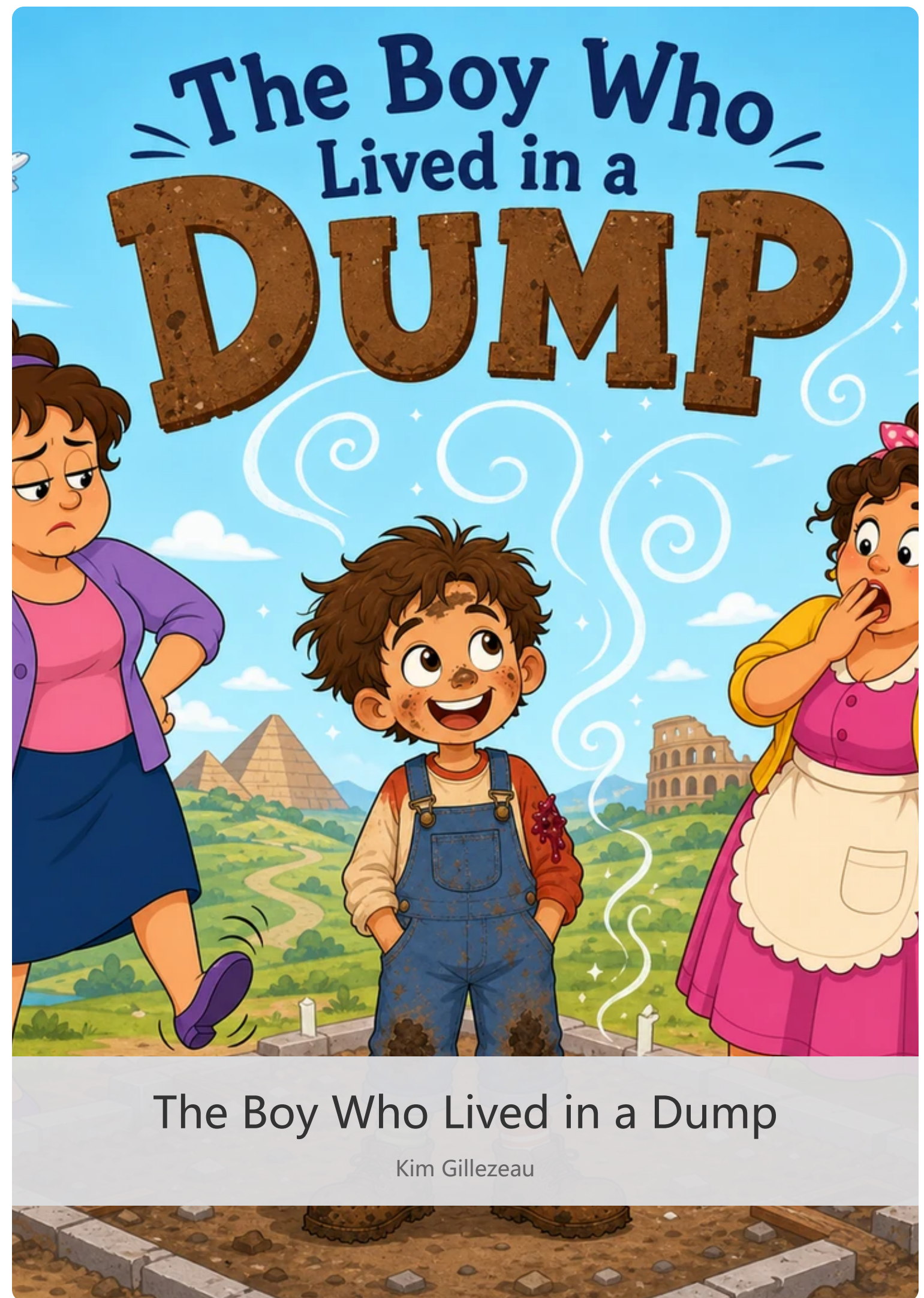






Meet Dusty, a cheerful young boy with sticky fingers, perpetually messy hair, and mismatched socks that always smelled a little bit like old cheese. He loved collecting strange bits of shiny foil, odd bottle caps, and mud puddles, even if his family thought he was a tiny bit gross. Still, Dusty was happy as could be relaxing in his cozy, cluttered living room.



One bright afternoon, Dusty's mother tapped her foot at his dirt-smudged nose and asked him to step outside into the garden for just one single minute. Dusty nodded obediently, wiped a blob of jam onto his sleeve, and skipped out onto the front porch.



Precisely sixty seconds later, Dusty spun around to go back inside, but he rubbed his eyes in utter disbelief. Where his warm yellow house had stood just moments ago, there was now only a smooth patch of green grass and open sky. His home had completely disappeared without leaving a single brick behind.



Confused but determined, Dusty walked down the cobblestone street to his Auntie's colorful townhouse. Auntie greeted him with a gasp at his muddy boots and promptly shooed him onto the balcony for a breath of fresh air. When Dusty turned back around to ask for a snack, guess what happened? Auntie's entire townhouse had vanished into thin air.



Wiping a streak of dirt across his forehead, Dusty hurried over to his Uncle's house across town. Uncle took one look at Dusty's dusty overalls and immediately ordered him to stand in the yard until he brushed himself off. The second Dusty turned around, his Uncle's house poofed out of existence, leaving behind only an empty lawn.



Perplexed by this bizarre pattern, Dusty trekked up the hill to his Granny's cozy cottage. Granny opened the door, wrinkled her nose at his smudged knees, and kindly pointed him toward the back garden for a minute of clean air. As soon as Dusty turned around, Granny's cottage evaporated like a puff of steam, leaving him standing all alone.



Realizing that every home in town seemed to disappear when he was sent outside, Dusty decided to pack his small rucksack and travel across the ocean to another country. He boarded a big boat, crossed rolling waves under starry skies, and wondered if things would be any different in a distant land.



After a long journey, Dusty finally arrived at his Grampa's seaside house in a whole new country. Grampa smiled and patted Dusty's messy head, but quickly asked him to wait outside on the porch for just a moment. Dusty sighed, turned around, and watched in amazement as Grampa's house vanished instantly into the warm sea breeze.



Having nowhere else to go and no houses left standing, Dusty wandered until he stumbled upon the town dump. To anyone else, it looked like a gigantic pile of trash, but to Dusty, it was a magnificent wonderland full of forgotten treasures and cozy nooks.



Dusty realized that here at the dump, nobody would ever tell him to go outside because he was already in the grandest outdoors of all. He built a splendid castle out of cardboard boxes, old armchairs, and shiny tin cans, finally finding a place where he truly belonged and where nothing ever disappeared.