Frank nods. “You mess with one part, you mess up everything.”

Grampa Al turns to Frank. “Exactly. And here’s the mystery we are here to solve—any research teams that have been sent to this area, they have mysteriously lost all of their electronic data. And hikers and campers have reported being chased off by scary accidents . . . and

Frank finishes the last of his hot dog and leans forward. The firelight flickers shadows on his face. “We can tell spooky stories later. What is this mission?”

Grampa Al looks left and right into the dark woods surrounding their little circle of firelight. He lowers his voice. “Strange things have been happening out here in Darwin Park. Bees are dying. Frogs are disappearing. An entire cave of bats—gone. Something is seriously disrupting the life cycles up here.”
T. Edison swings in his hammock, happily watching the stream of water rushing into one end of the building, and coming out the other as a tiny trickle.

The orange-and-black butterfly flaps from flower to flower.

"Sometimes I amaze even myself with my genius ideas."

Mr. Chimp eyeballs T. Edison. Mr. Chimp puts his drink down carefully, leans forward, and signs:

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MYIDEA
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T. Edison waves his hand. "Your idea... my idea... who can say where ideas come from? What matters is what you make of an idea."

Mr. Chimp shakes his head slowly. He stands up. He grabs T. Edison’s hammock and starts to swing it. Slowly at first. But then faster.

"Hey!" squeaks T. Edison. "OK, slow down. Maybe it was both our idea."

Mr. Chimp swings the hammock fast, faster, fastest.

"Hey! Hey! Hey!" T. Edison yells.

Mr. Chimp pushes, flips, spins T. Edison upside down and around and around in complete circles. Pieces of banana muffin fly off the spinning hammock.

“Great,” says Frank.

“Shall I explain the characteristics of each kingdom?”

“Maybe later,” says Frank.

“Awwwwwww.”

“Watson! What did you find on how Earth got all these different species?”

... writes Frank, on the tent, next to VARIETY OF LIFE.

“Scientists have calculated that our planet Earth formed about 4.6 billion years ago,” says Watson.

“The first signs of life, simple cells, have been found as fossils from 3.5 billion years ago.

“Multicelled life, one billion years ago.

“Fish, 500 million years ago.

“Land plants, 475 million years ago.

“Insects, 400 million years ago.

“Reptiles and dinosaurs, 250 million years ago.”

Klank interrupts, “Doooh I love dinosaurs!”

“Mammals, that we humans are part of, 200 million years ago,” Watson continues.
"I'm sure it will be amazing," says Watson, nervously. "But remember—I am only watching. I am not testing any part of this craziness. I am safely working on my new Telescoping Fishing Rod."

Klank clomps, Klink rolls, and Watson walks down the campsite path after Frank.

A flock of house sparrows (*Passer domesticus*) chatters in the bushes.

Three blue jays (*Cyanocitta cristata*), startled by a small furry-something swinging through the trees, squawk their alarm call and burst into flight.

Frank explains as they walk down the trail.

"It's called the EvoBlaster Belt because it will allow us to blast all around evolution—a process that takes millions of years—in seconds."

"That's nuts," says Watson.

Frank kneels down at the edge of the meadow. He adjusts the EvoBlaster Belt controls.

"No no no. It makes perfect sense. Remember Darwin's original idea of All Connected Life? Darwin saw it like branches of a tree.

"But the more we learned about species, the bigger and more complicated the tree of life got.

"And now we know about so many millions of species in the whole history of the earth, that the tree of life has turned into a giganto Connected Circle of Life."