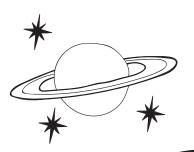


SPAGE

VICKI C. HAYES



MEET THE



Age: 12

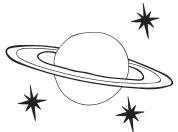
Favorite Breakfast: Galaxy-O's with milk

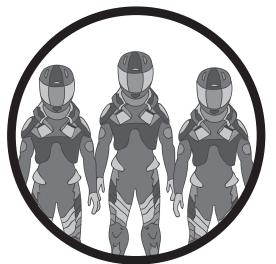
Best Subject: physics

Fun Activity: paleo baking with his dad

Best Quality: a natural leader







THE REBELS

Ages: unknown

Rebel #1: doesn't know how to swim **Rebel #2:** secretly hates space travel

Rebel #3: collects moon rocks

Best Quality: fearlessness

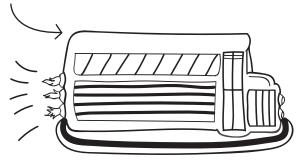
THE SPACE BUS

"Are we there yet?" Jac asked. He was sitting in the back of the space bus.

Mr. Flinn frowned. "It's only been ten minutes. The jump back to school takes over two hours. You know that."

"Yeah." Sarra rolled her eyes at Jac.







"Maybe he forgot." Mell shrugged. "He's been playing his 8G game."



"No way," Sarra said. "Jac knows. He's just a pest."

Ben and Dug laughed.

"That's enough!" Mr. Flinn shouted. "Your bad behavior today ends now. I can't believe you're sixth graders. You acted like little kids in the museum. Everyone was loud. Nobody listened. Our poor guide nearly cried."

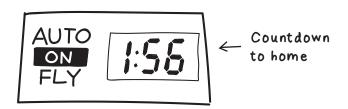


"That's not our fault," Jac said. "It was super boring."

Mr. Flinn looked mad. He tried to keep his cool. "Everybody be quiet," he said. "Until we reach Tellis."

The kids stopped talking. Jac went back to his game. Ben and Dug whispered to each other. Then they grinned at Sarra. Sarra frowned and turned away.

Mr. Flinn undid his seat belt. He went up to the control panel. It was locked. But that was okay. The bus flew itself.



Minutes slowly ticked down on the trip timer. There were nearly two hours left to



go. Mr. Flinn sighed and sat back down. He put his seat belt on.

"I liked the museum." Mell smiled at her teacher. "Thank you for taking us."

"You're welcome, Mell," Mr. Flinn said.
"I'm glad someone liked it. The museum has very limited access. They only let in a few students. You were the lucky ones who passed the entry test."

"That means we're all really smart," Jac smirked.

"Yes, it's true," Mr. Flinn said. "You're all very gifted. But few of you act your age. You argue and are rude. If you had any sense, you'd try to get along."

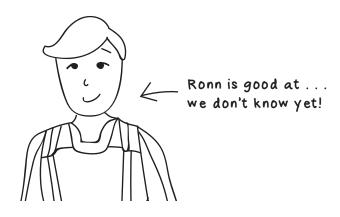




Mr. Flinn looked at the eight students.

On one side of the bus sat the four girls. Teena could solve any problem involving numbers. Keera was great with words. Mell could tell what others were feeling. Sarra was very smart all around.

The four boys sat across from the girls. Dug knew all about space travel. Ben had incredible strength. Jac was a computer whiz. Then there was Ronn. Ronn didn't talk much. He was a new student. Mr. Flinn didn't know him very well. Nobody did.





For ten minutes, the space bus was quiet.

Then Sarra broke the silence. "Hey!" she yelled. "You're going to break it. Just stop!"

"It's mine," Jac said, shaking his 8G game. "I can break it if I want."

Jac and Sarra started to scuffle.

Mr. Flinn sighed and took off his seat belt again. He stood and turned to face the kids. "If you can't stop—"

There was a loud clang. The space bus shook hard. Mr. Flinn slipped. He grabbed for the seat but missed. As he fell, his head hit the control panel. Then the bus stopped shaking.

"What was that?" Teena looked scared.

"Probably just a space rock," Dug said.
"It hit the bus."

"Is Mr. Flinn okay?" Mell asked.



Their teacher lay on the bus floor. His eyes were closed. He wasn't moving.

"Um." Jac sounded worried. "I think he's dead."







































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