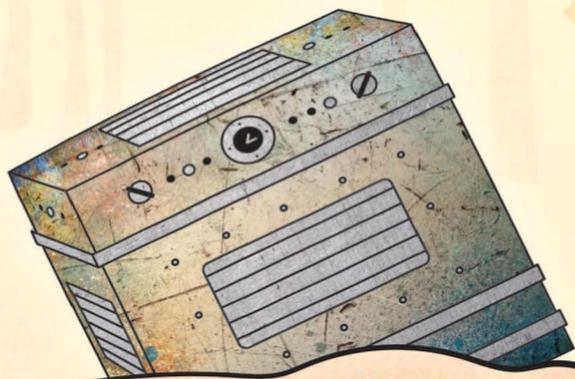


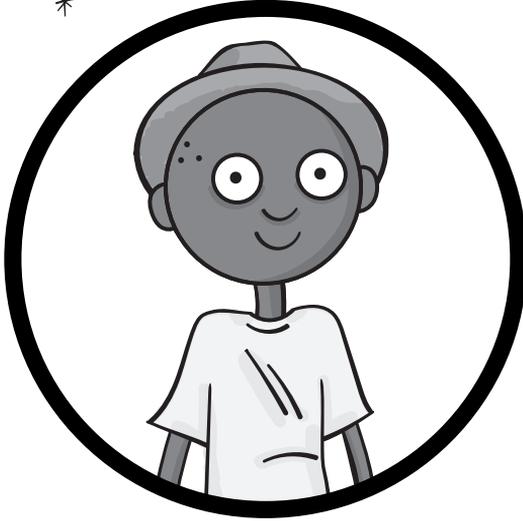
# OUT OF GAS



VICKI C. HAYES



MEET THE



TREY

**Age:** 11

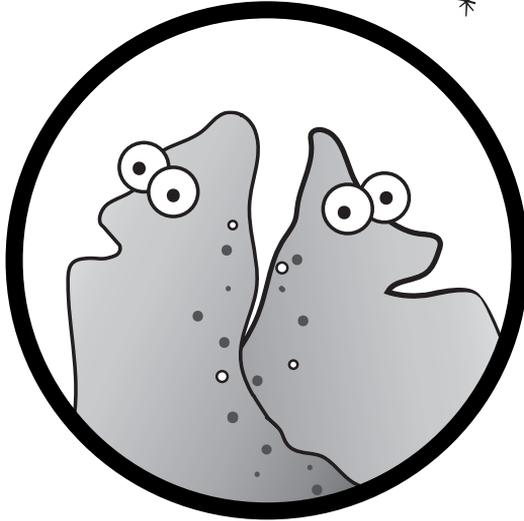
**Personality:** friendly, happy, and a little shy

**Future Goal:** to be a professional soccer player in Europe

**Favorite Food:** raspberry jelly doughnuts

**Best Quality:** motivated to help others

# CHARACTERS



## THE TOOZERS

**Age:** 8 (in Earth years)

**Secret Wish:** to visit Twinsburg, Ohio,  
during their time on Earth

**Favorite Activity:** chasing comets

**Upcoming Event:** Poz has to get glasses

**Best Quality:** versatility

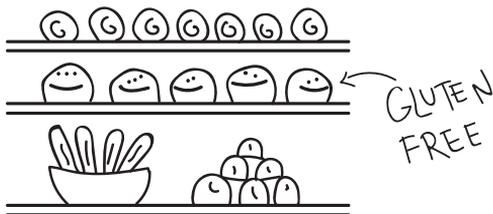
# 1

## NO IDEA

“I hate school!” said Trey. “I want to play soccer. But Mister Dean says no. He wants me off the team.”

“Why?” asked Dad.

Trey grabbed a warm loaf of bread. He stuffed it in a bag. He plopped the bag on a shelf.



“He wants my idea,” said Trey. “For the sixth grade science fair. I need an idea by



Monday. Or I'm off the team." Trey dusted flour off his hands. He was helping his parents. They owned a bake shop.

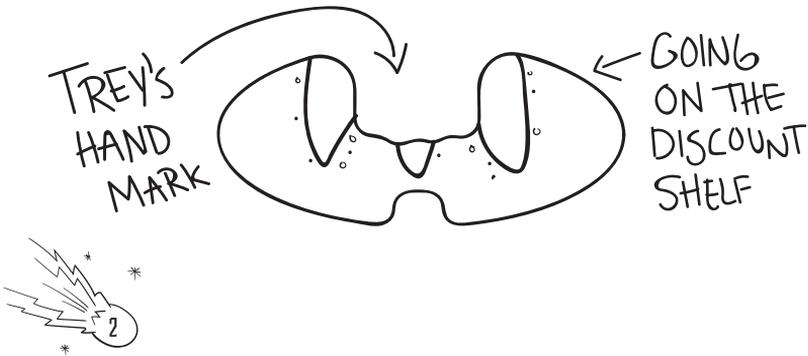
"Easy," said Mom. "You like science." She took more bread out of the oven.

"That's right," said Dad. "You like space. How about looking at a new planet?" Dad was mixing dough.

"Or spaceships?" said Mom. "Or aliens?"

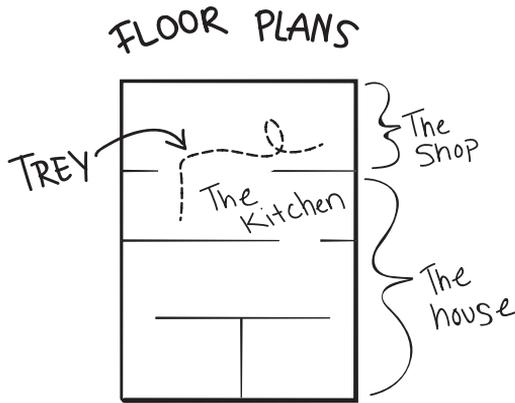
Trey grabbed another loaf of fresh bread.

"Those are no good," he said. "I have to test something. Or show how something works." He shoved the bread into a bag. He was mad. Mom looked at the squashed bread.



“Take a break,” she said. “Take Max for a walk. Maybe you’ll think of an idea.”

Trey nodded. He dropped the bread on the table. He walked through the shop’s back door. He walked into the house kitchen. The shop and the house were connected.



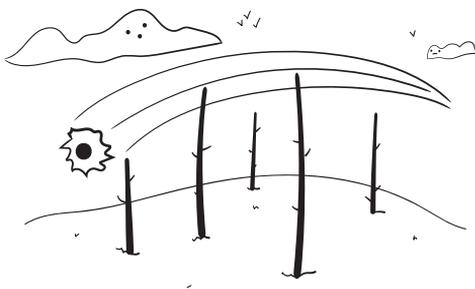
“Let’s go, Max,” he called. The big dog ran up. “Let’s go for a walk.”

Trey liked walking with Max. He could tell his worries to Max. Trey and Max left the house. They headed into the woods.



“What will I do?” Trey asked Max. “I need an idea. I really want to play soccer. The science fair is stupid.”

Max stuck his nose into some dead leaves. Then Max looked up. He pricked up his ears. Trey looked up. He saw a bright streak of light. It flashed across the sky. Then there was a loud crash. It came from up ahead.



Trey felt a wave of heat. Something had just happened.

“What was that?” asked Trey.

“Woof! Woof!” Max barked.



“I don’t know either,” said Trey. “Let’s go see.”

Trey ran through the woods. Max ran with him. Then they stopped. The woods looked odd.

“What is this?” asked Trey. He looked around. Many trees were gone. Some were broken. Some were smoking. Branches were on the ground. Leaves were in the air. The ground was smoking.

Then Trey saw a new thing. It didn’t belong in the woods. It was a large box. It was silver. It looked like a big oven. Like the oven in the bake shop. It was stuck in the ground.



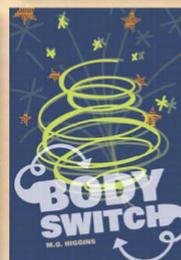
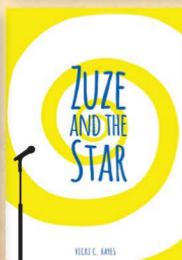
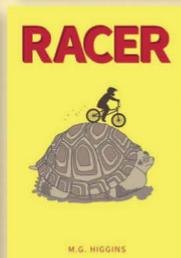
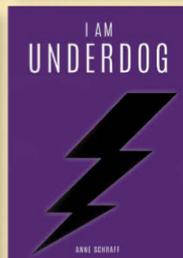
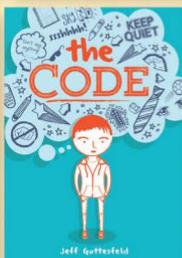
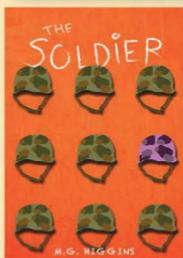
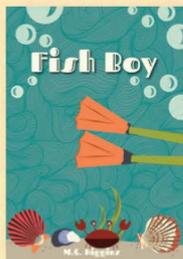
“I think it crashed,” said Trey. “It crashed hard.”

Max whined. He sniffed the air. He wanted to sniff the box. Trey grabbed Max.

“Don’t go too close,” said Trey. “It doesn’t look safe. It might be hot. It might even blow up!”



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# OUT OF GAS

I heard it. Then saw it.  
A bright streak of light.  
It was a spaceship!



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