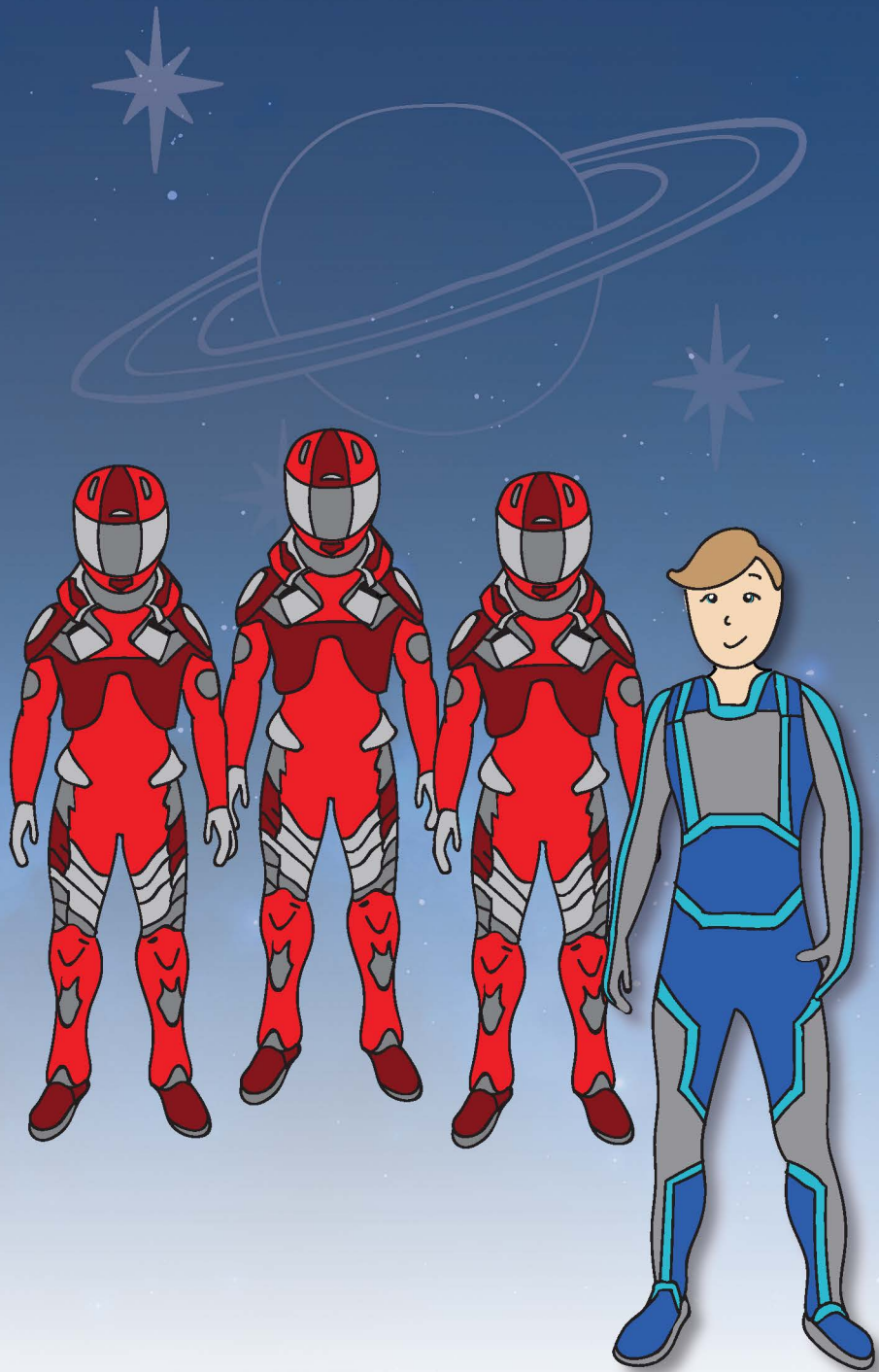
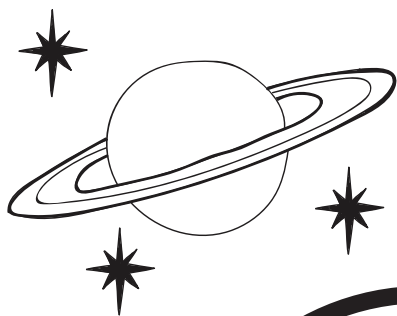




# SPACE TRIP

**VICKI C. HAYES**





**MEET THE**



**Reed** (RONN)

**Age:** 12

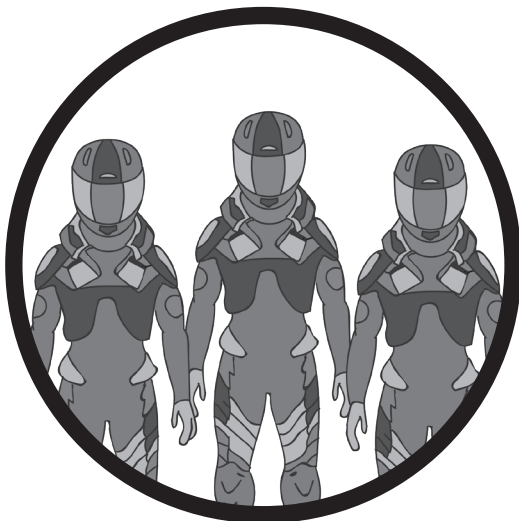
**Favorite Breakfast:** Galaxios with milk

**Best Subject:** physics

**Fun Activity:** paleo baking with his dad

**Best Quality:** a natural leader

# CHARACTERS



# THE REBELS

**Ages:** unknown

**Rebel #1:** plays professional snooker

**Rebel #2:** hates space travel

**Rebel #3:** collects shells

**Best Quality:** fearlessness

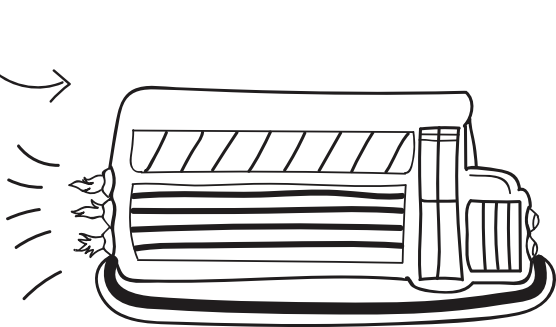
# THE SPACE BUS

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

Mr. Flinn frowned. “It’s been fifteen minutes,” he said. “The jump back to school takes over two hours. You know that.”

“Yeah, Jac,” said Sarra. “You know that.” Sarra rolled her eyes at Jac.

*Our space bus*



“Maybe he forgot,” said Mell. “He’s been playing his 8G game.”



“No way,” said Sarra. “Jac’s just a pest.”  
Ben and Dug laughed.

“Quiet down!” said Mr. Flinn. “I can’t believe you’re sixth graders. You were bad in the museum. You made noise. You didn’t listen. You acted bored.”

“It was a boring place,” said Jac.

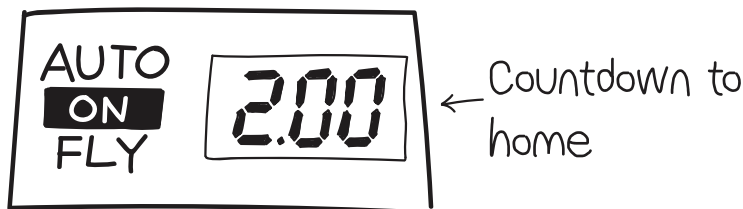
“No more talking!” said Mr. Flinn. “Quiet till we reach Tellis.”

The kids stopped talking. Jac went back



to his game. Ben and Dug whispered to each other. Then they looked at Sarra. They grinned. Sarra frowned. She looked away.

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



Mr. Flinn checked the trip time. Two hours to go. He sighed and sat back down. He put his seat belt on.

“I liked the museum,” said Mell. “Thank you for taking us.”

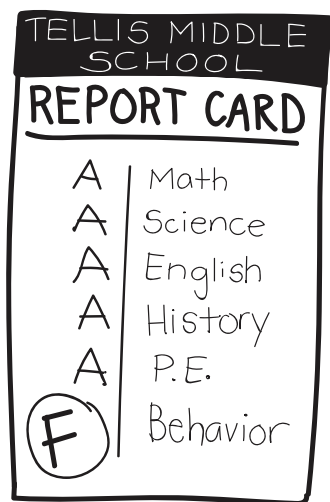
“You’re welcome, Mell,” said Mr. Flinn. “I’m glad someone liked it. It’s hard to get



in to see it. They only let in a few students. You were the lucky ones who passed the test.”

“That means we’re all really smart,” said Jac.

“You may be smart,” Mr. Flinn said. “But most of you don’t act it. You argue. You fight. You’re rude. I wish you were smart enough to get along. I’ll be glad when we reach Tellis.”



Mr. Flinn looked at the eight students.





On one side of the bus sat the four girls.  
Teena could solve anything with numbers.  
Keera knew all about words and sounds.  
Mell could tell what others were feeling.  
And Sarra was just very smart.

The four boys sat across from the girls.  
Dug knew all about space travel. Ben had  
super quick reflexes. Jac was a computer  
whiz. And Ronn? Ronn was new to the  
group. Mr. Flinn didn't know him very well.



← Ronn is good at...  
we don't know yet!

For fifteen minutes the space bus was  
quiet.



Then Sarra spoke up. “Stop that!” she yelled. “You’re going to break it. Just stop!”

“It’s mine,” said Jac. “I can break it if I want.”

Mr. Flinn heard them scuffle behind him. He sighed. He took off his seat belt. He stood up. “If you can’t stop—”

There was a loud clang. The space bus shook. It shook a lot. Mr. Flinn fell. He grabbed for the seat. But he missed. He hit his head. He hit it on the control panel. The panel was hard. Mr. Flinn fell to the floor. He lay still. The bus stopped shaking.

“What was that?” asked Teena.

“A space rock,” said Dug. “It hit the bus.”

“How’s Mr. Flinn?” asked Ronn.

Jac looked at their teacher. “I think he’s dead,” he said.



# SPACE TRIP

We have to catch that  
bus. Everything is riding  
on it. The president will  
listen to us then.



  
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ISBN: 978-1-62250-965-2

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