

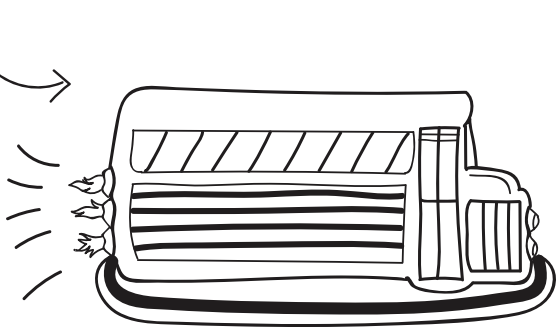
# THE SPACE BUS

“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.

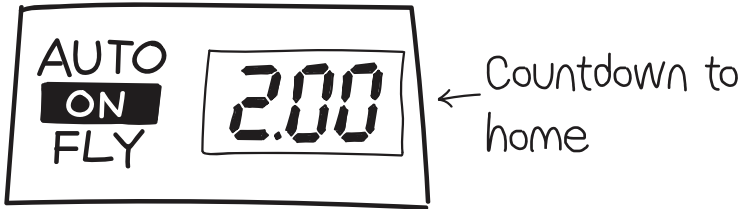
“No more talking!” said Mr. Flinn. “Quiet till we reach Tellis.”

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.”

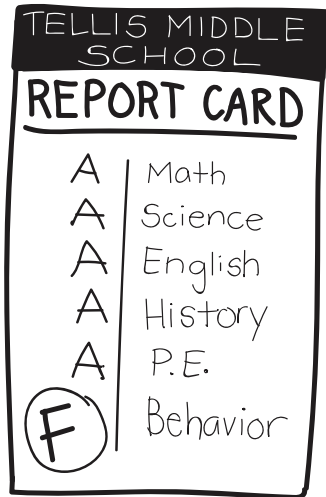
“You’re welcome, Mell,” said Mr. Flinn. “I’m glad someone liked it. It’s hard to get



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.

