



Chapter 7

Yippee

Wah-Wah!

"Hi!" said Zack. Then he raised his hand and moved it in a circle—just like his dad had done at the spaceport. The other students just stared.

"Okay, class, let's begin with today's history lesson," Ms. Rudolph said. She sat and then began typing.

Zack stared at the small screen in front of him.

How do I get this thing to work? he wondered.

A Nebulite boy sitting next to Zack leaned over. "Just tap the center of the screen," the boy whispered.

"Thanks," Zack whispered back. He tapped his screen and the lesson appeared.

Zack enjoyed learning about the history of Nebulon.



After history they studied math and science.

Then the bell rang for lunch, and everyone dashed from the classroom.

The students boarded a space bus to take them from the classroom to the cafeteria.





Zack stepped onto the bus. He saw kids talking and laughing. Zack felt like he was all alone.

What I am doing here? he thought. *I want to go home.*

"Hey, Zack. There is a seat over here," someone called out.

Zack looked toward the back of the

bus. He saw the Nebulite boy who sat next to him in class. Zack hurried down the aisle and sat next to the boy.

"I am Drake Taylor," the boy said, raising his hand and moving it in a circle.



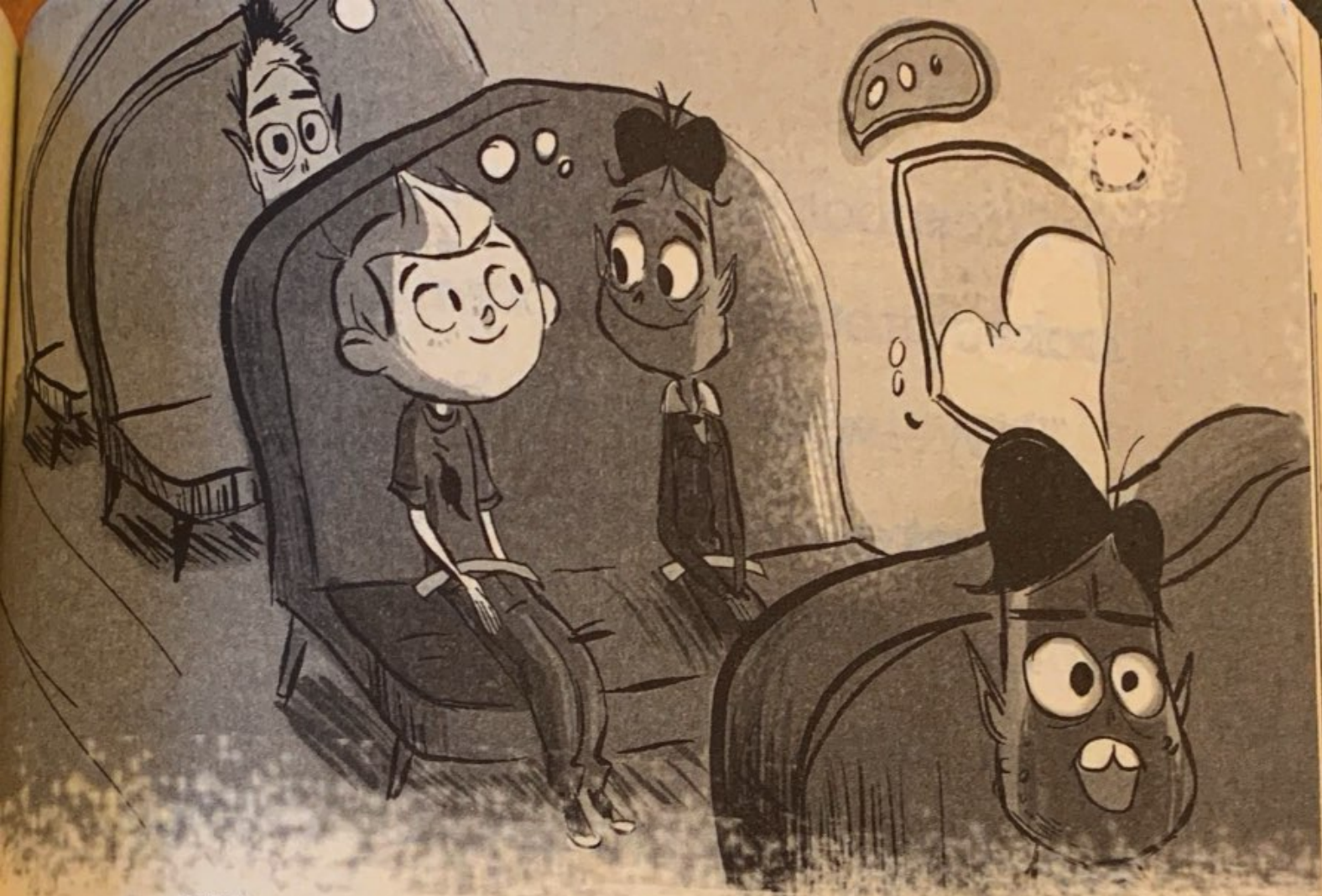
"Nice to meet you," Zack said, doing the same hand movement.

The bus zoomed off from its dock outside the classroom building.

"How long has your family been living on Nebulon, Zack?" asked Drake.

Zack looked down at his Galactic Standard watch. "Hmm . . . about eighteen hours," Zack replied, smiling.





"How do you like it so far?" Drake asked.

"Parts of it are cool," said Zack. The last thing Zack wanted to do was to tell Drake how much he missed home.

The space bus slowed to a stop. The doors slid open, and everyone ran into the cafeteria.

Zack took a seat next to Drake and looked around.

"Hey—where's the lunch line?" Zack asked. "Where's all the food?"

"You will see," Drake replied.

Just then a line of robots came marching through the door. They were tall, skinny, and metal. Each of them pushed a cart filled with food.



A robot walked over to Zack and Drake. Zack read the choices. "I'll have super mac and cheese," he said.

The robot picked up a steaming plate of food. It set the plate down right in front of Zack.

"And I will have the jammin' jelly sandwich, please," Drake said. After Drake got his food, the boys began to eat.





"So, Zack, what did you do for fun on Earth?"

"I really liked going bike riding with my friend Bert," Zack replied.

"I, too, like to ride my bike," Drake said. "Maybe we could ride our bikes together."



"Yeah . . . okay," Zack said.

"How about we ride together today after school?" Drake asked.

"Um . . . all right."

When lunch was over, the space bus arrived to take

everyone back

to class. Zack and Drake took their seats.





"Yippee wah-wah,"
Drake said. "My favorite
class is next."

Zack stared at his
new friend. "I have
two questions, Drake,"
said Zack. "What's your
favorite class? And what
does 'yippee wah-wah' mean?"

Drake laughed. Zack
started laughing too.

"Planetology is my
favorite class," Drake
replied. "And 'yippee
wah-wah' is what



Nebulite kids say when they are happy."

"I love studying planets and stars too," said Zack. He was happy that he met Drake. Looks like I made a new friend, he thought.

