

## My Pencil Is In Orbit

So, it was a normal day. I woke up, got dressed, ate breakfast, brushed my teeth...and it was my day to change the suction cups. Great. Just great.

Oh, right. You folks reading this aren't from here. Well, we live in a whole different universe, and have much better technology, but mainly, it's our gravity. In our universe, we have so, so, so stronger gravity. Our world has its own atmosphere, around millions of asteroids, each one having about one city per asteroid. We do all our travel between cities in mini airplanes. Each asteroid has a tiny fraction of gravity. This combination of gravitational pulls makes things go into orbit, so we use suction cups to secure objects to their areas.

Anyway, back to the story. I changed the cups and walked to my school, Zontarg (named after the famous alien custodian). I walked through the B wing to Mr. Hodgeman's class and saw my two friends Alex and Steve sitting in the hallway. I chatted with them until Mr. Hodgeman called us into class. I got my repetitive morning work, finished it, and started to read my Kane Chronicles book, a popular series.

Suddenly, there was a small POP! and Susan raised her hand and said, "Mr. Hodgeman, my pencil is in or—" BANG! We were sucked out of our seats along with our supplies, such as pencils, books, paper, etc. I wasn't too surprised. The culprit of this kind of situation was often just a little kid who broke down when questioned. But when questioned, no one found any evidence. They looked everywhere while orbiting around the school, but then my foot got stuck on the bar on the roof. I yelled for help, and Mr. Hodgeman came my way. In his orbit, he suddenly stopped in midair, as if the air was solid in front of him. I concentrated hard and an image slowly appeared. A pale blue tunnel, reaching up as far as the eye could see, was sucking up suction cups like a vacuum cleaner, with an assortment of tiny tubes protruding from the main one, moving around to get everything with the cups on it, including our shoe attachments. We then put 2 people at each tube to make sure nothing else got in, who then passed the objects to Steve and me, who pair by pair, made new shoe attachments with less cups than the recommended amount, but enough to keep us on the ground. Alex figured out some math, and found the school would go bankrupt if it did not get the lost cups back. He said our best option was to see what the tube led to. So we made a spacecraft out of an old science fair project on rocket boosters, and took off.

Now you're maybe wondering, "What happened to the adults?" Well, they were off telling the armed forces and police and all that, so we were on our own. At this time, we saw a huge storage box, with the tunnel leading up to it, so we parked on the roof. We found there

was no entrance, so we made the spacecraft into a shovel and hacked away. After some time, we made a hole big enough to slip through. We landed safely, and looked around.

The tunnel was depositing objects, which were on the ground. There was nothing else except 3 computers. One was locked, but looked as if it might have the tunnel controls. One said that this was the first place the creatures doing this had been to. The last one showed there were just under 15 minutes until the creatures took everything away. We had to act fast. We climbed out of the hole and walked, using the suction cups, down to the ground. We got everyone into the storage box in basically the same way. We then tried to figure out the password to the locked computer. None of the suggestions worked, and there were 5 minutes left. A small boy suggested just hitting ENTER. There were 3 minutes left, so we hit ENTER. A touchscreen popped up. It worked! We set the tunnel to carry the items—and us—to the ground, where everyone wanted to hear our story. And they assigned me to change the suction cups. Just great.