

### Justin's Trip

I chew on a strand of my hair. "They got back real late last night. It was foggy or something and they couldn't land right away and then they missed a connection or something and they didn't get in until three in the morning. That's what Mrs. Daniels told my mom when we called her this morning. She said that they were going to try to get some sleep."

"Wow. That sounds so exciting," Brandi says. "Their trip, I mean, not the going to sleep part."

"Yea. Exciting," I say, in what my mother calls "Little Ms. Amber's sarcastic voice." Justin got to go on a real plane before I did. Life sure isn't fair some days ... some years.

Mr. Cohen flicks the lights off and on. "Continue working on your China project."

I reach into the desk and pull out half of a peanut butter and M&M sandwich. I made it one day when my mother overslept and asked me to make my own lunch.

When I look at the sandwich, I think about the joke that Justin told me before he went away ... about the person so dumb that he got fired from his job at the M&M factory for throwing away every piece of candy with a "W" on it.