

Jen quickly got dressed in her new clothes that she had picked out the night before. Today was going to be an excellent day. It was her first day of fifth grade. After being the young kids in the school for years, Jen and her classmates would now be the oldest. First graders would ask them for directions. Third grade students would admire them, and fourth graders would wish they didn't have to wait another year to be like them.

Jen waited impatiently by the school bus stop. She knew that her best friends would already be on the bus. Jen could hardly wait to talk to them about their plans for this year. She glanced down the road and saw bus number twenty-four slowly coming closer. Her heart began to beat more quickly in excitement.

The bus came to a stop and Jen said hello to Mrs. Lopez, the bus driver. Jen searched the bus to find her friends, who were sitting at the very back. She hurried to meet up with them. After a few squeals of delight, they huddled together to catch up on what they had been doing that summer. Jen shared her experience of going to a month-long summer camp in the mountains. She told her friends all about Zach, a boy she had met there. They had written letters nearly every week since camp had ended. When they came to the last stop on the bus route, Jen's mouth dropped open. Zach was walking down the aisle!