



“How old are you, Miss Mackle?”
Mary asked.

“I’ll tell you my age, but you have to
solve the math. Ready?”

I leaned forward.

Harry leaned back. He hates hard
math problems.

“Eight plus eight, minus one, plus
fifteen, minus two, plus three.”

Just when I got the answer, Sidney
shouted, “*Look!* A butterfly crawled out
of its chrysalis!”

Everyone turned and looked at the
giant yellow net cage that hung in the
middle of the room. The butterfly was
perfectly still. Its wings were pointing
straight up.

Miss Mackle clapped her hands. “Look
at our beautiful painted lady! Song
Lee, you’re my helper today. Please go
get Mr. Cardini. Tell him we have good
news in Room 2B.”

As soon as Song Lee left the room,
Miss Mackle made an important an-
nouncement. “Don’t forget about this
final stage of the butterfly. It needs
time to dry its wings before it flies, so
don’t anyone jostle the net cage or
touch a wing.”

“Yes, Miss Mackle,” we all said.

“What’s the good news?” Mr. Cardini
asked as he stood in the doorway.

“*Look!*” the class shouted.

Chapter Four

The shouts came from the front of the line. Cam turned. Eric and the others standing around the old man turned, too.

"I've been robbed! I've been robbed!" a woman said as she walked quickly toward the two guards.

The guards walked to the woman. They knew her.

"Sally, what happened?" one of the guards asked.

"I was sitting in the ticket booth," Sally said. "And someone pointed a gun at me."

Sally wiped a tear from her cheek. "It was awful," she said.

"What happened next?" a guard asked.

Sally took a deep breath and said, "He waved the gun and said, 'Give me all the money.'"

Sally wiped away another tear.

"So I gave him everything in the cash box. I sold a lot of tickets this morning. I know there was a lot of money in that box."

"Now give me *your* money," he said.

