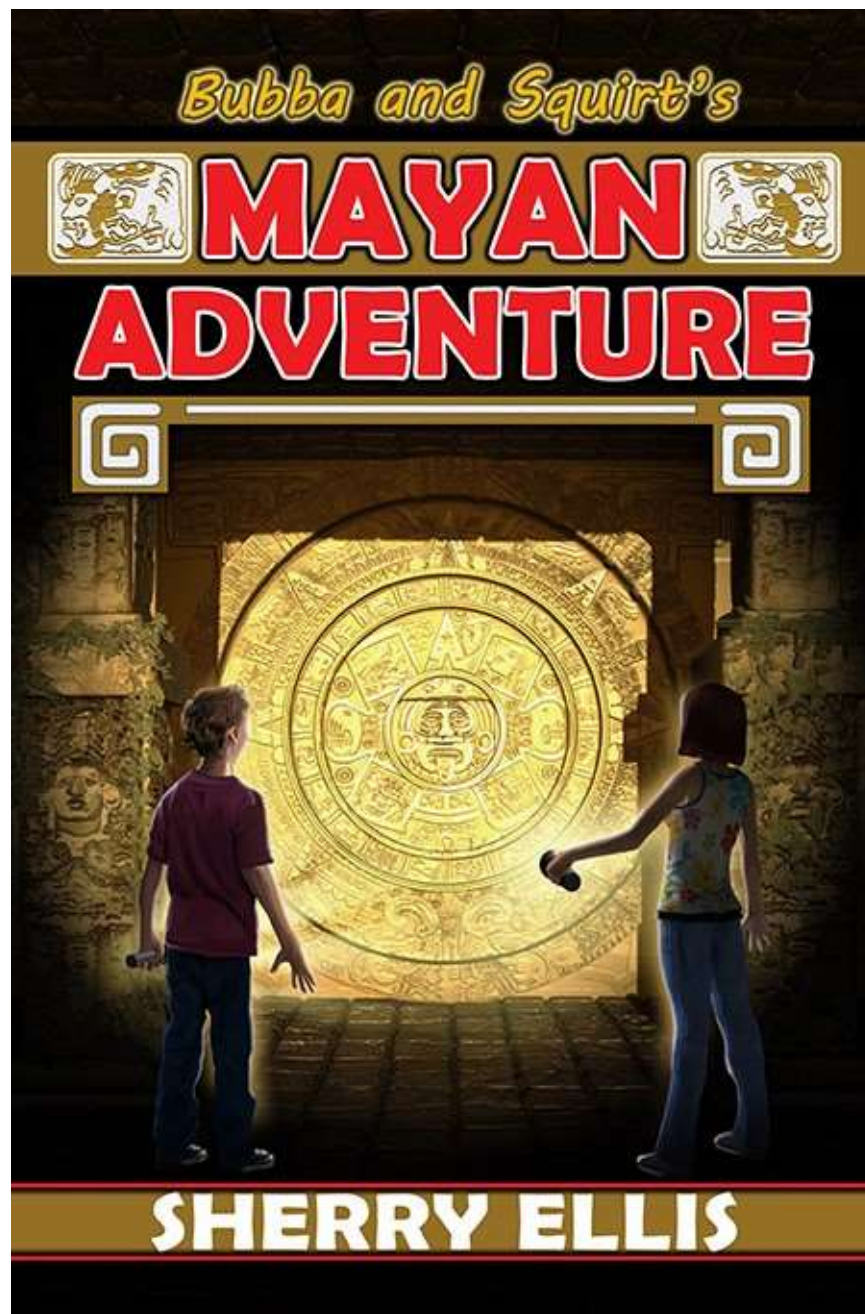




[Sherry Ellis](#)

Chapter 3—Bubba: The Place is Busted—Excerpted from
Bubba and Squirt's Mayan Adventure

We climbed the steps and stood at the opening. Guess what we saw? A pyramid with no point on top, like the one from my dream. It was in the middle of a grassy field, and it had lots of steps. And do you know what else? Behind the pyramid was a jungle. A real one with palm trees and tropical plants. You wouldn't believe the noise! I needed earplugs for all those bird chirps and bug sounds. I took a deep breath, and it smelled like mud puddles.

"I think we're in Mexico!"

Squirt shrugged. "Maybe. I know we're not in Egypt. Egyptian pyramids don't look like that. Plus, we're in a jungle, not a desert."

"Correctomundo, Captain Obvious. Come on. Let's check it out!"

I took off lickety-split to the pyramid and climbed the steps. But when I got to step number thirty-two, I had to take a break. Sweat leaked out of my forehead and dripped into my eyes. Sitting down, I looked around.

I spotted another pyramid, but it was shorter than the one I was on, and it was covered with grass. Someone needed to get a lawnmower. A line of white steps went to the top.

I looked down. Squirt was at the bottom.

"Bubba wait!" she said.

But I didn't. I wanted to get to the top first. So I kept climbing. Those steep, narrow steps were tricky. A couple of times my feet slipped, and I almost fell.

I finally made it, but boy was I thirsty! They should've put a drinking fountain at the top. Wishing for water, I sat down and waited for Squirt.

She huffed and puffed. Sweat made her stringy, brown hair stick to her face. She stopped in the middle and looked up. "How many are there?"

"Steps?"

“Yeah.”

“Ninety-two.” I didn’t really know, but it sounded good. I’d lost track after forty-seven.

Squirt frowned and continued climbing. When she reached the top, she grabbed her hair and lifted it off her neck. Then she let out a big breath and plopped down next to me.

“About time, slow poke!”

Squirt gave me a tummy jab.

“Check out the other pyramid,” I said.

Squirt nodded. “There are more stone things over there.”

She was right. Crumbling gray buildings made of giant stone blocks were everywhere. They must’ve been part of an ancient city. I looked at the structure we’d come out of. Compared to the others, it was in good shape. The building looked like a stone rectangle with a door. Easy to spot whenever we had to go back.

“What do you think we’re supposed to do here?” Squirt asked.

“Beats me. But it would be nice if they had a burrito shop. I’m hungry.”

Squirt rolled her eyes. “Seriously? We’re stuck in who-knows-where, and all you can think of is food?”

“And something to drink.”

“Yeah, I guess that would be nice.”

We sat for a few minutes staring at everything. The Mayans must’ve liked making steps because all the buildings had them. They looked funny sitting there on the green grass, too, as if they were a playground on someone’s backyard.

“This is dumb. There’s nothing to do,” Squirt said. “We should go back to the tunnel thing and go home.”

I shrugged. “Okay. But why would Great-Great-Grandpa say it was important to come here?”

“Who knows? It was a dream.”

“Yeah, but here we are. This isn’t a dream.”

Squirt sighed and got up. I was about to follow her when a voice behind us spoke

“*Hola.*”

“What...?” I whipped around and saw the scariest thing ever —a girl!

Get the full book of *Bubba and Squirt’s Mayan Adventure* [here](#).



About the Author: Sherry Ellis

Sherry Ellis is an award-winning author and professional musician who plays and teaches violin, viola, and piano. When she is not writing or engaged in musical activities, she can be found doing household chores, hiking, or exploring the world. Ellis has previously published *Bubba and Squirt's Big Dig to China*; *Don't Feed the Elephant*; *Ten Zany Birds*; *That Mama is a Grouch*; and *That Baby Woke Me Up, AGAIN*. Ellis lives in Atlanta, Georgia.

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