

We were exhausted from all the work. There was always some work to do, so we slept in **shifts**. One of us had to be awake all the time in case a problem occurred. Finally, we got to our destination. We had reached the space station, where we would do more work, but we would have less pressure. We had so much to do every day on our ship to reach the space station, now there were more people to help. We would be on a **collaborative team**. We would be able to share the work.

When we moved into the space station, I felt great. There was so much more space, we were not so crowded. We would have real beds to sleep in, and we would have better food. They had a garden on the space station. They grew vegetables.

The six astronauts on the space station were happy to see us. They said, "We have been waiting impatiently for you." We were glad to see them, too. We had been worried because we heard that one of them had been sick.

We asked how she was feeling. She said she was better now, it had been a cold, but it is hard to have a cold in outer space. We were **relieved** and now could stop worrying.

That first night on the space station was great. We had good food, and we even had pizza for dinner. Then we were going to sleep. But one of the astronauts said, "We need to give you a job. Each person has to take turns staying awake. Here is the schedule." Just when I thought things would be easy, I had a shift again.

I saw that I was first, so I would have to stay awake tonight. I was disappointed because I felt **fatigued**. I had been awake and working for 20 hours. But I knew it was my duty. So I sighed and said, "See you in the morning."

I became an astronaut so that I could travel in space. Now I'm here. It is hard work. It's even more **challenging** than I expected.