

# Space Story by A Classes

With the startling beep of the alarm, Molly heaved her heavy body out of bed and groaned. She could hear the usual cacophony of her brothers arguing like wild animals at feeding time. As Molly trudged down the creaking staircase, her brothers barged past her, like she merely existed.

“Last one down stairs is a rotten egg!” screeched her youngest brother.

“I can already smell victory” her other brother responded confidently.

Molly sighed and rolled her eyes. As she entered the kitchen, her mother spotted her whilst she scurried around.

“Moll, can you feed Jasper and make sure your brothers pack their lunch in their bag? I’ve got to go, I have another case to assist.” She kissed Molly on the cheek. As rapidly as a shooting star, she slammed the door behind her and was gone.

Molly opened the fridge door and noticed that to her great annoyance, her brothers had used the milk to the very last drop. “Great,” muttered Molly, as she fetched bread instead and begrudgingly put it in the toaster.

While she was waiting for the toaster to pop, she gazed out of the window and noticed the dim, silvery moon in the dark morning sky. That moon must be the only peaceful place in this universe Molly

thought to herself. She pondered if mornings would be like this on the moon. It's so beautiful and luminous, starting my day there would be a dream come true. "I need a miracle." she murmured hopefully.

As she walked to school Molly could hear the loud, roaring bell telling her that she needed to be quick and get to her class. She felt guilty as she quietly tip toed into her form room without making a sound because she was a little bit late. Mrs Gabriel was telling the students about assembly but Molly wasn't listening. She was daydreaming about what her morning would be like if she was living on the moon.

As 7A sat down in the very dull and quiet hall, Molly's friends Daisy and Christopher were chattering away about what game they were going to be playing at break time. Suddenly Molly realised that Mr Mole the Science teacher was talking about an amazing competition. Molly gasped as she heard that she could win a trip to the moon. Her ears pricked up as Mr Mole told them that to win the competition they needed to describe the most amazing place on earth and why. Her brain was whizzing with excitement as she thought about all the places she had been that were out of this world.

As she dozed off, still wracking her memory for a mesmerising place to describe, she suddenly found herself staring at the deep blue ocean, her toes enjoying the cool trickles of water. All around her were beautiful palm trees huddling together and waving their arms like fans. The ribbon of copper twisted and twirled for miles along the coast. Molly could hear the soft whispers of the wind as it caressed her face. Voices of seagulls and the splashing of the shore echoed around her as she gazed up at the welcoming sun which

beamed down on her face. “Whoosh!” went the waves together with the tropical birds who joined in with the chorus.

Subconsciously, she began to wade in transparent, salty water and suddenly she found herself in a dark abyss. Her heart was thumping like a drum and her pulse was racing. Suddenly, she realised that she was in her bedroom with a shrill alarm echoing in her ear. She leapt out of bed. Molly was about to hand in the most remarkable description of her favourite place on earth.

Molly dashed, on her bike, to school. The morning was dark, cold and windy; the moon was shining above her head. When she arrived at school, she hurried along the dark corridors to find Mr Mole. She thrust her story into the teacher’s hands. Mr Mole stared at the piece of paper; on the front were the words, ‘The Most Amazing Place in the world is standing on a tropical island, looking up at the moon!’ Mr Mole secretly smiled as he glanced at the title in front of him. He knew that the competition was being run by NASA, the space agency. Just at that moment, Christopher came rushing towards them, panting; he too handed over his story.

Later that day, Mr Mole sent all the stories off to NASA – now it was the wait!

In assembly, a few weeks later, Mr Mole stood up. He announced that one lucky person had won a place on a rocket to the Moon! Everyone gasped and started a drum roll with their hands. Mr Mole announced the winner’s name, ‘Molly!’ She squealed with delight! Christopher sighed, devastated, tears were dripping down his cheeks. Molly put up her hand, and told Mr Mole that she wanted Christopher to have the place instead of her.

Mr Mole stood shocked and confused “but Molly,” he said, “you won the competition – it is a once in a lifetime opportunity, you can’t give that away!”

“I know Mr Mole,” she replied, “but I want Christopher to go instead of me – his essay was just as good as mine.”

“I’m sorry Molly,” Mr Mole said sadly, “but that is against the competition’s rules. Your essay won and so you must go to the moon.”

Feeling conflicted, Molly strolled home and slowly climbed the stairs to her bedroom. She threw herself onto her bed and thought about what to do. “I really want to go to the moon and I know I won the competition but I want Christopher to go instead. He was so upset when he heard that he hadn’t won”. Suddenly, she had a brilliant idea. A letter! She would write to NASA to persuade them to let Christopher take her place.

She sat down at her desk, turned on the bright light and wrote for what felt like forever, listing all of the lovely things about her best friend, Christopher (including the time he took her to Mr Song, the first-aider, when she fell over or the time he helped her finish her work when she was struggling).

The next morning, she ran as fast as a cheetah to the red post-box and sent her letter to NASA. It was going to be a long wait.

A few days later, as Molly walked into her form room, Mr Mole ran towards her at super speed.

“Molly!” he cried, “there’s a letter here for you written from NASA! I wonder what it says.”

Molly carefully took the white letter and looked at her name on the front. She nervously ripped the edge, her fingers were shaking. She pulled out the letter from the envelope and screamed!

“What does it say?” shouted Mr Mole.

“I... we... the moon... Christopher... NASA,” Molly stuttered.

“Calm down,” Mr Mole said, “What does the letter say?” he asked.

“It says... it says... NASA loved my letter about Christopher and were so happy to see that we work well as a team – they said teamwork is one of the most important things when they make their rockets. They’ve decided to make an extra seat on the rocket! Christopher and I are going to the moon together!” Molly exclaimed.

The letter explained that the launch date was to be held in three weeks’ time and that the rocket was going to be fired from a site in a remote area of Texas called Area 51. The days crept by agonisingly slowly for the two would-be astronauts. They were fitted for their specially designed, child-sized spacesuits and before too long the day had finally arrived to say goodbye to their classmates. A special assembly was held in the hall and everyone cheered and wished Molly and Christopher success on their epic journey. The next day the children were on the launch pad.

10 – 9 – 8 – 7 – 6 – 5 – 4 – 3 – 2 – 1! We have lift off.

The force of the launch threw the children back into their seats. The roar of the engine shook their ears, the heat from the blast was like a furnace, the clouds rapidly disappeared and very soon they were surrounded by darkness. Molly was mesmerised by the beauty of the stars. Never before had she heard such silence. Christopher just stared, speechless at the wonder of space. The silence was broken by the pilot announcing that the landing pod would soon begin its

descent to the surface of the moon. Slowly but surely the pod inched towards the rocky terrain below. A gentle thud welcomed them to another world. The pod door opened and the children stepped outside into the unknown.

Molly giggled loudly as she performed giant moonsteps on the rocky carpet. Christopher's face beamed with happiness as he joined his friend in this new adventure playground. Then, Molly stopped and her mouth dropped wide open as she looked out at the Earth for the first time. The beautiful sight that filled her eyes took her breath away. Snow-capped mountains were tiny ripples, mighty rivers appeared as streams, vast forests mere woods. The planet, covered with its vast, blue oceans, windswept, sandy deserts and snow white ice caps stood majestically in space.

Molly suddenly became aware of the sound of her breathing in her space helmet. It was as though she was hearing the Earth itself breathing. It was at that moment that she realised how much the planet was like a living being and like all living things, she truly understood that the planet needed to be cared for to stay healthy. She turned to look at her best friend and she knew that he was thinking the same. Molly and Christopher now understood that it was their duty to make sure that all the other children in the world knew how important it was to start looking after the planet and they would dedicate their lives doing what they could to protect the Earth for generations to come.