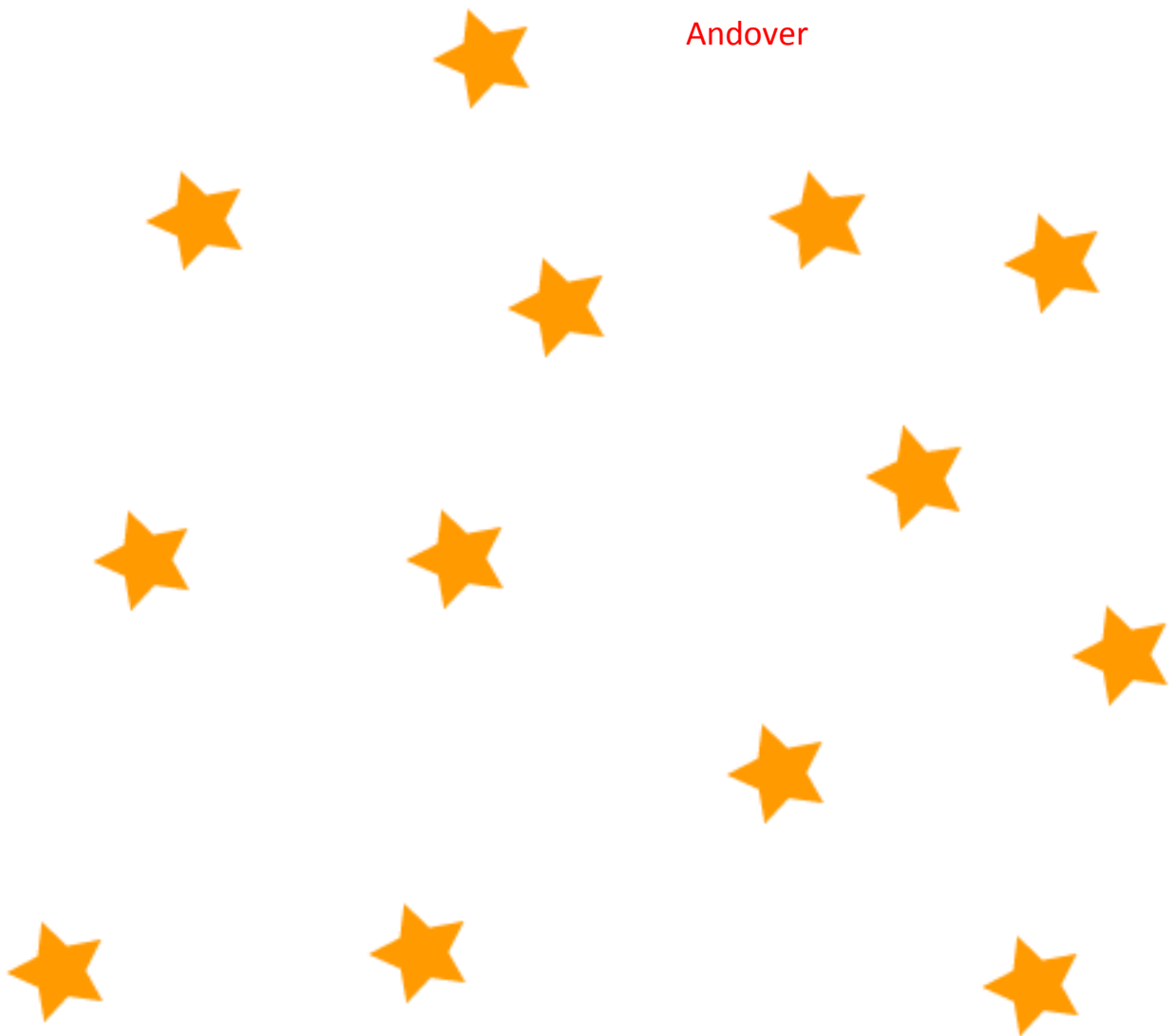


An Adventure in Space!

By Abigail Burn

Age: 8

School: Rookwood in
Andover



It all starts off with a little boy. He had wide eyes, perhaps because he was always staring up at space for a long time. His name was Michael Jones. He was age six. His best friend was Bob. After school Michael would play spaceships with him or do rocket building. In fact he spent all of his free time watching space programmes, pretending to drive a spaceship round the house, looking at the stars, going to space museums or entering space competitions. It was clear that Michael was a space fan.

Then one night in his bedroom a whispering voice crept into Michael's ear, only small but just enough for Michael to hear it. It whispered "Go onto that space ship that you have seen on TV. Go! Go!"

So Michael sprang out of bed, grabbed a packet of crisps (that might be enough as he wouldn't be using much energy in space) and dashed to the space port. He was in just enough time to hurry on to the space ship. Then off he disappeared in a cloud of smoke. Zoooooooooooooooooming upwards in a rocket into what would be a life in space.



As soon as Michael was in outer space he decided to see how fast he was going. What a surprise it was when he saw that he was going at 17,210 miles an hour, but he had to accept that he had to stay in orbit.

After staying in the rocket for five days Michael was getting bored, though he still liked being in a rocket. It was a miracle to him when he saw that his quartz crystal watch worked in outer space just like it did on earth. To get over his boredom he decided to fling his crisps around. It was a surprise to him when they all stuck to the walls and ceiling. Michael went to bed without a sleeping bag or bed. He just floated around in the rocket, but he didn't mind. That night something extraordinary happened. Out of all these crisps an alien formed itself.

This alien had big googly eyes, crispy skin and short little arms and legs. He was very funny as he loved telling jokes. But first he had to meet Michael.



The next morning Michael stammered “W w w what are you?” The alien replied “an alien.” Then it told one of its jokes “What would you like to be?” “Um, a star.” “Well, if you give me food, let me drive the rocket and be my friend then you will be my star.” “That’s really funny,” laughed Michael.

That night Michael spoke to his best friend, Bob, on his ham radio. Something you can talk with in outer space to people on earth. “Hi, Bob, something extraordinary has happened to me today, an alien came out of all my crisps that were on the wall and ceiling,” said Michael.



The next morning Michael was a bit ill, for his inner ear was quite confused since space had no gravity. What’s more he had lost a lot of bone mass but the alien hadn’t at all because he was made from only crisps, he had no bones. It was quite hard getting back to normal but Michael managed. He decided he’d stay in space forever more.

THE END

