

La Luna

It was a magical night, a very magical night. On this night the warm, still sea was rippling softly. Steadily, across the indigo sea came a small wooden boat. Inside the boat were three very important people, an ancient, wise granddad, a burly, muscular dad and a timid, lively boy. The stars twinkled brightly above their heads, reflecting onto the ocean below.

In the middle of the ocean, the three men waited patiently in the creaking, old boat. The sea lapped gently on the wooden bow.

“Here’s a gift for you boy,” mumbled Grandad as he passed the present.

“Open it,” grunted Dad.

“Wow! My very own hat! Just like you and Dad!” cried the boy excitedly and he put it onto his head.

All of a sudden, the most enormous white moon rose majestically from the horizon. It filled the whole sky! The boy was stunned but the dad and granddad set about preparing the boat’s anchor. Creak, creak, creak went the ladder as dad unfolded it from the boat. It rose all the way up, until it reached the glowing moon above.

Determinedly, the boy tied the anchor to his back. The boy was nervous- he timidly began climbing the ladder. When he finally reached the top, he landed on the surface of the moon with a clatter. The world seemed to spin for a moment before the boy had a chance to look at his surroundings.

“Wow!” he exclaimed. He attached the anchor to the moon, whilst looking around. Everywhere, he could see bright glinting stars, the size of pillows. They clinked together softly as he waded through piles of them.