

PART 1 THE LAUNCH

Hello everyone. My name is Tazz Anderson. I am going to the moon to collect rocks.

I am sitting in the rocket on the launchpad. It is very small inside and I am wearing a big space suit which makes it hard to move.

I have put three paper birds on the control panel. You will find out why later in my story.

It is three o'clock in the afternoon. People have been working since dawn to get the rocket ready. There is no-one here now except me. No-one is allowed near the rocket when it lifts off.

I ate a simple lunch of cereal, eggs, and a peach. For the last five days I have been living on my own so that I would not catch an illness from other people. My family had to talk to me through a window and I couldn't hug my dog, Puzzle. My friend Ed was allowed in. He is my back up. He will take my place if there is a problem.

In the rocket I am on my own. The computer talks to me. He is called MIC. It rhymes with bike.

"Are you comfortable Tazz?" MIC asks me.

"No! I want to put my legs straight," I tell him.

Hundreds of people are watching the rocket launch. Some of them are in the control room at the space agency. Children are watching in school. A lot of cameras are looking at me.

The weather is fine. There is no wind. We are ready for take-off.

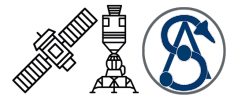
I tell MIC, "It is warm in here."

He says, "Your space suit will cool you down."

It is time for the take off.

"30 seconds to lift off," MIC says.

I feel the engines start. I am wearing ear plugs, but it is very loud. It sounds like a lot of motorbike engines.



“15 seconds to lift off,” MIC says.

The rocket shakes.

MIC counts the seconds to take off. “10...9...8.”

The noise gets louder.

“7...6...5” MIC says.

I am hot. I am sweating.

“4...3...2...1” MIC counts down.

I feel like I am being pushed into my seat.

“Lift off,” says MIC.

I am on my way to the moon.