



PART 5 – A MOMENT OF REFLECTION

When I got back onto the spacecraft I had moon dust on my boots. It smelt like a bonfire.

The Moon rocks are a lovely dark blue colour. They are safely stored.

I can see the Earth below me. Being in space makes me feel very small. It is exciting to be here, but I am ready to go home.

I have written a poem about how I feel.

I'm the Woman on the Moon, looking down at the Earth.
No humans here.
It's not made of cheese, rice pudding, or honeycomb.
Only grey and black rock, dusty and dry.
With the Earth hanging in the sky.

When I look at Earth I see the oceans and rivers;
It is green and blue. It is beautiful.
Brown clouds of pollution spoil the view.
I wish I could pick up the Earth and keep it safe.

I want to reach across the black sky
And pick it like a plum.
Then clean it up and put it back in the sky.
Never to die.

"What is this?" asks MIC.

"It's a poem, MIC. It's something humans do," I tell him.

"We are ready for lift-off," he tells me.

"OK MIC," I say, "let's go home."