

Moon Mischief!

By Eva

"Mom, Dad, I have decided I'm going to the moon," I informed my parents one day. "That's great! What made you decide that?" they asked. "It interests me, and I want to find something no one has ever found before," I said. "Wow, we are so proud of you!" they said.

"And that is what the conversation was before I decided to be an Astronaut," I told my friend, Caron. "Cool," said Caron, a famous astronaut. We were sitting at headquarters at NASA, and only two hours away until we stepped into that beautiful rocket to go somewhere new and mysterious.

As we were sitting there, I remembered we were allowed to bring home something from our voyage for memories. I wondered what I would find. "Hey Caron?" I asked my friend who was over texting his parents. "What are you going to bring home from the moon?" "Well, if you didn't know, I LOVVVVEEE golf so I'm going to find Alan Shepard's golf balls and bring them home." "Interesting!" I said, still trying to comprehend that I was actually going into space. I had no idea that in one hour my journey would not be what I expected.

10!9!8!7!6!5!4!3!2!1!!! BLAST OFF! And we were up, getting higher and higher, feeling the air getting colder. Then, as quickly as we had started, we stopped. It was over, we were on the moon! And then I realized, I'M ACTUALLY ON THE MOON!! It felt like a dream, one of the best dreams ever. Caron and I stepped out on the moon and immediately we felt the lack of gravity and like a dream we were floating. It was great! We could bounce, and now I could actually do the moonwalk!

Caron went to explore a crater when I heard a muffled voice yelling repeatedly, "Get off me!" I picked my foot up and saw a gnome-like creature who was about 1-2 inches. Then he said in a sassy voice, "You think you are bigger than me?" and he put his hand on his hip. "Just a little, yeah," I said. "Well then, *Missy*," he said in a mean voice, "to pay for almost crushing me you will bring me to your Earth place." "Who *are* you?" He responded, "My name is Rumpy, and you are my ticket out of here!" Ok, I thought, it wouldn't be that big of a deal. I mean, I would not like to be stranded up here either. What could go wrong? "Sure, I will bring you back," I told him. He smiled happily.

Later, Caron, Rumpy, and I were getting on the rocket. He was laughing and thanking me so much I felt like laughing myself! Until I realized why he was laughing. We had just landed when he said, "Thanks, Noob! I thought I had no chance of getting back on this earth but thanks to you, I am!" "Wait, what?" I asked, confused. "The only reason I was up there in the first place was because I was shot up there by a cannon to ban me from Earth. But thanks to you..." But he got cut off because I grabbed him by the hat and ran back into the rocket. I strapped him into the seat and got ready to send him back to the moon. While I was preparing the rocket, Mr. Meener, the owner of NASA, came running up and said, "Hey! What are you doing? Not trying to sneak up to space again, are you?!" "No," I said and then showed him Rumpy. With a look of recognition, Mr. Meener said, "OMG, get him up there, NOW!" "Ok, ok," I said and sent Rumpy on his way, never to be heard from again.

Years later I still wonder about Rumpy and what he is doing now!

THE END!!!