

The Journey Awaits You

The adventurous astronaut's helmet began reflecting planets and stars. It shone into the emptiness of space. Waves of stars started to twinkle across her flushed cheeks through her clear visor.

The echoes could be heard of the trembles, rushing through her veins and her loud breath could be heard in her ears, fogging up the inside of her helmet.

Leaping from the doorway of her battered transport ship and landing heavily on the rough surface she grinned, knowing where she was standing, as the rocks from under her feet flew into the void around her. She looked upwards at the planet above, sending shadows flying high over her head. Did this make an impact on the civilians watching from the comfort of their homes on the planet circling above? Did this mean humanity would achieve the incredible?

Looking up, she saw the shadow of the earth above her and the pale green speck she called home.

Once she realised what she was about to do would impact the rest of the planet, she felt adrenaline rush through her body. She walked aimlessly for several minutes and came to a halt. The woman stared in awe of what her feet were touching, the surface of the moon.

She found herself wandering around the rough moonscape. The woman stopped and paused. Settling herself and lying down, she looked up into the stars. Waves of light pressed up against her face.

Planets dancing in the void of stars, dancing and twirling in front of her eyes, gleaming on her helmet. The stars twinkled, looking like hearts in the inky nothingness over her head, flaring in the visor of her helmet. The space hearts beat, fast and slow, until she felt the stars stop as she turned her head to see out the corner of her eye a strange shape in the distance. She stared into the surroundings in front, hopping up from her calm position, squinting to uncover the details of what she was seeing. She couldn't believe her eyes. It was a small, weatherboard home complete with a picket fence and swing set. She walked curiously towards the bright red front door. Knocking on it, it slowly creaked open. What she saw next would change everything.

By Jaime Archer

Grade 6 – Mount Carmel College

Tasmanian Science Talent Search Entry - 2019