

A Walk on the Moon

Let's go for a walk on the moon,
Said Mum on the 1st day of June.
She packed up some lunch,
Some Twiglets to munch,
Dad whistled a happy tune.

We all clambered into the van
Dad came up with a cunning plan,
He got out the map
Put on his red cap,
Shouting to the dog, 'Come on Stan!'

The van jolts and we are flying,
My sister Ella starts loudly sighing.
'Be quiet,' I say,
'We're on our way!'
Then Joe, the baby, starts crying!

Earth is below, the van's soaring,
The engine is loud and roaring.
'Here we go!' shouts mum
'Who wants chewing gum?'
Stan, the dog, is loudly snoring.

Now we come to a grinding halt
On the moon's surface, made of salt.
I am excited
Dad is delighted,
We made it here without a fault!

Donning wellies we start to play,
Tied to van, lest we drift away.
I don't want to gloat,
But it's great to float!
This is just the perfect day.

Buckets and spades, castles and forts,
A wide selection of ball sports.
Crisps and fizz pop,
Eat until we drop.
Salt is creeping into my shorts!

The time comes to head homeward bound.
Leaving big craters we have found.
We can come back soon,
To lunch on the moon.
Time now to hurtle back to ground.

We get home in time for dinner,
Sausages are always a winner.
But Dad starts hissing
That someone's missing
Stan cannot be found in Pinner.

Dad's travelling back to the moon,
We won't forget the 1st of June!
An untimely race,
Left the dog in space.
He'll be safe at home again soon!

283 Words
50 lines