







A TRIP TO THE MOON

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I looked out over the water and wondered if anything truly existed beyond the horizon. Reports of monsters beneath the waves and gods above the clouds had been around since the dawn of time, but I wanted to know for sure. So, on the morning of my thirteenth birthday, as the sky turned pink and gold, I stole a ship from my father's fleet and sailed with my friend James past the pillars of Hercules into the West Ocean. On the twelfth day of the voyage, a storm blew down from heaven, so fierce the water itself was lifted in a spout from the ocean, and our ship with it. James and I lashed ourselves to the masts with heavy ropes, closed our eyes, and prayed.

When we opened our eyes again, we were on the shore of an unknown land. A group of men appeared and took us through a dense jungle to a palace at the top of a great mountain. We were marched through long empty corridors, until we came upon a blue carpet that was thrown aside to reveal a door cut into the floor. A silver key was produced by one of the men and the door in the floor was opened, revealing a long downward staircase. James and I were brought to the bottom, where we stepped into the