

Linked to thematic work on space, this completely independent piece of writing was used to revisit the genre of science fiction. The piece was planned and completed within a single, extended session.

A New World

A soft thump brought me back to reality. We had landed. I had been gazing into space, through the window and into the unknown...

Wilson ^{stands} stood up, I followed suite. We were both breathing dragon breath, it was ~~very~~ surprisingly cold. Wilson tried to smile a small, encouraging smile, I tried to return it.

"Well," he started to say, "wish - wish us luck." We all understood that was all to be said.

"O.k. boys, I'm opening the hatch, here we go." the captain said quietly. The door slid slowly open, Wilson and I took two leaps and were out of the craft. ~~When~~ My boots sunk into the silvery soft sand that covered the surface. Although it was misty and cold, inside my space suit I felt uncomfortably hot. My nerves were ~~seared~~ jangling, but I still ^{felt} excited. I was about to discover a new world!

As we set off to explore, something

gnawed at my mind - was there life on this planet?

Suddenly, Wilson heard a noise. He whipped round.

"I heard something," he whispered.

"Me to." I replied.

A high pitched whine was coming from the ~~ship~~^{direction of the} ship, as if someone was using an electric drill. And then we saw it; from behind a bolder, a huge, metal spider-like creature emerged and ~~came~~ scuttled towards the ship. The door had been opened. We stared in horror as two spindly tentacles reached ^{into} the cabin. The whirring started again.

"It's destroying the space craft," cried Wilson.

"We'll be stranded!"

On the ground was a tangle of wires, which looked ^{extremely} important.

"Stop!" shouted Wilson, without thinking.

It swivelled its bulging eyes in ~~our~~ direction and turned round.

"Shoot it!" I yelled at Wilson.

"I can't. Not in space" he cried back.

The creature stared at us. Slowly, a small hole appeared in its head,

about where a mouth should have been.

"I bring you no harm." It said in a shaky high pitch whisper. "Your ship was damaged, I came to fix it."

"I don't believe him", I said.

"Where are the crew? There's no answer on the radio, he must have cut them off."

"I'm going to investigate" was all Wilson replied. Anxiously, I watched ~~the~~ as he approached the ship but the creature showed no sign that it was ~~about~~ preparing to attack. I thought how brave the Captain was and wished I could be more like him. A few moments later he waved his arm and beckoned me over. I swallowed hard and walked towards the ship.

Once I was there I realised he was right. Where there had been a knot of rusty wires, there was a neat pile of clean, shiny metal...

Three months later, safely back on earth, I thought back to what had happened. I had conquered my fear of the unknown and learnt that not all alien creatures are a threat to life. Wilson and I were still alive, with a tale to tell.