

‘Flying to Space’ by Henry I. (Thirds)

Rockets, spaceships and balloons,
Me and my brother are going to the moon.
Planets, galaxies and the universe to explore,
As we zoom closer there is more and more.

Flying past, stars shine bright,
brighter and brighter in the moonlight.
As we approach our first destination,
The International Space Station.

Stopping off, we have a rest,
halfway there, we think we are the best
As we take in the view,
We realise our soaring altitude.

Sadly, leaving the station alone,
reaching higher to claim the throne.
Nearly there, edging closer,
Rising high our spirits grow bolder.

We finally make it there,
victory sparkling in the air.
Up there all alone,
him and I in our happy home.