

MOLLY'S MOON MISSION



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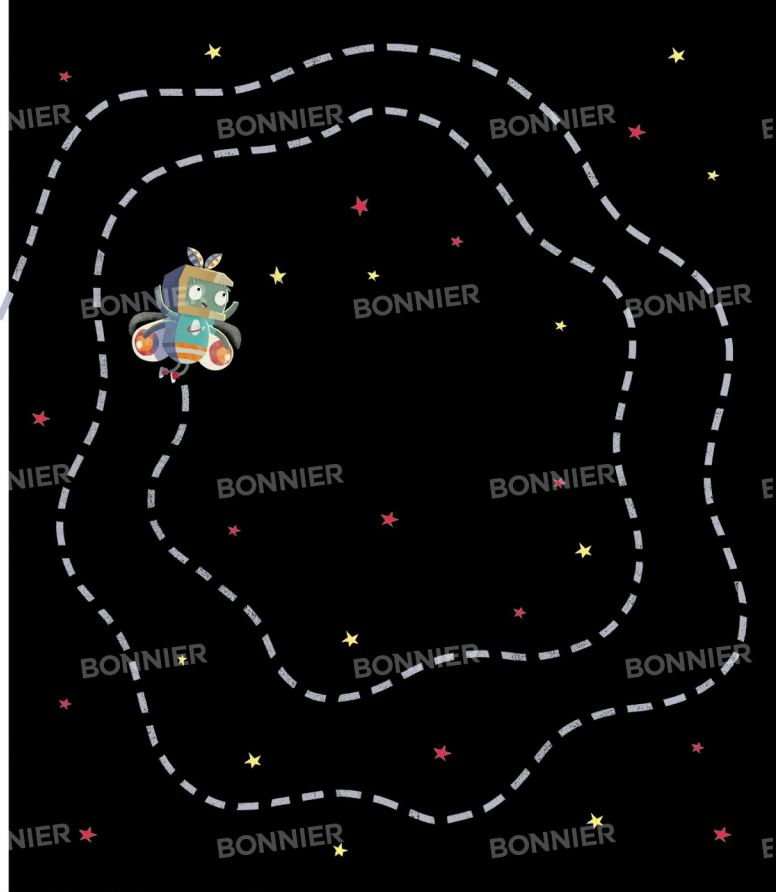
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Molly the moth

lived in the back of an old wardrobe.
She loved her home and her family
but she yearned for adventure . . .



"I want to be a **real** astronaut and fly to the **Moon!**" Molly declared.
"I'm not sure your tiny wings would make it there," said her mother.



We'll see about that, thought Molly.



So when she wasn't busy helping her mum look after her siblings . . .

. . . she trained hard for her **space mission**.

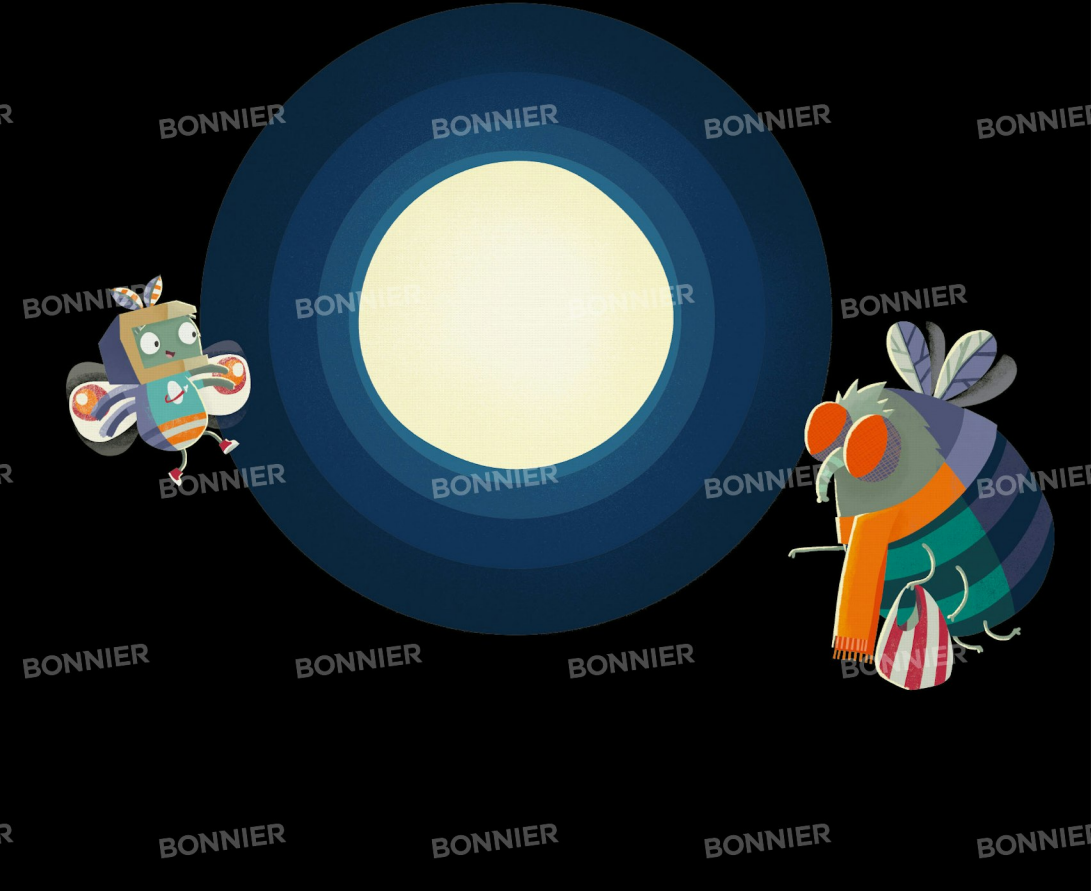


Until, at long last, she was **ready!**

5...4...3...2...1



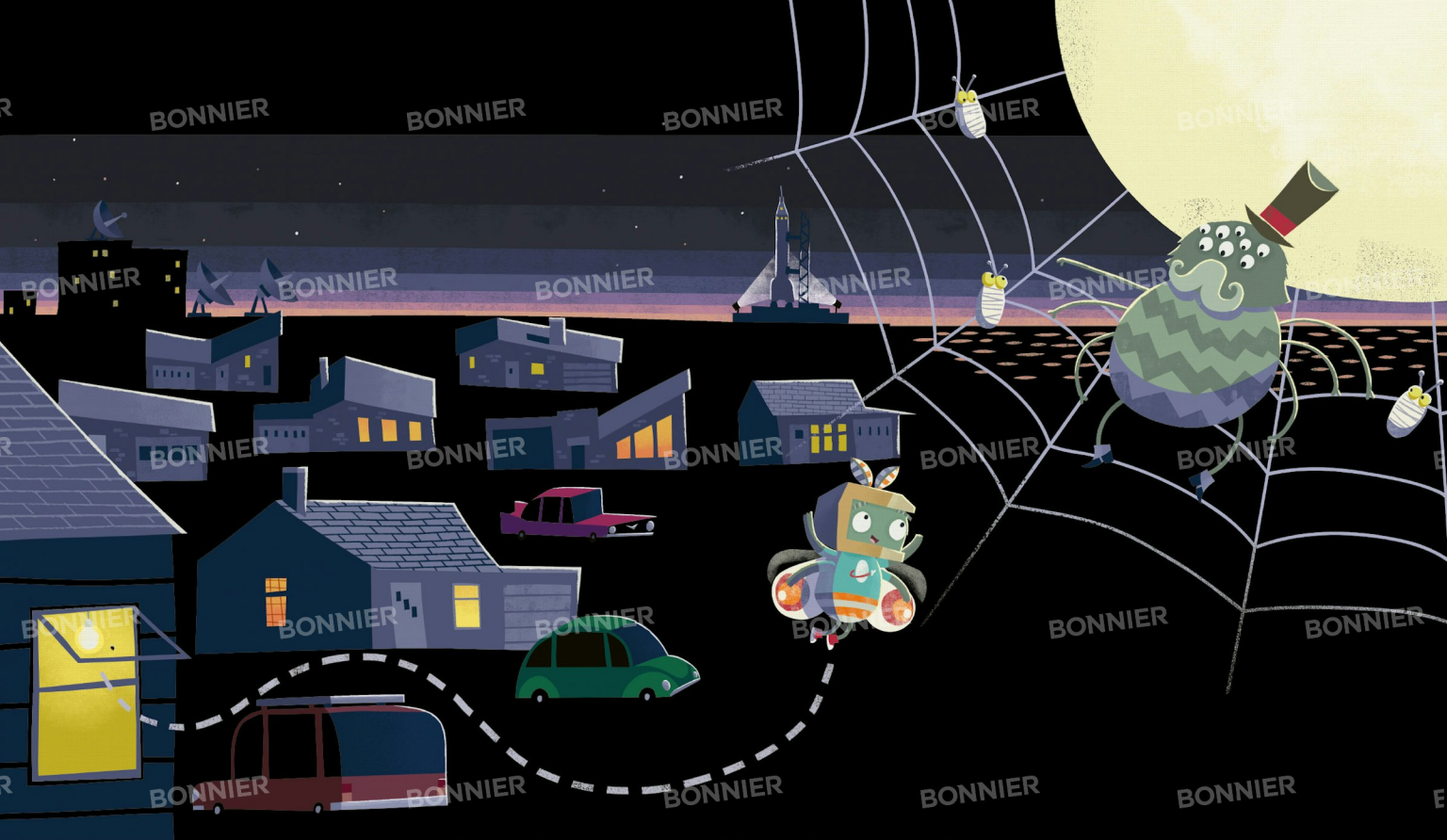
BLAST OFF!



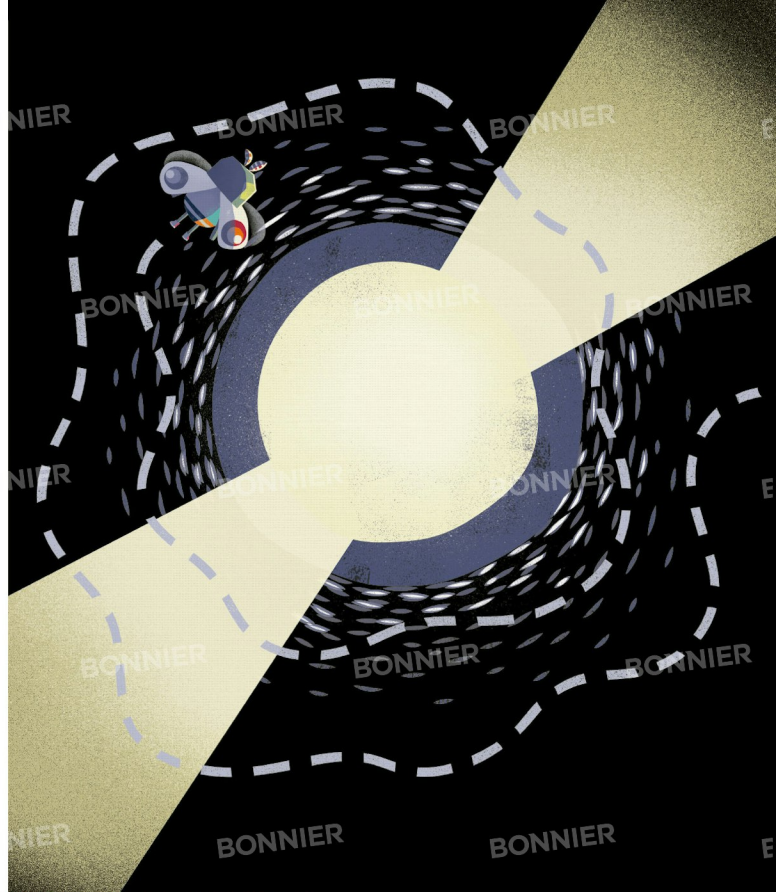
"This isn't the Moon," buzzed a huge bluebottle, "This is a light bulb! The Moon is **much** bigger and **much** further away. Too far for a little mite like you."



We'll see about that,
thought Molly and she set off
in search of a much bigger light.

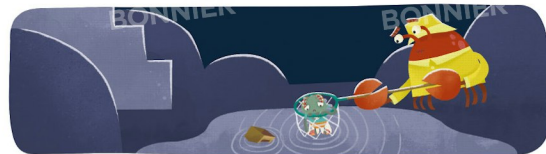


We'll see about that, thought Molly.
She flew on until she saw a light that was **bigger** and **brighter**
than anything she had seen before.





"I guess this isn't the Moon either then," spluttered Molly.
"I'm afraid not," chuckled a wise old crab as he fished her out of the rockpool.



"This is a lighthouse. The Moon is much, **much** further away."
"Too far away for a teeny moth like me, I suppose?" Molly said sadly.



"I don't know about that," replied the crab. "I could count the number of fish I've caught on one pincer, but it hasn't stopped me from trying night after night."



Encouraged by the crab's words, Molly patched up her helmet,
saluted, and launched herself upwards once again . . .





She wandered across the pale,
dusty landscape.



All of a sudden, home felt a very,
very long way away.

Just then, a **giant** shadow
loomed over her.

**ONE SMALL
STEP FOR . . .
A MOTH!!?**

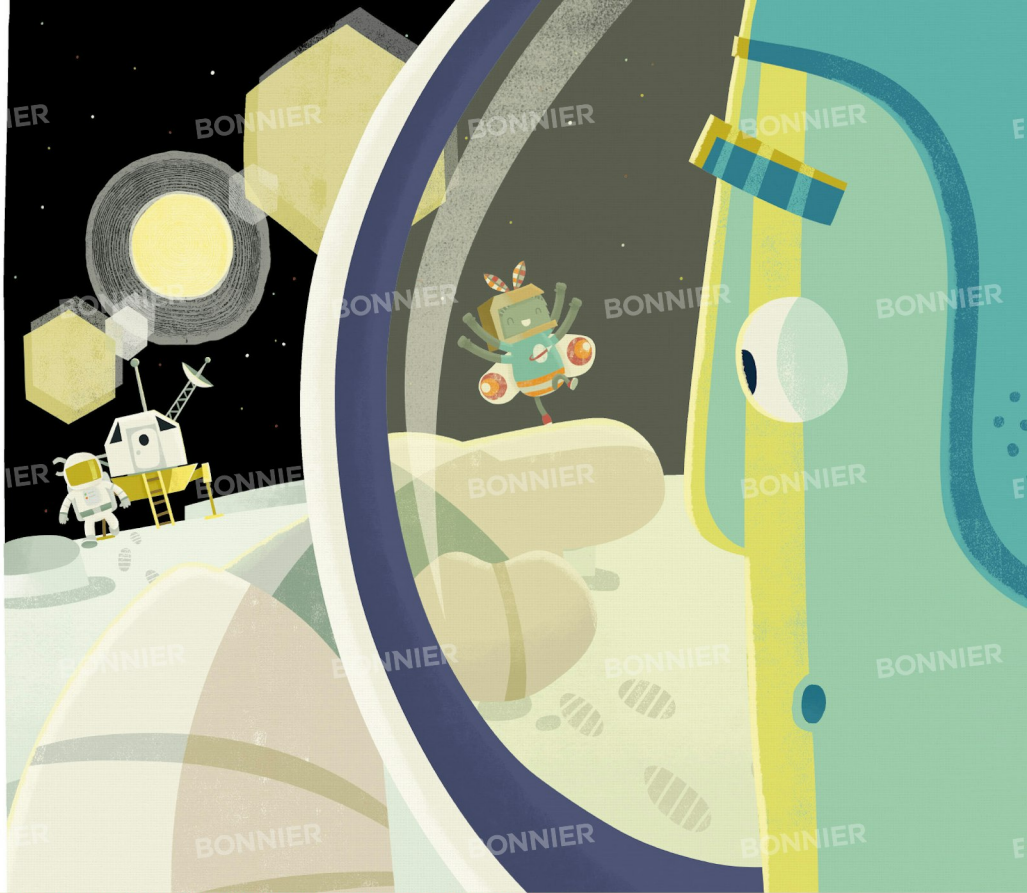


"Hey, watch out!" shrieked Molly,
jumping out of the way in the nick of time.

"Sorry about that, kid!" said the astronaut.

"I didn't expect to find anyone else here on the Moon!"

"You mean I **actually** made it to the **Moon!**"
gasped Molly. "I knew I could do it!"



"That's a pretty **giant** leap for a little critter," said the other astronaut.
"I guess you'll be too puffed out to help us with our special mission then?"



"We'll see about that!" Molly said cheerfully.

So she helped the astronauts take photos of the Moon's surface . . .



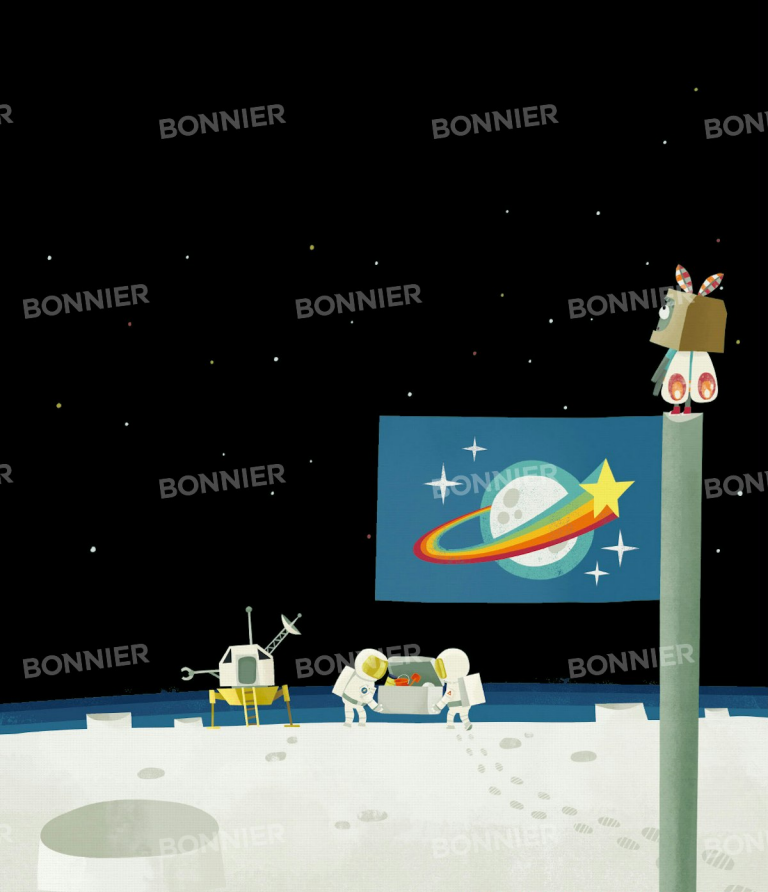
. . . then she helped them collect samples of rocks and moon dust . . .



. . . and they even had time for some fun . . .



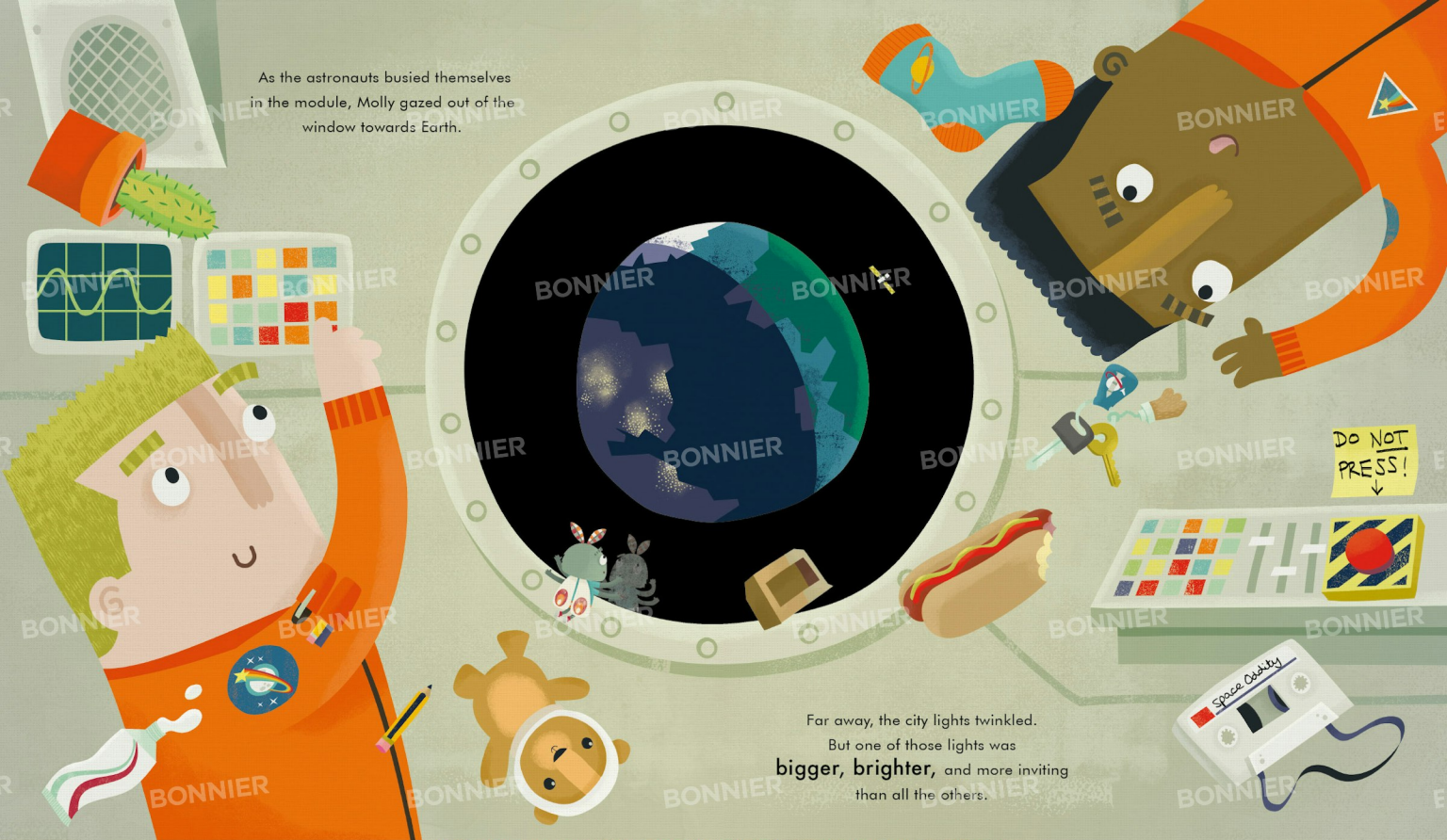
. . . before planting a ceremonial flag.



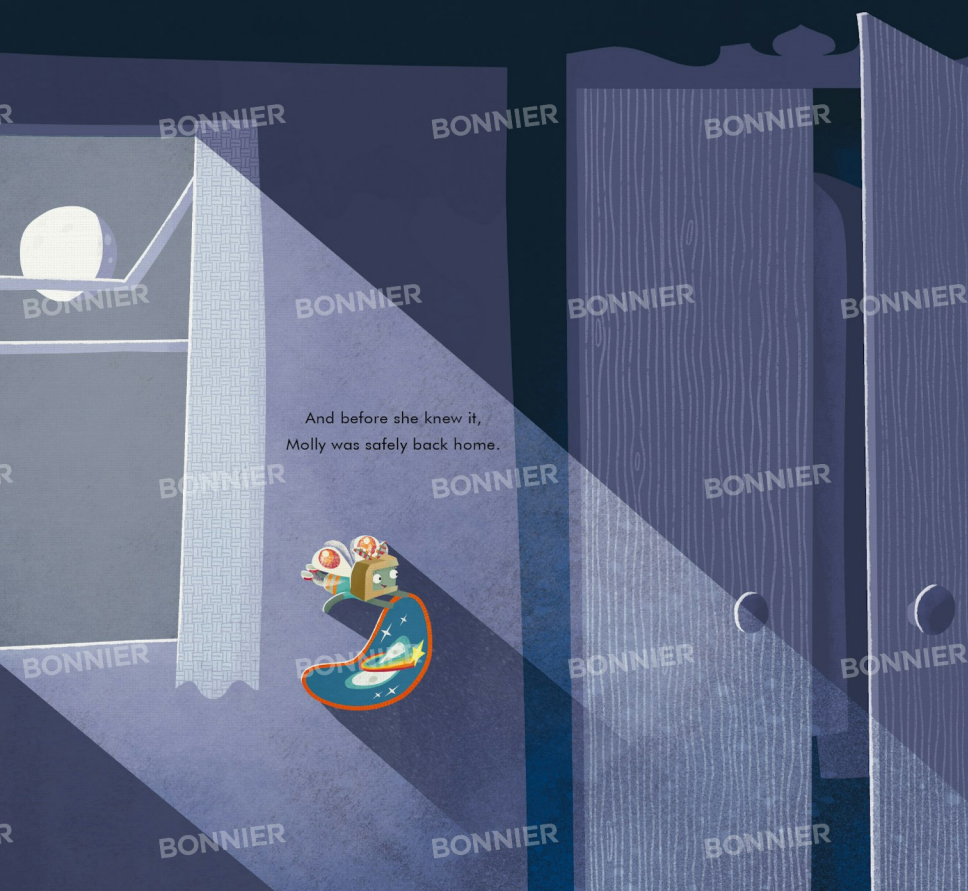
"Cheer up! You're one of us now, kid!" the astronauts said,
and they gave Molly her very own lunar mission patch.
"Now, how about we give you a ride home?"



As the astronauts busied themselves
in the module, Molly gazed out of the
window towards Earth.



Far away, the city lights twinkled.
But one of those lights was
bigger, brighter, and more inviting
than all the others.



And before she knew it,
Molly was safely back home.

"I've been to the **Moon!**" Molly cried,
giving her mother a big hug.



"Well I never!" her mum exclaimed proudly.
"My Molly, the only moth ever to fly to the **Moon!**"

We'll see about that! thought Molly.



THE END



