Taster Draft inspired by an extract from The First Men in the Moon by H.G.Wells

**The Moon Plants**

“Finally, we're here,” I said. The candle flickered as bright as a star or a faraway planet. We surged closer and closer to the unknown rocky sphere – the scene of our experiment. Cavor was stunned by the multitude of craters. Carefully, we got as close to the moon's bright-sheen surface as we could. Suddenly - pitch black! The once-bright candle went out like a total eclipse, but luckily a myriad of stars shone through a veil of cloudy mist. Slowly, I leaned forward and rubbed the slightly curved glass of our craft, revealing a clear patch in the condensation through which the surface of the landscape began to emerge. The sight astounded me. Plants growing, rootlets, seed cases everywhere. Everywhere you looked: plants, vegetation growing at astounding rates. It was amazing!

“A miracle! It is the miracle of life!”

“Yes - it is a miracle, but is it a good miracle?” I wondered.

 An abundance of plants growing at amazing speed, reaching out, flourishing towards the earth! This was serious. Brilliant. That we had solved a mystery that scientists said would never happen, that people said was impossible. “But nothing is impossible,” I said to myself. Cavor didn’t hear. He was so busy taking samples of the growth, engrossed in his discovery.

Sienna