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

Moon Seeds

I could not believe my eyes; my heart was thumping rapidly, and Bedford seemed the same. We both stared, transfixed on the sight before us. The ivory whale oil candle flame danced and dartled and then went out.

Bedford suggested the sight before us was a creature, but I knew the answer – “plants!” There were seed cases everywhere – bursting into thousands of tiny pieces, almost like a veil of bright golden stars. And shoots of bleached-white vines writhing into the cold atmosphere like a river of eels. With a whitening face, I could only but imagine what would happen if someone fell into that river! Bedford looked like he was about to explode with horror. We both stared at each other and croaked, with voices filled with emotion, “Life!”

Ayla