

11.1.2020 The desolate mountainside was very rocky and green with moss.  
Poor Lily was still in a melancholy mood on Christmas day.  
Sadly the boy had a glum expression on his face as he walked past.

12.12.2021 peered

One chilly winter evening Lily lay slumped against a cosy, warm armchair in her living room. Lily could hear her family laughing and the delicious smell of mince pies wafting out of the kitchen door along with the sweet sound of Christmas music. Suddenly Lily had a very strong urge to look through her telescope then she dashed towards it. She peered through her telescope and saw the solitary silver moon and sooned in on its cratered, glowing surfaces and suddenly she saw something magical...

In

Was she dreaming? No it couldn't be! In a vast gaping crater was a tiny shack. She rubbed her eyes, it just could not be. But when she looked again there it was an old man dressed in dusty torn clothes staring straight back at her. She waved franticly at him. But she was just too far away. She sadly slumped back down and the melancholy man looked away.

18.1.2021

## The lonely frail man

After a long day at school Lily practically ~~was~~ scurried home with her fists clenched & in steely determination. Look in her narrowed eyes. All she ~~had~~ could think about was the solitary old man on the moon. Her eyes were narrowed as she ~~realized~~ that she must talk to the man on the moon.

Meanwhile, the melancholy, old man sat slumped in his lonely wooden bench. Silence filled the ~~air~~ around him. He sighed sadly because he was starting to wonder if he would ~~ever~~ ever find out what ~~to~~ earth was like. He sadly lowered his head. ~~nobody~~ he ~~for~~ thought nobody knew he was there...

19.1.2021

What is he doing?

Will I find a way? to talk?

How could I reach him?

The next night, as Lily gazed ~~hopelessly~~ at the silvery orb in the sky a smile flickered across her face. What was he doing? That was it! She had an excellent brainwave! As the car pulled in to the drive Lily raced in to her house, and up the stairs. Then Lily burst ~~out~~ through her bedroom door and carefully made a ~~courteous~~ colourful, glittery card for the elderly man. It had to work! To talk to him.

Day after day Lily tried repeatedly but again and again she failed, it was hopeless. Nothing was working. Her ideas were running out fast and still she could not tell him that he was not alone and she knew he was there. She slumped down against the ~~cold~~ windowsill. Would she ever reach the old man? cold

21.1.2021

a mesmerising colourful gift

Lily jetsfully raced down the stairs and she ~~pos~~ positively beamed with excitement as she saw the enormous pile of bulging presents under the twinkling green tree. The golden star was letting off a dazzling glow and the delicious smells of pancakes were wafting out of the kitchen door. As Lily tore open her ~~glitter~~ presents she wondered for a moment if her present had reached the ~~gloomy~~ gloomy, elderly man yet...

melancholy

Meanwhile, far, far away, the ~~glum~~ old man sat slumped on his solitary bench. All of a sudden he heard something brush on the dusty, grey surface of the moon. He looked up. He squinted towards a colourful, ~~glitter~~ glittering object drifting towards him. ~~in the air it~~ It was a very bright package. A very, very ~~bright~~ bright package. But was it ~~not~~ really for him? ~~no one~~ No one had ever sent him anything before. Did someone know he was there?