

## Deepening Understanding

### YR4 Narrative Text

#### The Man on the Moon by Vicky Birch



24<sup>th</sup> December 2015

Dear Diary,

I don't know how much longer I can cope with this feeling. Loneliness. Such loneliness. I've never known anything like it! Every morning when I wake up, for a split second I feel content, joyful even, blissfully unaware of where I am. I feel that I'm back on Earth with my family again. Then, it all comes flooding back...I'm not. I'm here. Stranded and solitary, with nothing but my own thoughts for company.

Despite that, I shouldn't complain as it is enchanting here and the moon is a spectacular place. Looking out now, I observe things which so many people will never have the opportunity to witness and for that I should be grateful. Although I'm sat on a rickety, rough, old bench with no-one beside me, the view is like nothing you can imagine. Vast, vast emptiness. That may seem unpleasant, but actually it's quite something. The silence is captivating and thousands of miles away stands the Earth, in what looks like the



centre of the universe. A tiny little pea-shaped Earth. It's strange to imagine all the millions of people living their lives down there, continuing with their daily lives, whilst I'm stuck here by myself.

That reminds me, it's Christmas tomorrow. Christmas is the finest time of year (apart from birthdays of course) as everyone unites to celebrate. It's so unfortunate that I have no-one to celebrate with. Anyway, enough of that, the Earth from where I'm positioned really is such a beautiful sight and that's what I shall focus on whilst I'm here. I shall try to stay positive. But it's just so difficult to appreciate the beauty when you have no-one to share it with! If only someone, somewhere would spare a thought for me...

Recently I've had an inexplicable feeling. It's as if I'm being watched. You know the feeling? Probably just my mind playing tricks on me as there's certainly no-one here with me! I know that for sure as over the years I've searched this desolate place, desperately trying to find someone else to share this experience with. But all I ever came across were moon rocks, the occasional flag that astronauts had planted to show 'We were here!' and not much else. But those adventures were years ago and now I'm far too old and frail to go gallivanting around searching for something that I know, deep down, I'll never find. Ah, if only. If only someone really was watching me...trying to contact me. Best stop thinking about it. Don't want to be consumed by my own thoughts - that could be dangerous.

Anyway, best be off, mustn't sit here writing all day.

Until tomorrow,  
John.

