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WRITING

Mission: Life on Mars?

by Elaine, 826 Boston

TYPE

FANTASY/SCIFI NARRATIVE

GENRE

GRADES 5–6

Found 3/10/2500: NASA Headquarters, Loseville, Kansas

Day 1, 3/9/2500

A space station in the United States of America sent a team to find life on Mars. I was a member of this team, and I will tell you what happened.

We were getting close, and I could see the Red Planet. I was scared of finding life on Mars, but if we didn't, the United States would have to colonize another planet. As I was walking on the surface, I turned back to look at our spaceship. I hadn't realized how tall it was until I walked out of it.

Suddenly, I met aliens and I felt scared. I will describe them so that if you become an astronaut and fly to Mars, you are aware.

The aliens were ugly and green with big gigantic ears and without noses. They were smushy and fat. We

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thought that they had neither hair nor speech.

We learned that they were officers of the Mars police force. They carried us inside a cave and into an apartment as big as a submarine.

The windows of all the apartments were huge because they didn’t have any doors. Another alien knocked on one of the windows, and then entered. The aliens spoke gibberish to one another. Oh! I almost forgot—they smelled like two-week-old expired milk.

The officers took us to see the queen and king of Mars. The king and queen had no fancy way of talking; they spoke the same gibberish. They executed us by eating us.

Wait, I’m surprised; how am I even writing? It must be because the aliens have telepathic powers and read my final thoughts. The alien that is reading my mind can send my thoughts all over the universe. Hopefully NASA got my thoughts, too, and is holding them in the Thoughtcatcher 3000.

Found 3/11/2500: Heathy Heart Hospital, Loseville, Kansas

Day 2, 3/10/2500

I just woke up in a hospital in California. I can see a balcony in my suite. The floor is grayish-black marble, and there are two windows to my right. I see a Jacuzzi and tons of

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different shampoos.

I realize that NASA made me a new body from cells in a lab. They caught my thoughts and personality and put them in my new body. I feel sweaty. I am so surprised they were able to do that.

I am worried because NASA will ask me to keep what happened on Mars a secret. I can’t believe that I survived the aliens. If NASA asks me to bring those aliens home to Earth, I will decline.

I want to talk the director of NASA into never sending a human to Mars again, ever. If I get to keep my job, I want them to send me to Saturn instead. Mars is not safe for me or anyone.

Wait, I hear a knock on my hospital room door. A deep, smooth voice says my name from outside the door: “Ms. Lauren?” I think it’s the director of NASA! I wonder what he wants from me.

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