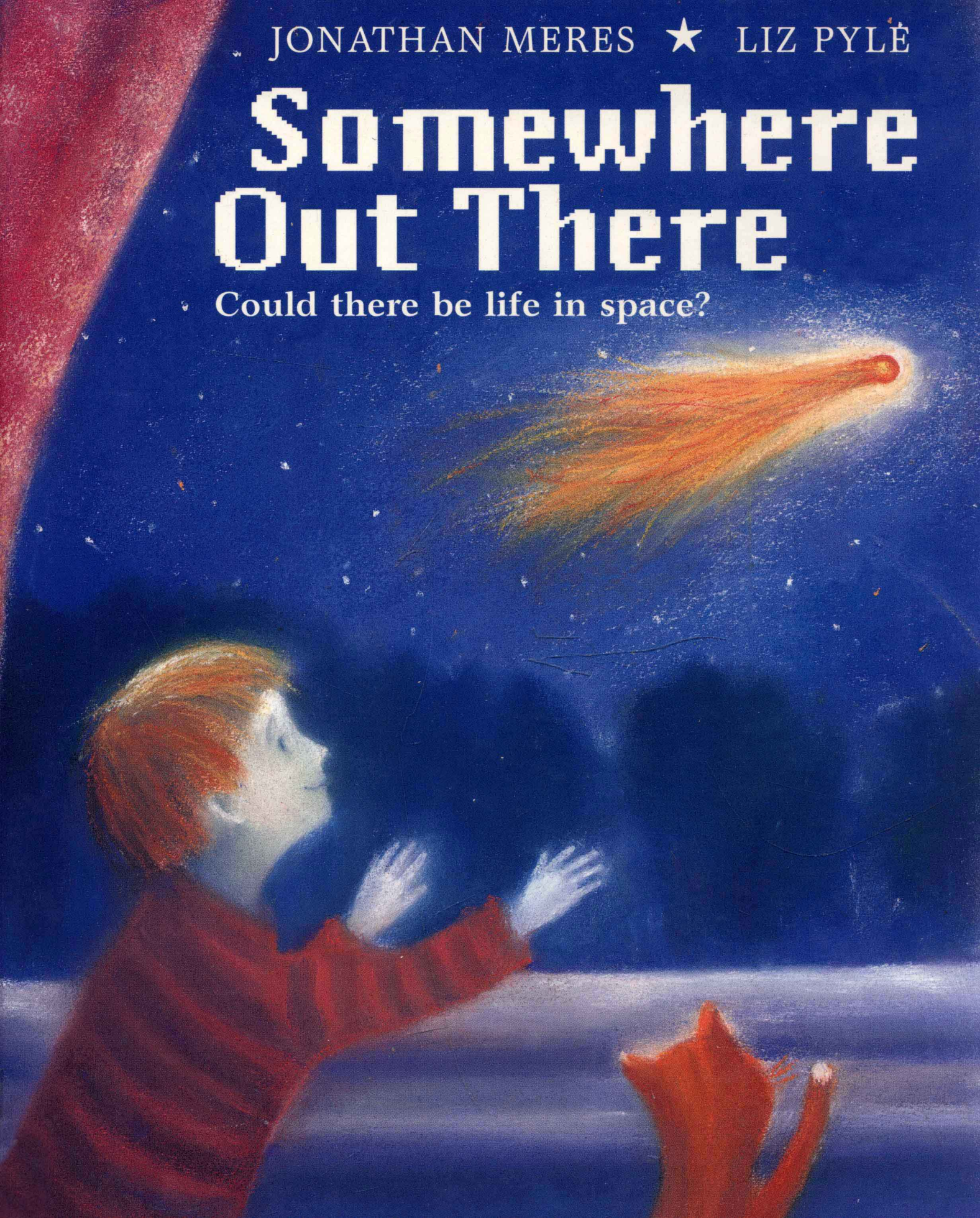


JONATHAN MERES ★ LIZ PYLÉ

# Somewhere Out There

Could there be life in space?





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Could there be life in space?



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*This one's for Max – J.M.*  
*Dedicated with love to George and Ned – L.P.*

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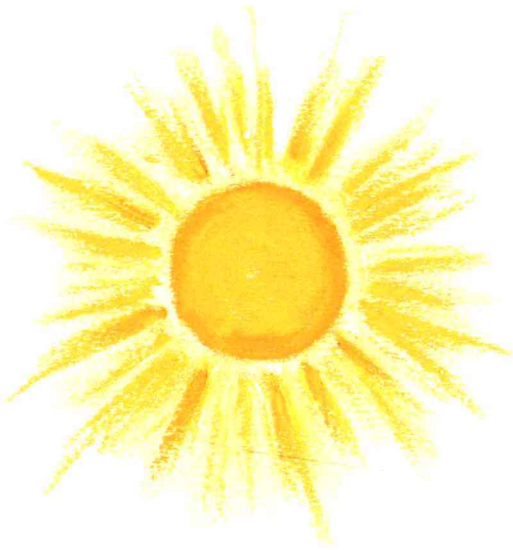
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It was the start of another day. Hamish and the cat had lots of things to do and they gobbled down their breakfast as fast as they could.

'Munch, munch,' said Hamish, munchingly.

'Crunch, crunch,' said the cat, crunchingly.















After breakfast, Hamish and the cat ran into the garden and jumped aboard the big wooden train.

'This train will call at Africa, China, Australia and the North Pole only!' said Hamish, importantly.

'Whooo! Whooo!' called the train.

'Miaow!' said the cat.





The big wooden train bumped and creaked around the garden on its way to Africa. Hamish peered ahead to make sure there were no elephants or giraffes on the track. Suddenly, there was a great whooshing noise in the sky, followed by a huge watery splash in the paddling pool.

There, floating in the water, was a beautiful ball!

The ball bobbed up and down, glinting in the sunlight.

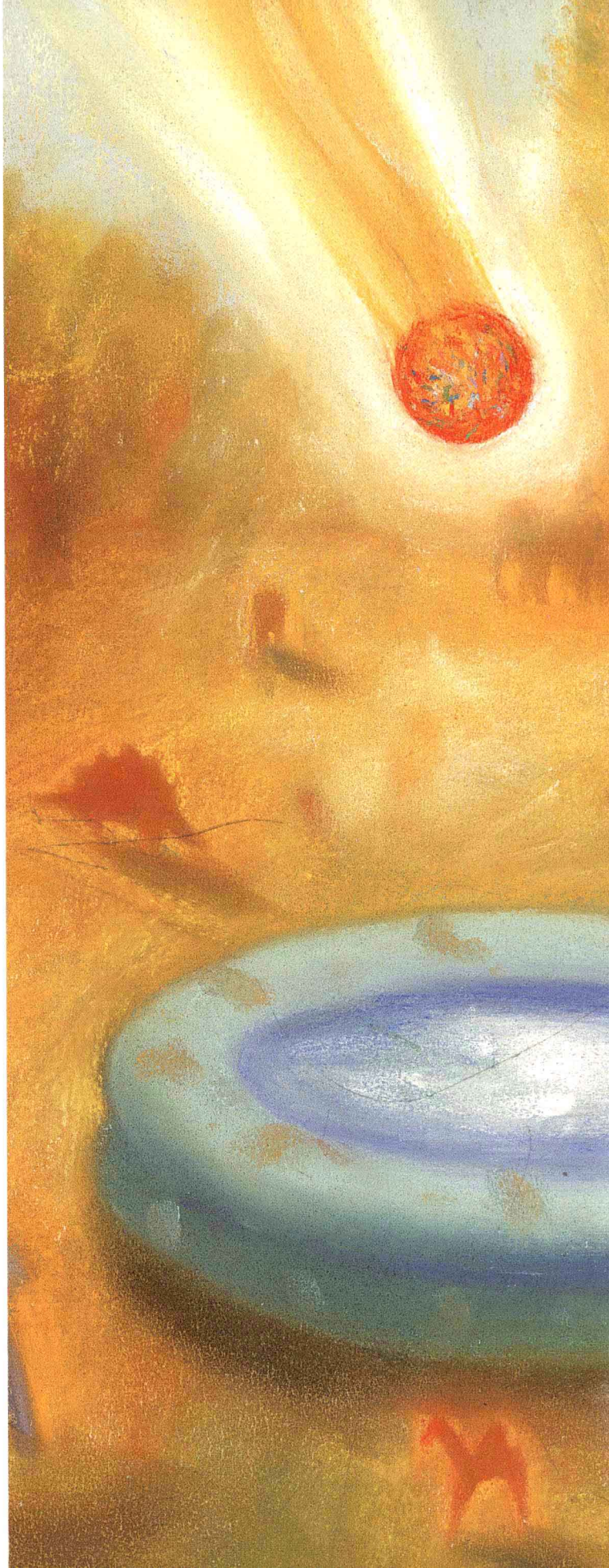
It wasn't one colour.

It wasn't two colours.

It wasn't three or four colours...

or even six or seven colours.

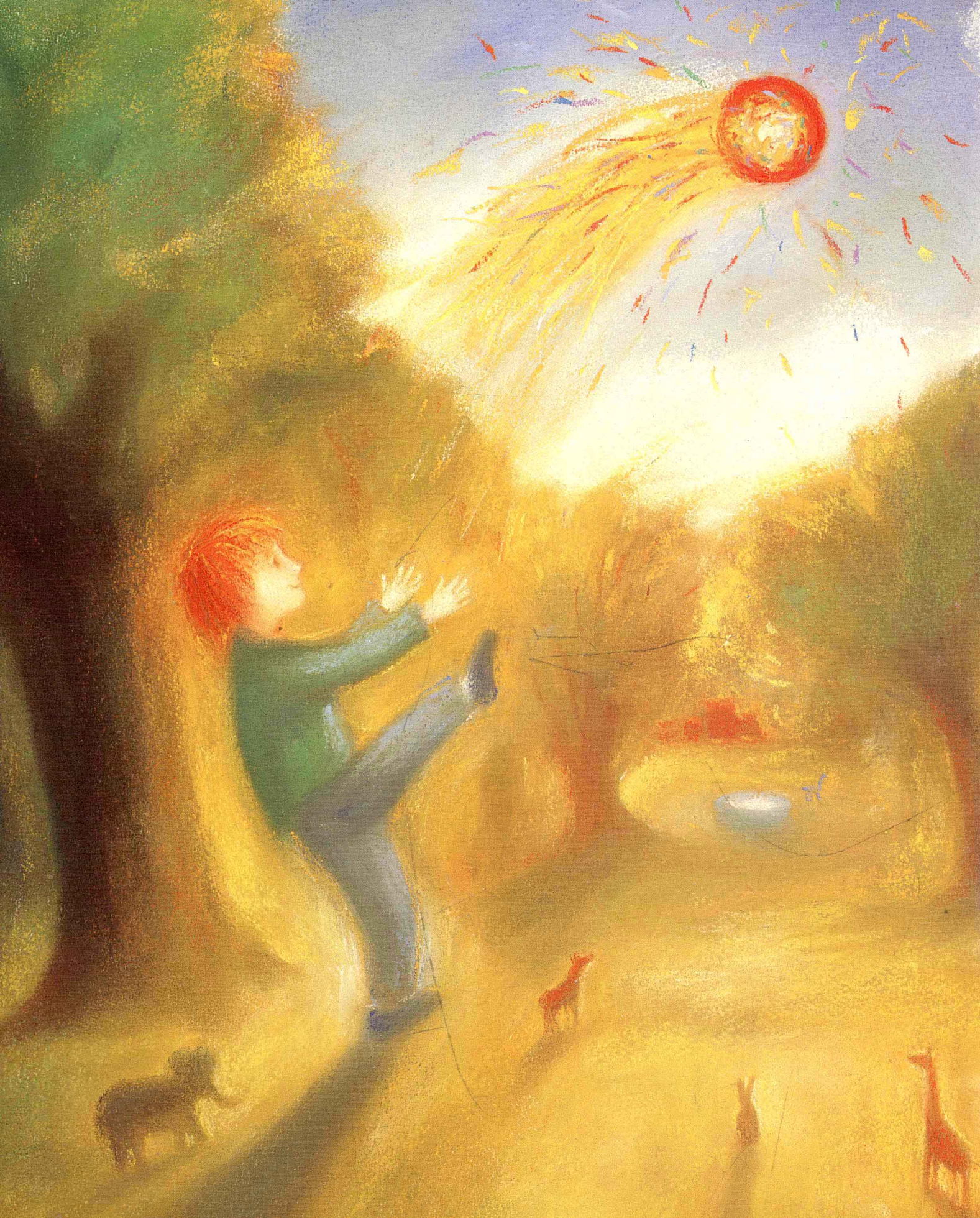
It was lots of colours.















Hamish scooped the lots-of-colours ball out of the water and kicked it high into the air. The ball came down again, bouncing and bouncing, and the cat tumbled after it, pouncing and pouncing. Hamish kicked the lots-of-colours ball higher and higher into the air and each time it took longer and longer to come down again.

After a while, Hamish and the cat lay down in the grass to rest. The cat gave itself a leisurely lick, but Hamish was busy thinking. Who did the lots-of-colours ball belong to? How did it get here? What far-away place did it come from?





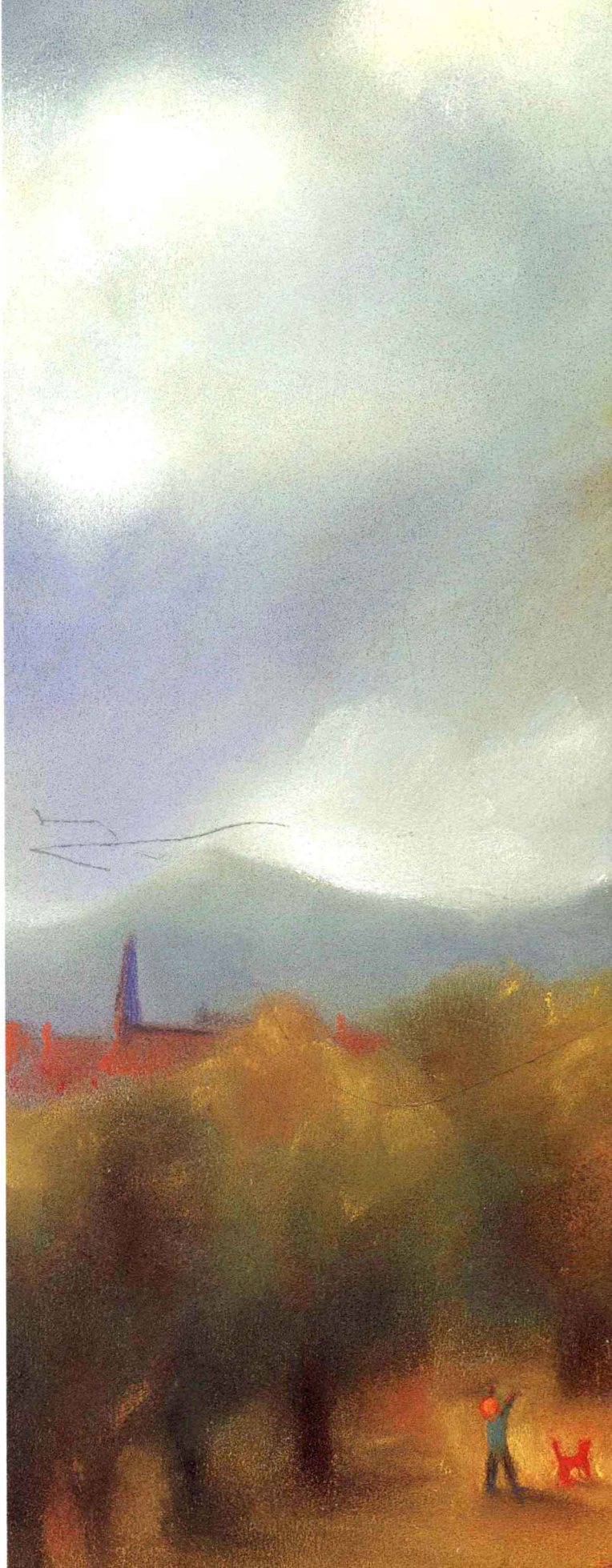
At the end of all his thinking, Hamish knew he couldn't keep the lots-of-colours ball, even though it was lots of fun to play with. The ball belonged to someone else and it was time to kick it back to the far-away space place it had come from. Hamish was sad, but he knew that somewhere out there, someone was even sadder.

Hamish took a deep breath and gave the lots-of-colours ball the biggest kick ever.

'Goodbye, lots-of-colours ball!' called Hamish.

'Miaow!' called the cat.

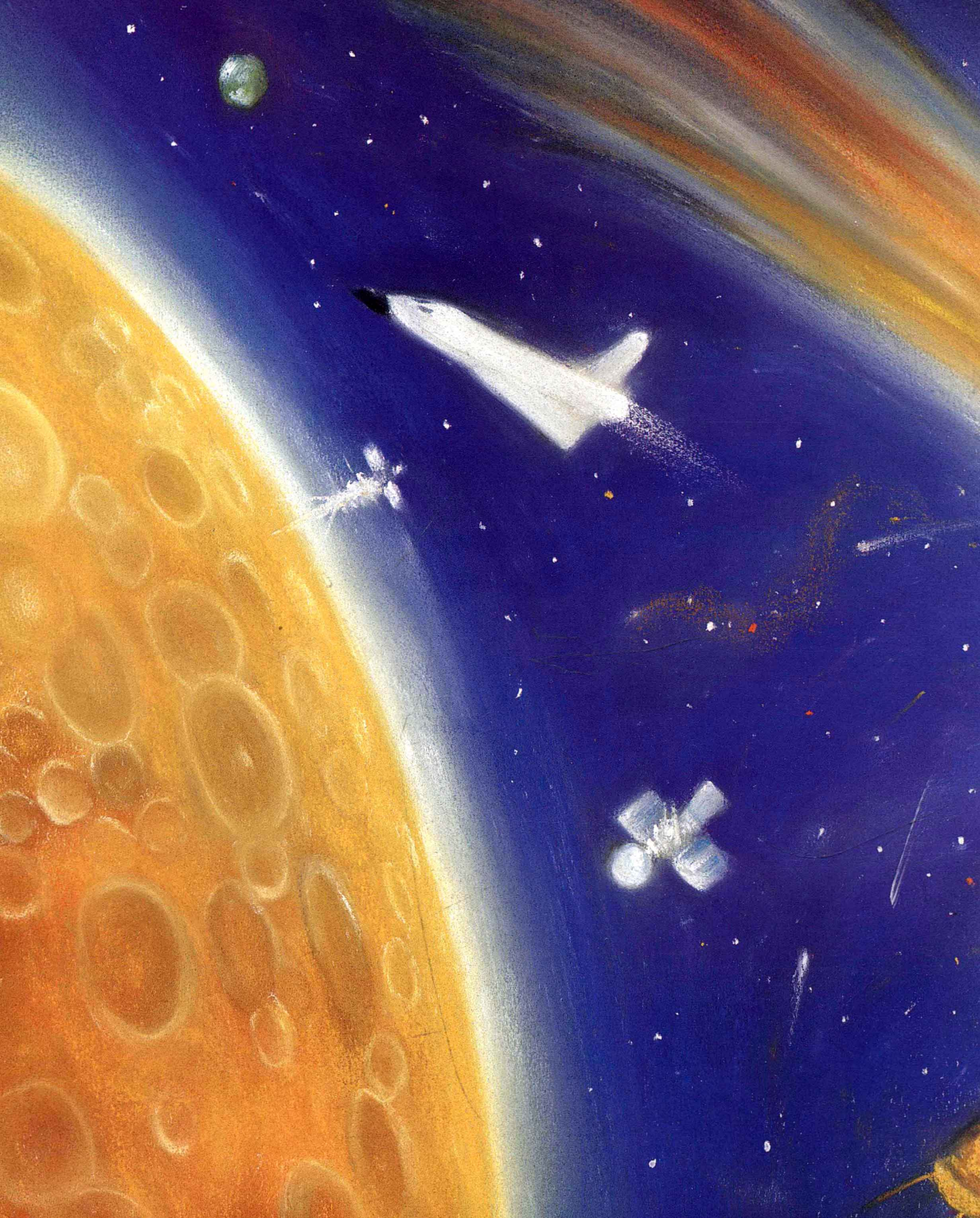
WHOOOOOSH! went the lots-of-colours ball, as it soared into the air like a rocket.











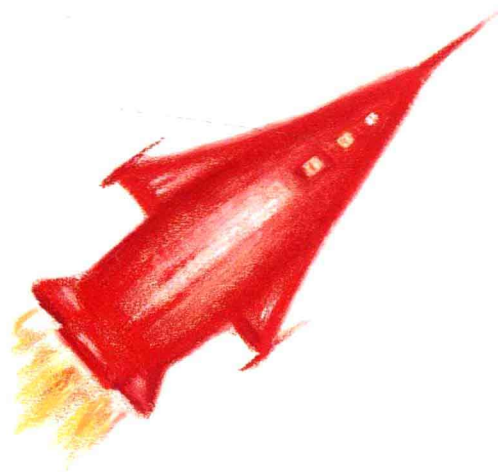




WHOOOOOSH! The lots-of-colours ball whooshed higher than the highest bird and higher than the biggest mountain.

The sky changed from blue to black as the lots-of-colours ball whooshed through space and zoomed past the moon. On and on it went, like a lots-of-colours shooting star, shooting through the inky blackness, leaving a shimmering lots-of-colours trail behind it.

Then, just when it seemed there was no more space to whoosh through, the lots-of-colours ball landed, in a far-away space place, in a puff of far-away silvery dust.





The silvery boy and the silvery cat found the lots-of-colours ball when they came out to play in the silvery garden. It was very strange to see something with lots of colours. Everything else was silvery.

The silvery boy kicked the lots-of-colours ball high into the air and when the ball came down again, bouncing and bouncing, the silvery cat tumbled after it, pouncing and pouncing.





