

## SPACE OF ADVENTURE IN SPACE

HIS GRANDMOTHER EXPLODED.

Space was not being kind to Jon Astronautson. He'd hitched a ride onboard this John Deere™ 6M Series Shuttle Craft with his elder mother-mother & Podiatry qualification. He had never ascertained a statement in the questionnaire form for this.

*\*FIVE MINUTES AGO\**

HIS GRANDMOTHER WAS ABOUT TO EXPLODE.

Jon NASAson Astronautson did not know what to do. He was but a simple Marine Podiatrist, running from the horrors of the war that was warring on his homeplanet; Horrorwar. All of his life the warfare had not changed but only a bit yet that didn't really matter right now but it did because now he was Jonson NASAson Astronautson and the war had changed, its direction, and caught him up.

*\*FIVE + FIVE MINUTES AGO\**

HIS GRANDMOTHER WAS NOT OF ANY INCLINATION TO EXPLODE.

Looking out of the starportboard into Space. Jonson NASAson Astronautsonstrong looked. There he saw space, but worst. It was that worse sight of a site of Space Yorks sighting down the slight frame of their John Deere™ 6M Series Shuttle Craft.

He made an alarm. The crew alarmed.

He turned to grandma-mama, and he said words "Grandmason, I do not know what to do but there are Space Yorks approaching and we are but a small ship of 7 on this John Deere™ 6M Series Shuttle Craft. I tried to run, but unlike my fatherdottir I was unlike him and ran but they know. There is no run past tense from the mighty Space Yorks".

She turned and did a smile then did speaking "Do not worry, for I have a plan which I made for just incase I needed to plan for a situation like this". Thereupon she revealed the contents of her hat which matched her nice green interior spacesuit. She had a matching clashing orange purse, and was of a swarthy frame and build despite being 400 years aged with twinkling eyes that twinkled stars at whoever she looked upon. He greatly admired. Her was someone that anyone would wish to be related by the covenant of blood and water of the womb and he was reminded every day of this glad fact.

In her hand she held a John Deere™ 3 Meter Radius Nuclear Grenade that she revealed to him. He was in a state of uncertainty. He stated uncertainly "I am uncertain what you are planning". He was of a spry build, wearing the standard blue power armour of the Podiatric Marine Society and coming in at a short 7ft5, dwarfed by his grand-relative who hunched at 8ft8.

Tying string around the pin, she winked in general direction and swallowed the John Deere™ 3 Meter Radius Nuclear Grenade, taking care to keep the string taught with one end in her hand.

*\*SEVEN MINUTES LATER THAN THIS\**

HIS GRANDMOTHER WAS STILL ABOUT TO EXPLODE.

The Space Yorks raided. They appeared in the galley dozens at a time and rounded the crew up to an even number in the middle of the galley. They stood at a monstrous 5ft10, with strange flathelmets and wearing nigh impervious tweedlar vests.

“Ere, we come in peace love. We were just headin’ t’war when we saw yer ship all scuttlin’ our ways. I turns to our lad Derek and went, ‘ere Derek lad, why don’t we just nip on over t’ship there and get a ickle bit of loot. He said that sounded crackin’ just gis us a sec to get brew on, but now we’re ‘ere.”

Terrified by the speech of the leader, the rest of the crew cowed but for the figure with string coming out of her mouth wrapped around her hand.

“We do not want war, what is it good for? Absolutely nothing” and she pulled the string as she strode forwards over the heads of everyone. She exploded from the inside to the outside, taking down all dozens of them in one fell explosion.

*\*FIVE MINUTES LATER\**

He did not know what to do. She was his only living relative, only now she was not as she was dead. He mourned as the rest of the crew did cheered, celebrating the bravery of the elderly frail woman that had saved them all. Just as he was despair affected the most, Jonson Orbitson NASAson Spacesonstrong felt a tap on his shoulder. He turned and was shocked. The shocking revelation his relation was standing there, living and breathing without osmosis.

“But how?” he asked.

Winking coyly towards him, she whisper spoke “I saved.”

“Saved what?”

“The game” and said no more until she’d speak again on the matter. Overjoyed at this development, the pair would go on to star in many more sequels of their lives which were related to a general audience through short stories expertly written.