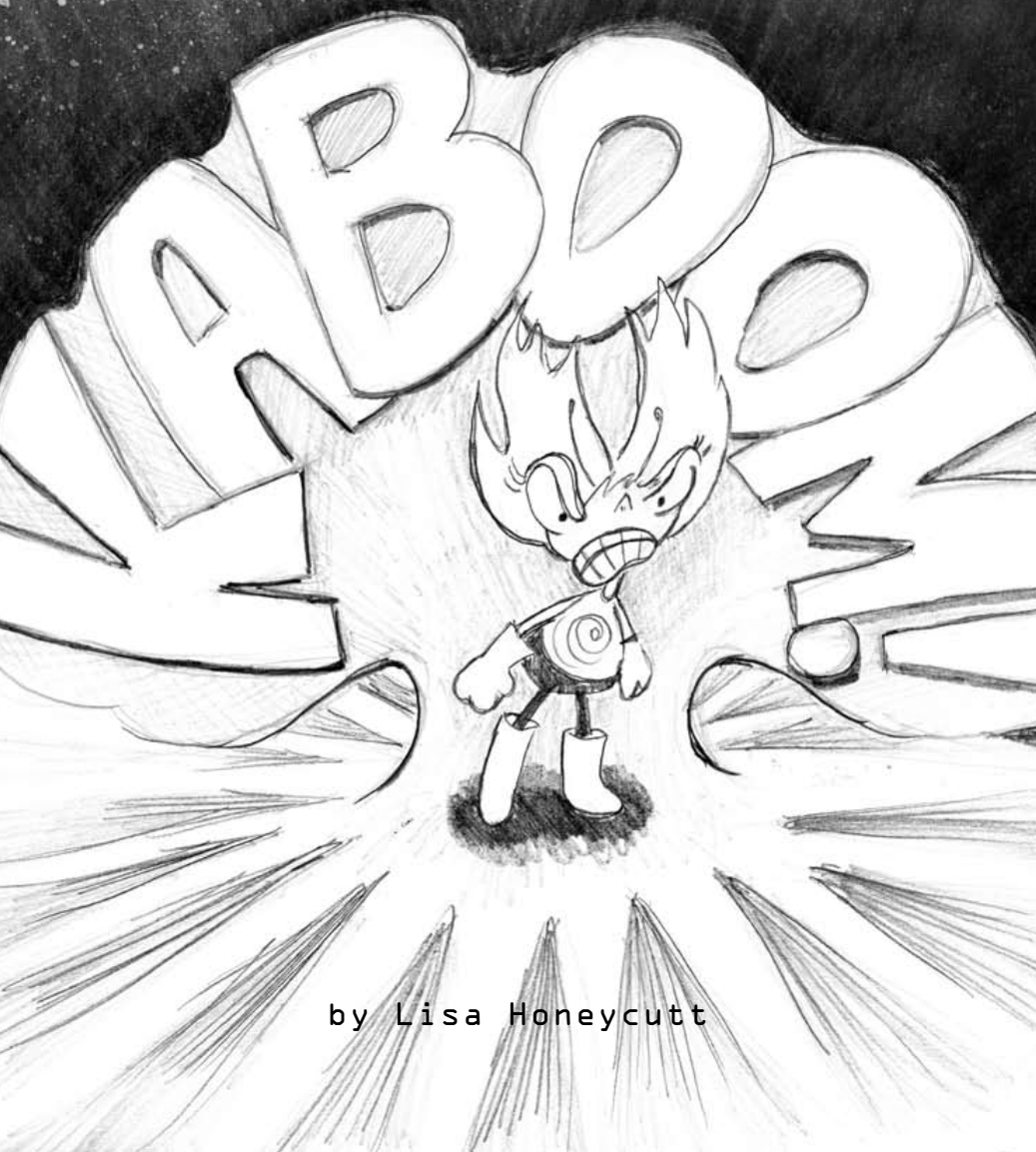
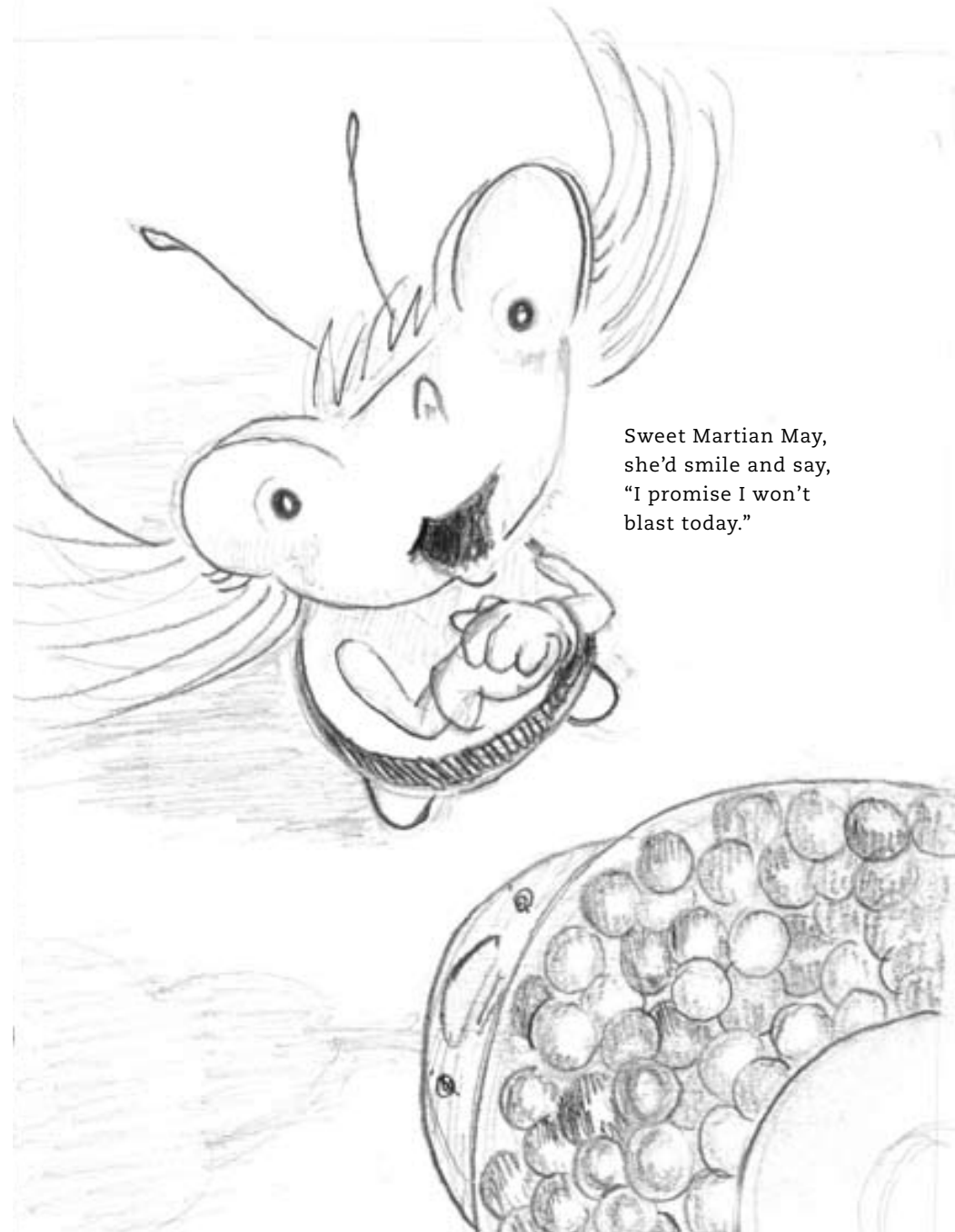


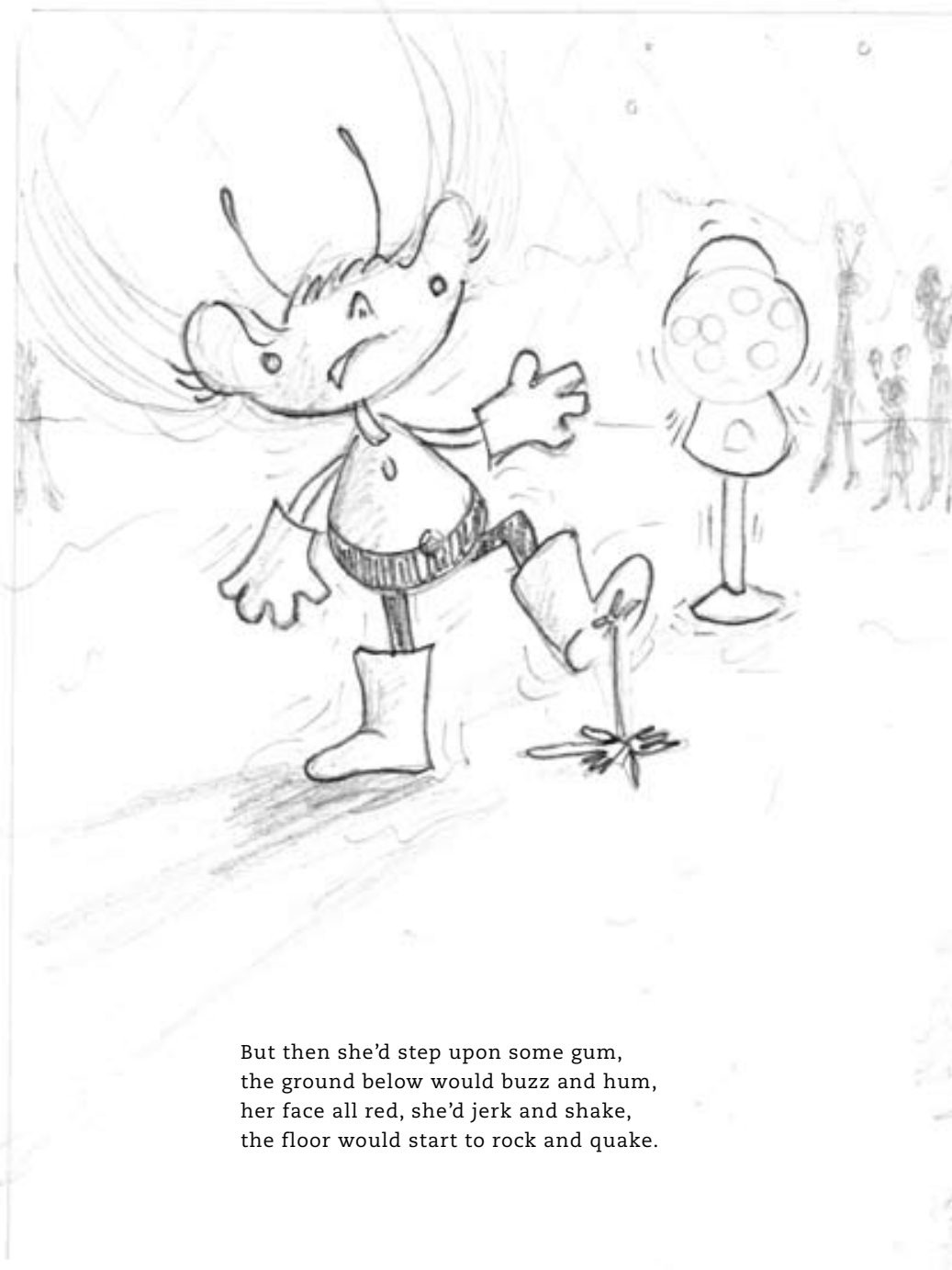
Martian May goes



by Lisa Honeycutt



Sweet Martian May,
she'd smile and say,
"I promise I won't
blast today."



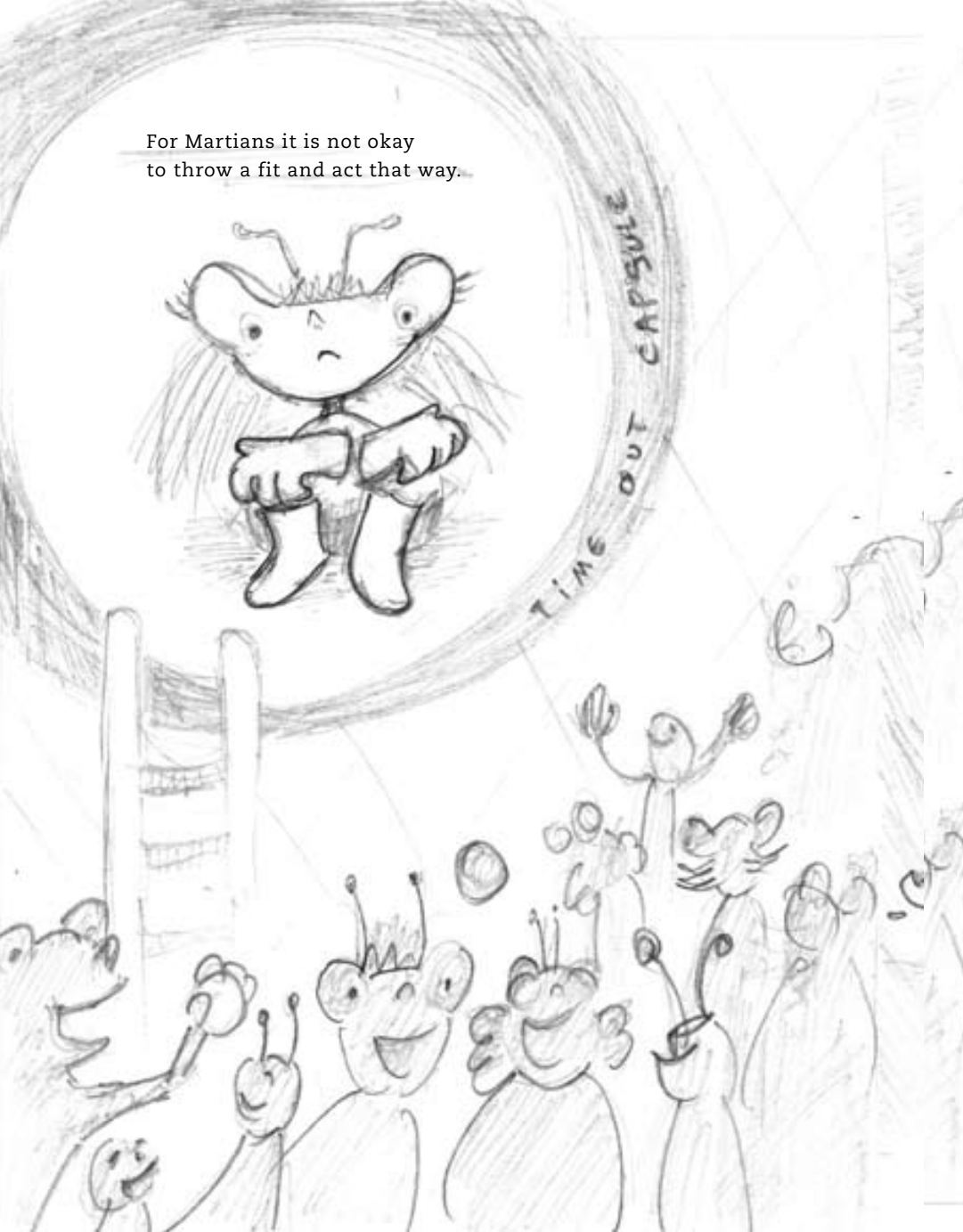
But then she'd step upon some gum,
the ground below would buzz and hum,
her face all red, she'd jerk and shake,
the floor would start to rock and quake.



She'd growl and rant.
She'd seethe and fume.
That Martian May, she'd go



For Martians it is not okay
to throw a fit and act that way.



But if her space pants squeezed too tight,



or when

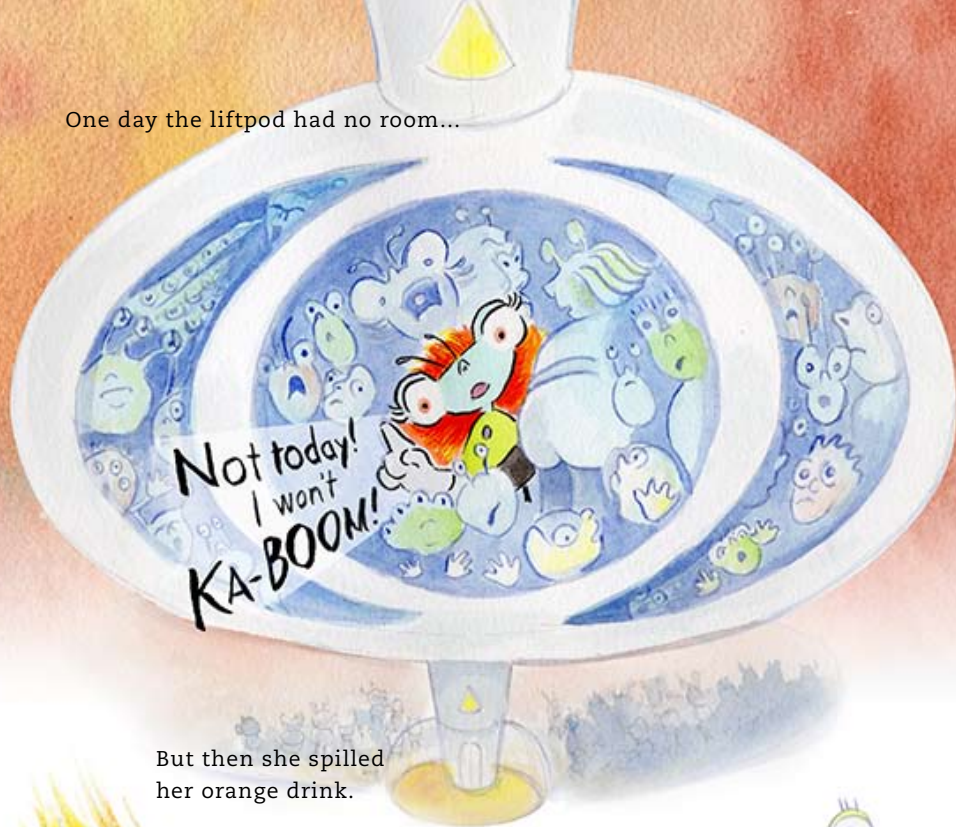
MY STARLIGHT
BULB WON'T
LIGHT!!



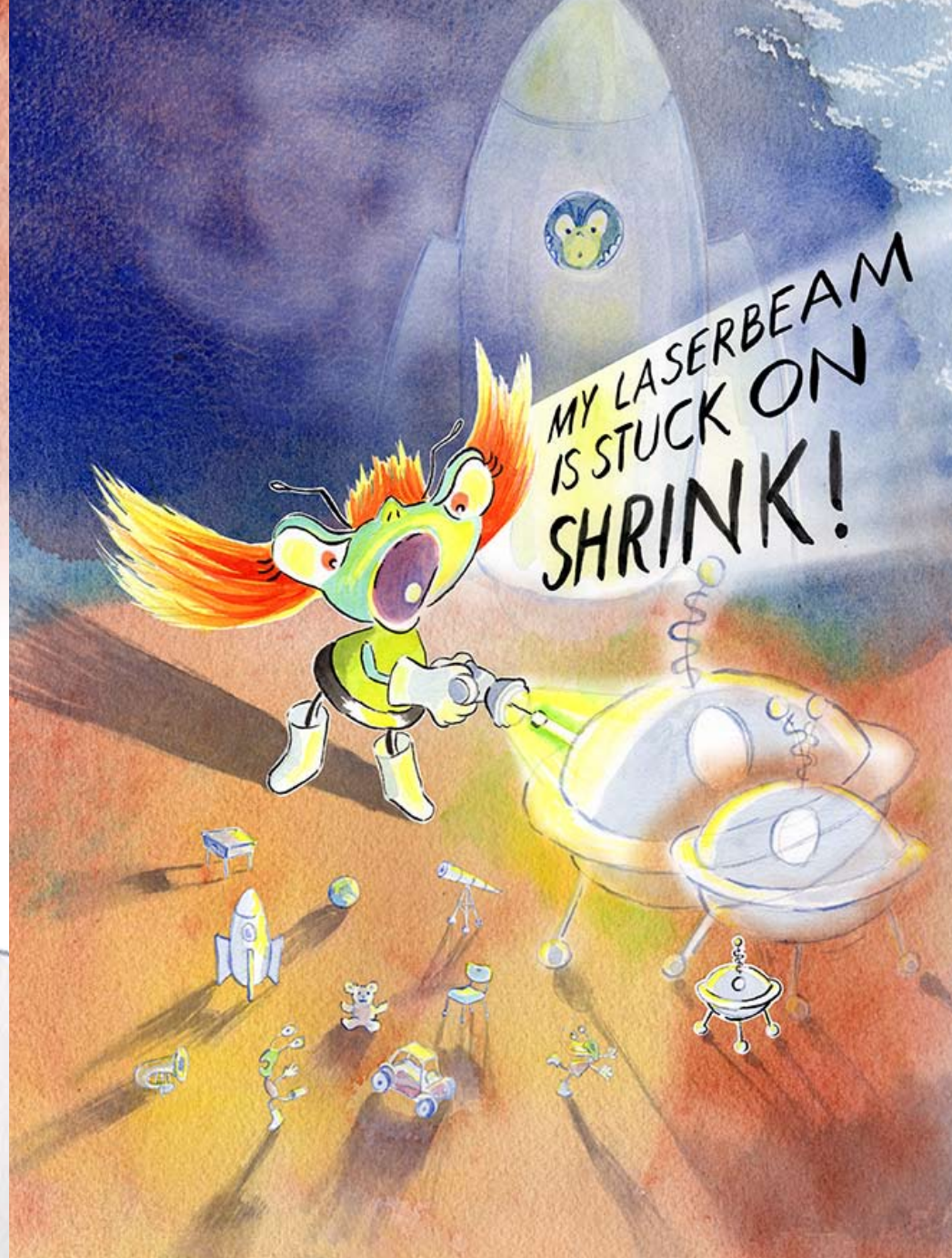
she'd storm and wail and start to roar
and stomp across the bedroom floor.



One day the liftpod had no room...



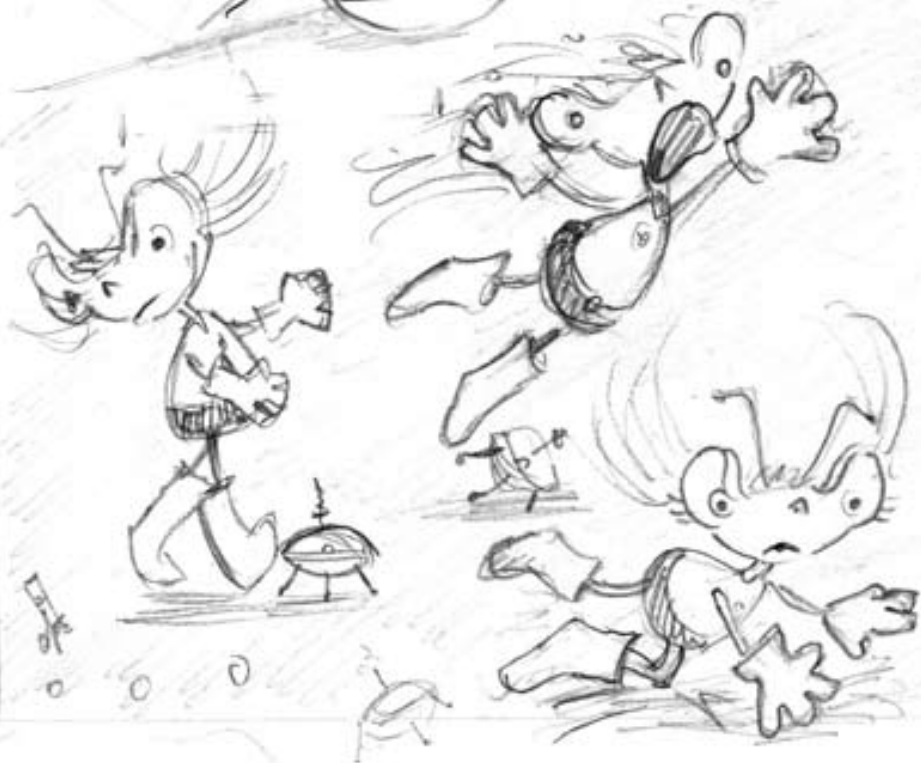
But then she spilled
her orange drink.



For lunch the soup was

FREEZE
DRIED
PEA?!!

And then she tripped
and banged her knee.



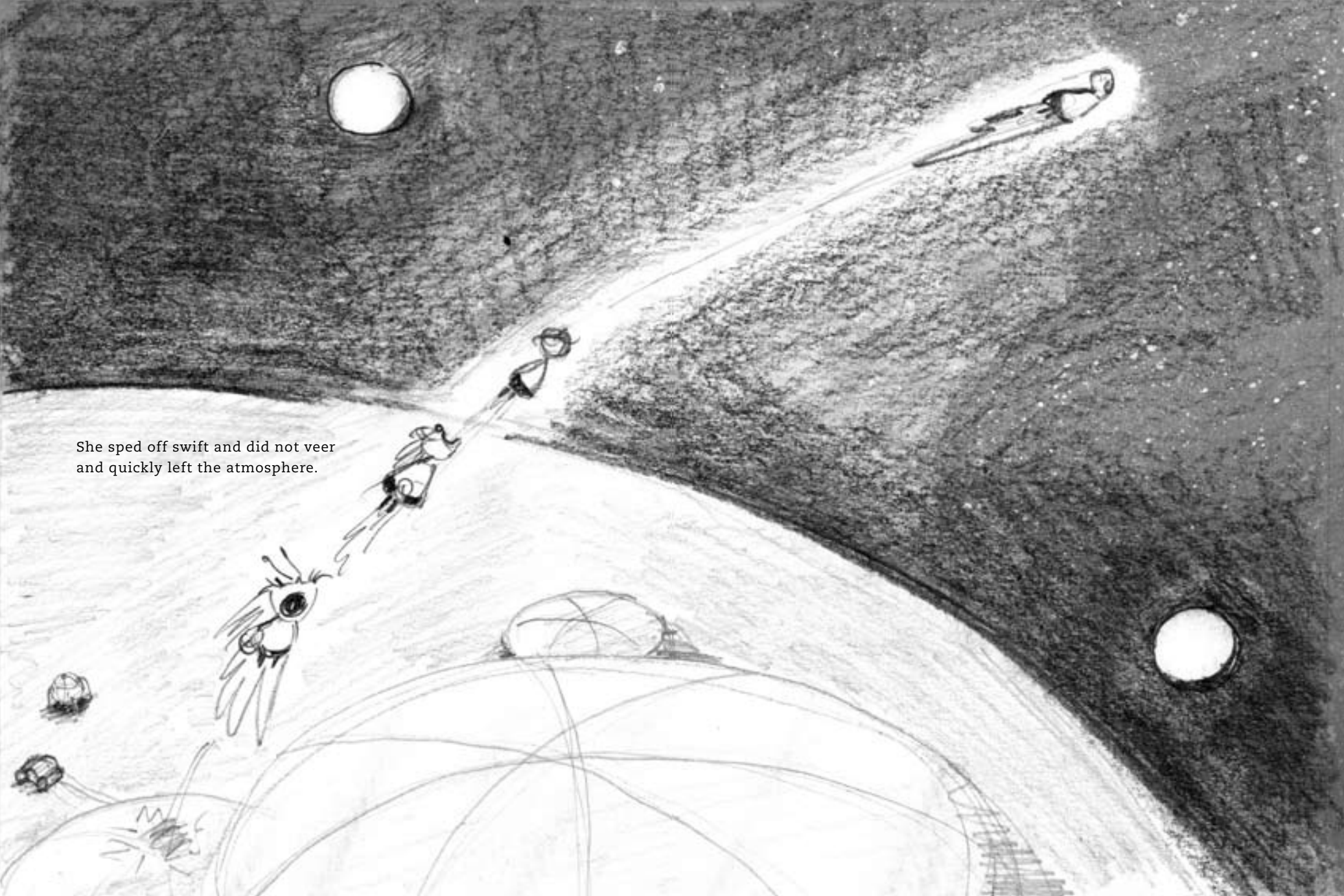
There, inside the Space Camp Park,
her rage became a tiny spark.

The spark became a fiery plume,
May blasted in a huge

BOOM!



She sped off swift and did not veer
and quickly left the atmosphere.



Then as she zoomed away up high,
she shook her fist and punched the sky.

She tried to shriek and roar and pound,
but out in space there is no sound.

She kicked and spit and threw a fit.
Did May feel better? Not a bit.




As Mars was shrinking far below,
a new concern began to grow.

How will
I get home
from here?



Instead of rage, she now felt fear.



And just like that the flames went out.
She flapped and kicked and flailed about.

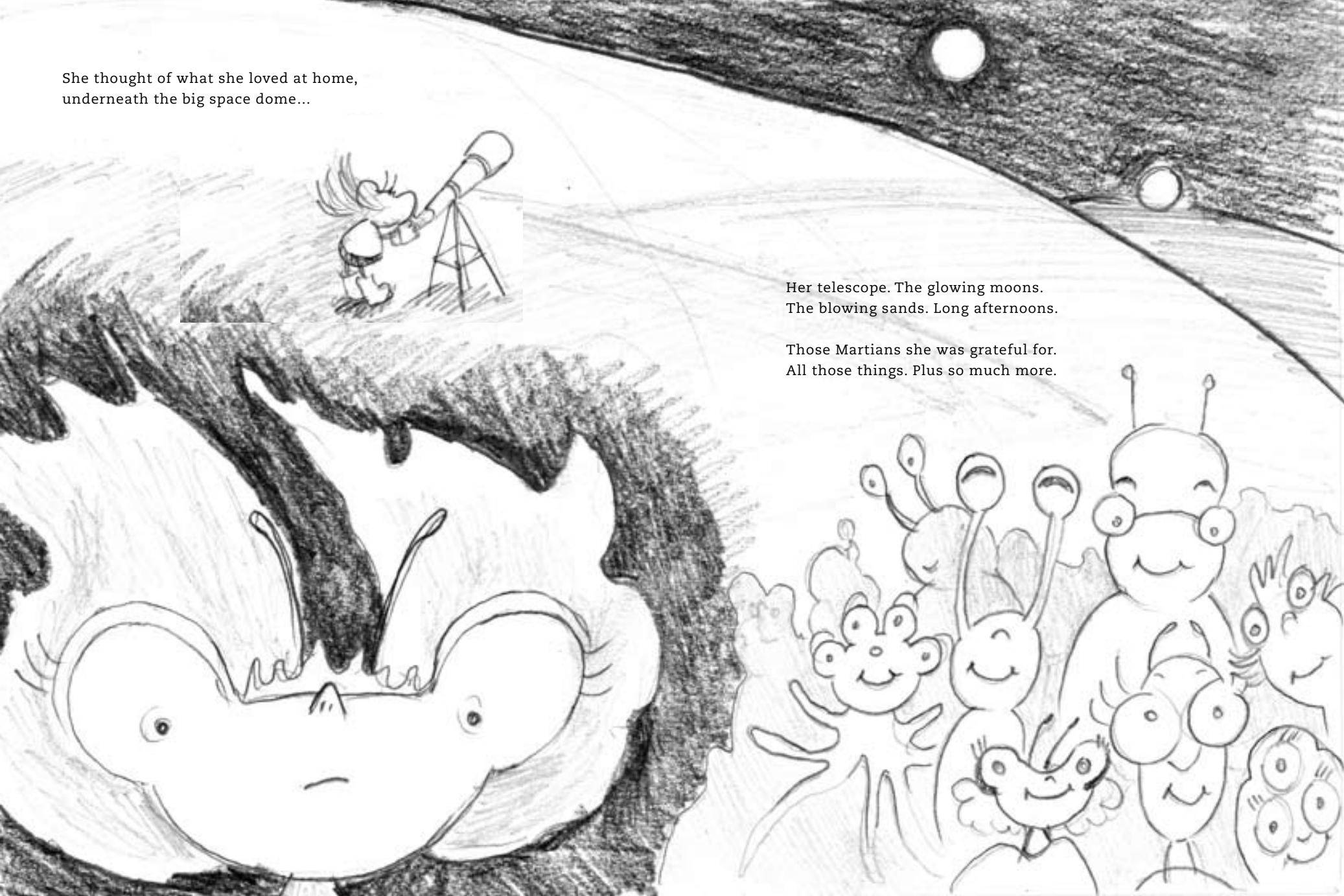
Without a flare, she'd slide toward stars.
She'd never get back home to Mars.

She thought of what she loved at home,
underneath the big space dome...



Her telescope. The glowing moons.
The blowing sands. Long afternoons.

Those Martians she was grateful for.
All those things. Plus so much more.





And suddenly, she felt a spark.
A gentle one that broke the dark.

Her heart felt warm. She had a glow.
'Perhaps this spark will make me go!'

She counted down from ten to one
and then ignition had begun.

She jettied forward, soared and swooped.
She zigzagged, spiraled, dove and looped.

She circled once around a moon,
then headed home—and none too soon.



She'd fly back there and try a change,
an attitude that might feel strange.

If she got mad, she'd make some space,
and think about this peaceful place,
to try and find a better way,
be thankful each and every day.



She smiled and used a boost of zoom and said,

GOODBYE, YOU BIG
KA-BOOM!

