

MARGOT
and the
MOON LANDING

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Every day and most nights, Margot read and reread her favorite books.

They were all about space travel.

Her mother tried to convince her to read different books about robots, or gorillas, or princesses.

But she soon gave up.



Margot was only interested in one thing.



Whenever Margot learned a new fact, she would share it with everyone she met.

“Did you know that the first creatures sent to space were fruit flies?” she said at dinner.



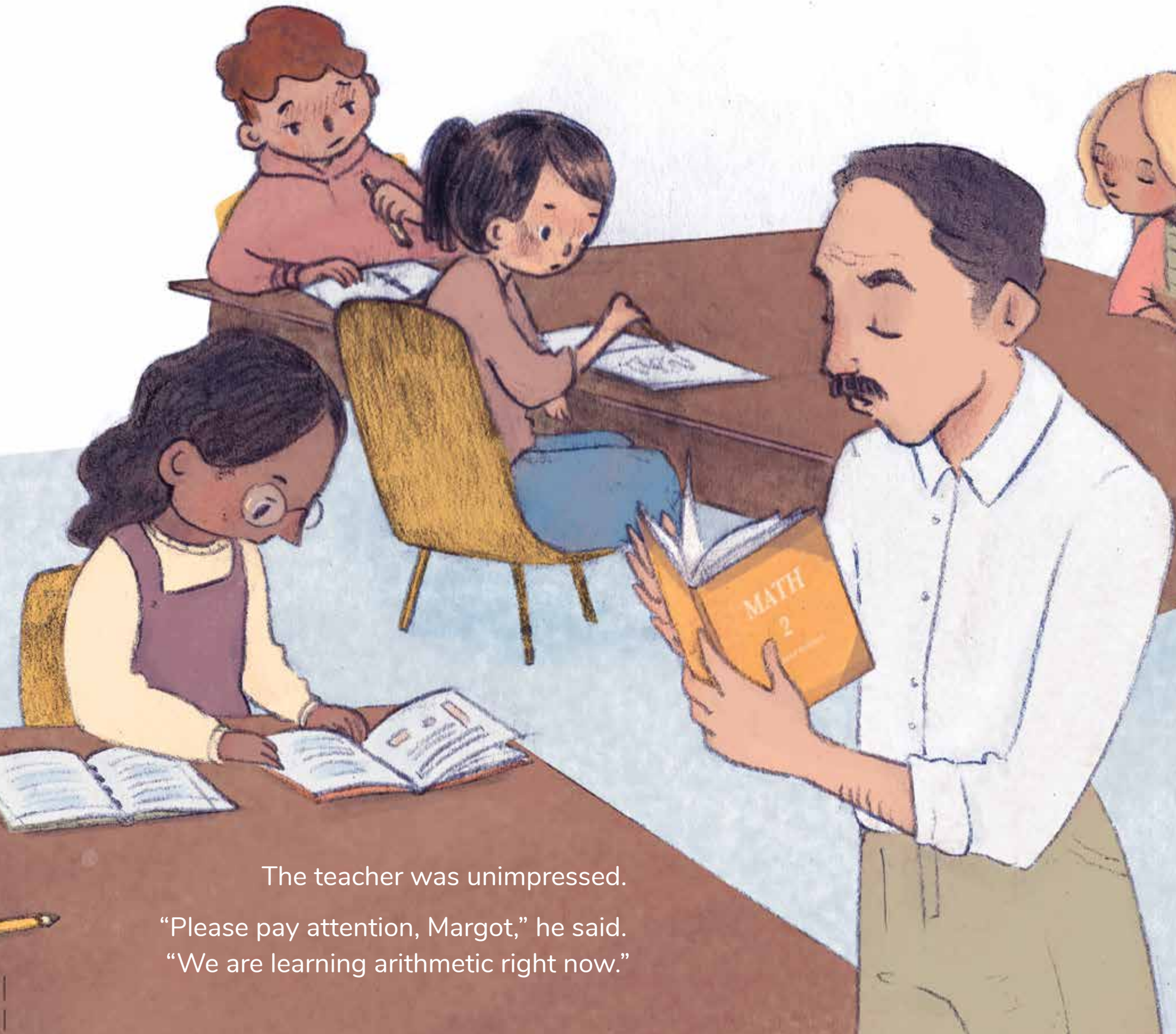
“That’s nice, sweetheart,” said her mother.

“Make sure to finish all your dahl and rice.”



“The first men on the moon were named Neil and Buzz,” she told her teacher, a little louder than usual, just to make sure she was heard.





The teacher was unimpressed.

“Please pay attention, Margot,” he said.

“We are learning arithmetic right now.”



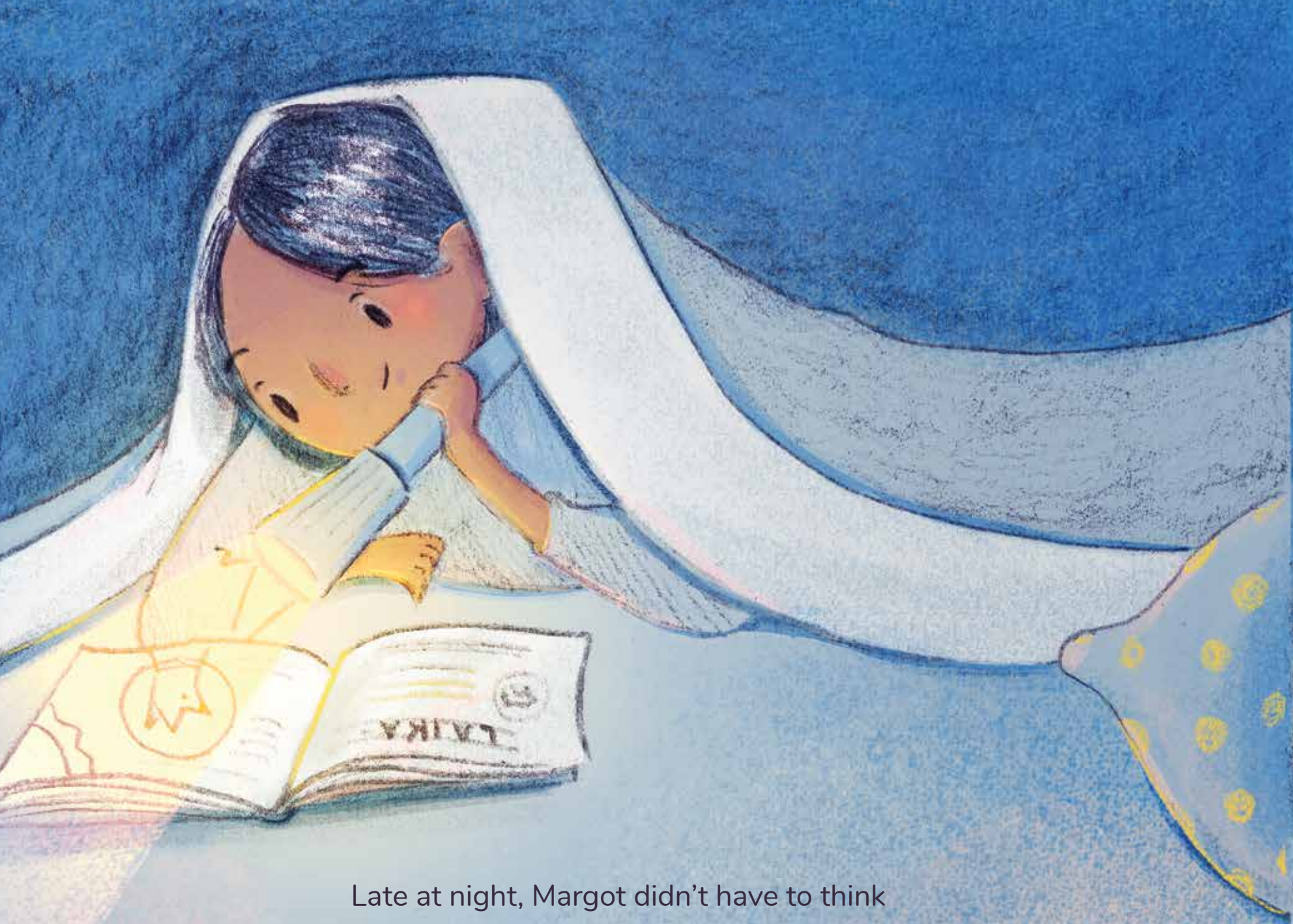
During lunch break, the children went outside to play. Margot brought her books with her.

“Do you want to join us for kickball?”
the other girls asked Margot.



“In outer space, the astronauts eat special food squeezed out of tubes,” Margo said, holding open her book in case anybody doubted her.

But the girls didn’t even look at the page.
They had already started dividing up the teams.



Late at night, Margot didn't have to think about dinner, or math, or the schoolyard.

She could read about space until lights out.

And then read even later under the covers, shining her blue flashlight on the pages.

Margot fell asleep wishing she never had to talk about anything other than space ever again.



When she woke up, Margot went down to the kitchen table where her mother was preparing breakfast.

“Good morning, Margot,” said her mother.



That's one small step for man,
one giant leap for mankind.

Margot had meant to
say "good morning."

