



I'm finally off on a real adventure, to a place far away, where everything is going to be completely different from what I know...

Jazz Harper has always admired her gran and loves nothing more than listening to her tales of exploration. Now, it is Jazz's turn as she and her mum blast off to where few have gone before: the planet Mars!

Life on Mars isn't quite what Jazz was expecting and, after months of travel to the Red Planet, she is disappointed by the school, the rules and the serious lack of excitement. However, when she and her friend, Elijah, sneak aboard the Mars explorer and secretly join the hunt for alien life, the adventure soon becomes very real...



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JAZZ HARPER: SPACE EXPLORER

A Twinkl Original

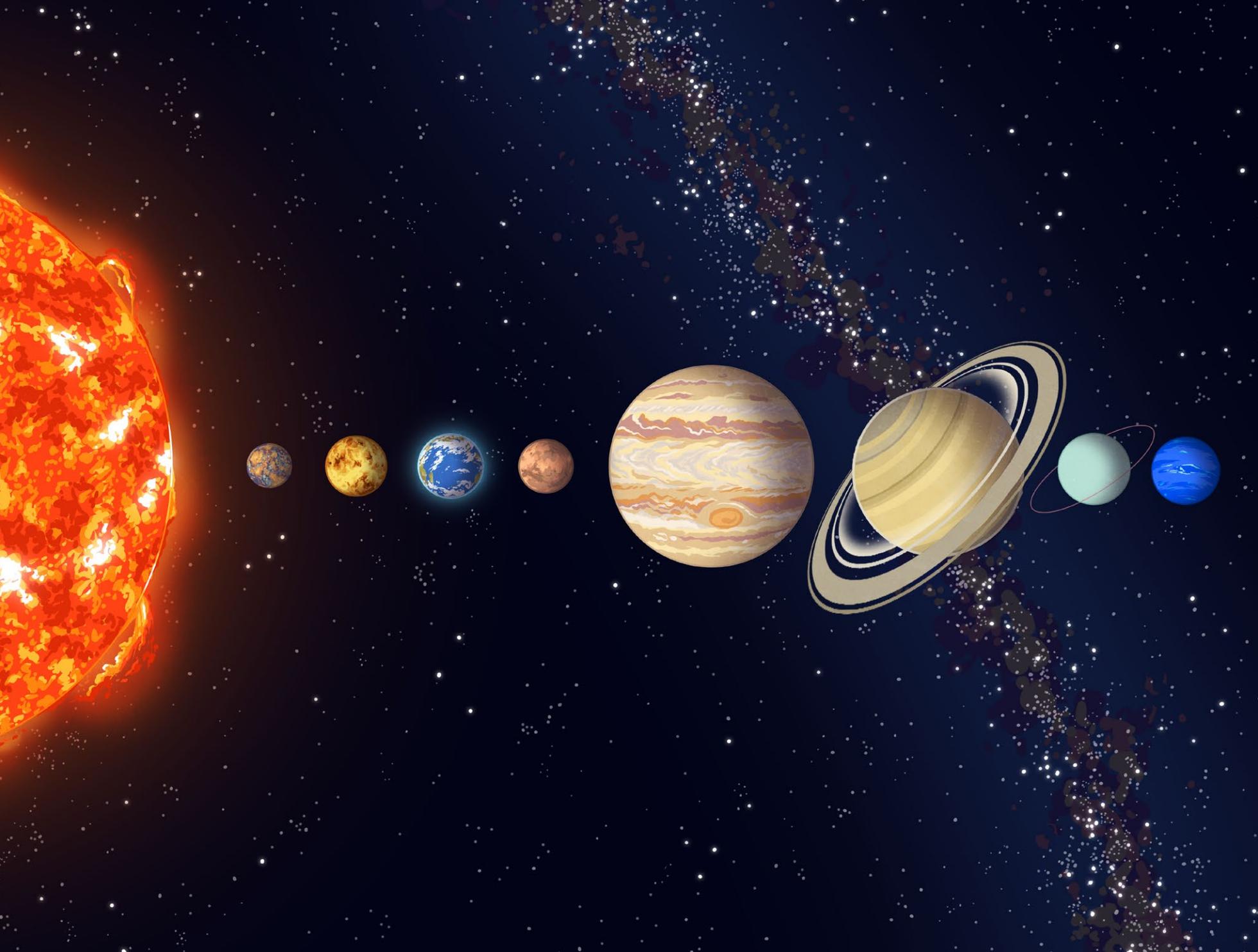
A TWINKL ORIGINAL

JAZZ HARPER



SPACE EXPLORER





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JAZZ HARPER



SPACE EXPLORER

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MARS YEAR 84

Nearly twenty Mars years ago, the extraordinary story of two children who discovered life on Mars heralded the beginning of a new era for the Marineris Colony and all humans living and working on the Red Planet.

Now, after many years, researchers have uncovered documents from the Marineris archives which shed new light on the discovery and the events that led to it.

Those documents are published here together for the first time. What follows is a story like no other...



CHAPTER 1:

Ready for Lift-Off

28th May 2060

Dear Brand-New Diary of Adventure,

Today was our very last visit to Gran before our epic mission to Mars. Mum and I travelled there on the air tram, like usual. Did you know that air trams travel really, really fast? I looked it up on the map app on my webspectacles as we sped over the tall tower blocks and green parks. At one point, we got up to 147mph!

I asked Mum if that's how fast we'll be travelling through space. She said that the rocket will be much faster - over twenty thousand miles per hour!

Twenty thousand! That's mega-fast. That's stomach-churning, brain-melting fast. Sometimes, when we're on the air tram, I play games to make the journey more fun. Today, I imagined that I was a space pilot, speeding through the galaxy. Outside the windows, stars and planets zoomed past, blurring into streaks of light. An alien spaceship approached with lasers beaming but I was ready to zap it into another dimension as soon as it got into range.

"Pow! Pow-pow-pow! Pow!"

"Oh Jazz, you're not shooting aliens again," said Mum as the other people on the tram stared. "We like aliens!"

I explained that they had us cornered in the outer spiral arm of a distant galaxy and that I had no choice.

Mum said that I should at least try to bring one back alive so that she could study it. That's what Mum does for a living. She's an extraterrestrial-life researcher — an alien scientist.

I performed a lightspeed U-turn to capture an alien fleeing the shattered spaceship in a life raft.

"Hmm," Mum said, pretending to investigate my captured alien. "It has bug eyes, seven legs, a spiky exoskeleton and liquid brains. This is like nothing I've ever seen before, Jazz. We could win the Galactic Discovery Prize for this."

"Do you think that's what the alien life on Mars will look like?" I asked.

Mum laughed. "I doubt that they'll have seven legs. In fact, I

doubt that they'll have any legs at all."

I spent the rest of the journey thinking about Martians with tentacles and suckers, and some that crawled over the ground like slugs. When the air tram finally got to Sunset Heights, we released our seven-legged alien back into the wild and hopped onto the platform.

Gran lives in one of those old-fashioned retirement villages from the 2020s: all glass and steel and curving walls. When she isn't racing her friends around the courtyard on her hover scooter or throwing street parties on weeknights, she's in her top-floor flat, gazing through her binoculars at the happenings down below or inviting people over for curry so hot that it blows your head off.

I could smell Gran's curry as soon as we got upstairs. Even before the front door opened, my eyes watered.

"My brave girls!" said Gran, throwing open the door. That's how she always greets us, even though we've never done anything as brave as she has — well, until now. Gran was wearing pink, fluffy slippers, khaki trousers and a dressing gown covered in parrots. "Off on an adventure to a new

world! What I wouldn't give to be coming with you." Gran said that she had made us a proper meal to send us off. "There'll be lean pickings in space," she said. "No cheese, no meat, no chocolate fudge cake..."

Mum pointed out that the technicians on Mars make good lab-grown beef, and I said that we'll eat insects because that's what they're farming out there.

"I've eaten plenty of insects in my time," said Gran. "They were delicious when deep fried in sweet-and-sour sauce. I'll send you my recipe, shall I? Did I ever tell you about the time when I ate toasted rhinoceros beetles in the Amazon rainforest?"

Gran always tells us stories of her youth, when she adventured to the most extreme corners of Earth. Every wall in her flat is crowded with photos: Gran as a young woman wearing a fur-hooded coat and pulling a sled across the Arctic snow; Gran relaxing in a hammock in the Amazon rainforest; Gran looking very tanned, riding a camel across the Sahara; Gran swimming with wild dolphins. I can't wait to have my own adventure, trekking across the Martian mountains, exploring caves and making campfires under the stars.

After curry, Gran gave us slices of chocolate fudge cake so gooey that it glued our teeth together. Then, it was time to say goodbye.

Gran hugged us in the hallway. "Write often, my ducks."

I pulled away and looked up at Gran's smiling face. I wanted to take one last good look at her — her crinkling eyes and giant smile. I could feel the corners of my mouth trembling.

Wiping tears from her eyes, Mum said, "We don't have to write." She was trying to be brave. I could tell because her voice was wobbling when she spoke. "We can just send you videos." This made me feel a little better. After all, I wouldn't see Gran again in real life for years.

Gran wasn't having any of it, though. She wagged her finger, pulling that wise-woman face that she's so good at. "You never know. Who can say what will happen when you're millions of miles across the universe? Once, my satellite map went berserk in the middle of the Himalayas and it took weeks for us to trek to safety! Technology doesn't always behave as it should when you are in the throes of an adventure... Oh, that reminds me — I've got a present for you, Jazz."

After fumbling around in her bag, Gran pulled out an object. At first, I thought it was a battered, old tablet — it was black and rectangular — but then, Gran opened it up.

It was a real-life, old-fashioned notebook with genuine paper inside! Tucked into the spine was a proper space pen, with real ink and absolutely no need for a battery.

I was gobsmacked. "A vintage diary and pen?" I gasped.

Gran said that the pen is designed specially for use in space and that there was no need to charge the book or back it up online. She said that I should write down everything that happens as a record for posterity.

(When I got home, I looked up 'posterity'. It means that what I write will go down in history as a record for future generations. Hello, future generations! It's me, Jazz! I hope that you're enjoying my Diary of Adventure. As you can probably guess, the diary that my gran gave me is the very diary that I'm writing in right this second.)

The last thing that Gran said before we left was: "Safe voyage, brave adventurers — and don't forget to pack a

spare pair of warm socks."

I told gran that I would miss her lots and I gave her one last extra-squeezy hug.

"I know, my duck," she said, "but that's what adventurers have to do. They have to leave people behind as they go off to discover new places and bring new knowledge to the world."

That's the sort of thing that Gran is always saying but it has never meant anything before now. I'm finally off on a real adventure, to a place far away, where everything is going to be completely different from what I know.

Mum is yelling and wanting to know whether I'm packed yet, so I'd better stop writing. We have a long journey ahead of us tomorrow to the Gviana Space Centre — we will have to get up very early to make it in time for check-in!

I have two silvery suitcases to fill up. Most of my luggage is clothes, clothes and more clothes. You can't do laundry on a spacecraft so we have to have enough outfits for the four-month-long journey. Not only that, but we're going away for

five years. FIVE YEARS! I might be inches and inches taller by the time we come back, so lots of the clothes that I'm packing are way too big for me.

Oh, and I mustn't forget warm socks!



ISCEA

International Space Colonisation and Exploration Agency

HEADQUARTERS:

Guiana Space Centre, Embershade, 0234-56689

Equipment List

This document contains a complete list of everything that you should bring on your voyage to Mars aboard the Argo Spacecraft.

Please pack the following comfortable clothing, treated with antimicrobial solution:

- 6 × T-shirts
- 15 × exercise shirts
- 6 × trousers
- 15 × exercise shorts
- 8 × sweatshirts
- 20 × underwear
- 20 × pairs of socks
- 2 × shoes (to wear on Mars)
- 2 × exercise shoes

Please remember: clothes need not be changed often in space as pioneers exert themselves less as part of day-to-day activities. Antimicrobial treatment also ensures that clothes last longer before needing to be cleaned.

Banned List

NO toiletries – washbags will be provided to all passengers, including a towel.

NO food – your meal plan has already been designed by the Argo's nutritionists with your needs in mind.

NO liquids or dusts – these could escape in microgravity and interfere with the workings of the spacecraft.

NO electronics – charging points are limited and there are no wireless networks in space.

Travel



ALL SYSTEMS ARGO! THE SPACECRAFT BOUND FOR MARS



PUBLISHED 29TH MAY 2060 - 14:24PM

LEONA VENTURIS - SPACE CORRESPONDENT

The spacecraft 'Argo' launched this morning from the Guiana Space Centre in Kourou. On board the Argo are four crew and forty-six passengers.

The Argo launched at 05:00 local time on its third round trip to Mars. Space pilot Felicia Alba, 44, of Genoa, Italy, reported to the control centre fourteen minutes after launch to let them know that lift-off had been successful and that all passengers were safe.

The Argo is one of the first spacecraft to use fuel extracted from Martian regolith (loose soil) for the return journey, meaning that it can carry additional supplies to the colony. Passengers aboard the craft face a four-month voyage to the Marineris Valley colony. Once there, they will join the researchers, agriculturalists and architects already living and working on the Red Planet.

The Marineris Colony was founded in 2044 with the express purpose of creating a place on Mars suitable for human life. Since then, it has grown from a population of ten to over two hundred inhabitants and has been followed by the Lunar Resort on the Moon and the Gale Crater Colony, also on Mars.

Spacecraft heading for Mars can only leave when Earth and Mars are in certain positions in the solar system. Dr Otto Lundberg, an astronomer at the Guiana Space Centre, explained that "Earth and Mars orbit the sun at different speeds. Sometimes, they're close together but on other occasions, they're on opposite sides of the Sun. It takes a lot of money and resources to fly through space so voyages are calculated to be as short as possible between the two planets." This calculation means that voyages to Mars only happen at intervals of up to two years. Pioneers living on Mars usually stay for approximately five years, to make the most of their time and expertise, before heading home to Earth, though some colonists have elected to remain longer.

Passengers aboard the Argo will enjoy a gym, an entertainment complex and gourmet space food designed to meet their exact dietary requirements. It is the last taste of luxury they will get, however, as the Marineris Colony is over 80% self-sufficient. Almost all of the colony's food is grown in the colony greenhouse and its technology has been simplified so that any repairs can be made with the resources available. To protect the inhabitants from solar radiation and the freezing temperatures of Mars' surface, most of the colony is underground. Opportunities to leave the shared living space are few and far between.

Pioneers must undergo rigorous tests before they make the trip to make sure that they are physically and psychologically resilient enough to deal with the lifestyle of a Martian colonist. Passengers will be monitored closely after landing as they may suffer nausea and dizziness and their muscles may be weak after spending several months in microgravity.

After its voyage to Mars, the Argo will return carrying a small number of pioneers making their way home after five years on Mars.

Because you read this

Could microgravity cure baldness? Read more [here](#).

Are you Mars ready? Take our [quiz](#) to find out!