

The  
Space Dreamers

By

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This story is dedicated to all those young minds across the planet that dream of being Astronauts and going on space adventures.

It is also dedicated to all those young minds that want to design, build, process, and to launch all the rockets of the future for mankind's adventures into outer space.

The story was originally written with the intent of it being a 3-D animated screenplay.

# *Chapter 1*

Outer space looked so beautiful and peaceful with the millions of twinkling stars that filled the background of the full Moon and the beautiful earth.

A small space probe from the planet Neila raced through space.

It zoomed toward the Moon from the direction of Mars.

The probe was elliptical that was approximately four feet long and two feet thick.

It had four ports at the backend, which were the exhausts for its highly advanced engines. The four engines emitted a purple flame, and the probe zoomed through space at super, super high rates of speed.

The probe zoomed around the Moon then raced toward earth.

When it reached one thousand miles from earth, it started to slow down.

The probe traveled for another one hundred miles towards earth.

It stopped.

It moved around. The sensors in the front targeted a location down on earth.

It zoomed off down to earth and maneuvered around all the orbiting satellites.

It was now the year 2020 down at the Kennedy Space Center in Florida.

It was dawn and the start of another hot and steamy July day.

The space center looked quiet while employees started showing up for work.

Up in the sky, ten buzzards circled two hundred feet above the front grassy area of the National

Aeronautics and Space Administration (NASA) headquarters building.

The buzzards soared around in circles and loved the air currents.

The Neila space probe raced out of the sky toward the space center.

That Neila space probe raced down in between the circling buzzards causing them to tumble downward at the ground. They tumbled and appeared they would smash into the ground. But they regained flight five feet above the grass. The buzzards were relieved and flew back to two hundred feet above the ground and continued to circle.

The Neila space probe raced over to the brand spanking new fancy NASA headquarters building.

The probe suddenly stopped at the middle of the headquarters building. It started to hover quietly by some third-floor windows.

A beam of yellow light came out of the front of the probe. It scanned the windows of the third floor.

A couple of windows were now of interest. The probe moved over and the yellow beam concentrated at those windows.

The ten buzzards flew down and perched on the roof of the headquarters building. They looked down below at the probe and curiously watched while it scanned the windows.

Inside one of those third-floor windows was a conference room.

In this conference room were ten NASA employees that sat around a table with pads of papers and pens in front of them. They drank coffee and ate donuts, which was typical for a NASA meeting. They also eyed an old NASA employee who sat at the end of the table. His name was Joe, and he was seventy-three years old, and he started working for NASA during the Apollo program.

A chubby NASA worker named Wallace sat to the right of Joe. Wallace licked his chops while he eyed a jelly-filled donut in the box in front of him. He reached over and quickly snatched the donut before anybody else could steal his prize.

“Our deep space probe using our new ion propulsion is ready to find...” Joe explained to the room but suddenly stopped when jelly squirted out of Wallace’s donut and splashed Joe in his eyes.

Wallace’s face turned beet red with embarrassment when he saw what he had done. He quickly shoved the rest of the donut into his mouth.

The other workers discreetly chuckled at the sight of Joe.

“I’m sorry,” Wallace mumbled with a mouth full of a jelly donut.

Joe glared at the Wallace then wiped the jelly out of his eyes. “Anyway, the probe will look for signs of life on another planet in a universe far, far away,” Joe addressed the room. He turned around and used a remote to turn on a huge flat-screen TV that hung on the wall.

On that TV, a picture of a universe that was the destination of the probe appeared. The picture then zoomed on the planet Neila, which resembled earth.

Inside the Neila space probe, a monitor showed and recorded the NASA employees inside that conference room. Above the monitor was the “Property of King Tona” label. The monitor also recorded the TV that showed the planet Neila.

“Our space probe will launch in one week on the Delta rocket,” Joe explained then paused while he looked at his watch. “Speaking of which, the Magellan seven rocket will be launching later this afternoon.”

The monitor inside the Neila probe went blank.

Outside the Headquarters building, the yellow light from the Neila space probe turned off.

The probe turned around and zoomed away from the window.

It flew in the direction of the launch pad where the Magellan VII rocket was poised for launch on Launch Complex 39C.

The Magellan rocket was similar to Saturn V rocket but was little larger in diameter and had an eight-man capsule. The capsule was named the Cousteau after Jacques Cousteau who explored the deep sea. NASA planned on using the Cousteau capsule to explore deep space with Astronauts.

It was later that afternoon on the space coast in the nearby small community of Palmetto.

The community of Palmetto was located just south of the Kennedy Space Center nestled in the Florida woods. It had a few stores, but the majority of the area was a residential neighborhood that was home to forty space center workers.

At a house off Atlantis Street in Palmetto, lived a blonde-haired and blue-eyed fourteen-year-old boy named Timmy Watson. He was full of dreams and had a strong desire to be an Astronaut.

Timmy raced his Huffy bike out from his backyard and down the side of his house. He looked excited while he raced his bicycle past an airboat on a trailer parked by the side of his garage.

He raced his bike down the driveway where a 2011 Ford F-150 pickup all jacked up was parked.

Timmy raced his bike down Atlantis Street.

The front door of the house opened, and blonde-haired forty-year-old Rodney Watson, who used the nickname Scooter, exited. He was a technician at the launch pad at the space center and worked second shift.

Scooter rushed out of the house with his lunch box in hand. He also wore his favorite tee shirt that

promoted the famous country and western band – Bubba and the Pot Belly Boys.

Scooter rushed over to his pickup. The second he opened up his driver's door a white 2010 Toyota Corolla pulled into the driveway. Driving the Corolla was red-haired forty-year-old Leslie Watson who wore her Target store work clothes. She parked next to Scooter's pick up where he waited.

She got out and walked over to her Scooter.

"Where's Timmy?" she asked the second she walked up to him.

"He's off to watch the Magellan launch with Frankie, and Monica at Kirk's place. Then they'll probably hang around there and pretend to be Astronauts," he replied then gave her a quick kiss on the lips.

"Such Space Dreamers. Okay, honey, have a good day at work," she said then walked away and headed off to the front door of their house.

Scooter got in his pickup, started it up and backed down the driveway while Leslie went inside the house.

Scooter drove his pickup down the street and tooted his horn at the house.

Back at the space center's Magellan launch pad tower, an old Owl flew over and sat on a steel beam of the tower.

Five feet from the Owl, a camera turned and looked at the bird. The Owl noticed and looked back at it.

The camera turned around and pointed at the Magellan rocket.

The Owl looked below and saw the gangway that leads to the capsule. The Owl watched while three Astronauts walked down the gangway to the capsule. They seemed so excited about going up into space while they walked into the White Room.

The Owl flew away and headed south.

At the NASA security guard gate on SR 3, Scooter drove his pickup to the guard shack. He stopped and flashed his badge.

“Hey Scooter,” Tim, the security guard said while he walked up to the pickup truck.

“How’s the count going, Tim?” Scooter replied.

“Smooth without a hitch,” Tim answered then glanced down at Scooter’s tee shirt. “Have you heard their new song, I’m Gonna Buy My Bride A Double-Wide.”

“Heard it the other day. I’m going to buy the CD this weekend,” Scooter replied.

“It’s really good,” said Tim.

“Well, I better git off to work,” said Scooter then drove his pickup away with a goodbye wave out his door window.

Meanwhile, at the southern edge of the space center property just north of Palmetto was a fenced-off area.

This area belonged to tall and lanky white-haired eighty-one-year-old Kirk Dakota. He had plans with turning his property into a small space museum. Kirk was retired from NASA and worked during the Mercury, Gemini, Apollo, and Space Shuttle programs. He retired from NASA in July 2011 just after the last shuttle launch with the Orbiter Atlantis.

Kirk had worked in logistics and developed some excellent connections over the years. It was because of these connections that he was legally allowed to purchase numerous pieces of old space items. Some of these also included rocket engines and a Cousteau capsule that was used as a trainer.

Then his money got tight, and the big NASA Visitor’s Center crushed his dreams of owning a museum.

But Kirk would allow some of the local kids to hang out in his property to check out the space items



he had collected. Kirk would also tell them stories of past Mercury, Gemini, Apollo, and Space Shuttle memories.

Some of these more frequent visitors were Timmy and his friends Frankie and Monica. Kirk labeled them “The Space Dreamers” since they had dreams of traveling in outer space, as Astronauts.

A few minutes passed, and Timmy rode his bike through the opened fence of the entrance to Kirk’s property.

He rode his bike past that Cousteau training capsule poised twenty-feet in the air on a stand.

He rode passed numerous old rocket engines then headed over to the two-story white concrete building. It looked like a typical government building.

This building was meant to be the museum, but Kirk converted it into his living quarters instead.

On the side of the building were stairs that led to the flat roof. Part of this roof was converted into a viewing area for launches.

Already on the roof were Kirk, and Timmy’s two friends Frankie and Monica.

Frankie Blake was a fourteen-year-old African-American kid full of dreams and a strong desire to be an Astronaut.

Monica Hernandez was a fourteen-year-old Mexican-American gal also full of dreams and a strong desire to be an Astronaut. She always wore blue jeans and a tee-shirt and looked a little tomboyish.

Frankie held his iPhone in hand that had live coverage of the Magellan VII launch.

“T-minus nine minutes and holding,” a female’s voice said from his iPhone with a live feed of the rocket poised at the launch pad.

They all looked excited while Timmy rushed over to them from running up the stairs.

“What’s the count?” Timmy asked a little out of breath.

“Nine minutes and holding,” Frankie replied.

Kirk, Timmy, Frankie, and Monica all kept their eyes aimed at the northern area of the space center.

Up above earth in outer space, the Neila space probe ascended from earth and split in half.

One half orbited earth.

The other half flew off in the direction of the Moon.

The half that orbited earth was aimed at Florida.

In the parking lot of the Operations Support Building (OSB) II at the space center, Scooter drove his pickup truck into an available spot.

All the launch pad workers hung out in the OSB II building until it was time to head into the pad to safe it after launch. Scooter liked these days since he could get paid to sit around and waste time.

Scooter got out of his pickup with his lunch box in hand and rushed over to OSB II. He had a craving for a cup of coffee, and hopefully, he could play cards with some buddies.

“T-minus nine minutes and counting,” the sound of a female voice came over the loudspeakers from the nearby press site.

Back at Kirk’s place, he along with Timmy, Frankie, and Monica still kept their eyes toward the northern area of the space center while on the roof.

“T-minus three minutes and counting,” the female’s voice echoed from Frankie’s iPhone.

Timmy, Frankie, and Monica all looked anxious for another launch.

Those three minutes had passed, and it was the longest three minutes in your life.

“Ten, nine, eight, seven, six, five, four, three, two, one,” Timmy, Frankie, and Monica called out along with the female’s voice from Frankie’s iPhone.

“Blast off!” they all cried out the second they saw the engines of the Magellan VII fire from the live view on the iPhone.

They turned their eyes to the north and soon saw the Magellan VII rocket while it ascended into the sky, leaving a fiery smoke trail. They watched in awe while the rocket got higher and higher into the sky.

They kept their eyes while the rocket’s path arced higher in the sky until it was a small fiery dot high in the sky.

“I can’t wait to be an Astronaut,” Monica said with a gleam in her eyes.

“Me too,” Timmy replied with a gleam in his eyes.

“I wonder what kind of missions we can go on as Astronauts?” Frankie asked with a gleam in his eyes.

“The type where we help mankind,” Timmy replied with a smile.

Monica and Frankie nodded in agreement.

Kirk looked proud of the Space Dreamers.

Thirty minutes had passed, and Timmy, Frankie, and Monica still hung around Kirk’s place.

Kirk, Timmy, Frankie, and Monica went inside the building for some ice tea and more of Kirk’s stories.

“Did I ever tell you about the time some of the Space Shuttle Astronauts claimed to have seen an alien spaceship?” Kirk asked while he stroked his white goatee.

“No!” Timmy replied while he and his friends all looked extremely interested.

Kirk proceeded to tell them this story, and it kept the Space Dreamers on the edge of their seats.

After Kirk finished that alien story, the Space Dreamers decided to play inside the Cousteau training capsule.

The stand holds the Cousteau capsule twenty feet up in the air. It had stairs that leading up to a

platform. Kirk built this so visitors could view the inside of the opened hatch of the capsule.

From a nearby pine tree, that wise old Owl watched while Timmy and Frankie headed up the stairs to the capsule.

As soon as Timmy got to the platform, he opened the hatch of the capsule. Frankie waited on the platform next to Timmy.

They both crawled through the hatch and went inside the capsule.

Down at the bottom of the steps, Monica looked up at the capsule and looked a little nervous.

Her legs shook while she cautiously and slowly climbed up a few steps. She quickly backed down and sat on the first step too scared to make the climb.

Timmy poked his head out of the capsule and saw Monica down below. "Monica, what's the matter?"

Monica looked up at Timmy. "I...ah...I'll be the ground crew. Someone has to be the ground crew," she answered with a shameful look in his eyes.

Timmy looked concerned with Monica's fear of heights. But if the truth is known, he secretly liked her and wanted her as a girlfriend.

He closed the capsule door.

Inside the Cousteau capsule, Timmy and Frankie sat in two of the four seats. The Cousteau capsules that would travel in deep space utilized eight seats. But the trainer capsule only had four installed.

They playfully flipped switches and turned knobs.

"Engine firing sequence activated," Frankie told Timmy.

"Final destination locked into the directional guidance system," Timmy replied.

"Ten, nine, eight, seven, six, five, four, three, two, one," they both simultaneously counted down.

"Blast off!" they all yelled out.

Timmy looked at the capsule windows, which showed the blue Florida sky.

“Here we come Duke Spacewalker to help you smash those evil aliens and to,” Timmy yelled out and sounded like a hero.

“Save the universe!” they both yelled out in unison.

They both stared at the capsule window and looked out at the sky when suddenly, a Buzzard peeked in the window. The sight of this Buzzard scared them.

“Ugly alien!” they all screamed out in fear.

They calmed down after they realized it was a Buzzard that was now gone.

Frankie looked at this watch. His eyes widened. “I need to get home. I have karate practice in an hour.”

Timmy and Frankie got out of their seats and headed to the capsule hatch.

# *Chapter 2*

Far, far away in another universe were five planets that orbited around a different Sun. Most of these planets had numerous Moons of various sizes.

The planet Ronrevog housed the Governing Council for all the planets in this beautiful universe.

Amongst those planets existed Neila. It had seasons similar to earth, and in fact, it was a smaller scaled version of earth but with two continents and two vast oceans.

The aliens that inhabited this planet were called Neilas, and they had human-like bodies. But they all had green skin, with blue, purple, orange or other colored hair. They all had large black eyes that were twice the size of human eyes.

They were intelligent and peaceful being. These aliens were shorter than earthlings where being five feet was considered tall.

The one half of the Neila space probe that visited earth raced toward Neila and descended to it.

Then later down on Neila, the space probe raced over mountains, lakes and beautiful exotic plants.

It flew over a vast stone Palace.

The Palace belonged to King Tona, who was the ruler of Neila. It was nestled in the middle of some woods and was surrounded by grounds full of exotic plants, shrubs, and flowers.

The probe flew off toward the city of Neilaville, the capital of the planet. The city had businesses, stores, apartment complexes and a green river that ran through it. The rest of the planet had smaller villages scattered around the two continents.

The probe flew over and landed in the Neila Science Complex located on the outskirts of the town Neilaville.

From the sky above the Palace was Prince Luna. He was a young adult with short spiky blue hair, very cute and adorable. He wore blue jeans, a white tee-shirt, and a black leather jacket. He sat on a futuristic-looking "Sky Doo" jet ski that he flew fifty feet in the air.

Sona, his girlfriend, was a beautiful young adult with long flowing purple hair. She wore blue jeans and a shirt with something stuffed in the right pocket.

She grasped a handle at the end of a rope.

The rope led to the backend of the Sky Doo while it flew in the air.

Sona made a loop, flew upside down and made steeply banked turns. "Yahoooo!" she screamed and filled the air with joyful sounds of her fun-filled ride in the sky.

Luna continued to fly the Sky Doo around the sky.

Inside the Palace was King Tona. He was an old overweight Neila with long white flowing beard and always wore his crown.

He sat at his desk while he read some paperwork. Then his Holophone bee booped, and he pressed a button on it.

A hologram of a nerdy Neila scientist appeared.

"King Tona. Our probe just returned from its visit of earth," the scientist hologram said.

"What did you learn?" King Tona asked.

"It appears the earthlings are planning to send a probe to our planet in search of other forms of life," the Scientist hologram stated.

"Well, that's very interesting," King Tona said.

"Thank you for your report," he added then turned off his Holophone.

King Tona kicked back and thought about the scientist's report.

On the Palace grounds, Luna landed the Sky Doo down to the ground with Sona trailing behind on the skis.

She landed seconds after his Sky Doo landed. Luna shut down the Sky Doo and remained seated in his seat.

"You did great a great job of flying this Sky Doo Luna," Sona complimented while she ran over to him.

He got a proud smile while she gave him a hug and kiss on his cheek.

She removed a small wrapped package from her right shirt pocket. "Happy Birthday Luna!" she said, then handed him the gift-wrapped box with a huge smile.

Luna quickly ripped off the wrapping and saw two small "Space Pad – Private Video Holophone" devices that had a small screen. Luna didn't know what to make of it. "Ah, thanks Sona," he responded.

She snatched one of the Space Pads. "We can always stay in close touch," she said while she looked at Luna with love in her eyes. She looked like she had something she was inching to say. "Luna, I can't wait until you become King so that I can be your Queen," she said with love in her eyes.

Luna got nervous and shook a little as marriage also scared him to death.

She waited for his response that he wanted her to be his Queen. But a monitor on the Sky Doo console turned on and saved him.

King Tona appeared on the monitor. "Luna, playtime is over. You have thirty minutes to get ready for tonight," King Tona ordered from the monitor.

Sona looked at the monitor. "Hello, King Tona," she said with a little wave.



He smiled and waved back; then the monitor went blank.

Luna didn't look thrilled then screams of joy come from up above and diverted his attention away from the monitor.

"Sky-a-Bunga Luna!" yelled Lon up about twenty feet above them.

Luna and Sona looked up at the sky and saw four young adult Neilas. They surfed the heavens on "Sky Boards," which resembled earth surfboards but were so advanced and would soar through the air.

Lon had blue hair, Saul with orange hair, Lorge with pink hair and Bingo had neon green hair.

They were called "The Surfers" and always wore baggy shirts, sneakers, and oversized tee shirts.

They just purchased the "Surf the Sky" shop in Neilaville three months ago. They sold and rented sky boards and other accessories, including Sky Doo's.

They surfed down and landed near Luna and Sona.

Their boards hovered inches above the ground near him.

"Come on, Luna, the clouds are producing some awesome currents," Bingo told Luna.

Luna looked up at the sky then back at the Surfers. "Sorry I can't. I have a meeting to attend," Luna answered with a depressed look.

"That's what you get for being a Prince. Let's go dudes!" replied Lorge.

The Surfers got back on their sky boards and pushed off with their right foot. Their boards ascended and they surfed up and away.

The monitor on the Sky Doo console came back on, and King Tona reappeared. "Hurry up, boy!" he ordered, then the monitor went blank.

Luna looked up at the sky and got depressed, as he watched while the Surfers surf through the

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