**(3) No moon, No Milk!**

Once upon a time, there was a cow named Martha who felt bored of eating grass and getting milked every day. One day, she said to her farmer, Rob, "I want to go on an adventure!"

Rob asked, "Where do you want to go, Martha?"

"I want to go to the moon!" Martha exclaimed.

Rob said, "Cows can't go to the moon, Martha. It's not possible."

Martha refused to believe him. "My great-great-grandmother jumped over the moon. If she can jump it, I can walk it!"

Rob said, "But Martha, there are no cows in space. Besides, you need to give some milk before going on any adventure."

Martha said, "No moon, no milk!"

Rob took Martha to Venice Beach, but Martha did not like it. She said, "This is not what I had in mind."

Rob said, "Cows don't surf, Martha."

Martha said, "I know. No mooooon, no milk!"

Rob took Martha to Crater Lake National Park. Martha saw a real crater and said, "I'll bet craters on the moon are much better!"

Rob said, "Martha, a cow won't fit into a spaceship."

"No mooooon, no milk," she said. "And if you won't take me to the moon, I'll get there by myself!"

Martha asked some skaters for directions to the moon, and they told her to go to a science museum where there was a replica of the moon's surface. Rob knew the museum well and said, "That's a great idea! Let's go to the science museum, Martha."

Martha ran through the door of the museum, and Rob followed her. "Stop that cow!" a guard cried.

Rob grabbed a space helmet and ran after Martha as she headed for the moon. He slipped the helmet on her head, and they both ran to the replica of the moon's surface. As Martha put her first hoof on the moon, she said, "One small step for cow, one giant leap for cowkind."

"Cow on the moon!" the guard finally found her and shouted.

"Back to Earth, Martha!" Rob yelled, and they both ran through the museum, leaving the guard far behind.

When they got back to the farm, Rob asked Martha how it was to walk on the moon.

"It was amazing, Rob!" Martha exclaimed. "I saw so many stars and planets, and I felt like I was flying!"

Rob said, "I'm glad you had fun, Martha."

"But," Martha said, "there was no grass on the moon."

Rob laughed, "Of course not, Martha. The moon is made of rocks and dust."

Martha sighed, "I guess I'm happy to be back on Earth, eating juicy grass."

Rob patted her on the head, "I'm happy you're back too, Martha. You're the best cow on the farm."

Martha smiled, "Thanks, Rob. I'm glad to be back."