

The machine whirred to life as we added the finishing touches. A splash of red. A streak of blue.
A dash of gold.

We settled in, gearing ourselves for take off.

'Faster! Faster!', My little sister squealed as she threw her head back and giggled.

'3..2..1.. blast off!' I said as I felt her four year old arms tighten around me.

A sense of warmth flooded me as I realised she'd trusted me to pioneer this mission.

Outer space was only as far as the cardboard box would move, but our love was further than the moon and back.