

What the Moon Is Made Of

*“Everybody knows the moon is made of cheese,” ~ Wallace, A Grand*

*Day Out (1989)*

I stepped out onto the lunar surface, and it seemed solid enough beneath my feet. But just to check, I stomped on the ground, and accidentally opened a fissure in what had appeared to be a solid surface. The smell of old mold hit my nostrils instantly, and within the fissure, I saw a creamy, oozy interior. It looked like Brie. I knelt down to inspect the fissure, when I saw a green alien with antennae and a bright orange vest, approach and loom over me.

“Please don’t probe me!” I pleaded.

“Stand aside,” the alien replied, and poured a white substance from a bucket, onto the ground. He then set the bucket aside and grabbed a tool very like one we have on earth, for stamping dirt down to make it hard.

“I’m so sorry,” I said. “I didn’t mean to! I’m not from this planet.”

The alien waved its three-fingered hand dismissively, and I swore he rolled his eyes, even though they were all-black and oblong. “It happens all the time. What do you expect, when your home-world’s made of cheese?”

“It’s made of cheese?!” I replied excitedly, wondering if anyone from Earth had ever eaten Moon Cheese before. I instantly determined that I would take some back to Earth with me.

“Yes, why?”

“Because cheese is delicious.”

The alien looked aghast. “You EAT cheese?!”

Leslie Soule

“Of course.”

“That’s gross.”

“Well what do you eat?”

“Dirt. Like civilized people.”

The alien wandered off, and eventually I met up with the other astronauts, who walked over with their clipboards and sketch-paper and engineering tools. I told them the good news, and we broke out the wine and crackers, and ate the moon.