

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?!”

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“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.