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I don't goddamn moon! and inste ad there's just the rockiness, and the suckiness, and the craters all being full of old broken shit, like domes nobody know if the others felt like I f elt, about space? But I think they did, because they all got louder. They all pointed more, and squeezed close to , in space. I feel real sorry for people who have to travel by themselves. I ou're going places with other people, with this big group, everyone is leaning toward each other, and people great, and it's just like in a commercial for jeans, or something with nougat d to move his seat up and back to whack Marty's knees. I was like trying to sleep for the last few minutes t of it was the loneliness of the craters, but I was feeling like it was maybe time to leave. Then there's that silence when you're driving home alone in the upcar a r the unnettes on the moon, at the hotel, if any of them were youch. I guess if I'm honest? Then I was ho d with the seat like an asshole. He was moving it forward and bac u, This is the music you heard. This is the music you missed. This is what is new. Listen. And it ep. Link was playing with the seat like an asshole. He was moving it forward and bac es of mothers that you can see halfway through the windows of dropping vans. As we flew a e, "Unit! You are so —!" And then they would be all big laughing and I felt like a complete birds that were the big spit and lots of people had them, and Marty's bird was floating of whenever he leaned out to get his bird, Link would slam his seat back like meg hard cross the surface of the moon, I couldn't sle e, "Unit! You are so —!" And then they would be all big laughing and I felt like a complete o for it. Try! Try it!" and Marty would be lik Earth's gravitational zone she had gone all gaga over the duty-free. I didn't want to be slee a minute, but as soon as we got out of the whole trip to the moon, with the seat thumping on Marty's face, and him going, "Unit! I'm tryi s not a good way to start this age to my kne upri es and my face!" "Kiss the chair. Pucker up." They both started laughing again. "Okay," I said M r fri end Calista. "Because are you having some kind of neuron death?" "I'm trying to sleep," Loga com "I holdi ng on to his face, and I sat up and was like completely there was no hope of sleeping with these m r and s he was like, What a nice young man. That was because he purchased like a slop-bucket of col s were going fugue with all the banners. The hotels were jumping on each other, and ther you co uld rent extra arms. I was trying to talk to Link, but I couldn't because I was getting bannered of it. I just remember that everything in the banners looked goldy and sparkling, b me. It' tball g faces mmach, adac There were a here wa s like m ame w . I wan er?" I an The moon went on and on. It was me and Marty and Link and Calista and Loga a lot of people there for the break, and kids were all leaping up and down the hal s hardly any gravity, and no one had a fake ID so they put a lock on the mini eg cheap, and all the staff are made from a crystalline substance." Our fee hile the girls, they did something else on the feed. They were chatting eac ted to go to sleep, but every time I tried, bam! Link and Marty would su tried to tell myself that being here was not re: sleeping but re: being d the fun, all of it. There was not always too good fun, though. We o hes, and we went out to this place that Marty said served the best dinner at a J. P. Barnigan's Family Extravaganza, which was pre rs. It was at least good to get out of the hotel, because most of s, at least they fuckin' fell. It was almost like normal, which is it was mostly college kids. Usually we can get in, because m it was sorority-girl ice-princess thing, which she does with her v Link is tall and butt-ugly and really rich, that kind of old ric are suddenly like, "Unit! Hey! Unit!" and they want to be re silent and act cool, and we're this trio, the three of us this time. We tried to get in and we were standing in the ked kind of bad. We looked tired and sleepy, and even t had the lesions that people were getting, and ours gri m and on my side. Quendy had a lesion on her forehea ns, I mean, there are lesions and lesions, but s ent to the Ricochet Lounge. It wa had be ad. The walls were al and spun. I was being a little careful when I Still, it was pretty fun at first, launching ourselves o nd wrestling while floating to the floor. I was watchi before, until we had this big argument. Then it was nd I was like, Fine. Okay? Fine. Then get some spe nk it's always really limp, when guys can't talk to nd I could hook up again, if we didn't find anyone ta or Quendy or even completely a thing (anymore when he slammed, it said that he and the girls all k t of the game. I was unhappy because Loga and I h wasn't anything like when Link ran into her at hig collision. But usually we sailed right past each ot doing these gymnastics in midair. He had a ball a is foot. Link said, "Over here," and Marty popped t game with the ball, and we were twirling all over th y close over the surface of something, we were th ning all the time, and Link, who doesn't like to lose in' doing?" "That this place sucks," said Link. Mar Play with yourself," and suddenly everything see looked again. She was the most beautiful girl, like, the food bar. I was in the valve. She had her cr s like, I don't know, it was beautiful. It just how she was standing. With her arm. I j stickers were really cheap. I stood the s like we were shit. Her spine. Maybe it r d. Her spine was like . . . ? The feed s ise of fifty feet per second — and if you igned dash will leave you something I . . . ONLY ON SPORTS-VOX — TAKE S, IT'S TIME TO SPIT INTO THE WIND er styles, and the word on the street is And you like me so bad. We are so bad g bad." . . . Hostess M's American F could. . . . She was sitting in the snack bar y if she jerked. I bought a snack. It was c d her through my underarm. She was sitting there, with ook a slu g of tube mousse. I looked back over a effec t off it. Wool. Gray wool. Black st r o be like, Hey , unit, hey, hey, Titus, nd Marty started d immediately Link a nd the pr being a mob on me. This -bounds for still bouncing. Behi nd the pr on the ground, tourists were riding big as all, da da da be removed from the premis ht no one was looking, she opened her mouth. S shifted. I watched the juice. For her own amusement t of her lips as if it was being extracted real careful b bble. It hung in front of her, her juice. It stayed inches ut, she w atched traces on the drink's round surface swirl. Link here were certain people who didn't go jumping on people's heads nquet." Marty was getting angry that everyone was like turding on hi we didn't really sound too smart. If someone overheard us, like that. . . I didn't want her to feel my eyes before I made my move. I was caref nd made slit-eyes at Link. Link and I were chatting about the girl, like I wool. Like from an animal, and then Calista did her own chat to us, w they look completely Cro-Magnon? That shut us up, and we stared ou d said, "Omigod! Like big thanks to everyone for not telling me that my oing to be like larger than my whole head! I am going to need a hat just dy cares about a stupid lesion." "How can you not?" said Quendy. "It's the lesion like it was a kind of lesion gone. Loga went, "No one will noti y look like." "Oh, so they think that usually my like forehead is like wep I wonder if you would, could you look at this girl and tell me if you notice anything?" The d." Quendy's han ds were out in a please. "You saw it! See? Like, how far is the air loc nking, because e o f my neck." The girl's lesion was beautiful. It was like a necklace ary lines are o erset. The m ore a lesi on interferes with those lines, the more noticeable it is. h both her hands a ch is entirely on the edge of this one quadrant. Th nd touched her thumbs together, and made fo of your face, so it fram es your face. It draws attention to your fa ere all kind of stunned. "Yea h," said Calista, sounding confused She said, "I want mine to go all th e way around. I want it to be lik was an alien. She smiled. We kept sta ring at her. "There are time ere." "Hey," said Marty. "I got a lesion on my foot. You want to s ey, what about my lesion? Look at this puppy. I t bleeds sometim purification." Link thought that was hilarious. Of cour se, he didn't h of us were still looking up "suppuration" on the feed En glish-to-E ho I could tell had started to chat each other like some ants after s was the most amazing person I had ever seen in my life, even if sh y talk with Link Arwaker, who women for some reason always go fo out, "Oh, what about my lesion? Let's talk more about me and my open the bandages on my foot," but that was clearly just disgusting to everyon t, stow the mess-hole." Link was asking her, "Who are you? Where do yo g what I thought about the guys and seductiveness and skeeze and all. Sh nk. I wondered whether she wanted me to skeeze. She seemed really sma that globe of h uice floating in front of her face. I was still thinking about the beauty of ho whole, and h our tongue stood there afterward to see the juice make its trembling pro e rest of the h s real bad about it. But when this girl helped her, it wasn't like that. Quendy is j in gray, and started to want, more than anything else that night, to be wi ruel and ruthless original who's farming her for organs. "Nature . . . vs. ng on a courtr oom floor. "I am not Girl Number Two! Please, Judge Spandex! I'm also oiding a blaste r to a twin's temple. "Remember, bitch. You can't spell 'danger' witho rus and butter . . . an adventure in slouching . . . Calculon. New solutions for . . . n, and fun's wh at you can have. There's nothing to stop you from fun. Do you see it with us. Come a nd throw your boots at superstars. Come thrash in the cool until y bright as branches against the sky, and burnt in your brain will be the fun, all of th Rumble Spot. The Rumble Spot. The Rumble Spot: an ocean of chaos in the Sea of ren being held toward the sun; blades slicing grass; a hand, a hand extended tow ng up with tin helm ets; Nike grav-gear plunging into Montana; a choir of Jamai sthness of the rich; friends clutching at birds made of alloys; law partners j spring break, and she was o n the moon, where there was all this meg observ ed, and she saw all these great things that way . She said she was there to observe. T , they were kind of shitty when you looked at them close-up, a beetle that walked through t because sometimes ucked, and it w b called t rty s a aid, "It will be a, a, you know, fuckin', it feed. "I don't know," she said. But I was like, "You got to go. You can go and, you know, observe." Ma ughed. Suddenly I knew Calista was either going to love her or hate her. After we were walking for a few minutes, it was, on the ale, maybe closer to hate, because Marty and Link and I were all walking around Violet and asking her all these que and she was asking us stuff, and we were telling her, and I don't think the other girls really were too ut walking behind us. Link said he wanted to get cranked before we went, and he s any place where we could drink without IDs? Marty said he knew of , which was called Sombrero Dot, and he w re with his cousin wasn't too out-of-t got there and it h down. They had tly nice stucco m e, so Loga and Qu said we shoul go in and bu y so ool st