

History of Moon Velveeta

by Sean Lovelace

That is a sack of horseshit. It's made of rock and dust. Just like this here Earth.

Most folks don't know squat. I *am* Houston, basically. I *am* Cape. Only ever been twelve men on the moon. And one cheese. I recollect things would blow your damn mind.

I don't do rumors. Been three *confirmed*. The Russians lost two. Up there in that space station and they get all drunk and start carrying on. That's just them—they like to fistfight out a thing. Alan Shepard lost the other, back in '71. What type of damn fool would bring a golf club on a moon mission? And you going to trust him with Velveeta? So, yeh, they out there. They got it all tracked, out that radar hid in the mountainside of Colorado. Traveling 17,000 miles per hour. You get hit with that you're going know something about dip.

Well, they used the foil to stick it out straight. That was Aldrin's idea. He rolled it like you would a cigarette. He was madder than a runover snake that Armstrong got to take the first step. Was supposed to be Aldrin, as you do know. Politics. NASA wanted a civilian. Aldrin went a little crazy. Had a falling out with Mission Control. You can read the transcripts—up there in that warehouse in Maryland. Finally, Aldrin said, “This fucking flag will fly.” But ain't no wind on the moon. So, yeh, it was Velveeta foil. It's still up there, though God knows why we put a flag on the moon. Nobody owns the goddamn moon.

Saved the ass of Apollo 13. Its flexibility. Ingenuity. Under heat and pressure. Using the moon's own gravity for the return. Using the lunar module's descent thrusters to correct course. The whole idea of free return trajectory—that was Velveeta.

It invented thumb wrestling. I'm serious. That's what they call an *aside* for you. A bonus fact.

When's the last time you went out your way to personally help an astronaut? Down there outside Huntington, Alabama even now.

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Laying in bed five months at a time. That's how NASA studies bone loss. It takes four years round trip to get to Mars and back. *At zero G*. You think you could lay up five months in bed? *Service*, people say that word. People say. It's just *there*, right now, as we speak. Don't roll over. Don't get up. Don't move. Not for nothing.

