Toasted

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From the way it appears from Earth, it wouldn’t seem like the moon is very far away at all. But it is, and this should be understood. There are hundreds of thousands of miles between our home and the long-romanticized rock that revolves around us. It takes days to reach the shimmering face that has looked down on us from the sky for so long. And, what you may know from an elementary education: days break into hours, hours break into minutes, and minutes break into seconds. This basic fact must be understood in order to empathize with the anguish of a moonman.

Seconds. Tick, tick, tick. I swear the fucking hand on my watch mocked me the entire journey. It screamed out to me from my wrist, as if saying, “Did you catch that, Atticus? That was another second! And another! And another!”

Needless for any explanation, I no longer wear a wristwatch. Nor do I count time by any means. I just let it pass and try and focus on the big picture.

The big picture? Before leaving the comfort of my atmosphere, I thought the big picture was the moon. I thought getting there was all that was important. Hell, I had been working toward that gleaming globe for my entire life, so, rightfully, I was pretty adamant about reaching it and pressing my footprint into its surface. My entire life had been spent training for the moment that I would walk on the moon. Actually, from what I’ve heard, it isn’t much like walking at all; it is more of a step forward, and a deep prayer that your foot comes back down to the ground.

Now, the funny thing is that, for the entire trip, I was humming that old David Bowie song, “Space Oddity.” I guess I found myself very much in Major Tom’s shoes, or tin can. That feeling of helplessness that comes with the weightlessness of outer space is almost as gravitationally depressing as if I were back on Earth, having one of those nightmares where every movement I make seems to take an infinite amount of work and force.

I reckon that it was about the second day when I started to talk to myself. It started out as a simple “how are you,” but progressed into rather in-depth conversations where feelings and emotions were at-large. I quickly became my only comfort and relied on myself for amusement. This is when my watch started growing in amplitude until I shattered the incessant piece of shit against the window of my prison cell.

You’ve never seen a sunrise or sunset from space because, well, they don’t exist. And if they don’t exist, and if I broke my watch against the win-