

## FROM THE PERSPECTIVE OF THE MOON

**(To be read in a manner of someone who is very upset, as the Moon addresses the Earth.)**

You reckon I'm made of green cheese, do you? You pompous so-an-so, Mother Earth. So what do you think you're made of? Blue sea? Well, it would be, of course, knowing you. Nothing but Royal Blue Blood for you.

Well, let me tell you, before you get back on your high horse, polluting your atmosphere with your own arrogance, not forgetting the mess created by those Earthlings you give a home to! There are plenty bigger than you in this Solar System, I can tell you that. Jupiter for a start. You're an absolute dwarf compared with him.

And what about Saturn? And yes, even Uranus, and I have heard all your musical hall jokes, so don't think I haven't! I can tell you something Mr. full-of-yourself Planet Earth, if I had my way you'd be the one called Uranus, and rightly so.

So, when your lot, the Earthlings, come out at night, gobbin' and gawkin' at me in all my glory, show some respect. What, do you call me? A Full Moon. The cheek of it! Would you like to be called A Full Earth – now why do I think you'd be offended?! (:

Don't you forget who really is the most handsome one in the whole of the Solar System.

Me!

Mr. Moon.

P.S. And the next time you send one of your rocket ships over 'ere, don't forget to bring a few trees with you. It would be nice to add a little variety to life, and that's a fact.