

Moon Baby

My most recent short story, "[Moon Baby](#)," appeared in the Summer 2000 issue of [Artemis Magazine](#).

Here's what [Tangent Online](#) reviewer Steven H. Silver had to say about it (read the complete review [here](#)):

***Cover art by
Randy Asplund***

"Moon Baby," by Edward Willett is the story of Scott Morgan, the first child born on the moon, who has been assigned the task of escorting an earth tourist around the moon. Scott suffers from typical teenage anxiety and rebelliousness, exasperated by his disdain for Earthers. Willett's story bounces back and forth over a period of a few days, which is disconcerting at first, but the reader rapidly gets used to the time disjuncture. A well-written story, although Scott's change at the end seems a little too contrived.

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The moonquake wasn't much, as such things went; back in Apollo City it wasn't felt at all, though of course it registered clearly on the hordes of seismographs that recorded every twitch of the moon's thick, cold crust. But here, near the epicentre, it was enough: enough to send Scott Morgan reeling across the rock-strewn plain like a drunk; enough to make Pamela Ash gasp and then say a most un-ladylike word as she staggered and fell on her moonsuited rear; enough to raise a thin miasma of dust that hung above the surface like mist over an Earthside swamp; and enough to topple a half-dozen medium-to-large chunks of basalt that had probably stood balanced on the crater's rim since before there was life on Earth. While Scott watched in horror, they tumbled down the towering crater wall in dust-shrouded slow motion and slammed soundlessly into the transporter, tipping it almost gently onto its side, where it lay like a dying cockroach, half-buried in rubble.

Then it was over. "Scott, what's going on?" Pamela cried.

"Shut up," he said, eyes on the transporter. "Tour One, Scott here. Do you read?" He paused. Pamela bounded toward him with giant steps, and he snapped, "Pamela, you idiot, you want to hole your suit?"

She pulled up, slipped, and fell on her rear again. He turned back toward the transporter. "Jack? Al?" Nothing.

"What's wrong?" Pamela picked herself up, trying to brush the dust off her suit, but it clung as if glued there. Her voice wavered. "Why don't they answer?"

Scott stared at her. Dust was still slowly settling on the overturned transporter, and she asked what was wrong? "Earthers!" he muttered.

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"Earthers!" Scott growled in disgust as he watched the twenty-four tourists disembark from the Lunar Shuttle. They squealed and bounced up and down in the one-sixth gravity as though the moon had been put there just so they wouldn't have to buy a trampoline. You'd think after three days in zero-G and two days in slow-spinning Gorbachev Station, the novelty of low gravity would have worn off, Scott thought sourly. And most of them were old enough to be his parents. Or his grandparents.

