

? [CONTENTS](#) . . . **What a Spaceman's Gotta Do**

? [Art Gallery](#) **By Daniel Kaysen, illustration by MAtt Dujnic**

- 3 February 2003

? [Article](#)
[s](#) Adam ditched me at breakfast, by phone, out of the blue.

? [Column](#) I mean, sure, I hadn't been easy lately, what with my giving up coffee and everything. But then again, he hadn't been easy either, what with his being an asshole and everything.

? [Fiction](#) We'd been going together seven months and he ditched me at breakfast. Unbelievable.

? [Poetry](#) And *then* Marcia called me to say that a certain person who shall be nameless had arranged a high-school class reunion, ten years on, and everyone but everyone was going.

? [Reviews](#) "So, you going, Dina?"

? [Archives](#) Trouble was, on the last day of high school I'd carefully and very publicly told everyone that in ten years' time I was going to be a famous writer, living in New York, married with no kids, skinny as a rake, and *far* too rich and successful to go to a reunion.

? [ABOUT US](#) "When is it?"

? [Staff](#) "Next month. Everyone's going and they'll think you're really weird if you don't go too." Marcia can be very supportive, on occasion.

? [Guidelines](#) A month. A single solitary month to shed ten pounds, find Mr. Right, and finish the damn novel that I'd started in high school and never quite got round to even looking at again.

? [Contact](#) "Sure, I'll go," I heard myself saying, casually. "Why wouldn't I?"

? [Awards](#) But I'm not all dumb. I decided the best I could hope for was one out of three: either a man or ten pounds or a novel.

? [Banners](#) I went with the novel.

? [SUPPORT US](#) See, I figured that finishing my book would be easier, and way cooler, than finding a man or getting skinny enough to count as actually thin, or both. So that night I dug the typescript out of the box of my school things and looked it over.

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? [Reader's Choice](#) It was a time-travel historical romance. With robots and ball gowns and a great twist at the end, hopefully, if I could think of one by the time I got to the final page. I'd written five

