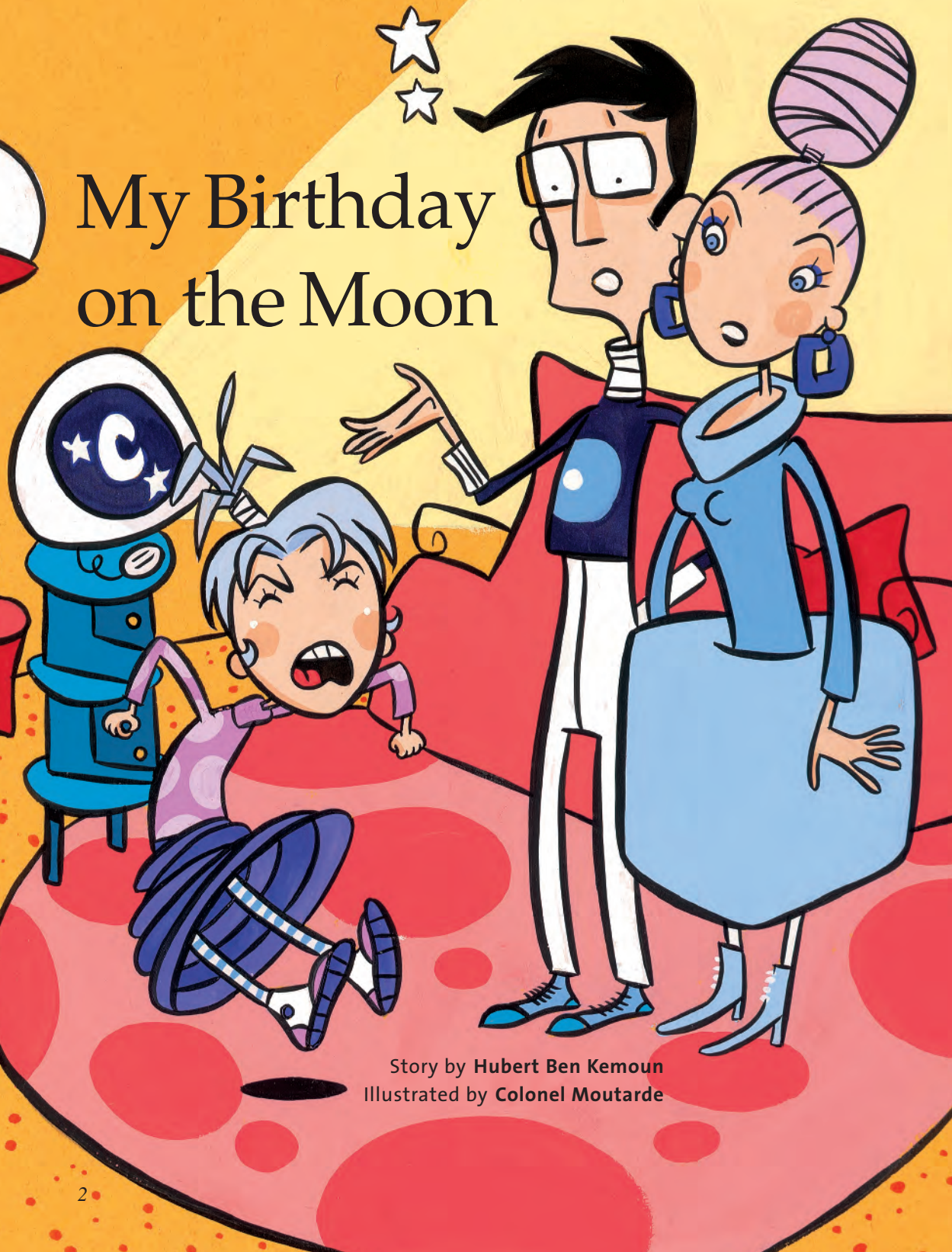


My Birthday on the Moon



Story by Hubert Ben Kemoun
Illustrated by Colonel Moutarde

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Oh no! I won!

"No, no, no, no, no! I don't want to go!"

"But you won the lottery, Naram," said my father. He pointed to the mail message his computer was projecting onto the living room wall. "Out of all the children born on July 20th, 2069, you were chosen to go to the moon!"

"It's not my fault I was born on July 20th," I pouted. "They should just pick someone else."

Mom gave me a stern look. "You're being silly, Naram. This is a wonderful opportunity. I wish your father and I were going to the moon!"

"I wish you were, too," I muttered under my breath.

Now it was my father's turn to give me a stern look.

A band played in our honor as we moved down the long walkway to the main shuttle-port.

Ms. Marie spoke to the reporters first:

"Ladies and gentlemen, I would like to introduce the four girls who have been selected to spend this exceptional week on Luna 3000. Three of the girls are descendants of very important members of the early space programs. And Naram, our guest of honor, was born on July 20th, 2069! That's exactly 100 years after that historic space walk. Enjoy your chat with them!"

We were sensational! My friends told the reporters everything they knew about their astronaut "ancestors."

