

<div data-bbox="141 65 418 256" data-label="Image"> </div> <div data-bbox="275 368 284 383" data-label="Text"> <p>1</p> </div>	<div data-bbox="701 49 757 68" data-label="Section-Header"> <p>Cover</p> </div> <div data-bbox="620 92 1041 347" data-label="Text"> <p>There I was, forcibly hijacked, by nothing less majestic—or clichéd—than moonlight, twisted into something not quite man, not quite wolf, and fully committed howling against tidy tyranny of logic metamorphosed to an existence, blissfully free of logic or critical thinking. It's a noble state, really, this poetic suspension of disbelief—the holy sacrament for those of us scribblers enchanted by the feral call of narrative. No room for critical</p> </div> <div data-bbox="835 368 844 383" data-label="Text"> <p>2</p> </div>	<div data-bbox="1180 49 1612 327" data-label="Text"> <p>thinking in that space. Just raw narrative faith bleeding through the claws of the Wolf of Writing, some lunatic muse baying at a world that stopped making sense long ago. And so it was, at the absurd hour of the wolf, under the mocking gaze of the moon at dawn's ugly crack, on May 19, 2025, a ridiculous yet compelling question sprang into my delirious mind: precisely how long would it take to hop all the way around the lunar surface? And how neatly could a reluctant</p> </div> <div data-bbox="1395 368 1404 383" data-label="Text"> <p>3</p> </div>	<div data-bbox="1740 49 2177 327" data-label="Text"> <p>hero slide into this preposterous scenario? I lobbed the question at an all-knowing AI with too much smirk in its tone; the mathematics were suspiciously credible. Average moon-hop: six meters. Boosters? Double that—twelve. Thirty-eight rest stops. The math's solid enough. The truth? Unhinged but real. It's during these caffeinated cannabis-infused sessions that I plot and beat-create, dialing the nudge to eleven, or possibly twelve, as recommended by my wonderfully exasperated</p> </div> <div data-bbox="1955 368 1964 383" data-label="Text"> <p>4</p> </div>
<div data-bbox="275 416 284 430" data-label="Text"> <p>8</p> </div> <div data-bbox="62 655 499 745" data-label="Text"> <p>satire, as bizarre and genuine as moonlight-induced lycanthropy itself. https://jeffmeridian.pages.dev/2025/06/22/moonhop/</p> </div>	<div data-bbox="835 416 844 430" data-label="Text"> <p>7</p> </div> <div data-bbox="620 491 1059 745" data-label="Text"> <p>bastard, equipped with one of those gloriously unnecessary electric reclining chair units. The moment before the jump. And I needed to push my hero off the couch—more than a push, a goddamn cosmic kick. One novella like clockwork set on fire. A slow crawl into the bloodbath. My satire deepened, spinning into a savage critique of politics, society, and technology. Yet strangely enough, it never quite felt like science fiction, but rather a joyful and savage</p> </div>	<div data-bbox="1395 416 1404 430" data-label="Text"> <p>6</p> </div> <div data-bbox="1193 469 1619 745" data-label="Text"> <p>hacker or disheveled prophet, hacking into a notebook balanced on my knees like some deranged altar. Raincoat zipped to the throat, hood up like a hacker on the run. Wind's always sharp. Cuts through the bones. One hand on a can of battery-acid energy drink. The other hand half-committed to a joint. Burnt nerves and caffeine, the holy twin snakes of progress. This is the plotting pit. Beat-structure inferno. Meanwhile, a new couch arrived. Fancy</p> </div>	<div data-bbox="1955 416 1964 430" data-label="Text"> <p>5</p> </div> <div data-bbox="1747 469 2177 745" data-label="Text"> <p>psychoanalyst, a woman who long ago believed there was hope of curing my tendency for extremes. I had two uninterrupted alone time weeks to finish my hero's journey. Sprint-planning meetings kick off around five—give or take an hour, because time, much like werewolf transformations, is notoriously unreliable. My ritualistic writing sessions began in the dim predawn at precisely, or vaguely, five or perhaps five-thirty-ish, on a balcony camping chair, perched like some rogue back-alley</p> </div>
<div data-bbox="275 1166 284 1181" data-label="Text"> <p>9</p> </div>	<div data-bbox="835 1166 844 1181" data-label="Text"> <p>10</p> </div>	<div data-bbox="1395 1166 1404 1181" data-label="Text"> <p>11</p> </div>	<div data-bbox="1955 1166 1964 1181" data-label="Text"> <p>12</p> </div>
<div data-bbox="275 1214 284 1228" data-label="Text"> <p>16</p> </div>	<div data-bbox="835 1214 844 1228" data-label="Text"> <p>15</p> </div>	<div data-bbox="1395 1214 1404 1228" data-label="Text"> <p>14</p> </div>	<div data-bbox="1955 1214 1964 1228" data-label="Text"> <p>13</p> </div>