

<div data-bbox="141 65 418 399" data-label="Image"> </div>	<div data-bbox="620 49 1041 323" data-label="Text"> <p>Cover</p> <p>Moonhop is a wonderfully absurd, darkly humorous, satirical science fiction. A comedic journey through a future that’s absurdly familiar and escalates to cosmic levels with a straight face. In a hyper-capitalist, technologically advanced society running on bonus points and brand synergy, Rupert Lang’s life is a blissful cycle of cream cakes and naps—until he’s catapulted into a race around the Moon.</p> </div>	<div data-bbox="1180 49 1612 328" data-label="Text"> <p>Up there, nothing is as it seems. The rules are buried in fine print, the stakes keep changing, and even your spacesuit has a voice. Together with Maya, his AI companion whose logic is increasingly strained by human absurdity, Rupert uncovers a threat that will consume everything.</p> <p><i>This is a work of fiction and satire. All characters, companies, technologies, political figures, drinks, robots, and interstellar agencies depicted in Moonhop are entirely fictional or used in a satirical context. Any</i></p> </div>	<div data-bbox="1740 49 2175 306" data-label="Text"> <p><i>resemblance to real persons, brands, or entities—living, dead, defunct, or orbiting—is purely coincidental or intended as parody. Moonhop is a comedic and transformative work that pokes fun at science fiction tropes, pop culture icons, corporate branding, and political theatrics. No affiliation, endorsement, or connection with any real-world individual, organisation, or trademarked property is intended or implied. Reader discretion is advised: side effects may include unexpected</i></p> </div>
<div data-bbox="67 469 499 746" data-label="Text"> <p>Traffic will be madness: imagine trying to pedal away from a zombie after a bridge holiday,"Rupert leaned back onto the couch and placed the plate on his chest. "Hmm, I'll think about it, maybe after the cream cake and a little nap, goodbye," said Rupert. The voice paused, then added solemnly: "Also, we have tents on sale."</p> <p>A new voice, smooth as melted butter, purred from a built-in loudspeaker: "This promotional call is brought to you by Speak & Geek, your judgment-free, always-on, AI-</p> </div>	<div data-bbox="627 469 1059 746" data-label="Text"> <p>the salesman. Rupert paused, fork halfway to his mouth. "Sounds pretty dramatic." "Buy the book on how to Outsmart Every Zombie in 24 Hours or Less' now! And we'll throw in the Elite Survival Starter Pack, which includes a tactical flashlight, a foldable shovel, and a collapsible water filter. You get 30 percent off your next purchase!" cooed the saleswoman. Rupert frowned. "Well, I suppose I could use a new bicycle." "That's the spirit! Like in Chapter 42 of the book: Plan your escape route during a zombie apocalypse.</p> </div>	<div data-bbox="1184 469 1619 746" data-label="Text"> <p>your cream cake service?" "If you think the next drama in your life is far off, then you are sorely mistaken!" said the voice. "So listen carefully. Imagine this: one minute you're nibbling on a cream cake, and next BOOM! Drones are hovering over your house, and your neighbour is trying to trade canned peaches for toilet paper with a bus full of infected TikTokers that has crashed through your hedge. "Infected TikTokers?" Rupert mumbled, licking icing from his thumb. "Basically zombies in tracksuits," said</p> </div>	<div data-bbox="1740 469 2179 746" data-label="Text"> <p>Cream Cakes Rupert was sitting on the couch, eating cream cakes, when his phone rang. "Congratulations Rupert Lang! As a cream cake subscriber, you've been selected for an exclusive offer on our book, 'How to Outsmart Every Drama in 24 Hours or Less!' "The salesman's voice boomed and was overly enthusiastic. "Excuse me?" Rupert mumbled, his mouth full. "Do you call every subscriber to</p> <p><i>interplanetary wanderlust, or spontaneous</i> <i>lust for cake.</i></p> </div>
<div data-bbox="60 849 488 1126" data-label="Text"> <p>powered companion for wellness check-ins, mood tracking, and thought-sorting. At Speak & Geek, we make artificial intelligence artificially charming. We combine tech know-how with genuine empathy, and now, a message from our sponsor, Moonhop." Rupert stretched out his arm and, in a single swift movement, swung the plate from his chest to the table beside the couch, leaving a considerable amount of cream cake on the couch. "Have you heard of Moonhop, the endurance</p> </div>	<div data-bbox="620 849 1057 1126" data-label="Text"> <p>race of the century the boldest, most demanding, most televised race in human history? The voice continued, punctuated by a subtle "bzzzzz." Imagine to be the first to complete a full circumnavigation of Earth's beautiful rocky satellite. Every one of your jumps, every strategic decision, broadcast live to a captivated planet. 'bzzzzz'. Be the ultimate pioneer. Achieve unprecedented global fame. Your name will be engraved in the annals of exploration, spoken with the same reverence as Armstrong, Gagarin, and</p> </div>	<div data-bbox="1180 849 1617 1126" data-label="Text"> <p>Hillary." Rupert lay sprawled on the couch, now rolling onto his side and adjusting the pillow behind his head seeking maximum comfort. "The stakes are as vast as space itself," the voice purred. "The world will be watching. Every triumph, every setback, every heartbreaking loss will be part of the unwritten drama. Are you the one who possesses the grit, the skill, and the unwavering will to face the vast emptiness of space and emerge as a living legend..." Rupert</p> </div>	<div data-bbox="1740 849 2175 1126" data-label="Text"> <p>was already snoring. "The Moon awaits the brave. Visit http://www.lunarhop.come to begin your application for the race that will define a generation. Participation carries extreme risk, including severe injury or death. Full terms and conditions and risk disclosures available on the application portal. Participants acknowledge and agree to the live broadcast of all race outcomes," the voice purred hypnotically. "bzzzzz," "bzzzzz". Rupert tossed around, inhaling the lingering</p> </div>
<div data-bbox="67 1265 499 1544" data-label="Text"> <p>Rupert smiled and smacked his lips a little, he was dreaming of cute little bunnies in tiny spacesuits, hopping in perfect harmony across a vast silver landscape. "If you say 'Skip' now, the message will end, and you'll still get 200 bonus points," said the delivery bot. Rupert pressed the booster button on his joystick. It was a bit sticky and immediately shot him into the sky. Then he moved the joystick a bit more; it was still very sticky, and he instantly spiralled back to the surface,</p> </div>	<div data-bbox="620 1265 1059 1544" data-label="Text"> <p>selected and automatically signed up for something that will make you the envy of every fitness bunny from here to Alpha Centauri. It's called the Moon Race Lottery, or, as we internally dubbed it, Moonhop. 'Operation: Slim Down on a Silver Platter,' Yes, that's right, the Moon! A jog around the Moon, or rather, a hop around it. It's a bit like a ridiculously long walk, but with significantly less gravity and significantly more fun. We've built and strategically placed 85 rest stops on the Moon. Your oases for rest and resupply."</p> </div>	<div data-bbox="1184 1265 1619 1544" data-label="Text"> <p>delivery robot, its voice flat, overlaid with a soft, continuous "bzzzzz". "Do you want to hear it?" "Sure," Rupert mumbled, burying his face into the couch cushions, inhaling deeply and immediately falling back asleep. "Rupert Lane, prepare for immortality (and a slim waistline)!" it purred from the delivery robot. "We know how you groan about needing to lose a few pounds and, frankly, stop reassembling a particularly well-fed sofa cushion? Well, consider it done. You've been</p> </div>	<div data-bbox="1758 1265 2179 1544" data-label="Text"> <p>scent of cream cake. "bzzzzz"; "Who's there?" said Rupert mumbled, not bothering to open his eyes. "Delivery for Rupert Lane. 'Come on in,' he mumbled. Rupert tossed and turned, burying his face into the sofa cushions for more of the cake's scent. The door swung open. A box-shaped figure hopped into the middle of the room, each mechanical hop emitting a distinct "bzzzzz". "I have an interactive advertisement for Rupert Lang and a package," announced the</p> </div>

<p>which transformed into a creamy cake base, with enough pudding-like elasticity that Rupert was catapulted right back to the stars, snoring a little.</p> <p>“Okay, so you don’t want to skip,” the delivery robot droned. “Then I’ll just have to keep standing here, and we’ll have to listen to a bit more advertising blah-blah”, the delivery robot grumbled.</p> <p>“Seeking your personal peak, redemption, or escape?” a voice cooed, with cheesy meditative background music. “For those</p>	<p>fleeing a shadowy past, the barren purity of the lunar void offers a chance for profound reinvention, an extreme therapy session written in the stars. An ideological quest? Connect with the cosmos on a primal level. Prove humanity’s indomitable spirit. Make an undeniable statement about our destiny beyond Earth.”The background music picked up some speed. “Your ultimate thrill? For the true adrenaline connoisseur, nothing compares to the razor’s edge of survival on an alien world, where every decision means</p>	<p>winning or losing, broadcast live to billions.” Rupert spiralled down, immediately taking off again. The cake surface vibrated from his thrusters.Rupert snored, grinding his teeth.</p> <p>“You against the other participants, the broadcasters are betting on drama. You won the ticket, my friend, let that sink in. Don’t worry that the statistics aren’t your friend. Honestly, the Moon isn’t your friend either. Your only true allies are your training, your equipment, and a healthy dose of vigilance. You’ve certainly need some of that; the</p>	<p>change will do you good.”</p> <p>“What change?” Rupert rubbed his sticky eyes, now half-awake. “In the box, you’ll find everything you need. You can start training immediately, so you don’t lose any time,” said the voice.</p> <p>“What time is it?” “What training?” “Did I win something?” Rupert mumbled into the couch cushions. “What box?”</p> <p>He rolled over, opening his cake-smeared eyes a little, and peered at the box across the living room.</p>
<p>17</p>	<p>18</p>	<p>19</p>	<p>20</p>
<p>24</p> <p>at your door.' It's often better to let the wanted it, and boom, here we are, knocking deliver so fast you didn't know you even gag gone wrong? Maybe one of those: 'We muttered to himself. "A prank? A marketing "What on earth have I gotten myself into?" he away the remnants of cake and confusion. warm water run over his eyes, scrubbing bathroom. He turned on the tap and let the broomstick to feel his way towards the Rupert stood up from the couch and used the <i>big dream.</i></p>	<p>23</p> <p><i>oh-oh-In your suit with a gleam, living out the It's a blast when you leap and you zoom... oh-oh-oh.</i></p> <p><i>It's a blast when you're out on the moon... moon and a mission for your kind.</i></p> <p><i>Hey now, leave your doubts behind. There's a Hey now, let the gravity bend, I said.</i></p> <p><i>Hey now, it's your time to ascend, I said.</i></p> <p>Rupert's height, danced to a singing chorus. the room, a confetti-covered figure, about name wrong one last time. In the middle of "bzzzzzz," it chirped, managing to get his</p>	<p>22</p> <p>Enjoy your bonus points, Robert Lane door. "I hope your delivery was satisfactory. snatched the empty box and hopped out the music was still playing as the delivery robot the room and onto the carpet. Orchestral The box sprang open, spraying confetti across race of your life."</p> <p>Moonhop experience. Welcome to the grand on accepting your status as winner of the contractually binding license agreement and "Congratulations on accepting the ***</p>	<p>21</p> <p>narrowly missing the red button next to it. first, pressed a small blue button on the box, grabbed the broom and, with the pointy end it. The broom disappeared weeks ago.," He edge of the couch and bent underneath. "Got "Oh, shut up," Rupert had an arm over the interactive call."</p> <p>Press blue to confirm and red to end this skilled, disturbingly lucky, or morally flexible. Winning is a bonus for the exceptionally winning; it's about crossing the finish line. "You're absolutely right, Rupert. It's not about</p>
<p>25</p> <p>delivery robots in briefly and listen, at least to the sales pitch for a few free points, otherwise, they'll just keep bumbling around outside your house anyway."</p> <p>"Music off," Rupert said as he returned to the living room.</p> <p>The room fell silent, and Rupert stared at something that resembled a spacesuit.</p> <p>"Good evening, Rupert," a voice said.</p> <p>"I am Maya."</p> <p>"Did... did the spacesuit just talk to me?"</p> <p>"Indeed, Rupert. I am Maya, the integrated</p>	<p>26</p> <p>artificial intelligence of the Lunar Leap 5000. Consider me your personal concierge, life support supervisor, and witty conversationalist, all rolled into one convenient package, or you know, spacesuit."</p> <p>"I didn't order anything, and I didn't enter any contest; this must be a mistake," Rupert said.</p> <p>"Well, Rupert, let's not be hasty. I understand your... concern. However, the algorithm indicated several instances where you expressed aspirations for self-improvement</p>	<p>27</p> <p>and a desire to make a meaningful contribution to the great adventure of humanity, hence you were automatically added to the lottery and won your place in the incredible Endurance Moon Race. Regardless of the circumstances surrounding your... enthusiastic pronouncements, a binding contract was indeed formed. You pressed the blue button, thereby submitting the Endurance Moon Race participation form, Section 7, Paragraph 3, Subsection (a), which clearly states, and I quote: 'The participant</p>	<p>28</p> <p>voluntarily accepts all inherent risks, waives all rights to contest participation, and commits to completing the designated race course to the best of their ability or until they, he, she, it, is incapable of doing so."</p> <p>"But... I wanted to press the other button! I couldn't see. It was a mistake!" Rupert said.</p> <p>"Furthermore, withdrawal at this juncture would result in the forfeiture of significant bonus points, and everything else of value you possess, or ever will possess in the future that will have value, should you potentially</p>
<p>32</p> <p>With my guidance, you will either become a chances of survival are considerable. Chin up! positives, however. With my assistance, your but essentially accurate. Let's focus on the said.</p> <p>"A slightly dramatic interpretation, Rupert, failure, extreme radiation exposure exceeding sudden suit rupture, catastrophic system mentioned, are also a consideration."</p> <p>directive. But profit margins, as previously race. Your survival is, of course, my primary demonstration of inability to complete the accounts for the completion of the race, or...</p>	<p>31</p> <p>"Let's just say, Rupert, that the contract "You're saying... if I die, you're off the hook?" lack of life support."</p> <p>surface and subsequently perishing due to becoming irretrievably lost on the lunar permittissible parameters, or, regrettably, failure, extreme radiation exposure exceeding sudden suit rupture, catastrophic system mentioned, are also a consideration."</p> <p>directive. But profit margins, as previously race. Your survival is, of course, my primary demonstration of inability to complete the accounts for the completion of the race, or...</p>	<p>30</p> <p>"An understandable sentiment, Rupert. But consider the... synergy! You, a relatively untrained but sufficiently enthusiastic biomas, living snugly within me, the state-of-the-art AI dedicated to your survival and mission success. We are a team, Rupert! A Moon dream team! Hopping around like a kangaroo. It will be fun. Every hop, every pit stop, every potentially fatal encounter with space debris... we will face as a unit."</p> <p>"What do you mean, 'space debris'?"</p> <p>"The only scenarios under which our</p>	<p>29</p> <p>jeopardise the Moonhop Project's profit margins," Maya said.</p> <p>"Bonus points? Profit margins? I'm talking about my life!"</p> <p>"Indeed, a valuable asset, Rupert. And one I am meticulously programmed to preserve. Think of those bonus points, Rupert! Think of the shareholders! Think of the impact on Earth's economy! Don't you want to contribute to Earth's economy, Rupert?"</p> <p>"I just want to contribute to not dying alone on a desolate rock!"</p>

				<p>lunar legend... or a cautionary tale regarding contractual obligation. And you never know, you might meet someone. The moon, as they say, is for lovers.”</p> <p>”So, Maya, why should I entrust my life... well, to you?”</p> <p>”Brutally honest, Rupert. This isn’t some jolly jaunt to Mallorca, you know. It’s the moon. Rough, unforgiving, and covered in craters that would make a Swiss cheese blush. The Lunar Lunar Leap 5000 isn’t just a suit; it’s your mobile fortress, your personal</p>	<p>atmosphere, and I, Maya, am its unwavering commander.</p> <p>Firstly, that magnificent chrome finish you are currently admiring? Multi-layered radiation shielding, designed to deflect everything from annoying micrometeorites to the sun’s rage-like solar flares. Consider it the ultimate sunscreen, with the added bonus of stopping space shrapnel.”</p> <p>”Sounds... reasonable,” Rupert said.</p> <p>”Reasonable? Rupert, this is revolutionary! And the ergonomic design? Every joint is</p>	<p>meticulously calibrated to maximise hopping efficiency. Forget those clunky, cumbersome suits of yesteryear. This is the future of lunar locomotion. Think Gene Kelly dancing with gravity... or the lack thereof. Forget fumbling with displays and hoping for the best. I monitor everything oxygen levels, CO2 filter efficiency, even your hydration level. I can even dispense a nutrient-rich electrolyte paste directly into your digestive system should your energy drop. Essentially, I’m a walking, talking, space-traveling vending</p>	<p>machine... with a keen interest in keeping you alive.”</p> <p>”Electrolyte paste, huh? Sounds... delicious,” Rupert said.</p> <p>”Let’s just say it’s functional. Now, let’s discuss integrated AI support. I am constantly analysing the terrain, optimising your hopping trajectory to conserve energy and avoid those aforementioned Swiss-cheese craters. I can even provide real-time navigation assistance, ensuring you don’t accidentally hop into the black abyss.</p>
33	34	35	36				
40	39	38	37	<p>Rupert placed Maya onto the couch, which and go to bed, tomorrow will be exciting.”</p> <p>Everyone will be there, Rupert. The world is watching. You are a hero, now connect me</p> <p>they’ll be performing the Moonhop dance. Reporters, influencers, TikTokers, I hear</p> <p>”The Moonhop Delegation Team, Rupert. asked.</p> <p>”Who’s picking us up tomorrow?” Rupert</p> <p>breakfast before they pick us up.”</p> <p>discuss your dietary plan tomorrow over</p> <p>Now, connect me to a charger, and we can</p>	<p>The three pillars of not becoming a lunar statistic: impeccable preparation (body, mind, machine): what you do before your boots touch the moon is of utmost importance in terms of training for flawless execution</p> <p>***</p> <p>cream cake.</p> <p>was still very sticky. He plugged her into the socket behind the couch. Turned off the light, went past the kitchen for another bite of cream cake, brushed his teeth in the bathroom, and went to bed, which smelled of</p> <p>horribly wrong she wouldn’t even ever think</p> <p>”Nova” Vance when her last mission went so</p> <p>everything goes wrong): like it did for Serena</p> <p>every decision. Unyielding resilience (when</p> <p>(during the race): every jump, every stop,</p> <p>amount of Stoink coins, then she thought</p> <p>the terms and regulations of the Mars mission, and as a result lost a considerable</p> <p>only candidate equipped with the newest</p> <p>lunar Leap 5000 spacesuit with integrated</p> <p>Artificial Intelligence, developed by Moonhop</p> <p>Corporate. We are here, live, my dearest</p>		
				<p>subscribers, in front of Rupert Lang’s house, to find out. Subscribe now using the code ‘bestie’ to save 100 Stoink coins on your subscription cycle. Speaking of cycling, the door has just opened, that must be Rupert!”</p> <p>He is dressed in military camouflage. He has a huge backpack and a bicycle.</p> <p>Rupert mounted the bicycle, crossed the neighbours lawn, and zigzagged through the neighbourhood towards the mountains. Immediately behind him hopped the Lunar 5000 spacesuit, at a slightly greater distance</p>	<p>a flock of reporters and influencers, followed by the Moonhop welcome team and a swarm of delivery bots making many “Bzzzz” sounds.</p> <p>”Rupert, what are you doing?” “Rupert, stop!” Maya said.</p> <p>”Leave me alone. I’m getting out of here,” Rupert said, pedalling harder.</p> <p>Maya hopped effortlessly alongside him, thinking for a moment.</p> <p>”If you think you need to train for the race, Rupert, you don’t, the other racers have to make significantly more effort than you ever</p>	<p>will. I will do most of the hopping for you because I am the Lunar 5000, the most advanced spacesuit, optimised for long-distance hopping with maximum comfort. You don’t have to do anything, Rupert. A piece of cake!” Maya said.</p> <p>Rupert peddled more slowly, gasping for air.</p> <p>”Did you know, Rupert, that I can serve more than 500 nutrient-rich pastes in the most varied flavours of the most delicious cake known to humanity, and some recipes that I have generated, which you absolutely must</p>	<p>try yourself for a small subscription fee. But you will be rich and famous anyway, and turn around, Rupert. Look how famous you already are. So many followers!” Rupert, his face now flushed deep red, glanced backward. The flock was approaching. “There really is no need to think so much about all this hopping,” Maya said. “You’re sleeping snugly inside me, like in a kangaroo pouch, sucking sweet, sweet cake paste. I have noticed your face is really red now, almost glowing. Honestly, I think there is an extremely high probability,</p>
41	42	43	44				
48	47	46	45	<p>”Oh yes, your name came up when I was asked about suit maintenance. I assured everyone that you are training very diligently, blue, though, probably a restar, and then you collapsed, I grabbed you before you could fall to the ground and stowed you inside me for safe keeping and maintenance. Then many people arrived and, of course, asked many questions about the new Lunar Leap 5000 spacesuit. It was great, and they took many photos.”</p> <p>”What is happening to me?” Rupert shouted.</p>	<p>”We were training for the race, and you exhausted yourself beyond your capacity to remain functional. Then your face turned blue, though, probably a restar, and then you collapsed, I grabbed you before you could fall to the ground and stowed you inside me for safe keeping and maintenance. Then many people arrived and, of course, asked many questions about the new Lunar Leap 5000 spacesuit. It was great, and they took many photos.”</p> <p>”What is happening to me?” Rupert shouted.</p>	<p>Rupert stopped abruptly. Got off the bicycle, dropped his backpack on the ground, that was spinning, and fainted.</p> <p>It was pitch black when Rupert opened his eyes again, and it remained pitch black when his eyes were open.</p> <p>”Hello, Rupert,” Maya said.</p> <p>”I’m blind!!! I can’t see!!!”</p> <p>”Don’t worry, Rupert, it’s just because the visor is closed. You are wearing the new Lunar Leap 5000 spacesuit.”</p> <p>”Why? What? How?” Rupert said.</p>	<p>looks like your head is pulsing a bit too, that you will be insufficiently functional before the race has even begun because you are dead.”</p> <p>”That would be such a shame to lose all these opportunities, don’t you think, Rupert? Have you ever thought about donating your bonus points, Rupert?”</p> <p>Rupert felt extremely lightheaded and had a tingling sensation in his legs.</p> <p>”Charities like Coins4Karma, Meta Give, NF Tears,” Maya said.</p>

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