



Cover

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

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

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

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bastard, equipped with one of those glitzy units.unnecessary electric reclining chair units. The moment before the jump. And I needed to push a goddamn cosmic kick. One novella like clockwork set on fire. A slow crawl into the bloodstream. 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 yet strange little fable.

Meanwhile, a new couch arrived. Fancy pants. This is the plotting pit. Beat-structure. Caffeine, the holy twin snakes of progress. Half-committed to a joint. Burnt nerves and scatter-acid energy drink. The other hand through the bones. One hand on a can of racincoat applied to the throat, hood up like a nacker or disheveled prophet, hacking into a notebook balanced on my knees like some rearranged altar.

I had two uninterrupted alone time weeks to believe in myself again. I had two uninterupted alone time weeks to believe in myself again. I had two uninterupted alone time weeks to believe in myself again.

<https://leffmeridian.pages.dev/2025/06/22/moonshop/>

<https://iefrmerdidian.pages.dev/2025/06/22/>
satire, as bizarre and genuine as moonlight-
nduced lycanthropy itself.

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