

Space Junk

By

Gary Whitmore

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A special thanks to my wife for tolerating me spending countless hours banging away on the keyboard with an attempt to be creative.

And a special dedication to all those brave astronauts from around the world that have what it takes to venture out into outer space.

Prologue

It was 1972, and America sent another rocket for another mission to the moon.

America's space program was called the National Exploration Rocket Program or NERP. It was established in 1958 to get America into space exploration to other planets. The original name for this agency that was suggested was the National Aeronautics and Space Administration, but the NERP name won due to politics.

The whole idea for moon missions started in 1961 when the guy who was the President at that time dictated that America would land two men on the moon before 1970. That's when the Uranus program was created to complete this presidential goal. The Uranus program had this historic mission when Uranus 8, called the Hawk, landed on the moon on July 1969. Because of that historic mission, the President during 1969 believed that the next step for NERP should be sending a human-crewed spacecraft to the planet Mars before 1980.

The Uranus program used the Uranus V rocket to get to the moon. It was massive in size, and the capsule at the top was a three-manned truncated cone capsule termed the Space Module. The craft that landed on the moon was called the Moon Lander. Every mission had the astronauts picking their own names for their Space Module and Moon Landers.

It was now July 1972.

The Space Module, Uranus 20, erratically orbited around the moon with the Moon Lander, Lander 20,

attached to its nose.

The Moon Lander was designed to land two astronauts on the moon, so they could gather new moon rocks for analysis by the very brainy people down on earth.

The Space Module would orbit the moon, with another astronaut, while the other two astronauts fulfilled their rock collecting mission.

This July 1972 mission was going to be performed by the Savage Beaver Humper team.

This team consisted of Astronauts Jake Savage, thirty years old with thick black hair, Ronnie Humper, thirty years old with thick black hair and Butch Beaver, thirty-one years old with thick black hair.

Jake was an Air Force pilot, while Ronnie and Butch were both Navy pilots. They called their Space Module the Big Stud a name that Ronnie insisted since he was not going to be on the moon. They called their Moon Lander the Sweet Thing a title that Butch demanded and won that battle from Jake. Those two always were at odds with each other.

So up in outer space, the Sweet Thing was connected to the Big Stud while it erratically orbited around the moon.

Inside the Big Stud, Jake held one of the control sticks in his hand.

Butch and Ronnie looked in disbelief at Jake while wires dangled from the bottom of the control stick he held. Sparks emitted from a hole in the console where the control stick was previously connected. This screw up was the result of Jake and Butch having another one of their moments where they fought over which one would fly the capsule around the moon.

"Now, what happened? You're not in your proper orbit," the voice of Richard Head, thirty years old, spoke from the radio net speakers in a tone that indicated he

knew the two boys were up to their usual behavior.

Jake quickly hid the control stick behind his back. "We, ah, decided to land on the backside of the moon instead," Jake lied into his radio net microphone.

Jake, Butch, and Ronnie quickly reconnected wires to control stick and shocked themselves numerous times during the process.

Down on earth in the Uranus Control Center (UCC) at the Rocket Ranch located in Space Beach, Florida was the Uranus Room #1. This room housed one hundred system engineers that launched and monitored all the Uranus mission profiles while they were upon the moon.

Richard Head sat at his "Richard Head – Uranus Commander" console with his headset. On his monitor, he watched while the Sweet Thing capsule and Big Stud Moon Lander erratically flew out of orbit and zoomed past the moon.

All the system engineers in the control room laughed while they watched this on their monitors. They knew Jake and Butch and how their competition between each other always ended up with something getting screwed up.

"Please clean the gene pool for me! Please!" Richard said while he prayed up at the ceiling. Richard looked back at his monitor and got red-faced pissed with his two astronauts.

Up in outer space, the astronauts eventually got their capsule under control and were able to race back to the moon.

Inside the Big Stud, Jake and Butch were dressed in their bulky white spacesuits.

"Uranus control, we're ready to enter the sweet thing," Jake said into his radio net microphone.

"It's about time you morons," Richard replied from the speakers. "Please don't screw up this mission," he added.

"We won't," Jake replied then he floated over and

crawled through the hatch and went inside the hole that led into the Sweet Thing.

Butch floated over and crawled through the hatch and went inside the Sweet Thing's hole.

Ronnie floated over and closed the hatch.

He floated back and sat in his seat.

He removed a small transistor radio and hung its strap on a handhold above him. He turned on the radio, and Elton John's new song Rocket Man started to play.

"She packed my bags last night pre-flight," Ronnie sang along with Elton while he removed a nudie girlie magazine called Buck Naked Chicks from his private locker in the capsule.

He opened up the magazine and checked out the naked blonde chick with perky C-cup tits. "Zero hour, nine a.m.," he sang again while he looked at the centerfold named Foxy Cheeks. He drooled over Foxy Cheeks perky tits while the Big Stud with the Sweet Thing still connected orbited around the moon.

But what Ronnie did not realize, was that way off in space close to the moon, another spacecraft watched the Big Stud and the Sweet Thing while they orbited around the moon. That spacecraft was one of the old Uranus program Space Modules called The Explorer that was used for the Uranus 14 mission back in 1970. It hovered in space so the alien inside The Explorer could gather more information about the earthlings Uranus program.

A little while later, the Sweet Thing pulled away from the Big Stud with a whishing sound.

Sweet Thing descended erratically toward the surface of the moon.

Inside the Sweet Thing, Jake and Butch again fought over the control stick.

"Come on, Jake, let me do it!" Butch yelled.

"No! I'm the commander. I'm the one who gets to land on the moon," Jake yelled back.

Butch jumped on Jake. They tumbled and fought all around the floor.

Inside the Big Stud, Ronnie listened to Jake and Butch from the radio net speakers while they fought. He rolled his eyes over this all too familiar sound. He returned to his nudie girlie magazine checking out Perky Patty's naked body with fire bush. The transistor radio the Rolling Stones Tumbling Dice song played.

On the moon, the Sweet Thing Moon Lander landed hard then bounced off the surface.

It flipped up and over in space.

It landed hard again then bounced back up into space.

It flipped end over end then the landing struts landed hard on the surface of the moon sending moon dust everywhere. One of the landing struts, the one with the ladder for access to the moon surface, snapped in half on impact. The Sweet Thing settled cockeyed on the surface of the moon.

Inside the tilted Sweet Thing, Jake and Butch were sprawled out unconscious on the floor.

Butch became conscious and saw Jake's arm stretched upward with a death grip on the control stick.

He slammed the floor pissed that Jake landed on the moon.

Jake became conscious and looked around in a bit of a daze. He saw the hatch that led outside was tilted down toward the surface of the moon. He realized one of the landing struts broke.

He got up and pressed the radio net button. "Uranus control, the sweet Thing has landed. I repeat the sweet Thing has landed," Jake said into the radio net microphone.

"We know, and it appears you landed about three times you stupid moron!" Richard yelled from the radio net speaker.

"Ah, does that mean I can log in three moon landings?" Jake asked, curiously.

There were a few seconds of silence on the radio net. "No! Now go complete the mission the taxpayers paid millions of dollars training you for!" Richard snapped back from the radio net.

"Yes sir," Jake replied with a salute at earth that was visible from the Lander's four oval windows.

During the next hour, Jake and Butch prepared for their mission. They were all suited up in their spacesuits and helmets. They stood by the hatch that was tilted down toward the moon surface.

Butch opened the hatch of the Sweet Thing.

Jake and Butch looked at each other but knew they better not fight and go with their assignments by NERP. Jake floated through the hatch.

Jake tumbled out of the hatch and slammed to the moon surface with a thud.

From inside the Lander, Butch tossed out a bag with supplies. It landed on Jake's helmet almost cracking the lens. Jake heard Butch chuckle from inside the Lander then he gave Butch the finger with his glove.

Jake stood up and grabbed the bag, which contained a camera so earth could view their mission.

Butch tumbled out of the hatch opening and slammed onto the surface of the moon with a thud two feet from Jake.

Jake looked around the surface of the moon in awe. He looked up in space and saw earth, and his eyes welled up. It was breathtaking and so beautiful.

Butch stood up. He looked up and also saw earth, and his eyes welled up.

"It's so beautiful!" Jake said while he stared at earth.

"She sure is," Butch replied then his eyes widened with an idea. "You know something, we should be called Space Cowboys instead of astronauts," Butch said.

"Why?" Jake said.

"Well, because we want to roam outer space like the cowboys once roamed the plains of the old west," Butch replied while he looked out into space.

"That sounds like a stupid idea if you ask me. Maybe Richard will put that in work right now, as he's also full of stupid ideas," Jake replied in a sarcastic tone.

Butch gave Jake the finger with his glove.

"Quit wasting taxpayer dollars by bullshitting up there. Get to work!" Richard replied across the radio net.

Jake and Butch both gave earth the finger with their gloves aimed at Richard.

Jake looked around and saw a bunch of large boulders about ten feet away. He motioned at Butch and made hand signals to indicate something that had to be accomplished.

Butch nodded that he understood Jake's signals.

They bounced over to a boulder that would weigh about a ton on earth.

They pushed on the boulder with all their strength. The boulder budged and moved a foot. They continued to push harder on the boulder, and it eventually rolled it over to the Sweet Thing.

Butch opened a compartment door of the Sweet Thing and removed a device that looked like a car jack. He quickly installed it under the tilted Moon Lander and proceeded to jack it up. When he had it high enough, he bounced over to Jake and the boulder.

They rolled the boulder under the broken landing strut.

"Jake, we didn't see you step on the surface of the moon yet," Richard said from the radio net.

"Ah, we're already on the moon. We're working an issue with the camera," Jake lied into the radio net.

Butch went over and lowered the jack, and the broken landing strut came in contact with the boulder. The

Sweet Thing wasn't perfectly level, but it close enough for government work.

Jake grabbed the bag and bounced over to the other side of their Moon Lander.

He opened the bag and removed the camera. He proceeded to install the camera in an area where Richard and earth couldn't notice the boulder that kept the Sweet Thing upright.

"We see you on camera," Richard said from the radio net with the sound of the system engineers clapping in the background.

They proceeded with their mission on the moon and started collecting small rocks in view of the camera.

Two hours later, Jake and Butch took a break from gathering up moon rocks.

Butch bounced over near a boulder. He unzipped the fly of his spacesuit and pulled out a tube. He had a smile of relief while he peed into the other end of the tube inside his spacesuit.

"I was peeing on the moon one day," he sang out to the Strolling Through the Park One Day tune while a stream of pee came out of the tube from his crotch. "In the merry, merry month of," he sang out, but suddenly something ricocheted off the Sweet Thing and whacked Butch in the crotch of his spacesuit. "What the?" Butch said in a higher-pitched tone, then he dropped to his knees in pain. He looked around, then saw a golf ball that landed ten feet away from him. He looked over to his left and saw Jake with a golf club in hand about ten feet away.

Butch was furious and quickly stood up and promptly shoved the tube inside his spacesuit then zipped it up.

He bounced over at Jake madder than a wet hen.

Jake sensed danger and dropped his club and bounced away.

Butch bounced after Jake.

They bounced and chased each other around

numerous boulders.

Butch finally caught up to Jake and tackled him.

They tumbled around the moon surface and threw punches at each other.

Down at the Uranus Room #1, it roared with laughter from all the system engineers as they watched Jake and Butch tumble on the surface of the moon from their monitors.

Richard sat furiously and was about to burst a blood vessel. He sat at his console and stared at his monitor and watched Jake and Butch tumble down the side of a moon crater.

The purple phone on his console rang that distinctive tone. Richard quickly picked up the receiver. "Yes, Mister President," he said and stood up at attention.

"Those two boys up on the moon are an embarrassment to the United States of America. The whole world is watching them act like two foolish schoolboys. If they have one more screw up, you know what has to be done," President Wally Whitehead said from the receiver.

"Yes sir, but won't Senator Barnaby prevent what truly needs to be done?" Richard replied.

"I'll handle him," President Whitehead responded then disconnected the call.

Richard sat with a huge grin on his face while he watched Jake and Butch rough and tumble on the moon from his monitor.

Meanwhile, in Washington, D.C. Sam Barnaby was a twenty-nine-year-old Senator from Florida. He sat behind his desk and had his own monitor where he could view the activity on the moon. Sam was the chairman for the Space Oversight, and Astronaut Selection Committee and Butch was his favorite astronaut. This was obvious by the framed picture of Butch in his spacesuit on his desk.

He listened to the receiver of his purple phone. "I

fully understand Mister President, and I won't fight it, I promise," Sam said then hung up his purple phone.

He looked disappointed while he looked at Butch on his monitor.

It was two days later, and Jake and Butch were ready to wrap up their mission.

They were both in their spacesuits on the surface of the moon.

Jake bounced away from a large boulder with a "Savage Beaver Humper Team" box in his gloves. This box contained all the moon rocks they collected from the surface.

Butch bounced over to the Sweet Thing and climbed up the boulder then up the ladder. He went through the hatch and went through the hole of the Sweet Thing.

Once inside, Butch proceeded to perform the pre-flight configuration for leaving the surface of the moon.

Jake bounced over to the Sweet Thing. He tripped over his own boots and tumbled on the moon surface.

He quickly stood up and was at the bottom of the moon Lander with the box in his gloves.

He opened up a compartment door located on the side of the bottom half of the Sweet Thing. He shoved the box of moon rocks inside the compartment and lightly closed the door.

He climbed up the boulder then up the ladder and into the hatch. The hatch was soon closed and locked.

Ten minutes later, Jake and Butch were undressing out of their spacesuits. Butch was not paying attention when he placed his helmet on an upright lever below the "Launch Space Module" sign.

The small rocket engine located at the bottom of the Sweet Thing fired.

The top half of the Sweet Thing blasted off from the bottom half of the Sweet Thing. The vibration of the blast rolled the boulder out from under the broken landing

strut.

The bottom half of the Sweet Thing tilted down and slammed on the surface of the moon. The compartment door opened, and the box that contained all the moon rocks fell out and landed on the Moon surface.

About three hundred feet away, the old Moon Lander The Explorer hovered above the crest of a nearby mountain. The alien inside saw the complete goof by the American astronauts.

Inside the Sweet Thing, Jake and Butch were plastered to the floor and looked surprised that the Sweet Thing launched prematurely. Then Butch saw his helmet on the launch lever and realized he screwed up this time.

Jake saw Butch's helmet and realized what happened. He shook a fist at him mad that Butch screwed up. But he was relieved that he didn't do it.

They sat on the floor while the Sweet Thing blasted upward to rendezvous with the Big Stud.

"Was that rocket fire?" Richard's voice said from the radio net.

Butch thought for a few seconds while he pondered an excuse. "No sir, I got some gas from being on the moon," he replied, then quickly shoved his hand under his shirt and under an armpit. He promptly made armpit fart sounds; something he was champion of while in elementary school.

Jake rolled his eyes over Butch's childish behavior.

Down at the Uranus Room #1, all the system engineers roared with laughter at the sound of Butch's armpit farts from the radio net. They knew exactly what he was doing, and then a couple of engineers started making their own armpit fart sounds.

Soon the entire control room echoed with the sound of armpit noises.

"Shut up!" Richard yelled from the room's loudspeakers.

The room got quiet.

Richard sat furiously at his console.

Then later during the mission profile, Jake and Butch were preparing for the closure of the Sweet Thing before they entered the Big Stud.

Jake opened up a door on the sidewall of the Sweet Thing used as a storage compartment. He looked inside the compartment and saw it was empty. "Where the hell is the box?" he asked while he frantically searched the inside of the compartment with his hands. He strained to recall where he placed the box. Then his eyes widened with embarrassment when he remembered he put that box in the wrong compartment. He quickly closed the door and floated to the hatch at the top of the Sweet Thing.

He went inside the Big Stud and closed the hatch for good.

Later, the Sweet Thing pulled away from the Big Stud.

The Sweet Thing flew away to the dark vastness of outer space.

The Big Stud raced off back to earth.

The old Moon Lander The Explorer lagged behind and spied on the Big Stud while it raced back to earth.

The alien modified The Explorer with a strange-looking engine that had a rectangular nozzle, and it emitted a very light-colored purple flame. In fact, this ship was traveling in super slow flight to stay behind the Big Stud.

Days later, the Big Stud zoomed around numerous pieces of space junk of old rocket pieces while it orbited around earth and headed down toward the Atlantic Ocean.

A little while later, the Navy aircraft carrier the USS Challenger picked up the Big Stud after it parachuted down and splashed into the Atlantic Ocean.

A week later, Jake and Butch were summoned into Richard's office at NERP Headquarters at the Rocket Ranch in Space Beach, Florida.

They stood before Richard, who was furious while he sat behind his desk. Richard stood up and glared at Jake and Butch.

"Your mission was a total failure, and President Whitehead is steaming mad. He has to explain to the American taxpayer, why your mission cost millions of dollars, and you lost all the moon rocks you were paid to collect. Now, how did that happen?" he yelled at them.

Jake and Butch looked at each other and remained silent.

Butch discreetly pointed a finger at Jake.

"Well, Jake? How did it happen?" Richard yelled and sprayed spit all over Jake.

"I don't know sir. I remembered putting the box in the compartment of the Sweet Thing, but it wasn't there after we blasted off from the moon."

Richard walked over to a monitor and turned it on. "We recorded your blast-off from the cameras you installed," he said then walked back to his desk and picked up a yellow phone receiver. "Play it for me now," he said, then looked at the monitor.

On the monitor, the top half of the Sweet Thing blasted off from the bottom half. They watched while the boulder rolled out from under the broken landing strut and the bottom half of the Sweet Thing tilted down to the moon surface.

One of the compartment doors opened, and the box that contained all the Moon rocks fell out and landed on the Moon surface. Then the recording was nothing but wavy lines of static.

"You put it in the wrong compartment, you moron!" Richard screamed and sprayed spit all over Jake and Butch. "I've had enough! You're both kicked out of the NERP!" Richard screamed at them.

Jake and Butch were both devastated, as being astronauts were their dream jobs.

Butch then got pissed, and he shoved Jake.

Jake shoved back at Butch.

Richard ran over and opened his office door.

Butch shoved Jake toward the door, and they fell out into the hall.

Richard slammed his office door shut and performed a victory dance back to his desk with a satisfied smirk knowing those two goofs were out of his hair forever.

"What a dumbass accepted them as astronauts?" he said while he sat behind his desk.

He kicked his shoes upon his desk while he heard the sounds of Jake and Butch fighting in the hall.

Six months later, Congress canceled the Uranus program stating it was too expensive for the American public to bear. President Whitehead, however, got Congress to approve and fund his new Space Trucking Program (STP).

After a few years, the concept for the STP was completed, and the official logo was a blue oval with the white "STP" letters inside.

STP consisted of an airplane looking rocketship with double delta wings that were swept back. It had a vertical stabilizer leading edge swept back. There were four elevons mounted at the trailing edge of the wings. Three rocket engines were installed at the backend and were called the Rear Engines. It also had a long compartment, fifteen feet wide by sixty feet long, for storing payloads and other space stuff called the Storage Bay. Three landing gears were used for landing on runways. It had unique black tile at the bottom and unique white tile at the top and sides of the rocket ship. This was called the Ferry Ship.

The Ferry Ship was hung onto a huge fuel tank that was constructed of liquid oxygen and liquid hydrogen tanks. It was called the Big Fuel Tank. Then attached on both sides of the Big Fuel Tank were rockets that

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