

A Google Lunar X PRIZE Christmas Poem

Contributed by Jeff Krukin
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Twas Christmas Day, when all through Shackleton Crater
Not a GLXP rover was stirring... they would arrive later.
The stockings were still hung by the He3 chimney with care,
Had St. Nick arrived?... check the lunar dust, are footprints there?
Back on Earth the rovers were still being made,
While overweight materials their creators forbade.
But this did not keep the best minds at bay,
As they continued to toil, even on Christmas Day.

Now Odyssey Moon, now Astrobotic, now Team Italia and FredNet,
On Jurban, on Chandah, on Arca and Team STELLAR (you bet!).
C'mon Euroluna, Next Giant Leamp, SELENE, and Micro Space,
LunaTrex, Advaaeros, Independence-X, and Omega Envoy, ... we're having a race!

To the top of the rocket! to the top of the Moon!
Now fly away! Fly away! Fly away soon!

The winning rover sprang from its lander, to its mission control sent a safe-arrival "OK,"
And away it drove across the surface like a slow reindeer-drawn sleigh.
But we heard it transmit, 'ere it drove out of sight,
"Happy Christmas to all, and to all a good-lunar-night!"