CONRAD CARPENTER, UNDEREMPLOYED ASTRONAUT, HAVING SPENT THE LAST 30 YEARS ATTEMPTING TO CULL SOME MEANING FROM HIS EXPERIENCES IN HAVING BEEN TRAINED TO WALK ON THE MOON, ONLY TO HAVE HIS MISSION CANCELLED DUE TO BUDGET CUTS, IS TODAY EXAMINING THE PROBLEM OF HIS LACK OF MIRTH.

"WHY HAVE I LACKED MIRTH FOR SO MANY YEARS?"

ALTHOUGH HE HAS GAINED A MODICUM OF SATISFACTION FROM HIS OCCUPATION AS A HANDYMAN AND INSPIRATIONAL FIGURE, HE IS AT A LOSS TO ACCOUNT FOR THIS ABSENCE OF LAUGHTER.

"MY TRAINING HAS NEVER STEERED ME WRONG – MAYBE ONE OF MY OLD APOLLO MANUALS WILL GIVE ME SOME ANSWERS."

"NO SHIT – HERE IT IS!"

AFTER HOURS OF PORING OVER THE ANTIQUE DOCUMENTS...

HE ERUPTS IN A SUSTAINED FIT OF ANGUISHED CACHINNATION WHICH ECHOES AROUND THE CABIN OF HIS CAREFULLY REPRODUCED LUNAR MODULE.

EXCITEDLY RUNNING THROUGH THE CHECKLISTS, HE MARVELS AT HIS OBJECTLESS OUTBURST, AND CHUCKLES AGAIN.

SLOWLY THOUGH, BITTER IRONY WASHES OVER HIM, AND HE CONTEMPLATES THE PRIDEFUL FOLLY OF IGNORING HIS BELOVED INDOCTRINATION FOR SO LONG.

"THERE IS NO PATH UNCONNECTED BY THESE INSTRUMENTS – IT'S A PITY MORE PEOPLE DON'T HAVE THIS EDUCATION."

HE CONFIGURES CONTROL PANEL 1 TO ENABLE "PERVERSE LAUGHTER" AND WAITS...