

# STAND-UP COMET

*Written by Kellee McQuinn*

Ladies and Gentlemen, direct from the Oort Cloud, it's the funny man himself. Here's Halley....

Hello everybody – how we doing tonight? It's good to see ya' here! Wacka! Wacka! Wacka! All right. We're gonna have some fun. My name is Halley, I'm a comet. A stand-up comet. Alrighty then. OK.

So guys, you're looking good out there. I see a couple shining stars in the audience...and a couple stars with shiners. Look at that guy over there - he's a real crater face. A face only a mother could love.

Speaking of mothers, my mother's so old she's made of dust. Zing! Hello. Geez, can't I get a laugh? Ya' think is easy up here. Cut me some slack – I'm the only guy in space who gets booked every 75 years. Who's my agent? Father Time? Hello. Geez, a black hole has more personality than you guys. Really.

Lemme tell you, my neighborhood's really gone downhill. The Kuiper belt ain't what it used to be. I've got this crazy rap band blasting me out next door. What are they called, the Neptunes or something? They only good thing about 'em is they're louder than my wife. Hello. Don't even get me started on her.

My wife – she's always on me to do something about my hair - she doesn't like the tail. She says mullets went out of style last millennium. I say, "Hey! Mullets are cool. Listen, you got business in the front and party in the back!" Come on! My wife, she's always complaining about my wardrobe. Telling me to pull up my pants 'cuz she can see the moon. So what'd she get me for my 4 billionth birthday? Another asteroid belt. Another one? Can't a guy get some socks? It's cold out here.

So what do you think about that Saturn? Pretty cute, huh? We go way back. I knew her since she was a kid. Sweet girl but not so clean. Her mother used to say every time she got out of the bathtub she left a ring.

Believe it or not I'm not much of a ladies man. I've never had much luck with the ladies. I picked up this nickname "Dirty Snowball" somewhere along the way. What's that supposed to mean? First of all I'm made of ice, thank you very much. And I'm no dirtier than all those gas-bag planets like Uranus. Don't even get me started on him. He still owes me money.

I got a couple of kids. They're a piece of work, I tell ya'. Junior calls himself Hale Bopp – he's a bright one. He'll go far. But the other ones I hardly ever see...kids these days, so hard to keep track of 'em. I got this one who's a hooligan. One night he's on a joyride around the solar system and BOOM, crashes right into Jupiter. He said he didn't see it. How can you not see the biggest planet in the solar system. Hello. So I ask him, "Weren't you wearing your glasses?" He says, "Yeah Pops – but they kept freezing up." Because of the atmosphere.

Alright, they're telling me rap it up. I gotta get on the bus. The driver's crazy – all over the road. A real astronaut.

Anyway you've all been great. I hear the food's delicious even though this place lacks atmosphere. And from the sounds of it, an inability to recognize true talent. Me! Tip your waitresses. Keep shooting for the stars. And watch out for those Asteroids. Crazy kids.

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