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## The Final Frontier

Myles Karp

Onward, upward, to the Final Frontier In spaceships fueled by pure adrenaline!

What is space but an untapped nerve? There's gold in the craters, silver in the caverns, consumers underground! Opportunities! The scent of exploration!

To pan Neptune's rivers! To toil, to fail! In tomorrow's covered wagons, the Jupiter's trail!

The jackpot is no myth where there have been no myths before.

To sacrifice! To risk! To persist! To explore!

The Earth is a ghost town, we've exhausted the source We'll need tools. We'll need pans. We'll need food. We'll need plans. We'll need coffee, saloons, boutiques, calloused hands!

Alien relations? No problem! (We'll leave our treaties flexible, if you know what I mean.) We'll sell cheap plastic trinkets to Martians! We'll civilize them, they'll love it. They'll all like democracy! They'll fall for gravity! They'll just *die* for smallpox!

I can see it now! It'll be a utopia! It'll be the pinnacle of the human race! McDonald's and Starbucks and Wal-Mart in space!