

# Queen Quantoo



As Regaline Queen Quantoo stepped from the de-materializer onto the new planet, she briefly faded out of focus. But then her nervous system realigned itself with the planet's dimensional idiosyncrasies and she gradually regained a sense of corporeality. Charily, she sucked in a gillpore of atmospheric essence – hmm, tasted a little like zhicken – and relaxed. She *would* be able to glean nutrient from its constituent parts! She touched together the two communication tendrils atop her space bonnet to signal to the mother ship her successful re-materialization, then stepped to the side and awaited her entourage to follow. As Acting Colonization Coordinator, Gootzarnk Quadrant, it was her job to determine if a new world required the services of her team of life support administrators to install survival kiosks. She viewed her surroundings with the practiced eye – or three eyes, really – of a Quality Surveyor, Eighth Degree. From many zhours of studying the world from afar on Galactovision, she was able to identify a “door,” a “floor” and a “windoor.” A bin of nested zwoodpulp near the “door” radiated a modicum of lower spectrum nutrient and she eagerly ingested every last scrap. Excellent snackage! But where were the others? She tapped the communication tendrils again. She thought she heard some static, so she attenuated her hearpores to the transmission frequency. No, it wasn't static; it was a recorded message: “The number you have dialed is presently out of zervice. No further information is zavailable.” ‘Great zang!’ thought the hornswoggled Queen, ‘I've been maroondomed! At least the new planet is chock-full of excellent snackage,’ she reasoned, contentedly devouring the “door” and “floor.”