

Torobongo



Lou surveyed the field with a mixture of awe and disgust. Those darned kids again! Tina had insisted he be nice to them for once, so he gave them a job, a simple one – just park the guests’ cars as they arrived for the party. He thought back for a minute. No, he was sure he said *park*, not bury halfway into the ground at the same angle as the Great Pyramid of Egypt! And now Mr. Benwick, his boss, was screaming that his classic Cadillac Torobongo was ruined. *Ruined!* And did he, Lou, have any idea how much it was worth?! No, but he was sure he’d find out when the insurance company contacted him. And was Tina showing any sympathy? Ha! She thought it was just a couple of talented teenagers having a little fun. He trudged glumly up to the first car, the Torobongo, put his hand on the rear wheel, and idly spun it. Suddenly, the trunk popped open and an antenna telescoped up into the air. At the same time, the car’s radio turned on, but instead of playing that creepy Inuit seal music that Mr. Benwick favored, a weird rhythmic beep-beeping issued from the speaker. As he backed away from the car, Lou noticed that the altocumulus directly overhead was beginning to descend. And – he shook his head; was he hallucinating? – it was beeping back! He ran down the line of cars and dived behind the last one as the “cloud” settled over the Cadillac. Peeking out, he saw a wispy tendril snake out from the chassis of a now visible spacecraft and tap the antenna. The Torobongo sparked and sizzled, then melted into a flat, metallic patty. To Lou, it smelled a little like chicken, and, rather than being terrified, he suddenly had a brilliant marketing idea. And that, ladies and gentlemen, is how the now legendary **Zwarbbz’s Old-Fashioned Galactic Meta Burger** was born!