

# Tuna P. Wiggle



*This will be soooooo easy!* thought Quantoo, an advance scout from Planet Zontamk; *it'll be like picking flindies off a bewildered wammel!* The expression would've meant nothing to an Earth creature, had one heard it, but it spoke volumes to Zontamkians, as it accurately reflected the ease with which Quantoo had penetrated the Earth's over-hyped Alien Incursion Warning System. This morning, at the hippodrome, she had "accidentally" bumped into the Riverdale Telephone Company's personnel officer. After a brief, subliminal message-filled conversation, she'd been hired to run their communications center. Oh sure, she had to share her workspace with an unsanitary Earthling named Mrs. Crenshaw, and the center itself was a tad primitive. But on the other hand, she brazenly wore her breathing apparatus to work and no one paid it the slightest heed. During the lunch hour, Mrs. Crenshaw finally got up and took her revolting Tuna P. Wiggle outside to eat. This afforded Quantoo the opportunity to report to Zwarbbz, her co-supervisor on Zontamk. Tapping into the rudimentary data line, she sent her personal identification number to the Zontamkian communications satellite that was secretly orbiting the Earth. The satellite then relayed the signal to her home world. At first, the connection held, and she was momentarily homesick as she heard the sound of Zwarbbz swabbing out his nasal transmission pod. But his gentle *plishings* were abruptly interrupted by a loud zap of static followed by a revolting odor. When she reached for her breathing apparatus' control button, Quantoo discovered with horror that Mrs. Crenshaw's hand was already there. And it was unusually strong – as was the odor, which she now recognized as concentrated Tuna P. Wiggle. She almost laughed. Here she was, a vastly superior humanoid reconnoitering for an invasion of a puny planet, brought to her knees by a lousy casserole! Maybe it wouldn't be so easy after ...