

Zontamk, Part 1



Quantoo, Zwarbbz and Bil, the three top salesmanoids from Planet Zontamk, parked their spacebus at the edge of the forest, slipped into their humanodisguises, and headed for town. They each carried about a thousand rasfers worth of cheap Zontamkian knick-knacks, which they hoped to sell to beguileable Earthpersons at substantial profit. They had done extensive research about how to blend in with the local citizenry so as to better their chances for quick and lucrative sales. Their primary source of information, however, was a California Claymation newsletter, which they had read on the galactonet. They scanned the fuzzy computer images and designed their costumes accordingly. Their command of the language, however, was pretty dismal: the best they could do was to beep and squawk, followed by the Zontamkian custom of stomping on the intended buyer's foot, or what-ever appendage seemed to root the client to the ground.

All in all, it was a disheartening trip. Sales were few, the costumes were uncomfortable and, worst of all, the spacebus had a flat zang. And until a repaircraft reached them – could take *zmonthz!* – they were stuck there on Earth. What would they do?!