

Zontamk, Part 2



Of all places on Earth to land, the scout ship from the Zontamkian Exploratory Fleet Intergalactique chose the intersection of Glover and Main in Gooner, Iowa. Ed Trolley was northbound on Main in his Chevy Sasquatch at the time and had to slam on his brakes to avoid being crushed by the sleek spacecraft. Almost at once, a curious crowd of two gathered on the corner to bear witness to Earth's first contact with an alien civilization. Did they come in peace, or did they harbor hostile intentions? More importantly, would they pay for the damage their landing rockets did to Glover Street? Vice-mayor Jim Bango looked up at the spacecraft and was somehow reminded of his college dormitory days, but he couldn't quite put his finger on what triggered the memory. Twenty minutes passed and there was still no sign of life from the ship. Vice-mayor Bango glanced at his watch. They'd probably come from a very long way away. All right, he'd give them another ten minutes. But then he'd *really* have to get on with his day. After all, he had that meeting with the Women's Auxiliary Dandelion Council to prepare for.

In fact, he gave them eleven minutes. But when there was still no activity, he turned around and went back to his office. A nano-moment later, the hatch on the side of the scout ship popped open and a being from another planet gulped his first breath of Terran air. But what happened next, dear reader, must be left for another chapter.