

Zontamk, Part 3



Vice-mayor Jim Bango was in the Gooner Country Club Lounge finishing his roosterburger when a Zontamkian floated by carrying one of those liquid helium nutrient concoctions. Was it Quantoo, Zwarbbz, Bil, Lola? He could never tell them apart. They all wore identical white and black space gear topped by bubble helmets, and their webbed feet were always encased in plastoboots. Quite frankly, vice-mayor Bango was intimidated by them. After Chief Explorer Øonnyax had sucked in that first mouthful of fresh air, forever corrupting his gill-pores, the Zontamkians had treated Earthians in general and the Gooner community in particular with suspicion. Oh, the US Government had sent a memo officially welcoming the alien visitors, but the Zontamkians were irked that it had been a photocopied form letter and hadn't even been signed. To date, the highest governmental officer to formally pay her respects had been the Iowa Compost Commissioner.

The Zontamkian floated back the other way. As it passed the vice mayor, it twirled its head all the way around in that peculiar form of greeting they employed. But when Jim Bango tried to return the salutation, he got a crick in his neck and was unable to finish his roosterburger. First contact between the races was indeed going badly. Could second contact be any better?