Prof. Smacko



Professor Smacko had been lecturing his class of third year misanthropy students on the finer points of nihilism when an alien suddenly materialized on the dais not two feet from him! Shocked, the professor ceased his talk in mid-sentence; however, few students in the classroom recognized that something was amiss, for hadn't he promised to introduce a guest lecturer from Finland today? The being – which indeed sported a fin halfway down its back - radiated an eerie greenish glow that instantly put an end to the professor's chronic constipation. Aside from the dorsal fin and the nosal organ that extended from the middle of the face down to its thorax, the alien seemed to share several physiological traits with humans, such as arms, legs, a flashy belt buckle and a conical liquid nitrogenous waste dispenser. It took a tentative step towards Professor Smacko, who instinctively recoiled. Well, back during the Cold War, he'd been a member of the Defense Department's Alien Incursion Response Team in Roswell, New Mexico where he had ruthlessly interrogated and then "disappeared" dozens of visiting aliens. He could imagine a tentacled extraterrestrial cephalopod keen on extracting a little squid pro quo. So he intended to keep his distance. A muffled clicking sound emanated from what Smacko assumed was the creature's voice box: tap tap, tap tap. It approximated the noise that Glaubner, the minuscule star of his flea circus, made late at night when he practiced his tap dancing routine atop the matchbox stage set. However, this sound had a more sinister cadence to it, for it was, after all, the universal code for "Take me to your leader!" Hmm, Urgway Heavy Industries owned the college. Did that mean the alien wanted to go up against the formidable Doctor Urg?! He shuddered, a movement that the alien must have misinterpreted as hostile, for it abruptly drew a weapon-like object from its pants pocket, pointed it at an alarmed Professor Smacko and ... and then the lights suddenly went out.