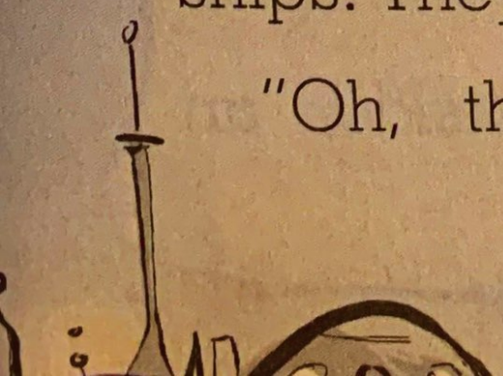
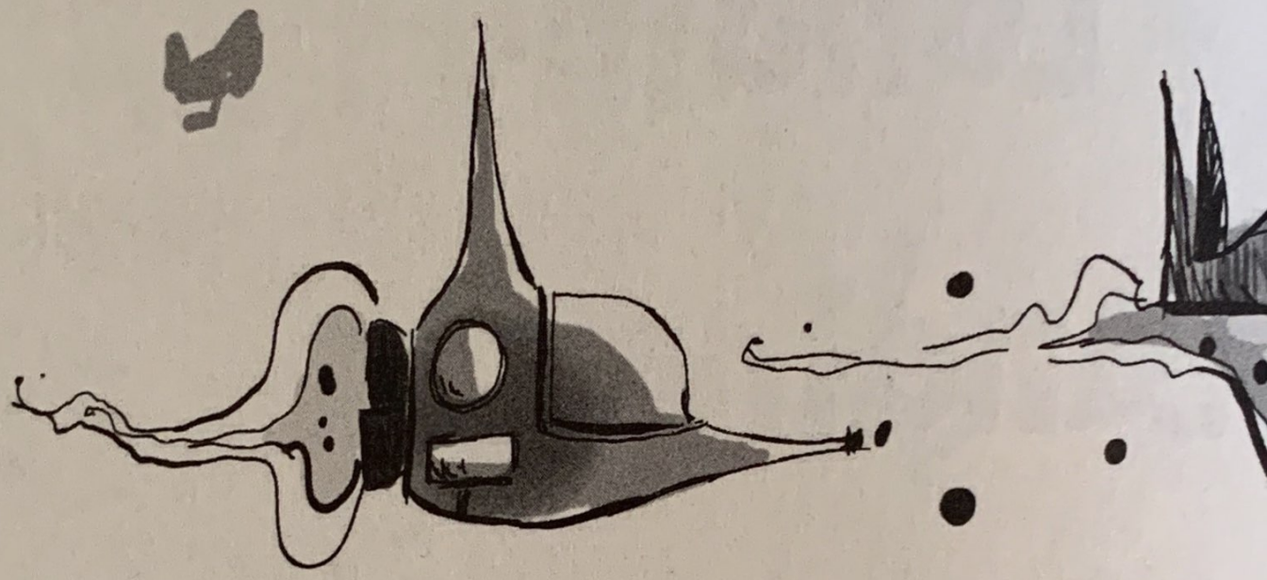
Chapter 3
Landing . . . Landing . . . Landed!

The space cruiser drifted down. Soon a busy spaceport came into view.

"What are those other cruisers, Dad?" Zack asked. He stared down at what looked like tiny flying spaceships. They zoomed around in the air.

"Oh, those are Nebulon cars,"



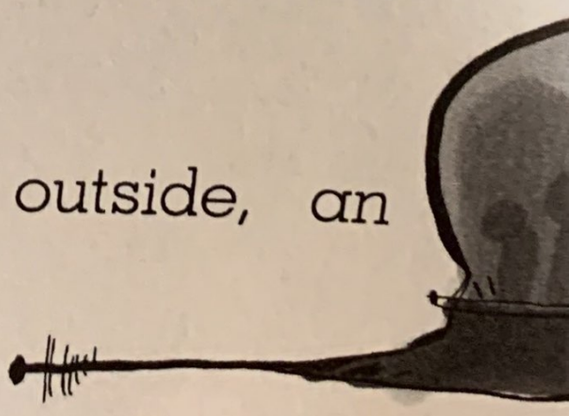


explained Dad. "On Nebulon, cars and trains glide through the air. No more bumps or potholes!"

"Landing . . . landing . . . landing . . . ," the computer repeated.

A few seconds later the Nelson's space cruiser touched down on Nebulon.

When they stepped outside, an



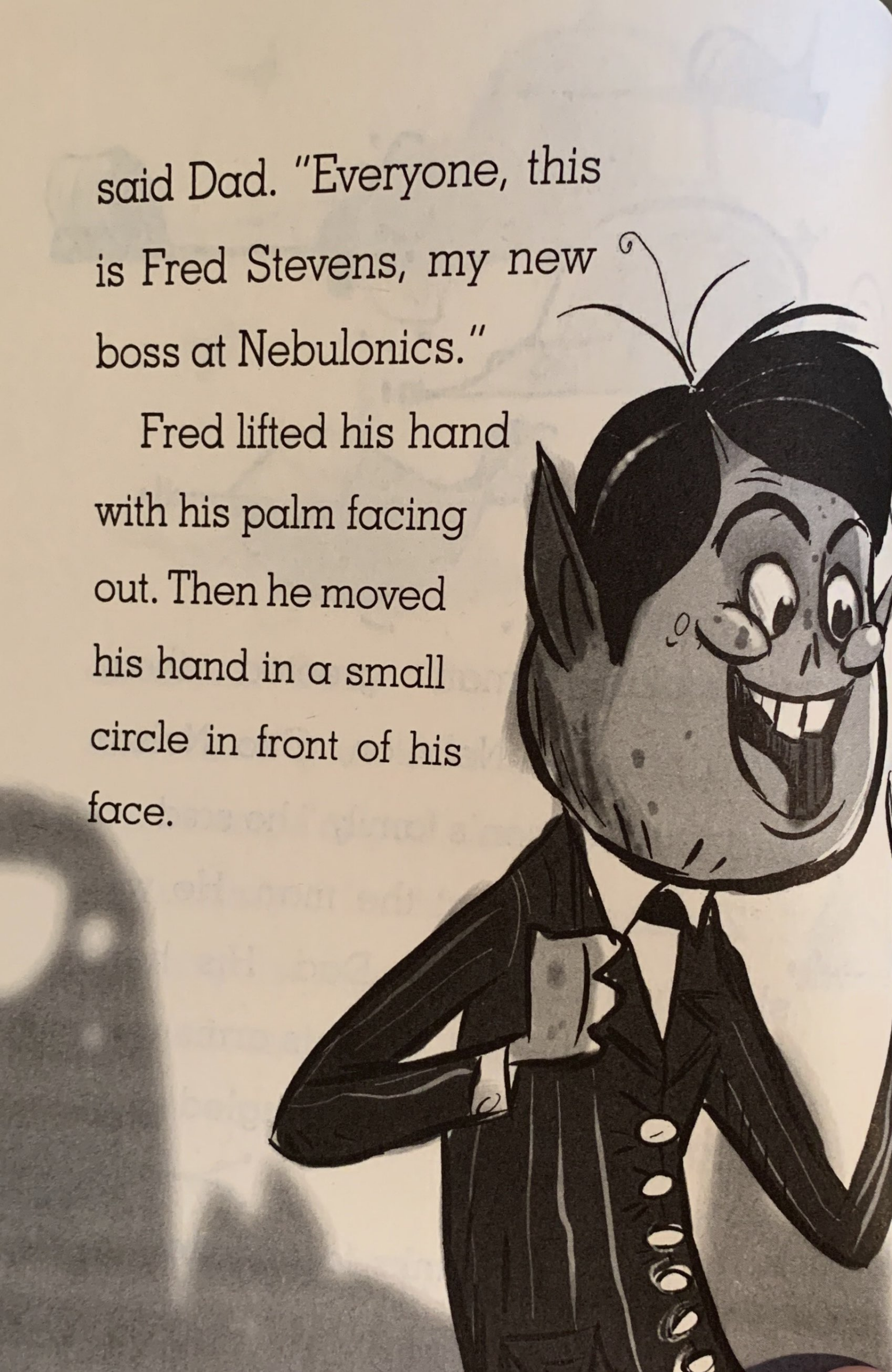
odd-looking man greeted them. "Welcome to Nebulon, Otto Nelson and Otto Nelson's family," he said.

Zack stared at the man. He was slightly taller than Dad. His head was egg-shaped, and his arms were long and skinny. They dangled down to his knees.

"Hi, Fred! Thanks for meeting us,"

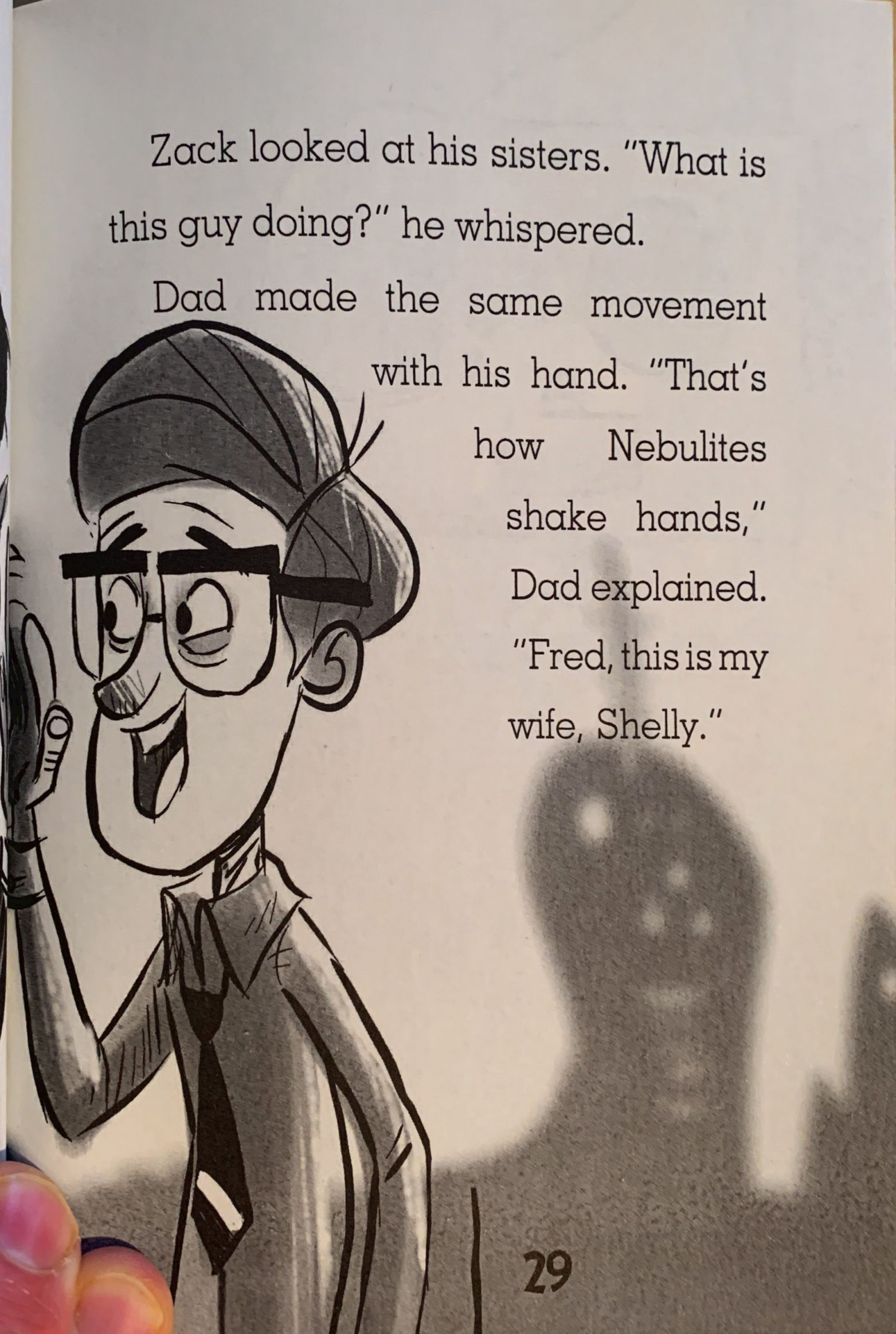
said Dad. "Everyone, this is Fred Stevens, my new boss at Nebulonics."

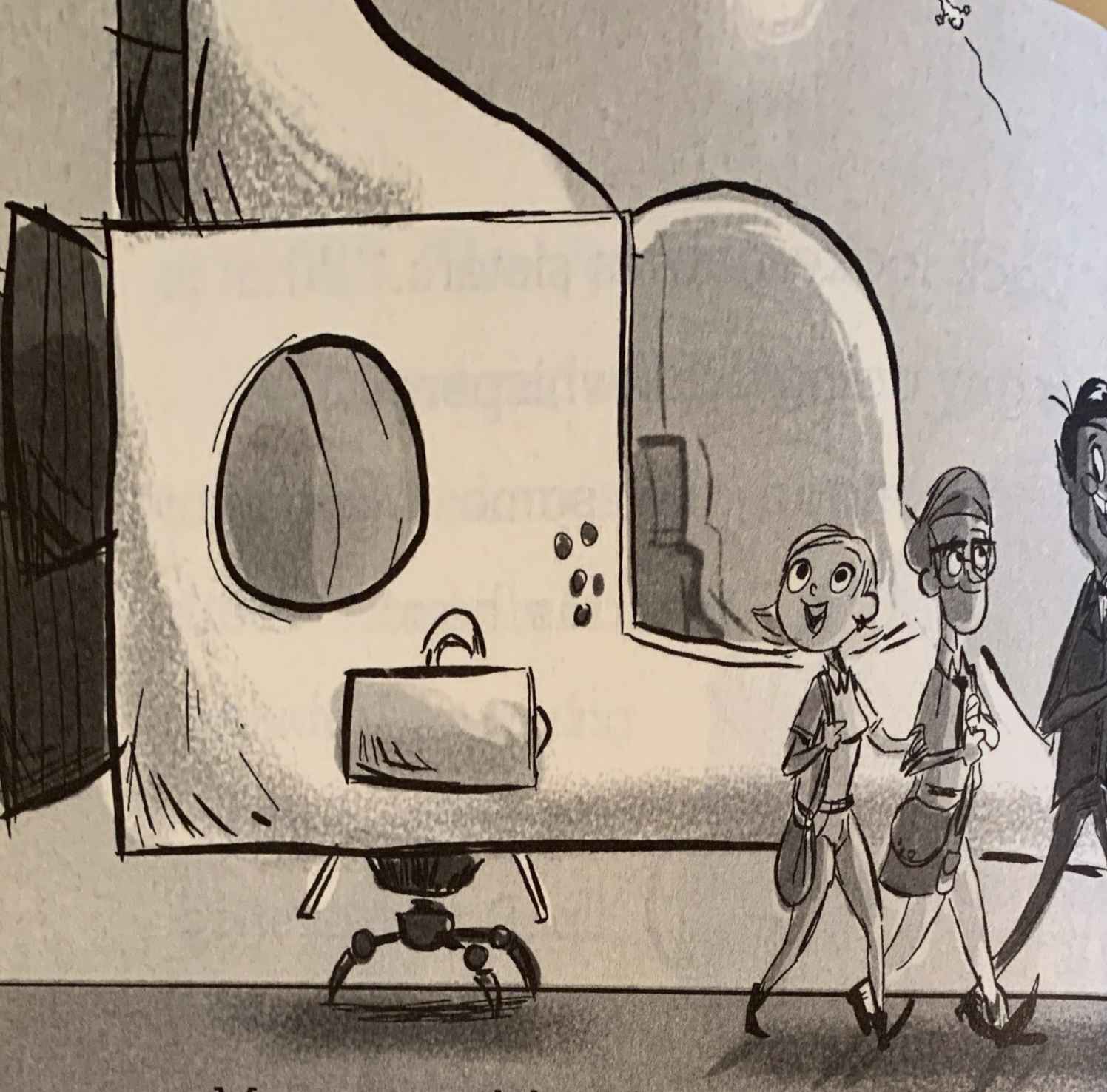
Fred lifted his hand with his palm facing out. Then he moved his hand in a small circle in front of his face.



Zack looked at his sisters. "What is this guy doing?" he whispered.

Dad made the same movement with his hand. "That's how Nebulites shake hands," Dad explained. "Fred, this is my wife, Shelly."





Mom raised her hand and made a circle. "How do you do?" she said with a giggle.

"How do I do what?" Fred asked, looking very puzzled.

"That's how Earthlings say 'hello,'" Dad explained.

"Well then, how do you do?" asked Fred.

"And these are my daughters, Charlotte and Cathy," Dad continued. "And my son, Zack."

"Nice to . . ."

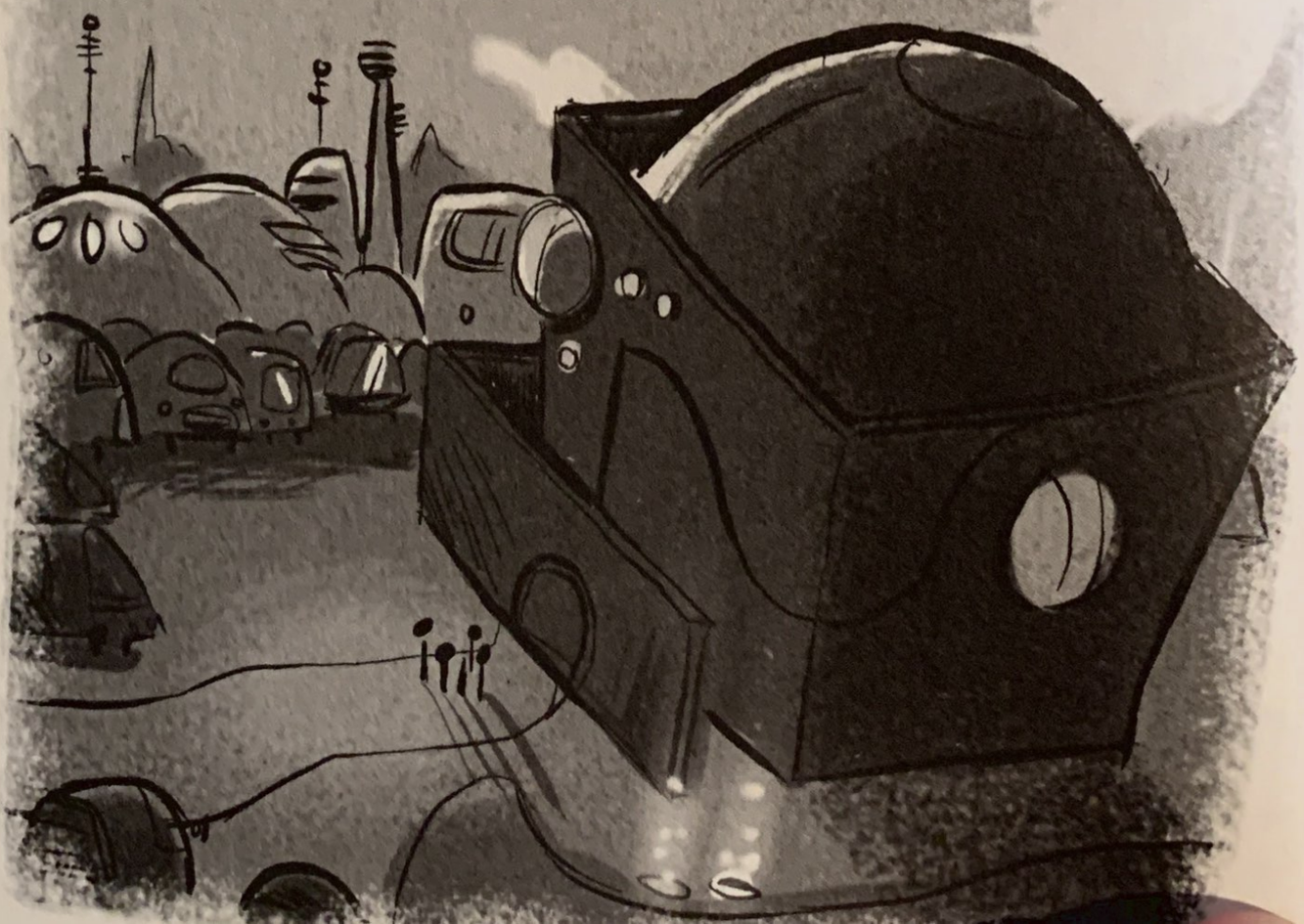
". . . meet you . . ."

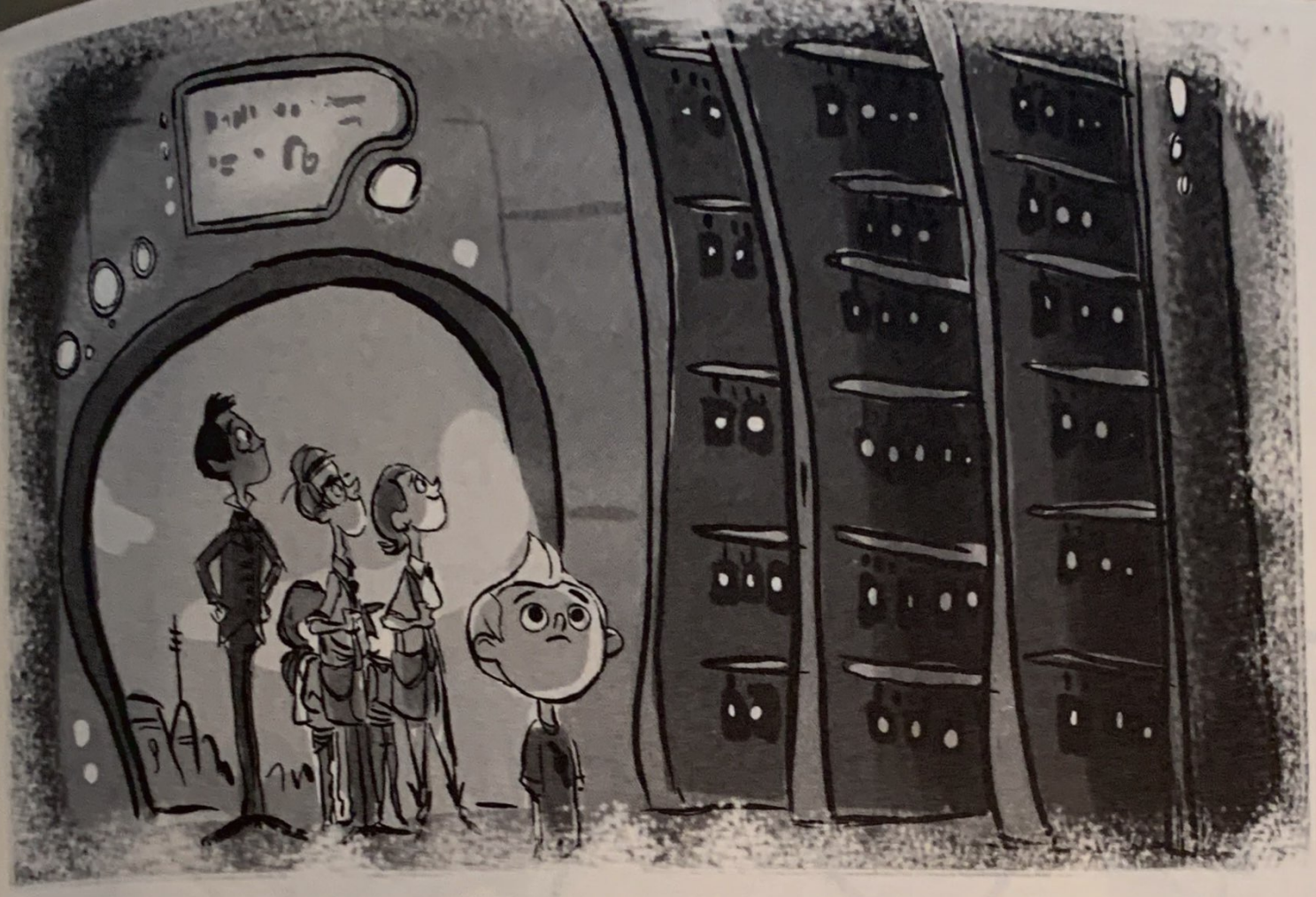
"... Mr. Stevens," the twins said.

"Hi," Zack added.

"It is time to choose a car and go to your new home," said Fred. The Nelsons followed him into the space-port's main terminal.

They soon arrived at a big sign that simply read: CARS.





"We are here, Otto Nelson," said Fred. "I will leave you to choose a car. I will see you at the office tomorrow. Good-bye, Otto Nelson's family."

Fred Stevens left the spaceport.

Zack looked at the tall shelves under the CARS sign. Small boxes that came in hundreds of different colors floated in rows.

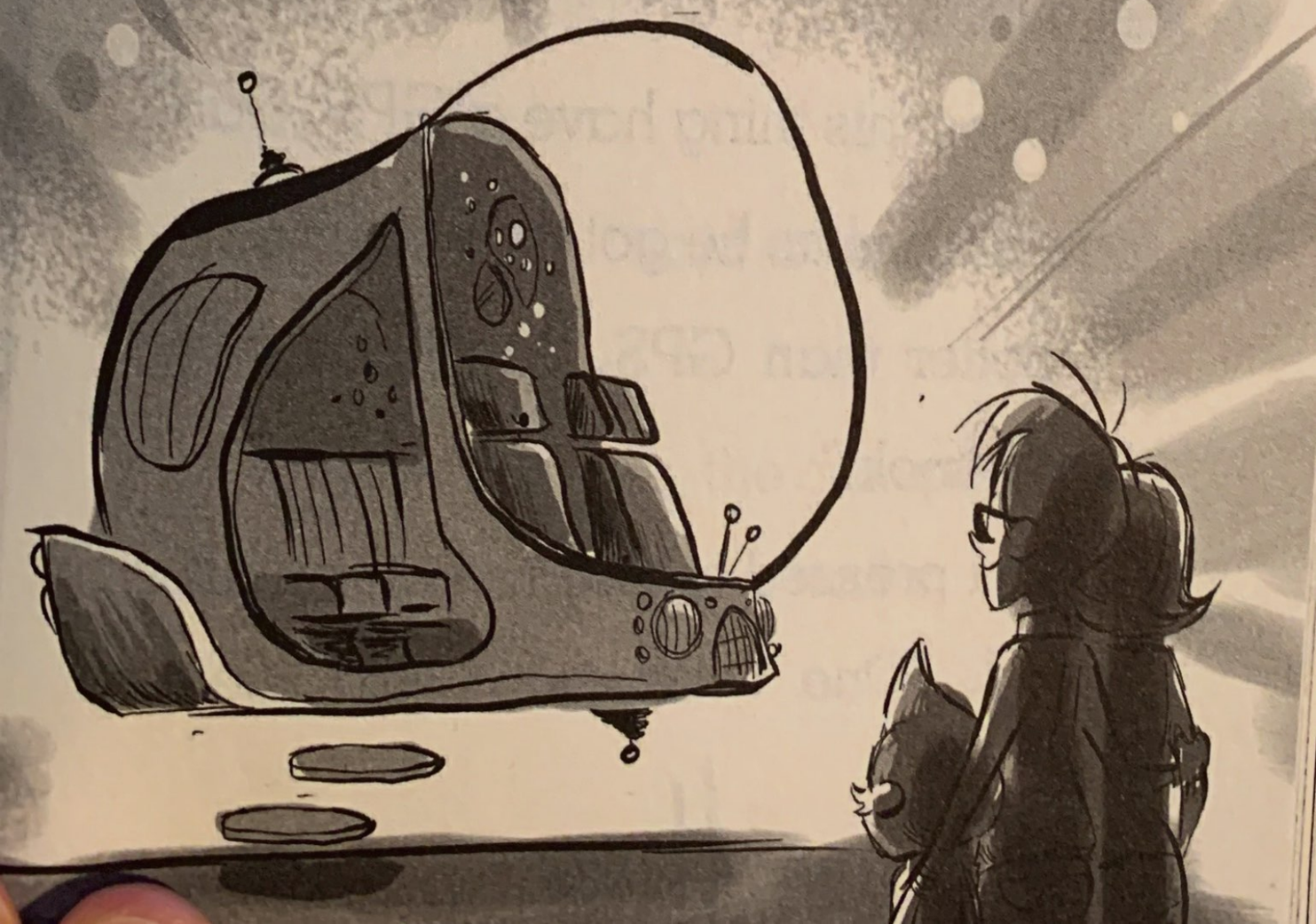
"Uh, Dad, I don't see any cars here," said Zack. "All I see are some box things."

"Welcome to Nebulon, Zack," Dad said. "Pick a color."

"Uh, okay . . . green, I guess," said Zack.

"Green it is," Dad said. He reached up and pulled a green box from the shelf. "Watch this."

Dad pressed a button on the box. It instantly changed into the coolest car Zack had ever seen.



"Hop in, everyone!" Dad said. "It's all ours."

"Does this thing have a GPS, Dad?" Zack asked as he got into the car.

"Better than GPS, buddy," replied Dad. "Look."

Dad pressed a button on the dashboard. "One twenty-two Zoid View,

Creston City," he said. Then he leaned back and placed his hands behind his head.

"Calculating," said a voice from the dashboard.

Without warning, the car sped out of the spaceport and into traffic.