

Danny Foster waited with his brother at the Inter-Galactic Space Bus Stop. They both packed light, as they usually did on tour. With all the money they made with each tour, they could afford to buy a toothbrush or two, they would joke. JJ was listening to music on his Orange iiiPod, a very super cool music player that could link with your mind instead of needing a remote. He was listening to his favorite bands, bands that many critics said were not very good compared to YasBM but they were still very good.

Danny took in his surroundings. The bus stop was just a thousand meters from the place where they played their last gig. He could still see the mass of people standing outside talking about how great the concert had been. This made Danny smile. They had finished playing nearly five hours ago, and there were still people demanding an encore. Danny would play for eternity if those people wanted him to, but that just wasn't logical.

Danny had spent two or three hours practicing his Jedi warrior moves. Now he was waiting for a bus to take him to the space General's house. There they would spend the rest of the night discussing strategies. In fact, Danny still didn't know what this very important special secret mission was that he was supposed to be a part of. He and his brother, JJ, had talked for an hour trying to figure out what it was or where they were going to have to go. At this point they didn't even know where the mission would take them.

The bus came floating over to them. It stopped with a hiss at Danny's feet, and the bus door swung open. A bus attendant got out to take their bags. He nearly fell over when he recognized them.

"Mr. Foster! Mr. Jones! The bus? I'm so confused...!" sputtered the poor attendant. Suddenly, behind him, came the bus conductor.

"Tut, tut, Jeremy. Take these geniuses' bags and stow them underneath," said the conductor. He gave Jeremy a swift thump behind the ear, and then he turned to the YasBM members. "Tour bus breakdown, fellas?"

"Oh, no, sir," said Danny. "We've an important mission. I need you to take me to the space General's house."

"Ahh..." said the conductor, thoughtfully. "I know that way quite well.

I'll be taking you there post-haste. Jeremy! Get back in here!"

Jeremy scurried back onto the bus. The conductor looked at him with a surly expression. "Found the boy at a bus stop ten years ago. No father, apparently, nor mother. He was there all alone for four hours before I found him. I've raised him as my own, but his head's always in the clouds. He worships your band."

"Tell him to never give up," said Gerald, and Danny and Gerald and the conductor climbed onto the bus. The ride to the space General's house was uneventful. Danny watched wistfully as the moon scenery went by: rocks, craters, bubbles over everything. It made Danny think of an old slang his parents had used in talking about Mooninites; they had called them "twicers" because they always breathe their own air twice, drink their own urine twice, and eat their own feces twice. The Moon was often thought to be the next frontier for Earth-dwellers, but it never grew in popularity. People enjoy atmosphere too much.

The bus pulled up to a very impressive mansion-looking estate. The bus stopped about 20 meters from the house.

"Here we are, lads. Sorry. Can't go no further. Them's the rules," said the conductor. Jeremy was fast asleep in his chair, so the conductor smucked him on the back of the head to wake him up. Jeremy popped up.

"You must be crazy lady because that's gibberish!" he shouted, confusedly. "What's going on?"

"Get the bags, you dolt!" yelled the conductor at him. Jeremy sprung up and leaped out of the bus to get the bags. Danny just smiled at him. The boy would do some good, he thought, if just given the chance. Both Danny and Gerald got up from their seats and retrieved their bags.

Jeremy stood there, staring awkwardly at them for a second, and then he thrust his hand forward at Danny. "It's been a pleasure, Mr. Foster," he said. It took Danny two moments to realize that Jeremy was, in fact, asking to have his hand shook. Danny did so, and so did Gerald. Then both Jeremy and the conductor waved goodbye.

The building that loomed in front of them had the appearance of a

mansion. The driveway carried on for ten meters and then came to a gate. Had it been a mansion, Danny thought, it would have some sort of family name or crest adhered to it. The gate was plain, almost anonymous, as the conductor punched in a six-digit code into a security box, then the Space Bus sailed off into the horizon.

The gate pulled itself open, and the brothers travelled inward. There was a large yard which the mansion faced, yet it had no trees. It only had an exiting driveway. The mansion was light against the dark sky, lit by four floodlights angled at it, surely for security reasons. It appeared to be made out of grey-colored stone, and it featured a number of towers and windows, making it look much like a castle. The band members pulled their luggage around to the front door. Danny reached forward and rang the bell.

Immediately, the door opened, and there stood the space General.

“Welcome, lads. MAGNOLIA! TAKE THEIR BAGS!” he shouted back into the mansion. Then he bid them to enter. The foyer was small compared to what it looked like on the outside. There hung countless heads of animals. Danny felt a little ill to see so much death in such a tiny space. Gerald took little notice of the carnage that hung frozen around them.

A lady, dressed in a sleeping gown, took their luggage and hurriedly rushed it off. “She’ll be setting that in your rooms, respectively, of course. Would you please join me in the parlor off to our right?” The space General took their coats and placed them in a closet along the way. The parlor was a much larger room, adorned with several works of art upon the walls and a large chandelier hanging from the ceiling, bathing the entire room in crystalline light. There was set up a table with several chairs around it, as if the General entertained often.

“Gentlemen, please sit down. Magnolia can bring you some drinks or snacks. Tea or wine? MAGNOLIA!!” The same hurried woman came in to the room with them bearing a tray with figs, apples, tea and wine. She set it upon the table hurriedly and then she rushed off again. This time Danny noticed that she had an unusual scar in her face.

They poured themselves tea and wine and had snacks for a short time, enjoying the pleasantries of tea-talk regarding weather and football scores.

Then the General got down to business. "We need to get down to business, finally. You're probably wondering why I've brought you to this place under these conditions at this time of night."

"I had kinda wondered that myself," Danny answered. He had found this whole ritual perplexing, but he decided that if the Space Army needed his Jedi warrior skills, then he would not be one to deny them that. He had resumed his training, packed his stuff, and answered the Call of Duty.

"We've come upon certain intelligence that leads us to believe that a possible Nuclear Weapon heist is scheduled for three days from now. If it works the way the bad guys want it to, they will walk away with enough nuclear weapons to destroy the entire universe and everything that lives in it. You, me, your friends, everything. Now, the Space Army can't just act upon this intel because it was gotten from a tortured subject under duress and that is not admissible. You guys have to act like you were just vacationing in the area and came upon the heist."

"Where is this supposed to be happening?" Danny asked?

The General plopped a map onto the large table, knocking some cups over. It was a map of Alpha Centauri, the closest star to the Milky Way galaxy. It was four light years away.

"Alpha Centauri?" asked Gerald.

"How are we supposed to get there?" asked Danny.

"We have a worm hole situated between here and Alpha Centauri. You'll take the Number 5 bus to Strawberry Fields and from there you'll enter the library. In the basement, near the 20th Century Music CDs you'll find a copy of a green book with a white turtle on it. Pull the book and that will open a secret passage. Go in through the passage and there you'll find my crew," the General said.

"Do we get weapons?" Danny questioned.

"Yes. You'll get standard Space Army Undercover Unit gear and supplies. You'll be talking to use using a special radio unit, and you'll find your sleeping quarters quite comfortable. Plus, the hotel where you are staying offers certain other luxuries one doesn't often find for free. A special kind of company,

perhaps.” The General elbowed Gerald a couple of times, making a “huh? huh?” sound, but Gerald didn’t react to him.

“You won’t get a rise out of him. His wife died three years back. He says that she can talk to him through the television and radio static. I believe him but not many do,” Danny told the General.

“I’m sorry, lad. I really am. That was terribly insensitive,” apologized the General.

“General, we still haven’t learned your name,” said Gerald, bring up a point that Danny hadn’t considered. In truth, the General’s identity was a secret to them even throughout this long exchange with him.

“Well, then I should probably introduce myself. My name is General Gerald Jones, Sr., and I’m happy to finally have a chance to reunite with my long lost twin boys which are you two.”