

Chapter 2

Well, that was a landing.

I got out of the cabin, and the view, to put it mildly, surprised me. The dents on the bottom part of the ship were huge, the glass was cracked, a part of the roof was missing.

The electronic systems and artificial intelligence were malfunctioning. A red light was blinking: "Critical malfunction."

Uranium reserve — below allowed level.

The sealing system was completely out of order.

The external protective coating was destroyed.

Yeah. Looks like this will take a bit longer than I thought.

Hopefully, I'll be able to fix everything in a month.

I'm sure I'm not the first one to land here. After all — Earth, the mother of life and all that.

The sky was clear. It was cool outside. It was raining. It was quiet all around.

I checked the navigation: the nearest settlement — 50 kilometers.

I came out of the forest strip onto the road.

Cars were passing by — small, large, shiny, not shiny, of various shapes and colors.

Funny — for some reason, it made me smile.

On my planet, everyone uses identical capsules. There, it's just transportation.

Here — clearly something more.

A huge jeep stopped on the side of the road.

On its body was written: "Londorver 2000 GFS."

A man looked out the window:

— Hey, traveler, need a ride?

Something about him caused suspicion. Oh well. Maybe just seemed that way.

I got in — and was surprised: from the outside the jeep looked like a truck, but inside it was cramped, like a capsule. A paradox.

Interesting — who comes up with such absurdity and who buys it? It's inconvenient.

I voiced my thoughts to Jack — that was his name.

He looked at me in sincere surprise:

— What, did you fall from the Moon, traveler? It's the newest Londorver! I rented it just yesterday — 500 cryptocredits a month!

City lights appeared in the distance.

I got out of the car — my back ached, legs were numb, the body clearly said: "Discomfort confirmed."

At the entrance to the city, I saw a huge 3D billboard.

On my planet, such things are only in museums.

It showed the same “Londorver 2000 GFS.” Next to it — a man in a suit, with a straight back and distant gaze.

The caption read:

“Londorver 2000 GFS — the choice of successful people. Just 500 cryptocredits a month.”

Well. I’ve arrived.