

CONTACT GAGARIN.

imagine landing on an alien world and trying to learn their language but they don't ever speak in sentences. the aliens only speak one word and wait for a response. the response is always just one word. they have extremely advanced technology and never argue. your crew wonder how they got all their technology never speaking in sentences. the ship's linguist is stumped. the crew starts discussing these strange aliens, argue a bit about their theories and then break out giggling. the aliens approach acting concerned for your crew, gesturing as if asking if they are okay.

then one of the aliens gestures to your captain and leads him to a table of vegetables. a few crew members tag along and the little group politely nibbles the veggies while hanging around the table. looking at each other and smiling, all are obviously wondering how to talk to each other besides the simple gestures that seem to work okay for simple things. the landing party is wearing casual native apparel as is the protocol for first contact situations. and the captain according to standard protocol is blended into the crew to be unnoticed as an authority.

one of the crew whispers to another, kenneth, who is just one of the ship's mechanics... how did they pick out the captain? just lucky i guess was his answer, and smiles. about this time the ship's linguist walks up to the alien hanging with the captain and tries his trade, but makes no progress communicating with him. all he gets is a single word. never more.

the linguist is obviously frustrated so the captain sends him off to keep things smooth in the first contact situation. then ken the ship's mechanic strolls over respectfully and says a single word to the alien still hanging with the captain. the alien pauses for a moment and then says one word back as they always seem to. then the mechanic answers with a random word that he just picked out of his hat. he said taco. the alien smiled as if he understood and led the mechanic to the porch of a nearby dwelling, opened a box and handed the mechanic an electric drill. the linguist was miffed. several crew members dropped their jaws laughing at the frustrated linguist whom they considered an ass hole.

then everyone, most of the nearby aliens and the visiting starship's crew, quietly watch the mechanic and his new alien friend getting on as if they understand each other, occasionally exchanging a single word back and forth chewing a veggie snack every minute or two.

what do you think happened?... the first officer whispered to the linguist. i don't know but please lend me your mechanic when we get back to the ship. sure will... number one replied.

meanwhile, a few of the crew set up a couple tents near the shuttlecraft and sit down awaiting instructions from the captain or first officer about whether they'll stay on planet for the night or shuttle back up to orbit. they look like they're feeling comfortable enough themselves to stay

on planet for the night. it doesn't usually go that way though in most first contacts. this is the crew's first in over a year.

captain i think it's an ayocel... the mechanic blurts out. what?... the linguist butts in. hold on a minute ralph... the captain interrupts him wanting to hear what the mechanic has to say. what's an uh... ie-ocel, what was it? an ayocel captain. what's an ayocel?... the captain replies waiting for the mechanic to explain.

it's a... it's something i played around with as a kid captain. making up words. they call it conlanging online. conlanging?... the captain responded. yes and it was great fun, we would talk to the other kids with our parents mystified wondering what we were up to talking gibberish and laughing. ralph the linguist obviously knows what conlangs are, though i'm sure he doesn't take them seriously. ken you go talk to our linguist about this and get back to me in ten minutes. the crew and officers are always on a first name basis in first contact situations, though it always seems strange. it is protocol until things are well understood with a new sentient species. they don't want to appear like a team of any kind, just people, until the time is right to reveal their off world origin. the captain is thinking about that now with the shuttle still in the woods out of sight. the natives are obviously high tech and friendly seeming.

semantic compaction, that's what you're talking about ken... the linguist ralph says to the mechanic about his ayocel thing. okay, the captain wants me back to him now... ken insists and starts walking away. the linguist hollers he understands and will put some ideas together on how to start talking to them.

lieutenant, the captain addresses the linguist ralph, i'm about to open up to these people. get me ten of their basic words within the hour! aye captain but,,, okay no buts captain. jesus christ this captain owes me blood pressure pills... he murmurs to himself.

a scuffle breaks out among two members of the crew and they're on their backs in under a minute. two aliens let them up respectfully as the captain just watches with a worried look while shaking his head. the alien that seems to sort of be the leader but rather casually, walks up to the captain and in pretty good but a little broken english says you kay capn? yes i'm fine, sorry about... the captain looks straight at him a bit surprised to hear english. sorry tie... the alien responds. oh sorry too... the captain answers. sorry. well ken we seemed to have taught them one of our most important words. get to the first officer and have him tell the crew to relax but to go back to addressing each other by rank. and tell them to ready the shuttle for launch just in case, but i think we're spending the night.

captain any orders?... number one asks. collect and stow any weapons the crew have concealed. only you stay armed, i think we're okay on this one. what about you captain?... here, put mine in your jumpsuit. aye sir.

next the captain gets a call from the ship... archer here... captain i think that black hole is crushing everything to spam. keep me updated engineer... the captain replies to chief engineer rogers. aye we'll do, anything else captain? READY FIRST CONTACT TEAM.

aye sir anything i should tell the team leader?... have her get with lieutenant fancy pants. okay captain. and ken... i want ken on the team. aye sir, ringlocker out.

STARSHIP GAGARIN.

gagarin pings the first officer. lingo star epsilon 5 is on the horn. call em down. they're on the way. lingo out. captain... yes numer one. they're on the way. FCT? YES SIR. are we ready... captain archer asked. not really sir. here we go again. just make sure everyone's harmonious and we'll have to wing this one a little damn it. are we talking a little at least? is fancy pants on the job and not f-ing it up again? i think so captain. number one you tell ken he's in charge and you grab fancy by the... or just get him out of the way. distract him. get him drunk if you have to. gotta replace him especially if he does it to us again. it's my fault. these folks on this world seem awesome unless there's something we're missing. there always is. but this needs to go well. any orders captain. yes. put hank on security disceetly. no weapons accept him. surrender your to their leader. what's his name? have we gotten through on some names at least? yes sir the leader is Cronlon. you hand the pleasantries with cronlon. i'll be hanging back and letting FCT do its thing. gagarin has two shuttles on the ready. but let's not think that way okay one? got it sir no sweat. i have a feeling we can learn a lot from these people. how ever their language works it's working. look at these people, the harmony, the unpretentiousness, and the architecture... did you get a look at that megalpolis on the way down? my god we don't come close yet in this so called 23rd century. have you noticed there don't seem to any surface transportation systems? they have the skyriders here and there our kids like in the big cities. here go captain. may the force be with us.

wow what a relief. i can belive i almost trip on that thing. well we have some friends this side of proxima, can you believe it? 2.1 light years out. half way to prox. oh ya captain five says we're due at epsilon yesterday. call einstein number one, we better get going.

AOCLacronymOriginConlangayocel MCLBmagneticConlangBallsemcelba
RFCTreadyfirstcontactteamrefcetet TIWIICWRAIItheisWhatitisConversationWithRealityAsitis
DRARAATdiscovering RealityAreactionAtAtimedararat PAMplanckAwareMagnetspam GEMSAW
EAM BASMbigAndSmallMagnetsbasm PANpanpsychismpan RLreadylandingrelringlocker
BBTIACLbigBangTheoryIsAconlangbebytiacel ATAACL
ATAJTPalltheoriesarejustthoughtprocessesutojatep TP MIAACL
A2CLWacronymToConlangWordaytewcelwii AKIACLAllKnowledgeisAconlangakyicel
ITILTithinkilikethis CIBTS TCOTUIAMCthecenteroftheuniverseisamagneticcube
SCsemanticCompactionsec
TCOTCHOPRtheConsciousnessOfTheCosmosHasOnePrimeResponsibilitytukotchopper

KSTPAMkeepingstandardtheplanckawaremagnetskestapam
SPAMstandardplanckawaremagnetsspam