

K - Imagine if you will . . . the leader of the 5th invader force speaking to the commander in chief . . .

E - They're made out of meat.

K - Meat?

E - Meat. They're made out of meat.

K - Meat?

E - There's no doubt about it. We picked several from different parts of the planet, took them aboard our vessels, probed them all the way through. They're completely meat.

K - That's impossible. What about the radio signals? The message to the stars.

E - They use the radio waves to talk, but the signals don't come from them. The signals come from machines.

K - So who made the machines. That's who we want to contact.

E - They made the machines. That's what I'm trying to tell you. Meat made the machines.

K - That's ridiculous. How can meat make a machine? You're asking me to believe in sentient meat.

E - I'm not asking you, I'm telling you. These creatures are the only sentient race in the sector and they're made out of meat.

K - Maybe they're like the Orfolei. You know, a carbon - based intelligence that goes through a meat stage.

E - Nope. They're born meat and they die meat. We studied them for several of their life spans, which didn't take too long. Do you have any idea the life span of meat?

K - Spare me. Okay, maybe they're only part meat. You know, like the Weddilei. A meathead with an electron plasma brain inside.

for milk or formula

E – Nope. We thought of that, since they do have meatheads like the Weddilei. But I told, we probed them. They're meat all the way through.

K – No brains?

E – Oh, there are brains all right. It's just that the brain is made out of meat!

K – So . . . What does the thinking?

E – You're not understanding, are you? The brain does the thinking. The meat.

K – Thinking meat! You're asking me to believe in thinking meat?

E – Yes, thinking meat. Conscious meat! Loving meat! Dreaming meat! The meat is the whole deal! Are you getting the picture?

K – Omigod. You're serious then. They're made out of meat?

→ out brief

E – Finally, yes. They are indeed made out of meat. And they've been trying to get in touch with us for almost a hundred of their years.

- clipping through

K – So what does meat have in mind?

E – First it wants to talk to us. Then I imagine it wants to explore the universe, contact other sentients, swap ideas and information. The usual.

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my copy

K – We're supposed to talk to meat?

E – That's the idea. That's the message they're sending out by radio. 'Hello. Anyone out there? Anyone home?' That sort of thing.

K – They actually do talk, then. They use words, ideas, concepts?

E – Oh, yes. Except they do it with meat.

K – I thought you just told me that they used radio.

E – They do, but what do you think is on the radio? Meat sounds. You know how when you slap or flap meat it makes a noise? They talk by flapping their meat at each other. They can even sing by squirting air through their meat.

K – Omigod. Singing meat. This is altogether too much. So what do you advise?

E – Officially or unofficially.

K – Both.

E – Officially, we are required to contact, welcome, and log in any and all sentient races or multibeings in the quadrant, without prejudice, fear or favor. Unofficially, I advise that we erase the records and forget the whole thing.

K – I was hoping you would say that.

E – It seems harsh, but there is a limit. Do we really want to make contact with meat?

K – I agree one hundred percent. What's there to say, "Hello, meat. How's it going?" But will this work? How many planets are we dealing with here?

E – Just one. They can travel to other planets in special meat containers, but they can't live on them. And being meat they only travel through C space. Which limits them to the speed of light and makes the possibility of their ever making contact pretty slim. Infinitesimal, in fact.

K – So we just pretend there's no one home in the universe.

E – That's it.

K – Cruel. But you said it yourself, who wants to talk to meat? And the ones who have been aboard our vessel, the ones you have probed? You're sure they won't remember.

E – They'll be considered crackpots if they do. We went into their heads and smoothed out their meat so that we're just a dream to them.

K – A dream to meat. How strangely appropriate. That we should be meats dream.

E – And we can mark this sector unoccupied.

K – Good. Agreed. Both officially and unofficially. ^{Stamp} ~~Case closed~~. Any others? Anyone interesting on that side of the galaxy.

not brief
E – Yes a rather shy but sweet hydrogen core cluster intelligence in a class nine star in G445 zone. Was in contact two galactic rotations ago, wants to be friendly again.

K – They always come around.

E – And why not? Imagine how unbearable, how unutterably cold the universe would be if one were all alone.