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Little Green Men

by Chris Kingham

I grew up in another language.

Homey Airport. Groom Lake. Paradise Ranch.

Dreamland.

Area 51.

Home.

1950s America was at odds with everything. My stay began when I inadvertently wandered too close to the blue-green orb you Earthlings call, well, Earth.

Well you say humans, don't you? That always amuses me. Martians thankfully keep it simple. Mars. Martians. Easy.

But what year is it?

Ah, well you haven't met those guys yet. Wild bunch. Live underground - love cigars for some unGodly reason.

Yes, we have religion too. Less fractured, but same difference I guess.

The first time I met one of your kind was a humiliating experience. I had taken a Pulse-Pod (think 1989 Mark II VW Golf) from my originator's yard and was simply killing time when it dawned on me that I did not have enough fuel to make the return journey. I never was one for thinking ahead.

Anyway, before I knew it I was hurtling through your (warmer than expected) atmosphere at a rate of, well, my terminal velocity of course (one for the science geeks there). I hit the ground HARD.

Free falling through Restricted Area 4808 North - or more catchily known as R-4808N - I had time to think of my mistakes and regrets. My main mistake was to not refuel the Pod. For my main regret, see above.

Why is your planet quite so hard? Our region has hard bits of course, but yours is just absurd.

When I was a youngster I once visited your satellite. The dark side of course. That was hard, too. And dark. Obviously. What is with that thing anyway? It is like your planet's Watsonian.

Sorry to ramble. Lots to say. Limited word count. When I landed I was confronted with bright lights and fear. My relationship with mankind has improved over the years. Although I suspect a cynic would call that Stockholm Syndrome. I call it necessity.

Everyone around me talks in acronyms and code. It is bizarre and unnecessary. The first time your Majestic 12 began your experiments on me I learnt everything I needed to know about your species. Some of you, well many of you in fact, fear life from other parts of the universe. Well more perversely many of you don't even believe there is life in other parts of the universe.

Put a rock of yag size some 100 or so million miles from a star of average size, throw in a little Carbon, and it quickly becomes more likely than not that life will be found.

Intelligent life? Well that is altogether a different conundrum.

I am afraid today there is only so much I can tell you. So the three most important things that immediately spring to mind are:

1. Is there life out there? Yes. Open your mind.
2. Is this life intelligent? Compared to you? Intimidatingly so.

3. Is the King really dead? 'Fraid so.

Sorry, Elvis.

MXB, with admiration.