

The DNA-Go-Boom Project

In the not-too-distant future, Earth's most ambitious project since the invention of the Whoopee Cushion was about to be launched. The mission, known as 'Project DNA-Go-Boom,' aimed to send the entire human genome into space, hoping that one day an extraterrestrial civilization might stumble upon it and learn about Earth's most curious inhabitants: humans. It was the sort of project that seemed like a splendid idea at the time, particularly after a few glasses of champagne at the annual Let's-Do-Something-Completely-Bonkers party. Little did anyone know that this project would lead to a cosmic comedy of errors.

The launch went off without a hitch. The spaceship, 'The Galactic Messenger', sleek and shiny, with a decidedly futuristic touch, was propelled through the cosmos with all the flair and dignity one would expect from a vessel designed by a committee of enthusiastic but slightly over-caffeinated engineers. It hurtled through the galaxy at a speed that, while not quite faster than light, was fast enough to make a comet look like it was stuck in traffic.

And stumbled upon by an alien civilization it was. The Lalandians, a race of highly intelligent, yet conspicuously absent-minded aliens, intercepted the probe. Their technology was extraordinary, but they had yet to figure out the basic

principles of spatial orientation. Their sense of 'up' and 'down' was about as reliable as a chocolate teapot, and their concept of 'left' and 'right' was, to put it mildly, somewhat elastic. They regarded the human genome with a mixture of awe and bewilderment, much like someone staring at a very confusing piece of abstract art.

After a brief debate that included the terms "what's that thingy?", "why is it upside down?" and "should it be read left-to-right or up-to-down?" the Lalandians decided to simply wing it. Thus began their attempt at building a human, which, if history books are to be believed, was an event of profound hilarity.

They assembled their GAD, the Genome Assembly Device, an extraordinary contraption that looked like a cross between a tea kettle and a confused octopus, and began tinkering with the genome. Unfortunately, due to their peculiar understanding of orientation, they didn't quite grasp the notion of human anatomy as Earthlings understood it.

Their first attempt resulted in a creature that was, quite literally, inside-out. Its organs were on the outside, leaving its internal components flapping about like an avant-garde art installation, and the poor creature seemed perpetually perturbed. When they tried to feed it, the result was a grand mess of scrambled molecules and a rather unhappy alien scientist who had not anticipated the need for a large number of bandages. The Lalandians were puzzled but chose to focus on the positive: the new human prototype was very colorful.

Undeterred, the Lalandians attempted a second model. This time, they got the orientation mixed up again; creating a

human whose head was located where the feet should be. The creature, if one could call it that, walked in what could only be described as an upside-down waltz, bumping into things and startling passing Lalandian pedestrians, who took it as a modern performance piece. The Lalandians, while impressed by the creature's enthusiasm, realized it might have a slight problem with balance.

Their third attempt was equally ambitious. They managed to create a human with four legs and no arms, which led to a rather entertaining spectacle with the creature strolling around like a drunken spider. The extremely flexible, though somewhat unsteady, individual could perform the splits in all four directions, simultaneously! They tried to engage it in what they thought were "normal" human activities—such as using a telephone—only to discover that their human prototype had no talent for dialing with its toes.

Through it all, the Lalandians remained cheerfully oblivious to the absurdity of their creations. They cataloged their findings with great pride, convinced that they were on the brink of discovering a new form of life. They sent a series of confused but positive reports back to Earth, praising humanity for its "extraordinary creativity" and their "truly innovative approach to anatomy."

Eventually, an intergalactic correspondence was established, and the Lalandians, with a mixture of pride and embarrassment, sent the Earthlings an invitation to visit their planet and show them how humans were actually supposed to be assembled.

The Earthlings, of course, found the entire saga uproariously funny and sent a delegation of scientists with a very detailed instruction manual for human assembly. The Lalandians were relieved to finally get a proper tutorial on right-side-up biology and welcomed their guests with great fanfare, vowing to never mix up their left from their right again.

And so, in the grand tapestry of the universe, the great human-alien interaction began with a series of comical missteps and a new appreciation for the complexity of life—or at least for the concept of 'up'.



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