

Maz, Origin

by T.L. Ford

“Play it again,” I said and James did. I listened. “They have vocal cords similar to ours, but I’ll bet we’re missing some of the pitches. We’ll probably sound flat when we speak their language. Have they sent anything in any of our languages?”

“No.”

“Any video?” Ron asked.

“No.”

“Maybe they’re waiting to see if there’s intelligent life on our planet?” I said.

“Not likely,” said James, putting his laptop away. “The transmission came in on our own satellite frequency bands. It was precise. They can pick up our own signals.”

“Then they know more about us than we do about them,” Ron observed.

James nodded. “If they’re hostile, it makes no sense to announce their knowledge.”

“Unless they’re trying to get inside our defenses,” Ron replied.

“You’re supposed to make me less paranoid, not more,” James said sourly.