

THE WESTERNVILLE SHOWDOWN

Gen vs Out Dater



The sun, the sand and dust. Every day looked the same in Westernville.

Horses stood at the hitching post outside the saloon, their tails swishing at the flies, but to no real effect. Westernville – a town with everything to offer... "thar's gold in them thar hills". That had been the promise.

Truth is that Westernville had been trading off its reputation for too long, and the once bustling frontier town was a just ramshackle old place full of small-minded townfolk. And it would've sunk into the sand just like any other once-was watering hole, if it wasn't for... well, the story starts like this:

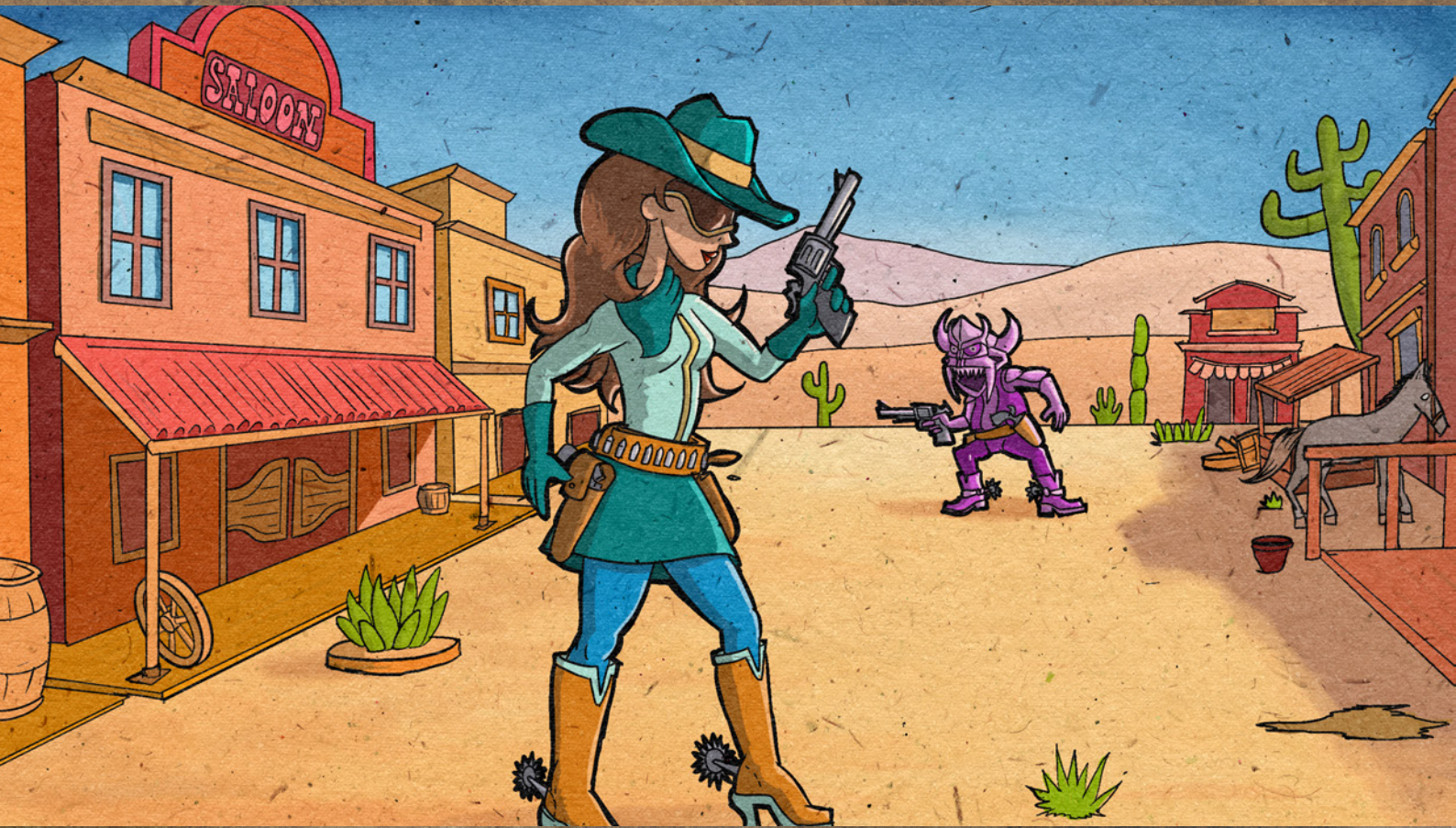
One day a stranger rode into town. This stranger liked what he saw. He liked the fact that Westernville was past its prime, he liked the fact that the people were proud but stupid. "My kind of people" he barked out, as he grabbed the saloon keeper warmly by the hand and gave the old feller a shaking. What the stranger saw was a place where he could settle and squeeze the life out of everything and everyone around him, and no-one would be brave enough to put up a fight.

The stranger's business meant he needed to communicate with many different peoples across many different territories. The townfolk welcomed him eagerly, investing in his

business, and he got right down to work, confusing and confounding everyone he talked to. The stranger's promise of money, and yet more money, became more and more uncertain. As each day passed, with the loss of business, strangely his smile grew yet broader.

He strolled into the saloon to order his customary glass of sarsaparilla, guffawing at those who approached with commiserations over the state of his affairs. Throughout the town, he became known as Out Dater, a man who was stuck so far in the past, his business was almost moving backwards.

The townfolk started to whisper – something had to be done. Maybe the sheriff could do something? Perhaps the local schoolmarm might have some advice to offer? Surely the man would listen to the preacher? But no, Mr Out Dater just sipped his drink and even boasted to the saloon keeper about how his influence was causing miscommunication and cultural blunders, threatening the very fabric of understanding, and harmony, across the different territories – all of which was draining the prosperity out of the town.



Word of what was happening reached a ranch owner a few miles out of town. No-one was sure what her business was – some new-fangled thing, people guessed – and to add to the mystery, she went only by the name of Gen. Some of the townfolk feared her, was she an outlaw, or a bandit wanted for terrible crimes in another part of the country? But she was none of these things. She was a fearless innovator who wielded a new technology, a force for good.

The townfolk realised that the ranch owner, with her strange technical skills, might be the only person to save them. So, at the appointed hour, high noon, she saddled up and rode into town.

Out Dater put up a fight but Gen had her posse with her, linguists and language experts, who crafted expert prompts that honed the AI's translation output to perfection, ensuring continuous improvement and adaptation of the ever-evolving linguistic landscape.

As she wielded various connectors to export and import client projects into CAT tools, Out Dater realized that he'd been well and truly outsmarted, and skipped town that night.

The townfolk despaired but, sitting tall in the saddle, Gen vowed to clean up the town. With her arsenal of MemoQ, Phrase, Smartling, Transifex, Contentquoo, XTM, Adobe Experience Manager, and Lokalise, she made sure that Out Dater's company was no longer out of date but transformed into a firm that everyone wanted to do business with, be they cowpoke, prospector, saloon keeper or ranch hand.



Story by Originia,

Alpha Games' narrative writer.

Original illustrations: **Andres Alegria**

