

Transmission to Earth: Message #7

Dear Humans,

There's good news and bad news. I'm still here on your planet but it appears that when I rigged my communications boosters to play all that music, I somehow sent a signal. The good news is this: my love, they heard me. I received a broken transmission from them to my ship. It read, "...I could feel it... I heard you're coming home... I've been waiting... it feels like yesterday... haven't seen you for years... your home... your new home... I'll be with you." And that was it.

I knew exactly what they meant. I was no longer afraid of the moment when we would be alone together again. They understand! My love. Keep listening. Remember me when we're far away. I'll be back for you soon.

The bad news? Well, if they heard what I've been doing down here, that means there's a chance others have heard as well. I'm not sure how my current employers will feel about all of this.

For now, I must focus. I can no longer be stuck in the middle of my own decisions. I can't sit here and bathe in the waters of loneliness. I've been pushed and pulled, but I'll take it no longer.

I started walking the streets, looking for the human from the park. I need to find them so I can get back to my partner. I can't waste time anymore on these emotions of despair. It may seem strange, but my mind must break free from my love for the moment. I realize now that it's a waste of time to sit here watching for them, wondering about them. There is no watching something that resides within myself. No wondering about a love so set in stone. There's no need for it. You know what I'm here for and why I'm here.

What I promise you is this: while my focus is elsewhere, it will only be in preparation for you. This transformation, this growth, is something I must do for you. So that when I finally bring you back here, when we are in our new home together, I will have grown so giant that I might place you upon my shoulders and show you the world—just as I stand on the shoulders of these humans.

It's all for you. The entire journey. And I think you knew what it would bring me. This belief you instilled in me. This confidence. You knew I would need it if I was ever going to do anything special.

And, oh, did I need it now. It turns out this human from the park is more elusive than I thought. I went right back there, but they were nowhere to be found. But no matter. I will find my way to you, dear human, and to you, dear love. To you both.

I will simply follow the sound of your heart. The music of your love. I can tell that I must be getting closer. I can hear the trumpets, so faint. A rhythm of something, though I'm not sure what.

Have you been thinking about me, dear human? When we left each other after dancing all night, I knew the story was not complete. It felt like I had lost the last page of a book I had been reading. I was excited to find them again, but I was also getting worried. It was getting dark, and the streets were looking familiar. I thought I was looking for a friend, but perhaps it was only a phantom.

And then, I heard my name. "Phred!" I turned, and it was as if I was hallucinating. This couldn't be real. Not what I saw. They walked toward me—it was the pusher man, but... it was also the human from the park. I was stunned. How could there be two people in one? The person who saved my life and the person who nearly killed me, here in front of me as a single human.

They started talking, "Ayy! You wanna dance again? Come on, I know you do! I'm not surprised you don't recognize me, you were way gone. I'll take the lead. Come on! Don't act like you don't know how to get it on the floor!"

I just looked at them. So hurt. I don't understand you, humans. How could they do this to me? How can you humans hurt someone and then act like you're there to save them? I stared into their eyes. They must have known I was hurt. We stood there in silence—the loudest silence I've ever heard. The melody of disappointment moved quietly, from a subtle sound to a wandering wind filled with nothing but pain and questions. In an instant, I was back to feeling as though I would never understand this human experience.

Thank you for listening.