

Transmission to Earth: Message #6

Dear Humans,

I would rather not learn the words for the feelings I have at this moment. I wish to pretend they do not exist. As I lay on the ground, silence turned to sirens. Out of nowhere, I felt the call to go back home. This ground, this Earth, feels all wrong for me.

Humans, you don't understand. I left behind someone very special to be here with you right now. When I left my planet, I knew nothing of these emotions. But now—oh, now—I understand why you say, "I miss you." My partner and I are like the sun and the moon, always out of touch. What you have taught me, Humans, has left me fragile. I have learned what it means to love, but now I feel desolate, devastated in their absence.

My partner, they know nothing of these emotions either. When we are finally alone together, how will I ever convey what is happening deep within my soul? You Humans make it look so easy. You love as if there is nothing to lose. How do you do it? I think, if I want my partner to truly understand the feelings I have discovered, I must bring them here, to Earth.

It's a special feeling—one I cannot explain with music or words. No matter how much I try, this feeling lies way down deep, beyond reach of mere explanation. I need my partner to feel it, to understand the love I have found on this planet. It is such a sweet nothing. I cannot bring them a spoonful of it.

And what if they knew these feelings all along? What if I was the cold and indifferent one for leaving? Maybe they tried to stop me, and I was too blind to see the signs, no matter how hard they tried. Maybe they were sad when I left. I'm an idiot. What did I think they were supposed to do? Just sit around and wait for me?

Or worse. What if the ways we have grown apart have made us too different now? What if they never understand this love? Will I live my life feeling this way while they feel nothing? How could I possibly show them what love is?

Now, dear Humans, I need to believe more than ever. Things aren't as simple as going back home and everything being fine. It might take a miracle. I'll explain more later, but the physics of it all—if my ship, the EyeStar-170, misses the departure window by even a few minutes, it could mean that by the time I return, everyone I know will have passed on.

I need to change the plan. I need to bring my partner here. I know that once they hear your voices, they will understand the changes I've gone through. The childlike wonder that has overtaken me, reminding me of when my father was still around. I know I'm scared right now, but he would tell me not to worry. But he didn't know this love either—not like I

do, not in the same way. Or maybe he did too. Maybe they all did, and I've been the only one who never felt it until now.

I don't know. But I do know this: I don't care about deadlines anymore. Without my partner, without my love, this Earth is nothing but a deserted space island, sinking in the oasis of a star you call the sun. I wish this could be my last night here, but I have a better idea. I'm going to finish this mission ahead of schedule, and I know just the person who can help—the one from the park, the one who helped me dance. I'll return ahead of time, pick up my love, and bring them back here. I don't care what the Intergalactic Center for Immigration Services says.

Thank you for listening.