

## Transmission to Earth: Message #8

Dear Humans,

The last time I shared my experiences with you, I was standing there, face-to-face with the human I had been searching for. We were submerged in the waters of silence, so deep and so long that it turned cold, and I began to shake. I didn't know what to say. I was confused, hurt, and unsure if I even had the right to feel this way. They hadn't lied to me. They hadn't deceived me. But what they had shown me—it was a fantasy.

Do you want to know what that human did next? They started to dance. Slowly, almost dreamlike, they closed their eyes and began to speak. "Okay. I know what this is. You came with strings. Oh, Phred, do you know what you're doing? I shared myself with you, and you came here with judgment. I can't breathe in this air of expectations." He paused, moving in a circle, still dancing. "You're not my king, special thing. I don't want or need your worship. I'm glad you haven't said a word yet. Save your breath, because the air here is toxic. You made it that way, not me... but it's fine. I feel just fine."

He stopped then, turning to face me. His eyes opened, and they were already locked on mine as if he knew exactly where I stood. "You think you're saving the day for me." He laughed, the sound of it echoing, almost hollow. "I got a friend, and they don't even like me," he said, still laughing.

"You know, Phred, I'm glad you came. I have some things to say, and you're not going anywhere until I'm done. How dare you come here and lie to me? You said you were here to learn about the human experience. That's not true. You're here to judge it. I can feel you judging me right now. Just like everyone else on this damn planet. How quickly you turned into one of them, Phred. You don't know what it's like to spend an entire lifetime trying to be somebody here." His voice cracked, and I could see the vulnerability behind his frustration.

"We're all sick of it. You don't get it—the line we have to walk, day in and day out. The fear of the future and the hunger of the now. And you come here, after almost no time at all, expecting something of us? You don't even know us. You haven't seen the heroes we have. The ones who were lost, just like us. Some of us didn't make it, and never will. But some of us—some of us have dreams. And at all costs, we will find a way." He started crying, and for the first time, I understood how much pain lay behind those eyes.

"Look... we are more than just a person in the moment. With us humans comes our past. Not just the one close to us—the one that has carried through generations. Ideals, expectations, pressures passed down, and we don't know what the hell we're doing, I promise."

He stopped again, closed his eyes, and slowly resumed his dance—his movements fluid, circling, as if trying to find a rhythm that brought him peace.

“Phred... I promise you something else too. When I offered to help you down this road, I was genuine. I might be lost, but I know something that not everyone does—that all life was born for love. Not just us humans. All of it. It’s not too late. There’s light on the other side. But we have to help others see it too. A revolution, maybe.”

“I know what's going through your mind, your heart. You feel the way I do. Because you have to. Because it’s the truth of things. Please, let me help you. I know when you see it, when you find it, you’ll understand. You’ll know why this is so hard for us. Why we sometimes do things that seem unlike ourselves. You’re on the surface still. You don’t get it. You haven’t been here with us.”

Thank you for listening.