

Transmission to Earth: Message #5

Dear Humans,

I awoke with so many thoughts. I know that my time here is unfinished, and I have yet to relay the information to my kind, but I feel some pressure. In this moment, I am a tool with which our worlds realign. I want to go back to my home planet, but not just yet. I need to paint a more complete picture of you, humans. I was having a hard time focusing when I remembered the music.

I didn't want to work. I just wanted that music on again. I rigged the ship's communications boosters. Once I got the music going, I felt so free. I truly lost control for a bit. Can you blame me? Don't you feel better when you let yourself move? To live is to be active.

So there I was, in my ship, at it again—floor thumping, heart racing, eyes closed. I hoped and prayed that every jam would last forever. Let me be completely blunt: I was throwing ass. 'Throwing it back' doesn't do justice to the vibrations that occurred that day.

Humans, give me more. I need more music. Keep making more. I am a slave to your rhythms, and I don't mind a bit. One by one, I hit move after move. I didn't know the words, but I didn't care. And then, I reached the last song I had learned. I danced as hard as I could because I knew it was almost over. I crashed onto the floor, joyful and breathless. I thought about how amazing this would be for my kind. I thought about my family. But something felt different this time. I felt something I've never felt before...

Thank you for listening.