

My dear captain,

Surprisingly, I am alive. This world, the world of the humans, is a hostile one, and a being such as me is unlikely to survive for long. Yet, I've managed to do so up until now. That, in itself, is quite a feat.

Of course, it would have been impossible for me to do that, had I not have had help. I was extremely lucky. The window that I had been foolish enough to peek into, was the window of a family with three very kind children, who were considerate enough to take me in, provide shelter from the unfamiliar world, and grant to me a safe haven from which I was able to build the device which enables me to contact you so. I've grown quite fond of these children in the time I've been with them, and I would like to think that they feel likewise.

This world is a world of danger. There are those living there that would like nothing else but to capture me, stuff me, and put me on display. The weather, climate, and gravitational field are all extremely harmful to those of our kind. Yet, I've slowly grown accustomed to it all, and grown to appreciate the dynamic and exciting experiences that this planet can offer. For example, just earlier in the night, I had participated in a peculiar human activity known as "Treat or Trick", or something along those lines. Now, before you become alarmed, I assure you, it was quite safe for me; participation requires donning ridiculous outfits and costumes, so I blended right in. Anyways, the activity involved various sub-activities such as collecting energy-filled and tasty sustenance from strangers (oh, they were so kind), and ringing some sort of alarm system within the residencies of seemingly random humans, before rushing off to prevent getting caught (or so I assume).

Additionally, I've managed to gain a working knowledge of the language which these human beings speak, through detailed analysis of a mysterious box which can talk and contains within it's circuitry great databases for their language (and is currently among the vital ingredients to the communication device which I've designed and am using to broadcast this message to you; yes, I realize that it's extremely primitive, and I do wish that I had studied the complex technology of communication more extensively before I had left, but what's in the past cannot be altered). The humans are quite resourceful beings!

Yet, all is not well. No matter how numerous and great the positive aspects of this world are, it will never change the fact that it is far too hostile for beings such as us to live on. Here, I'm always being hunted, and I always have to hide. The gravity of the situation, and the gravitational field of this planet, is wearing me thin. I'm dying, captain, and I need to leave this planet if I'm to live. No matter how much I may adore this world, nothing will change that. So I ask you, I beg you... please, come back. I'll never peek in windows again; this I promise.

E.T.