



The Guardian

R. J. Davies



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Contact through <https://rjdavies.ca>

Online Edition

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Blinks, that's what I call them. They are here for such a short time that it's insignificant in the grand scheme of things. There are a few that leave a mark, a stain on their history and those around them. I have had a couple that I shall remember fondly.

I have been assigned to this planet before the first sign of life. There are others like me stationed all over the universe on remote planets, watching and waiting for the moment that life reached a certain level of intelligence. This planet called Earth had reached that level a couple of times then disaster. I like to linger in the background and I don't rush in.

Now we are witnessing the Human Era. There are a couple of smarter ones, but they still haven't reached the level where they receive the key to the universe so to speak. I am the first being that lived and inhabited this planet. The dinosaurs were much smarter than the human believe. I would even say they were much smarter than some of these humans running around. They have been visited by aliens too. The comet wiped them out. I survived because this isn't my home planet. I have lived in harsher conditions than this planet ever forced itself upon me. Watching the neanderthal rise up then homosapiens, they coexisted, communicated, and thrived for many years.

Aliens have come and gone, some still linger, that majority of the current populations are suspicious, but nothing has made worldwide confirmation. Aliens have

been walking among the humans since they co-existed with the Neanderthals. Then again, I would call into that category as well. Since I wasn't born here. I am not human. I have only been stationed here. Are the other aliens aware of my existence, only two races know that I exist. I met one of them once and they just assumed I was human. I didn't correct them and we didn't really have an interaction. They felt slightly intimidated as he should be. We went our separate ways and I'm sure he didn't mention it to his colleagues. I did add it to my report. Yes, I send reports to my supervisor. I send one every earth year.

The space race is on again. Will they ever make it out of their solar system? The only reason I am still lingering. We need them to reach a certain level this time. We came so close a couple of times. The ancient ones had help and I almost revealed who I was then but held back a century and was grateful I did. The great flood took out most of the humans. Sending them back to the stone age with their technology.

I am a guardian; I'm here to document and protect the feeble from universe threats to a certain extent. The humans have been sending out messages to alien planets. This is where things get sticky. Do I still need to protect them? The blinks have been reaching out and inviting all aliens here. Not sure how wise that is considering their own history is riddled with instances where a more advanced culture introducing themselves to a lesser advance culture. The ones that are advance have a tendency to be more violent and take whatever they want from the culture that is less advance weapon wise. Did they consider this before they sent their invitations out to the universe? No or if they did, not enough. I have been around for a very long time. Earth isn't my first assignment. I know what's out there. Most of it isn't good. The aliens that walk among the humans have been hiding

themselves here from what's out there. Only one race tried to terraform Earth for their own kind. That time I did step in and stopped it. It went into a report.

Will this human evolution make it out of their solar system? Maybe, there is a good chance. Only time will tell.