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Cursed Witness

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You could call me an immigrant, an outsider, I am not from here. I don't belong here. The longer I'm here this place has affected my mind. My memories. It's like a virus that is slowly eating my mind away. I have been here for a very long time. To try and explain it, it's not something people who never experienced it could really grasp and understand. It's a lived experience and slow drive to madness.

I was in battle many eons ago, it was against our enemy who had the upper hand. I got a couple good shots in, but he fired one that sent my ship crashing in this god forsaken place. I should have dodged and dip instead I dipped then dodged and got hit. The rest of my crew died on impact. I thought I was lucky to have survived. Only to know now that it was the biggest curse.

I have watched the evolution of this planet. I have watched the emergent of this race as they call themselves. As they rose up from the ashes and slowly mutated into the beings, they are as they walk this planet. I walk among them. I was here long before they were, yet I am the outsider. I watched empires rise and fall. I have witnessed all of humanity on Earth. I am their lived forced witness. They should be ashamed. I have been forced to watch as humanity was born and rise up over and over again. I am not going to lie I have eaten human, a few. My taste buds didn't care for them no matter how I cooked or seasoned the meat. It is an acquired taste, one might say.

In the eyes of the humans, I would be considered immortal or a god or even a demigod. None of these are true. My life span has been stretched out, again I blame this planet for my prolonged longevity. I have tried to end my life several times. Even by nuclear attack, I was there when they bombed Hiroshima and walked away with a few scratches. I was also there for the Chernobyl disaster with the nuclear power plant. I have been blown up, poisoned, shot and I am still here. It's a punishment of some kind. I am being punished. I had led a good life, I was a good parent, offspring, soldier and here I am. Stranded on this planet that my kind avoided.

I have used the equipment that these humans have and sent out an SOS to anyone who might be in ear shot. That was years ago and I'm still here. Alone and waiting for someone to come find me, rescue me from this hell.

My newest adventure is to use this acquired wealth because I walk among the humans, looking like them, I know how to blend in. I have a large estate, businesses all over the world. The humans think I am just eccentric and wealthy. I'm building my own ship, and I am very close to going home.

Standing over the control panels, I have managed to acquire and build by my own two hands a spaceship. One that I think will get me back to my people. My family has long perished. My goal is the same, as it has always been. Just to get back home. I just want to bask in the glow of my own suns, feel the heat on my bare skin. Breathe in the air that my home world has, eat my native food and hear my native tongue. Tears well up in my eyes as I anticipate this. Slipping in one last reactor core, into place. Sealing the panel. Crossing over to the captain's seat. Sitting down, sighing and closing my eyes. Warm tears leak out of my face, sliding down my cheeks. My fingers gently caress the buttons on the panel. I pull the remote control for the ceiling to

retract in my oversize garage. I hear the clanking and sliding of metal on rollers as the roof slides open and come to a stop.

Swallowing hard, this moment I have waited a lifetime for. My heart begins racing. I never thought it would happen. My fingers ran over the panel just grazing it gently. I have waited so long for this. A small part of me wondered if it was really happening. The panel beneath my fingers was a gentle reminder of what pure determination could do for someone. Then I press the combination to turn it on. The light humming of my ship coming to life is the best sound that I have ever heard in centuries.

Rising up through the open ceiling, I could see my neighbors' roof tops, the shopping center in town and park that I would walk in daily. My soul felt light and carefree. Silently I bid this world goodbye and good riddance. If I ever return to this god forsaken place it will be too soon. I drank in the last visions that would be etched into my memories for as long as I breathe, this place had taken up so much of my life. As much as I hated Earth, it was engrained into my DNA, into my memories and soul.

I have taken off. Lifting into the clouds, I caused a bit of a stir with the locals as people gathered in the streets looking up. Rising up above the clouds, my heart lifted a bit more. Breaking the atmosphere and entering space, it felt like bursting out of a cold lake in the middle of summer. Coming up for air and breathing. It was magnificent!

"Hello old friend," I whisper to the stars.

I just had to get to the closest outpost, and it would be smooth sailing from there. Pressing the combination that gave me speed, I was off. The little blue globe, getting smaller behind me. Reminded me of a snow globe that the humans loved so much around Christmas time. Earth, I hope I will never see it again. I am headed home.