

2024

Hidden

R. J. Davies



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He stood with his back to me, heaved and heavy sigh and shook his head. Turning around slowly he had that look in his eyes. That look of being annoyed.

Very slowly he asked, “What part do you not understand?”

“Well, all of it. None of this makes any sense. What are you trying to tell me?”

“Oh, for god’s sake are you that stupid?” He threw his hands up in the air and tore off to his study.

Not letting this slide, I followed him. He was rifling through a box of papers. “You don’t have to be so rude about it.”

Pausing, he looked up at me again. Nodding, “You’re right. It really is a lot to grasp. Sit!” He gestured to the chairs.

I took a seat. He sat down in the other chair.

“Where to begin. It’s like a magician at a magic show. They have all this fanfare and flare. Keeping you distracted as they pull a slight of hand and switch the card, add the coin, remove the tablecloth. Whatever it is. It’s like stealing candy from a baby. Because that’s what it is. We are not smart enough to grasp what is going on out there!”

“Where?”

“In our own galaxy.”

“What do you mean?”

“Well, we are being played. They the master minds behind it. Think of us as.” He paused.

“What animal on this planet are we most closely related to?”

“Monkeys?”

“Yes, you can train a monkey to do tricks, but the monkey will still have limited intelligence, and they will never understand quantum science. Right?”

“I guess.”

“Think of it this way. We are like a one percentage difference of intelligence to chimpanzees or monkeys. It’s a slight difference in intelligence. Yes, we are able to make complex calculations, we can explore space, we can ask questions and we have a mediocre understanding of the universe around us. Wouldn’t you agree?”

“Yes.”

“How do we think of these chimps? Do we respect them and give them rights? Do we treat them like equals?”

I shook my head no.

“Why would we? They are just animals, right?”

“They are.” I agreed.

“Now imagine an alien life that is not one percent smarter than us like we are one percent smarter than the chimps. But in fact, they are five times or ten times smarter. How do you think they would look at us?”

I said nothing.

“Exactly, they aren’t even going to look at us. We are merely bugs to them. Insignificant.”

“What are you getting at?”

“They are here.”

“Who?”

“The aliens that are ten percent smarter than us. They are here. They are clever enough not to blatantly disregard us. But for years they have been toying with us. Leading us astray. Distracting us like a magician distracts its audience.”

“What do you mean?”

“There is, wait I need you to understand this. Your eyes there is a range that humans can see it’s in wavelengths from 380 to 700 nanometers. And your hearing humans can detect sounds in the range of 20Hz to 20 kHz. We think babies can see and hear at higher frequencies but grow out of it. Does the world around us stop at 700 nanometers? Or 20kHz?”

I just stare at him not knowing what he’s getting at.

“Just think about it. There is so much more going on around us that is outside of our range of sight and hearing. Just because we can’t see or hear it doesn’t mean it doesn’t exist beyond our reach. We are the chimps with limited understanding and the capacity to grasp this amazing world around us.”

“What are you talking about?”

“I’m talking about this room for example. There are things in this room floating around in the air that we can’t see or hear because it’s beyond our senses.”

“What things?”

He laughed. “Aliens.”

“Aliens?” I know he’s lost his mind now.

“Yes aliens. Don’t you get it?”

“Get what?”

“We are the chimps, the bugs on the windshield of life! We are the audience that are too busy being awed that we are missing the sleight of hand!”

Clenching my teeth together I had to bite back a few words that would only start an argument.

“I know you don’t understand that you can’t comprehend this but there are things beyond our senses that are all around us. We are not alone. And they are harvesting our planet, our galaxy right under our noses. Why do you think we have these Mandela effects? They are eating away our buffers and destroying our planet right under our noses.”

“No, I think we’ve been destroying our planet.”

“You of all people I thought would understand to some extent or at least keep an open mind.”

“How do you know this exist all around us if we can’t see it or hear it or feel it?”

“I have proof. Some research I did back in university on infra rays lights. It’s not just me. There are others but they don’t understand what they are seeing. The proof is staring at us in the face, but we aren’t that bright. We are the chimps with limited capacity.” His face was getting red and sweaty.

“Why don’t we just sit here for a little longer and you relax and reexplain this to me but maybe slower?”

“Damn it Becca!” He jumped up and returned to this box of papers. “I don’t have time for this. I need to find my research.”

“Fine. I’m going to get us some tea.”

Returning to his study the room appeared empty at first glance. I placed the tea tray on his desk and walked towards his box of papers.

“Dad!” He was lying on the floor.

Quickly I raced over and checked for a pulse, nothing I pulled my phone out of my back pocket and dialed 911.

“Hello this is 911 what is your emergency?”

I told the operator that my father had fallen and wasn’t breathing as I was starting chest compression and CPR on him, I gave the operator the address. He still wasn’t breathing when they arrived and came in. They checked him and called it. They called the coroner in and checked him over and took pictures of his office.

As they were taking him out, I noticed an odd marking on his neck. Three little dots in a triangle pattern. I don’t think they were there before. I asked them to take a picture of it. They looked at his neck and said they didn’t see anything there. I looked at his neck again and there was nothing there. It was a long day maybe I had imagined that. Sitting in the kitchen I stared at the window and the little angel that my mother had given to me when I was younger before she had died. It was a glass angel, and you hung it in the window and watched the sunshine in through it casting colored light in the room. Was my father, right? Was he going crazy? Were crazy people on to something? Sipping my freshly brewed cup of tea, I didn’t know what to think.