

Special "Double-Up" Mercer's Journal



October 7, 2026

I have just finished reading the press release Dylan posted from that genetic research group in Italy. <https://themesillafiles.com/trc-research-center>

Then I read it again.

I am shocked.

Not shocked in the dramatic sense. I didn't fall out of my chair, spill my coffee or suddenly discover religion. At my age, getting back off the floor would probably be the biggest mystery involved.

I'm shocked because I had never even heard the term “**ghost ancestor**.”

Apparently this is a real thing genetic researchers talk about. They can find evidence in our DNA that somebody was back there contributing to the family tree even though they don't necessarily know who those people were.

That's bizarre.

At least it is to me.

I've spent a good portion of my life wandering around deserts looking for things that aren't supposed to be there. Apparently geneticists have been doing roughly the same thing, except they use laboratories and don't get cactus needles in their pants.

But here's what bothers me about this Italian announcement.

They aren't just saying they've found evidence of some unknown group of ancient people.

They're saying this particular population seems to have contributed something unusual to human genetics somewhere around **45,000 to 55,000 years ago**.

There's that number again.

Fifty thousand years.

Anyone who has been following Dylan, TRC and all this Mesilla business knows why that number ought to get your attention.

The Italians have even given the genetic signature one of those wonderfully scientific names designed to prevent ordinary people from remembering it: **V50-HG17**.

According to their Dr. Alessandro Venturi, he's willing to stake his professional reputation on the evidence that this unidentified ancestral population existed.

He's considerably more cautious about explaining exactly **what they were**.

And that's where I start scratching my head.

Venturi says his “least impossible” explanation is that there was some advanced population of Homo sapiens around 50,000 years ago displaying genetic characteristics they shouldn't have possessed—or at least shouldn't have possessed according to our present understanding.

All right.

Maybe I'm just an old businessman who spent too many years listening to strange stories in desert bars, but isn't there a rather large elephant standing in the laboratory?

Aliens.

There. I said it.

Everybody can relax.

The building is still standing.

Now, I'm not saying these people were aliens.

I don't know.

Neither does Dylan.

Neither does TRC.

And according to the press release, neither does Dr. Venturi.

But it sure sounds like we're all working extraordinarily hard **not to say the word**.

Why?

Is everybody afraid they'll be called Martian lovers?

Will somebody revoke your scientific parking permit?

I understand caution. Believe me, I do.

I've spent decades hearing people explain every unusual light as a spacecraft and every funny-looking rock as evidence of an ancient civilization. Most of the time, a funny-looking rock is simply a rock that has had the misfortune of meeting an imaginative human being.

Evidence matters.

But there is a difference between being cautious about an explanation and refusing to discuss an obvious possibility.

And right now, I think Dylan and his TRC group have a responsibility that they didn't have a week ago.

They need to explain this.

Not explain **what happened**—because I'm not convinced anybody knows that yet.

Explain what all of this **means**.

TRC has been talking about conditions in this region approximately 50,000 years ago.

Now Clayton finds those strange stone arrangements down near Mexico that appear—maybe—to spell something nobody understands.

Father Serrano's old parish records have started raising questions about arranged stones from a century ago.

And completely outside this little circus, researchers in Italy announce evidence of an unidentified ancestral population from approximately the same ancient period.

Maybe none of those things are connected.

That's possible.

Coincidence is real. I've met it personally.

But we're accumulating an awful lot of coincidences.

And I don't think saying that makes me a Martian lover.

At least I hope not. I already have enough labels.

What I want from Dylan and TRC now is something very simple:

Tell us what you know.

Tell us what you don't know.

Tell us what you suspect.

And for heaven's sake, make the distinction clear.

If V50-HG17 has absolutely nothing to do with anything TRC has been investigating, say so.

If there's a legitimate reason to wonder whether it does, tell us why.

And if somebody sitting around that TRC table has privately whispered the word **“alien”** and then decided it would be professionally safer to replace it with *“previously unidentified advanced ancestral population”*—

come on.

We're all adults.

Say the word.

Then tell us why you're considering it.

That's what I want from The Mesilla Files.

Not certainty where there isn't any.

Not sensational nonsense.

And not safe answers designed to avoid embarrassment.

I want **truthful and understandable answers.**

If the answer is *we don't know*, fine.

I've lived eighty years with *I don't know*. It's one of the few answers that seems to become more useful with age.

But something has changed.

Until now, much of what Dylan and the others have been examining consisted of old photographs, recordings, diaries, maps, reports and stories from people who are mostly long gone.

This Italian research is different.

It's modern science looking at modern DNA and apparently discovering evidence of somebody we didn't know was there.

Somebody from about 50,000 years ago.

Whoever these “ghost ancestors” were, they weren't ghosts.

They were real.

They lived.

They had children.

And apparently some part of them is still walking around inside people today.

So Dylan—

You've got the files.

You've got TRC.

You've got people who understand this stuff considerably better than I do.

It's time.

Truthful answers. Understandable answers. And no hiding behind scientific vocabulary just because the obvious questions make everybody nervous.

Because if there's a perfectly ordinary explanation for all this, I'd very much like to hear it.

And if there isn't—

I'd like to hear that too.

— **Theodore Ray Mercer**

The Mesilla Files

United States of America

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