

DAILY Actor

ANNIE JUMP AND THE LIBRARY OF HEAVEN by Reina Hardy

A man stands at a podium.

DR. JUMP: August Tenth, 2021. *(He checks his watch)* 8:03 p.m.

This is the day, this is the hour, this is the minute

The minute we knew the Answer

Citizens of Strawberry, I am here to tell you...

We. Are. Not. Alone.

For the past 10 years, I have operated Meti.net, a website that invites any alien intelligence monitoring our communications to make itself known via email, telephone or fax. We have been targeted by a number of jokers throughout the years, but because of the provenance of this communication, I believe... it is legitimate.

I hold in my hand a fax from an alien life form.

Do not laugh at me. This is a mind from millions of light years away that has chosen to speak to us. And I believe I have three minutes left, chairwoman, thank you.

(Reading from the fax.)

Humans of earth, we contact you in peace. We represent an intergalactic federation of enlightened species. Our name translates, in your earth-tongue, to the Association of Stellar Serenity Healing Across Time Space.

Before humanity may join our federation, you must prove yourselves peaceful as well as intelligent. Dr. Jump, as a representative of humanity, we ask you to gather your small earth-community at the following co-ordinates when the meteor display in your area has reached peak visibility. If all life-forms are present, displaying harmony, we will reveal ourselves to you.

(He stops reading.)

“Displaying harmony.” I believe the aliens wish us to prove our peaceful nature by raising our voices in song.

The co-ordinates are for Hamlin's field, just outside town. If you have any interest in a world beyond this one- I implore you. Come to Hamlin's field at the peak of the Perseid's, at midnight, in three days. And you'll all see it. We're not alone.

Thunder. Crackling. Horrible feedback. The lights go out.