

Preface

I almost didn't write this.

Ever since that day, the day that has gone down in infamy as “Supernova Saturday”, I’ve been painted as a villain, an alien, a terrorist, and (depending on the source) either hellbent on the Earth’s destruction or too stupid to stop it. The rumors about me are so out of control that even now, on a planet dozens of light-years away, I still can’t even go to the supermarket without getting whispers and stares.

In order for you to really understand what happened, I need to explain what I was doing there at the scene of the crime in a spacesuit carrying a proton torpedo. I got it—it looked bad (I mean, not the spacesuit, which was pretty flattering to my figure, but in a guilt-related sense). As you may or may not have heard, I was severely injured in the blast and was not able to explain myself that night. By the time it became apparent that the blast had accidentally sent the moon hurtling out of our orbit, I had been taken to a secure location before the shocked citizens of Earth formed a mob and silenced me—and the truth—forever.

I know it’s too late to clear my name. That’s not what this is about. I lived on Earth long enough to know that once people have found a scapegoat to blame, they’re not interested in the truth anyway. The reason I’m writing is much more important: I know how to solve the problem.

I can get the moon back.

Not by myself, of course. I’m human. I’m not an engineer or a scientist. I’m not even a real astronaut. On the surface, I’m just a girl from Montauk who got mixed up in the craziest misunderstanding of all time. But my experiences beyond our planet have given me an entirely new understanding of the universe and everything in it, and I know for a fact that not only does the technology exist to get the moon back into its orbit, but I can guarantee its return with the people who will help us do it.

I know that if I just show up back in our atmosphere, the military will shoot me down faster than a Chinese spy balloon. So I need to lay it all out here and request permission to return to Earth with my non-Earth team to come in and activate the plan. Obviously, I don’t expect you to take my word for it. I’ve attached detailed plans in this transmission, complete with examples of successful orbital realignment projects that have been completed in four other solar systems.

I've even given you my exact location, a planet known on Earth as Kepler 452-b, a planet Earth scientists believe to be habitable, but is too distant to observe directly. (Spoiler alert: it's very habitable).

The clock is ticking. Every minute, the moon spins further and further out of its orbit, and the tilt of the Earth becomes more and more precarious. What more can we lose by being honest at this point? Even before Supernova Saturday, the Earth was on its way to destruction. Not only were we destroying it ourselves through climate change and the specter of nuclear war, we were on the cusp of an alien attack of unimaginable proportions. This event, however catastrophic, was necessary in order for us to have any chance at all.

My story will be a lot to take in. But you need to listen. After all, if history has taught us anything, it is that there is no idea as dangerous as ignorance. These guys are coming back. The question is: Will you be ready?