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Since I was very young my father, who is a writer, motivated me to read. So by his influence I read a lot. As time has gone by, I started to think about the possibility of writing my own story. I discovered that by writing, it is possible to put my own ideas and characters into "life".

The Fourth Dimension Lie

It all started ten years ago, when, for the first time, humans constructed an engine that could curve space into the fourth dimension. Just before that, I had started working as the biographer of Dr. Putnam. In that moment, they discovered us. They came to us as friends, but they were far from that.

Now I know. Those andozas, I hate them. They brought us prosperity, but at the cost of our privacy. They fooled us. They said they like to help other races, but those were only lies.

Like I said before, it all started with the engine that could curve space into the fourth dimension. Well... that engine exploded. Two weeks later, Putnam's team was finishing a second model, but they had to leave the project on standby when they called every important physicist to an urgent meeting in Oslo. The presenter was the president of the Global Astronomy Society.

"You were all called here because we detected a strange object that is travelling towards Earth," he said. "Now Henry Gates, the leader of the investigation, will give you the details."

"Hello everybody. Sorry, but I will get right to the point to the point. We don't have time to lose. This is a video of the object," he said, while the video started to play on the screen.

The video showed an object. It was white and irregular, but parts of this mysterious space traveler were appearing and then disappearing, as if the video was edited using a green screen.

"It looks impossible," said someone behind me.

“We brought you together to understand what this object could be. So, if someone has an idea, please speak.”

Dr. Putnam raised his hand and started to speak. “I think the object has four dimensions.”

“Pfff, you only think that because you are an expert on the subject, Putnam. If you were a quantum expert you would have said that it’s a new type of particle,” said Skinner, a quantum physicist.

Putnam’s plan was to respond, but at that instant they appeared in the middle of the room.

Everyone froze. They were impossible to describe, because parts of their bodies came and went, in and out of the fourth dimension. One of them approached Henry Gates, changing its form as it went. Then he put his arm into Gates’s chest, but there was no blood. He pulled it out, and in his hand was a cancer tumor. Then he began to speak in clear English.

“Hello humans,” he said. “We are andozas. We are a race that lives in four dimensions. We detected your species two weeks ago when something curved the fourth dimensional space. We are a peaceful race. We want to help your species.”

The next weeks were all chaos. Every government was trying to create regulations for coexisting with the andozas as quickly as possible. Thanks to the fact that Putnam was right about the nature of the object and that he was the leader of the investigation team that gave the andozas the signal, he became an ambassador between the andozas and humans.

An unthinkable technological progress followed the arrival of the andozas. Thanks to the fourth dimension, we could now do things like detect and remove tumors without the necessity of exams or surgical intervention. They also managed to purify the Earth. Now, it is a clean place, full of plants and almost no pollution. Before they arrived, we were on the verge of self-destruction. Also, thanks to the technology of the andozas, we could now travel through space much faster using the fourth dimension. I personally visited Proxima Centauri, the closest star to the Sun, in company of Dr. Putnam.

My biggest problem with this new society (and the biggest problem for Putnam as well) was the gradual extinction of science. The andozas had gotten to a point so advanced that, for any of us it would take centuries to catch up. So one day, Dr. Putnam got bored, and went to re-open his lab. Since I had become such a great friend of Dr. Putnam through the years, I decided to work as his apprentice.

I spent the next year helping my friend work on a machine that would make it possible for humans to detect objects in the fourth dimension. I thought it was a good idea, a new form of communication between species. But when we succeed in creating the fourth dimension vision device, what I saw took me a long time to believe. There were a lot of masses hiding all around the Earth. In my naivete, I thought the andozas did not hide anything from us. I thought that they had told us everything.

We warned the authorities. There was a big discussion. But the debate was forgotten when the andozas argued that the objects were things like food and their ships. The government was satisfied, but I kept my suspicions.

In the meantime, we kept upgrading the device. I wanted to actually see what was on the other side. Last week we finally discovered how to make it possible, but by

that point my reputation, as writer and as a journalist, was in ruins. The government and my friends thought that I had become crazy. When we finally looked into the fourth dimension, I fell to my knees. Every piece of my reality fell apart. There were cameras and more andozas than I had ever seen before. It looked exactly like a film set. Thanks to the device, it was also possible to hear the fourth dimension. For the past week I have been obsessively paranoid. So now, I think, I can write with precision about what is going on.

First of all, they found us close to the year zero, about two thousand, one hundred years ago. For them, time doesn't work the same way, so they started filming us back then. We are just a reality show to them, a big, long reality show, that included everything from Jesus Christ to the atomic bombs. They decided to appear because we were on the verge of discovering their secret, thanks to Dr. Putnam's engine. And if we had found out that we are a TV show, the entertainment would have come to an end. I think they will destroy us if we cause the end of their show.

After our discovery, Dr. Putnam suddenly, one morning, appeared dead on his bed. The official morgue report said that he died from a heart attack. I don't believe that. I'm sure that he was murdered. I'm afraid that I will be next. That's why I'm writing this letter on the web. I might be wrong, but it may be the only way to survive. But if I have a heart attack in the next few days, you will know that it was no heart attack.

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