



The Cattle Mutilators, Chapter 18 Excerpt, Part Two

© 1980 by John J. Dalton (pseudonym)

Manor Books, Inc., New York, New York
(out of business since 1988.)

The creature's eyes blinked slowly, his grotesque face wrinkled in thought, pondering a comprehensive answer. The diaphragm mouth began to oscillate, emitting the bone-chilling sounds of an idiot; then came the mental communication: "We are the Meues. We occupy all space."

"No, I mean which planet or solar system are you from?" Brandon asked.

"Everywhere." The being held up his long index finger in a manner that urged Brandon to listen. "You see, earthlings, or humans, as you refer to yourselves, live only in the time and dimension that your limited knowledge affords you. You are so preoccupied with finding life in your own galaxy that you overlook the obvious."

"Are you saying you are from here, earth?" Brandon asked, not understanding.

"Everywhere in the universe or any void in between. We are from a different dimension, a different plane of existence. We have no boundaries or limits, as you have. We are an anti-log of everything you see visually. We can travel in any dimension and occupy the same area as say, earth, but not the same time or space without being observed. The possibilities of existence are infinite." The Meue clasped his hands, his forefingers twisting around one another.

"In other words, we could both be in the same spot and neither of us would be aware of the other?" Brandon said.

"That's correct. Now you are within our dimension. Since you have boarded, we've moved back into our dimension. Neither the lab or yourself is any longer visible to humans, but we are still here."

"Can you be what we call ghosts - something that can be there, but we can't see you?" Brandon's eyebrow raised quizzically.

"Ghosts?" The Meue's eyes closed slowly. Brandon thought they would never open. "No. Ghosts, as you call them, are a different matter. When the human

Earthfiles, news category.

body ceases to function in your dimension, the entity is given the choice of another dimension to continue in. For reasons we cannot fully understand, the emotional electron patterns found only in the human race cling to your plane, becoming locked between the two. It cannot be freed without destroying the entity."

"Wait a minute!" Brandon interrupted. "Are you saying you're God? That you have the power of life and death? The determination of what happens after death?"

"God? Doctor, I would have believed a man of your scientific knowledge would have guessed the truth. God is nothing more than a human word to give faith to the weak. You know as a scientist that matter never dies, it changes form. Therefore, there is no beginning or end, no life or death. It's simply a matter of changing form." The creature's neck swooped down in an arch, bringing his face close to Brandon's. Jerry felt sick. "Do you understand?" the being asked, its head lolling from side to side.

"No!" Brandon shouted. "If that's the case, who created life on earth?"

"Matter never dies, remember. It changes form. Earth was designed and constructed by the Meues billions of your years ago, as an experimental colony. We chose your dimension because it had a number of planets and stars already inhabited. We allowed them to transplant thirty males and thirty females of their species from the mother planet. I'm sure you are aware they return periodically to check on their contribution to the experiment. No one is allowed to interfere or alter what takes place. Some of the human forms have not survived. Even you, Doctor, generations away from the original implant, will be awarded the choice of another dimension when you cease to function in the colony."

"This is the most ridiculous thing I ever heard. Are you trying to tell me I'm some kind of guinea pig? Bullshit! I can't believe it."

Brandon was terrified by what he had heard. If the Meue was right, the very quality of life and death, heaven and hell, morality meant nothing.

"But you have a choice. That's the point of the experiment. We cannot interfere to change the outcome. The experiment would be invalid. And ponder this, Dr. Brandon: I know you're well versed in the science called genetics. Where did the man with the slanted eyes come from, or the black man, or the brown or red or white, or the almond-eyed humans? Can you honestly believe all these genetic deviations came from the Adam and Eve myth?

The Meue's neck retracted, then extended straight up from his shoulders. The long neck of the creature gave the Meue the advantage of looking down at Brandon. Its dull red eyes fixed on Jerry's frightened face.

"No, this can't be true." Brandon felt panicky. He touched his feverish forehead. Beads of sweat trickled from his hairline onto his fingers. "It just can't be true. To live a life that has been predetermined and designed by people like yourself is not worth living. We're not laboratory animals."

"Is it any different that we designed the Earth, and regulated the living forms that exist on it, as opposed to this God that humans wish to believe in? Does it

matter who controls it or for what reason? The only important thing is that you enjoy it and try to make it a more habitable place for future generations. You are living in a small cultural microcosm with inhabitants from vast spaces in the universe. Look at the different cultures, temperaments, levels of tolerance and aggressiveness you are exposed to. Look how some of the races have advanced and others remain primitive. Look ..."

"That's part of the problem of believing you," Brandon interrupted, visibly troubled. "If we are transplants from advanced civilizations, why aren't we more advanced? Why aren't we traveling in space?"

"A very good question. Because transplants to the colony were not allowed any previous knowledge, only the ability to learn, and the basic drive for survival. In this way, each culture was allowed to develop at its own pace. I'm afraid from an intelligence standpoint, the human race is a bitter failure, stupid beyond comprehension, and ..."

"Just a damn minute. We've had some great men in our history," Brandon interjected.

"By whose standards? And who were these great men?"

"What about Edison or Einstein? What's your explanation for Jesus Christ?"

"Child's play, all of it. They tried, but man abused them. Edison managed a small knowledge of electricity, a basic principle. Man in his ignorance has all but used up the resources for producing it. He has never looked into the future. This man Einstein was probably the closest the human race has ever come to pure intelligence and logic. He, like Edison, was a first-generation transplant, but his mind was not dulled by the trivia of everyday problems. I guess by your standards, he was brilliant. By ours, he was a child. And then, of course, the human race took his small discoveries and instead of using them for improving the colony, they tried to annihilate one another."

"And what about Jesus Christ, the son of God?" Brandon felt humbly frustrated. Surely the being had to know Christ.

"Yes, and then there was Jesus Christ." The Meue's hands unfolded. He calmly placed them on the arms of his chair. His voice of mind projection never wavered. It was always clear and emotionless. Brandon alertly watched the hideous face for some sign of distaste or happiness, but while the face collapsed and expanded with breathing and word formation, it always remained expressionless.

"This man, Jesus, was a good man and an intelligent philosopher, but he was not the son of any God. He, too, was a first-generation implant, endowed with many of the metaphysical abilities that were commonplace on his mother planet. He tried to bring some order to the colony earth, but we both know what happened to him. There were three others that followed him at different intervals, but they too were assassinated. Since the last, the mother planet has ceased to exist. There will be no more of their species. Under these men, there was hope for earth, but now it's doubtful. The experimental colony earth has turned into a violent tribe of chaos and hate. All peaceful and intellectual things have been laid aside and replaced by the power syndrome. The very thing we feared would happen at the beginning of the experiment."

"But why all this? Why an experimental colony with people from other planets?"

"In the next millennium, some of the planets will cease to function. Colony earth was a small-scale model of a super-planned planet. One where all entities could exist in harmony. It was an idealist plan that I myself had hoped for, but it is no longer plausible."

"You don't know that. It can still work. Sure we have wars and diseases. We kill one another, but you forget we're human. Genetically we've changed drastically from the original hybrids that were placed here. You can't possibly predict what the human race will do."

"And that's why I wanted to meet you, Dr. Brandon. You not only have a reasonable amount of scientific intelligence, you are something of an idealist, like myself and the others that had a hand in the earth experiment. A rare attribute in the human race." His head lolled back and forth approvingly. "Why did you concern yourself with the few human forms we needed for our experiments?"

"You can't butcher people like animals."

"Earth is an experiment, remember? You conduct experiments in your labs. Why shouldn't we do it in ours?" The Meue's grotesque face seemed to smile.

"Because we have the powers of reason. Our actions don't stem from pure logic, as do yours. Everything we do is tempered by feelings and emotions. Can't you understand that?"

After a long period of silence, the Meue's head nodded awkwardly. "Yes, I know vaguely of this emotion syndrome. Some of the early transplants manifested the strange parameter. Why is it so important to the human race?"

"Because it's a driving force that makes every day different. Emotion is loving your family, having friends, laughing and crying, caring about each other. We haven't evolved to your status where pure logic controls our existence, and I'm not sure we want to."

"Emotion also promotes killings. This is not logical."

"Yes, but we're learning and evolving. We have the right to be left alone and work our way through the trials of evolution."

"You have no rights." The Meue's long neck swooped down, his face confronting Brandon's. "Let me ask you a question."

Brandon nodded.

"You humans use rats and dogs in many of your lab experiments, don't you?"

Brandon said, "Yes, generally. Sometimes other animals."

"Let's assume you put five rats in a small area to observe their interaction over a period of time. Then they began fighting, overproducing, killing. The greater the

population increased, the worse the savagery until there exists constant disharmony and death. Would you let the experiment go on or end it?"

"I would have to terminate it at some point. But ..."

"Exactly." The Meue's neck straightened. "It is our responsibility to terminate the experiment when we feel earth has reached the final point. That point seems to be very near."

Continued in - ***The Cattle Mutilators, Chapter 18, Part Three.***

Credits

**Copyright © 1999 - 2009 by Linda Moulton Howe.
All Rights Reserved.
www.earthfiles.com
earthfiles@earthfiles.com**

Republication and redissemination of the contents of this screen or any part of this website are expressly prohibited without prior Earthfiles.com written consent.

[Privacy Policy](#) | [Terms & Conditions](#)
[Refund Policy](#)

Copyright © 1999 - 2009, Earthfiles.com / DigitalEyeCandy.ca
All rights reserved.

