

The Last Conspiracist

True story based off the death of Max Spiers

I don't have that much time, so I'm going to have to write quickly for I am scared for my life. My name is Matthew Leon Rhodes, I am 29 years old, the date is currently January 13, 2034.

I had always been the nerdy science kid who loved aliens and outer space more than anything else. When I told my mother, I had wanted to study how human life and extraterrestrials connected, she was ecstatic, but worried at the same time. I had wondered why she was so worried for me, but now I know why. I am a true believer in extraterrestrial life, so much so that I have put my life in danger.

I was driving back from the lab I worked at late at night, and as I was driving along an abandoned road suddenly, I see 2 men dressed in black suits standing in the middle of the road. I slam the breaks and step out of the car.

"Mr. Rhodes it is?", the man with the blue eyes asks me.

"Yes, and you are?", I ask in confusion. I had never seen these men in my life, how did they know my name? The two men were dressed black suits, black hats, and carried black briefcases. The only difference between them was their eye color; dark blue, and brown.

"It has come to our attention that you have been working on designing a device that would allow humans to potentially see far enough through the universe to see potential alien life. Is that correct?", the man said completely ignoring my question.

"Um...well yes, but how would you know about it? Nobody else knows about my project."

"It doesn't matter how we know that you have been working on this device. What should bother you is the fact that we know, and you need to stop working on the device and destroy it immediately or there will be grave consequences.", the man with brown eyes says.

"Do you understand Mr. Rhodes? Or are we going to have a problem here tonight?", The man with blue eyes says in a threatening voice.

"No... there is no problem, I will stop working on the device and destroy it tomorrow morning.", I stammered in fear.

The two men said nothing to me and walked away opposite to where I was standing. I got back into my car and drove back to my apartment as fast as I could. I locked the door and quickly went to bed still stunned about the events that occurred just a few moments ago.

It wasn't what they said to me that scared me, it was how when they looked at me; it was as if they were looking right through me. I couldn't shake the feeling that they were in my house.

The next morning when I was getting ready, I tried to formulate a plan to divert the attention off me without destroying my device. There was no way that I was going to just destroy my life's work just because two buff looking guys told me to.

When I got to work one hour later, I searched for the first draft of the device I had made before my team and I got started on the prototype. I destroyed the first draft of the product, so technically I could say that I did destroy something because I had a feeling that I would be seeing them again soon.

Later that day I left work early so that I could avoid colliding with those men again. I got back to my apartment and went straight to bed thinking that I had successfully escaped the men I had seen only 24 hours ago.

I woke up to loud knocking at my door at 3 AM wondering who could be awake this late at night. I opened the door expecting to see my neighbor Mrs. Gloria, but instead I am greeted with the same stone-cold faces I saw 2 days ago.

"This is your last and final warning Mr. Rhodes, if you do not destroy all the paper work and the device, we will have to destroy something, and it won't be the device", said the man with the dark brown eyes.

I stood paralyzed in fear wondering if I was dreaming as the two mysterious men walked away into the dark hallway. I slowly closed the door concluding that I had been speaking to the men in black all this time, and they were out for my blood regardless if I destroyed my device.

When the reality set in of the situation, I was in I frantically searched for my cell phone. I opened "messages" and texted my mother.

"Your boy's in trouble".

"If anything happens to me, investigate".

After I texted my mother, I went to my bedroom to pack a bag full of clothes and things I will need to survive the next few days in my lab. I can't be outside, so being locked in a maximum-security lab would be my last chance of survival.

By 5:00AM I was already parked and walking in to work on a Sunday. I unlocked the door with a quick finger-print scan, pin number, and a scan of my key card. I ran to my laboratory and grabbed my project and quickly shoved it into a password-protected safe along with all the research I had collected over the years.

For the next few hours I paced around my lab trying to think of solutions to try to escape my death, eventually I fell asleep for the next 7 hours. I woke up to the soft clicking and a picking sound.

They are here I thought to myself.

I quickly got up to get a piece of paper and a pencil and hid underneath a desk. That leads me right back to the present. If anybody finds this letter, release it to the public, we need to come together to remember to not believe everything that the government tells us. Aliens are real. The men in black are real, and they will kill you if you know too much. I ran a trial run for my device and ended up finding proof of alien life. ALIENS ARE REAL AND THEY ARE GOING TO TAKE OVER, THEY ARE NOT COMING IN PEACE. THEY ARE GOING TO COME ON APR-