The Invisible Truth

B Alan Bourgeois · Opening excerpt · 1 of 2

Luca Monroe stood before the crowd, his hands open in a gesture of invitation. The community hall was packed with faces twisted in varying degrees of curiosity, skepticism, and outright hostility. He had seen this before—people eager to prove him wrong, others desperate for something to believe in, and those who had already decided he was nothing more than a charlatan.

“You may not believe in energy,” he said, his voice smooth and confident, “but energy believes in you.”

A sharp, incredulous chuckle cut through the air, rolling like a wave from the skeptics. Dr. James Holloway, a physicist with a reputation for ruthlessly dismantling pseudoscience, leaned back in his chair, arms crossed tightly over his chest like a steel barricade. He exhaled sharply, an unspoken challenge flickering behind his narrowed eyes.

“Oh, this should be good,” James muttered, barely loud enough for those around him to hear. A few others chuckled in agreement.

To his right, David, a lifelong disbeliever with a smirk permanently etched onto his face, shook his head as though watching a child claim to see fairies. He turned to the woman beside him and whispered, “What’s next? He gonna levitate?” The woman stifled a laugh.

Reading sample — continued

Near the front row, Sofia, a struggling writer, sat with her arms resting on her knees. She wasn’t laughing. She wasn’t rolling her eyes. Instead, she leaned forward just slightly, her brow furrowed, lips pressed together in quiet contemplation.

She wanted to believe.

She wanted Luca to be right.

But experience had taught her that the world didn’t work that way. If it did, she wouldn’t be drowning in self-doubt, stuck in the same creative block she had battled for months.

Luca met her gaze, offering a small, knowing smile before sweeping his eyes back over the room.

“Let’s begin,” he said.

Shifting the Doubt

Luca’s eyes moved through the crowd before settling on Mark, a retired soldier seated stiffly near the aisle. His posture screamed discomfort.

“Pain is energy,” Luca said. “It can be moved.”

Mark let out a harsh, skeptical laugh. “If that were true, I wouldn’t be limping.”

A few people chuckled in agreement.

Luca only nodded. “Then let’s prove it.”

Mark exhaled, rolling his eyes but extending his leg. The pain in his right knee had been there for years—it was an old war injury, a familiar enemy he had learned to endure.