



ZALON KINGDOM: THE
INVADERS ARRIVE



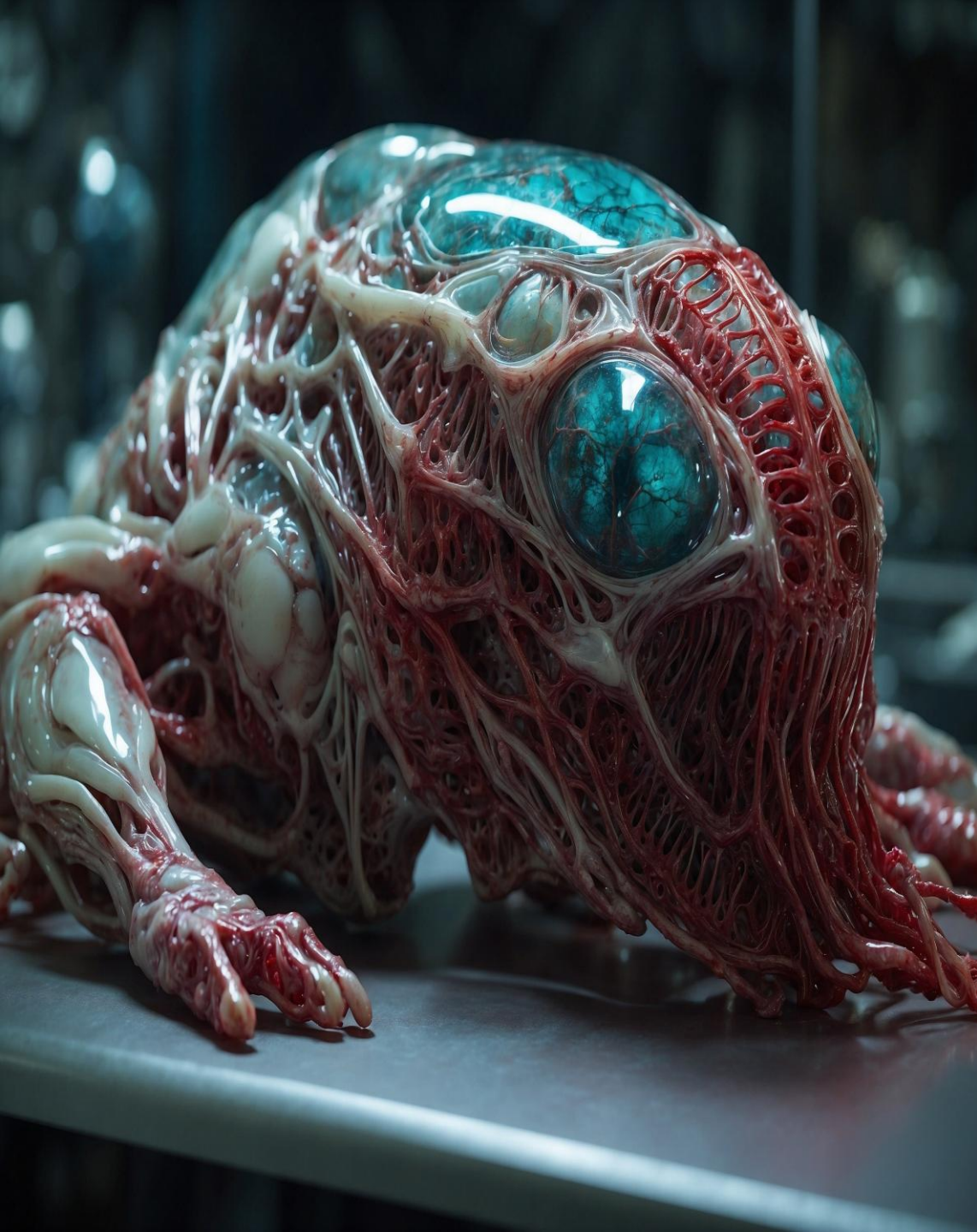
The Tuok Invasion Commences

Empire is never the personification of just, equitable, and decent government that values its citizenry. Tyranny in any form is the exercise of pure evil, especially when the subjects embed themselves within the unjust, indecent, dishonest, and unethical belief system of tyrants.

The Tuok Empire, which comprises the Andromeda galaxy, is just such a despicable scourge of absolute horror that encourages and justifies any actions that a decent universe abhors.

The Zalon Kingdom, comprising the Milky Way galaxy, is the preeminent military and economic power across the entire universe. It is the polar opposite of the Tuok Empire in the exercise of its power and adherence to written laws that protect and benefit its citizens. Being a constitutional monarchy, it ensures pure democracy across its realm by guaranteeing every citizen one vote per person.

The Tuok Empire is a homogeneous expanse populated only by Tuoks, the preeminent parasite of the entire universe. They long ago eliminated all other species in their galaxy by transforming them into unthinking, unquestioning, and fully obedient Tuok. Now they have set their sights on Earth in the periphery of the Milky Way galaxy.



Tuok Begin Parasitically Transforming Humans into Their Own Kind

Orange-yellowish holes are pushing up through my skin, but only on my legs, which are easily hidden in this coldest of winters. With the appearance of these sores, my urge to add more sugar to my coffee has become so intense that I've started carrying in my pocket this zip-lock bag of sugar. I now scoop half a cup of sugar into the cup. My hand shakes uncontrollably in my thinning fingers that hold this coffee syrup to my fully expanded mouth. Gulping greedily, I practically choke on the gooey mixture. It's been approximately one week since I started experiencing these terrifying visions of a place not recognizable at first, but somehow now less terrifying than initially believed. For now, the changes in my body are becoming so profound that I dare not leave my home. My hair is now gone, and my face resembles a large, yellow, saucer-eyed insect with a small, holed mouth. My former nose has rotted off, replaced by an almost invisible slit that expands and contracts as I breathe. Finally, the merge is complete. I'm no longer plagued by having to share a skull with a primate brain that was clearly losing its primitive fight for survival – it has been vanquished. Nothing tarnishes my memories of my world. This process is always the most soiling part because moving into a new host's brain momentarily overpowers the senses with their insignificant life experiences - until they can be eliminated.

The landing of our spacecraft in remote locations facilitated the release of my brethren into the wilds of this fresh host-filled world. Some of us were more fortunate at finding hosts early on than others who expended precious stores of energy futilely traveling great distances without striking upon a victim.



Sue Preston Heads for Secluded Cabin with Son

Having served in the Marines for fifteen years, reaching the rank of Colonel, her experience told her what she needed to do. She grabbed a suitcase from the closet and started filling it with essential clothes. She pulled the emergency rations box out from the top shelf and another box filled with miscellaneous essentials.

In her car, the radio announcer was calmly relating the events of the past half hour when reports started coming in from all over the world of people who had sighted “creatures” and thousands of “red triangle spacecraft appearing over power plants, and military bases.” Thousands of these creatures were attacking and killing active-duty US soldiers sent to defend the civilians.

Sue left the early morning bustle of the city for a road that went straight up into the mountains. Her destination was a rustic cabin she’d purchased a couple of years ago; a secluded, unfrequented route that she hoped would provide enough cover from what might become a protracted conflict. But first, she must stop and pick up her son at the Audubon camp on the way to the cabin.

Nothing would have prevented her from reenlisting in a fight to protect her community and her nation but for the fact that someone too small to stand on his own needed a mother. John, whom she had just ten years ago, was the only family left for anyone who’d been close to Sue was now resting six feet underground.



Tuok Commander Harvon Reports on Humans Determination to Live

Ewock-Tu was skeptical that they'd be able to subdue the humans by defeating their military. "Get me Commander Harvon," Ewock waited while the system linked him to his most trusted liaison officer. "Harvon here, sir." "What is your assessment of our progress to implant the humans at our Extermination Centers? Are we having any success in pacifying these club-yielding primate packs that keep disrupting our plans?"

This tumultuous planet is overrun with a violent primate species that refused to follow the example of a universe that implicitly understood the futility of resistance. Resistance against the supreme parasite (the Tuok) died easily among those unfortunates to be selected for planetary implantation within a relatively short duration of time, but not so for these humans. He'd seen every member of this breeder species fight by striking out at their captors with bare-knuckled fists and any object readily accessible that might deliver a crushing blow.

Instead of a resigned compliance, these unpredictable creatures had to be restrained by soldiers who would forcefully place them into the Conversion Pods. Fighting, they struggled right up until the tube was inserted into their ear canal and our precious offspring was released on its journey to their brain matter. Such a love of life we'd never before witnessed in any species that we'd converted. The females of their immediate clans would spit in our faces and attempt to claw our eyes out when not adequately restrained. All would throw insults in their stilted earthly languages that proved to me that they'd never submit to their annihilation like others before them – they'd never concede that their cause for survival was lost.



Tuok Soldiers Capture Humans in Energy Bags

Screams could be heard from all across the once thriving metropolis.

Denver was a city under siege, with Tuok forces in the thousands swarming through the suburbs and downtown, rounding up anyone deemed suitable for their grotesque transformation process. U.S. Army units were fighting desperately to save the remaining city from these alien parasites bent upon exterminating the entire population by liquefying their brains before transforming them into sore-covered yellow blobs.

Out over the city hung hundreds of red triangular spacecraft, emitting what looked like some form of energy curtains that seemed to enclose the entire city within their barriers. The hum of a vigorous city just ceased, replaced by an eerie quiet that could only mean that all movement, activity, and action in this human anthill had ended; just like that, within a split second, they were now trapped like rats in a cage. They began rounding up their human hosts, spreading out across the city.

Tuok soldiers dissolved glass openings, secured the doors, and anything that stopped their entry with a hand-held miniature dish that emitted a ball of orange and yellow plasma; they then easily marched in – no doors to open, nothing solid. Pointing a six-pronged red-tipped handheld object at the immobilized prey, these Tuok soldiers ensnared their human primate pack in an energy field that bagged their precious catch.

They would then proceed to drag their catch through the small, vaporized openings, scraping, bruising, and breaking bones in the process. The openings were far too small for all the human prey the Tuok tried to drag through, but this did not stop the Tuok, for they always made allotments for some damaged, unusable hosts when they opened the bags back at the implantation camps.



United States is Defeated by the Tuok Empire

The floor shook with a vibration that sent the huge monitors on the wall cascading down, exploding into thousands of sharp shards of glass. Rocks from the ceiling came crashing down first in smaller and then larger pieces that plastered the computer terminals. Equipment that had been assembled with such meticulous care: all of it state-of-the-art technology lay exposed to a far greater set of technologies wielded by an evil that saw no boundaries to complete victory.

Emergency lighting flickered on in hesitant flashes, dimly illuminating the cavernous rooms. A great power had gasped its last dying breath. There was nothing left to send against the enemy, for the Tuok had won their last battle with the only remaining earthly government, a tenacious, hard-fought victory. No other earthly governments were left standing, for the United States of America was all that had remained for five years – until now.

President Cruz hit them hard with punches coming from the left, then the right, and jabs up the middle; he was unrelenting for nine punishing years.

Even now, with every soldier, tank, F-22, F-35, special ops ordinance, basically every piece of hardware blown to bits to protect the citizens of this great nation, he still believed that no amount of power could extinguish the flame of freedom from this, his country.



Sue Preston Leads Mountain Lion Rebel Force with Former President Justin Cruz for Eight Long Years

Standing over her son's grave, Sue resembled a stone statue chiseled with a chiseler's harsh anger exposed in her lean, stiff face with steely eyes focused on the setting sun sinking beneath the mountain heights. The warrior had returned, but this was no longer a warrior, but a patriot resolved to pull her country back to a place, a promise; she would be the unrelenting, pushing, cascading terror on the battlefield, becoming the enemy's worst nightmare.

But the many years took their toll on every human being, beaten down or now buried deep in some forgotten grave.

Reaching up with open arms, hands grasping at nothing, pleading to the heavens for help, was a father kneeling beside the bodies of his wife and son. Tears gushing in rivulets falling on the dead grass of a prairie that exposed its emptiness to the equally empty night, he cried. Off in the distance glowed fires from destruction's curse; the demons' unquenchable hunger grew while God slept.

Anguish gushed forth on a land, a planet trembling in horror and helplessness at a power from the ultimate evil arisen from the depths of Hades. How would deliverance be ordained, foretold in all prophecies of the end – surely some would be left to greet the new dawn. Strength was running thin like gruel strained until only pale water remained; dare not foretell the trauma that would rumble the very foundations of belief.

In an open desert, the earthly death hung in the air and over the planet like a plague bestowed by stupid happenstance. Cruelty that never knew a holiday or rest had ravaged and was liquidating with a free hand. Crying voices had pierced the heavens, for they must have been heard, for why let beauty live in a universe adorned only with hate, evil, discord, and pain. That was the essence of hope, a belief in our better dreams. Humankind's capitulation felt near at hand.



Tuok Ultimate Ruler Decides to Fight Zalon Kingdom Fleet Sent to Free Humans

“Your Excellency, Commodore Galuc Bevor is in command of a fleet comprised of two thousand Filon class war triangles that is currently confronting a fleet of over two thousand five hundred Zalon Kingdom white war saucers of an unknown configuration.”

“The Zalon fleet commander, General Xion, says that we’ve violated one of their laws. The law that has been violated, according to this general, is Section 1a of The Milky Way Galactic Law that essentially forbids the use of a military weapon with a star power of .5 or higher on a civilian population.”

“The Zalon fleet commander says he is giving us forty-eight hours, now about forty-seven hours to vacate this blue planet Earth, or he’ll be forced to vaporize any Tuok remaining in this planetary system or sector. He’s also indicated that if we attempt to re-enter the Zalon Kingdom, which extends throughout the entire Milky Way galaxy, this same law gives his government the right to take harsh measures.”

“You are weak. Don’t you realize your Commodore Galuc commands the finest Tuok war triangles ever constructed – a most deadly weapon? Let those stinking Zalons threaten, or for that matter, act. How dare they bully us any longer; shred their white sparkling clean saucers into so many microscopic strips.” Blinking furiously, the image of the Ultimate Tuok military ruler went dark, leaving a pungent ozone smell. Even the migrating red globes of the command triangle trembled and flickered when the evil rushed back from where it came.



Zalon Kingdom Destroys the Tuok Invasion Force Saving Earth and Securing the Kingdom's Territory

The Tuok Filon black war triangles fired their orange-red beams straight at the Omega war saucers. Obviously, it was an attempt by the Tuok to engage the Zalons with a swift first hammer blow intended to do the most damage with the element of surprise at their backs. The Tuok were flooding their energy tubes with the maximum star power of their triangles, limiting the available energy to their shields in this quick surge of disintegrating power directed at the Zalon fleet.

The Omega war saucers, now fully capable of shielding and firing simultaneously against a mere thirty-star power, Tuok war triangles pulled the ‘trigger’. The tides of battle can shift quickly. General Xion didn’t need to give the order because it had already been executed by the synthetic organisms (per tactical plan H777) on each saucer. Still, he wanted these to be the last words heard by this despicable enemy. “Wipe this scum from Zalon space.” Now the full power of about twenty-five hundred Omega white war saucers with a star power rating of one hundred erupted with an energy that was tidily vaporizing each Tuok black triangle touched. The Omega saucers of the Zalon Kingdom headed towards the blue planet. Emerging from the troop sections of these massive craft encompassing more than two miles were ground troop transports that rocketed towards Earth. The Zalon ground force would mop up the Tuok that still caused pain – Zalon citizens would soon be free.

Earth is Integrated into the Zalon Kingdom



Michelle, who had just turned fifteen today on this perfectly blue sunny June 12, 3020, was visiting the capital of the Earth Planetary System with her parents for the first time. Having lived her entire life on Europa, Michelle was thrilled to visit her home world. Before making the trip to this, the most populous planet in quadrant Alqi – Slqi QQC/Sector Loron, she had her synthetic organism replay all the history feeds on the Death Time, The Struggle, and the Resurrection. Michelle and her parents made their way down the Visitor Tower by taking a slip tube to the color pool at ground level. Once at ground level, they stepped onto an energy walkway that rose over the color pool towards Leader’s Square. Walking on the spongy energy walkway seemed very unusual for Michelle, who was only accustomed to feeling the hard, solid of Comolon metal underneath her feet. When they finally ascended the energy walkway, the family stopped on the ghostly glowing platform at midriff level with The Four Leaders. Waving her hand over the blue activation light, Michelle heard a voice from a distant past, along with a holographic image floating above the activation light, say, “On both sides of you are The Four Leaders. Furthest to the left is Lieutenant General Xion, the Zalon military commander for Sector Loron, who led the forces that won the Battle of Freedom on February 28, 2040. This was the pivotal event that allowed a chain of events to progress, which would save the entire human race from extinction at the hands of the Tuok.” Above the Great Hallway, which was centrally located on either side of the Capitol Building, was the insignia of the Zalon Kingdom: three purple lines of equal length, all pointing in a northwesterly direction. To the left of the Zalon Kingdom insignia was that of the Earth Planetary System; an image of the planet Earth with two people, one on either side, engaged in a handshake. Over the relatively short period that the Earth Planetary System thrived within the Zalon Kingdom, all the scourges of a primitive species had been washed clean from the dirty wheel of drudgery. The human race was no longer a primitive race with a substantial proportion of its population languishing in intractable poverty, ignorance, disease, intolerance, injustice, and pain. Many innovations in social justice and technology were now originating in this former backwater peripheral sector of the kingdom. With humanity’s ready acceptance of diversity in culture, species, and ideas, the Earth Planetary System was becoming the most culturally diverse, species-integrated system in the galaxy.