

The Yar'Zanti Invasion 4: Coming Back

By

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Brad Miller abruptly woke up and was disoriented.

Was he really Brad or Ado Dak? He was not sure and could not tell which applied to him? For all he knew, both names were accurate.

He remembered running away from Yar'Zanti mechs. Wait, weren't they Ado's mechs? His people's machinery? Brad, that was his name back then, remembered hiding behind some old building debris. He had hoped they could shield him. Yet instead his entire world blew up.

That was it, that was the end of the memory. There was nothing after that. The rest of his memories of Brad consisted of his time before that point. Of when he was a child, his beloved wife Ellen, two kids Mason and Mia, and even his brother Edward.

Yet other recollections began to surface in his head. They were not from Brad's life and had a sort of alien quality to them. However they also felt as if he had lived those memories.

One memory Brad remembered was of him standing on a tall precipice on Yar. He could feel a soft warm breeze gracing his skin. The sky was a lovely blue and purple. Down below he could see the wide Zerk plane with a herd of Garond stomping across the land. Their thick flat feet threw up large plumes of dust as they ran.

Yet another memory rose in his mind. It was of when he had been a human. The thought was of his daughter Mia. She had been proudly standing at home plate getting ready to bat a softball. Then the pitcher threw it underhand and she slammed it hard for a home run. He remembered standing up cheering as loudly as he could for his daughter's achievement.

From that happy memory came a depressingly scary one. It was of his home planet Yar. The once beautiful skies were now an angry orange. This color came from the firestorms which swept across the planet. The precipice he once loved was now turning into a volcano. Finally he remembered stepping onto the transport, briefly looking back, and then escaping Yar's cataclysm to a mother ship far in space. That had been the last time he touched his home soil.

Then it hit him, he was both Brad Miller and Ado Dak. That both of those two different sets of memories were his own. Together Earth and Yar were his home planets.

Beyond his briefly confusing memories, Brad began to register a strange sensation. It felt as if he was floating in some sort of gel like liquid. The stuff was warm and comforting.

Becoming more aware of his liquid surroundings, he sensed a sort of dim light through his semi closed eye lids. Opening his eyes, he peered about his weird surroundings. With the fluid, everything he glanced was distorted. Yet Brad realized a soft yellowish light came from both above and below him. Plus, he seemed to be floating in a tall cylinder.

While in the tank, Brad tried peering outside to see where he was. He stared forward and saw that the space outside seemed rather dark. Near him he could make out other glowing things. Plus somehow he was also looking behind himself at a metal wall.

Abruptly the liquid began to vibrate before suddenly flowing out the bottom. As the fluid drained, Brad dropped to the bottom and weakly collapsed. With a vibrating hum, the tube's walls pulled up and the grated floor he lay on banked to drop him out. He tumbled feebly onto the cold hard deck. When his body hit the floor, Brad became immediately aware of his nudity.

Brad's body did not feel like it had before waking up. If he had to guess, his frame did not even seem human anymore. His feet felt rather strange and more flexible. Glancing down he saw that his legs were now Yar'Zanti bird like legs. He had three long flexible toes. Two faced forward and were slightly angled, while one faced backwards. Brad even found he could curl and point his toes.

Pushing himself back onto his behind caused him to painfully realized he had a tail. Brad found he could move it about quite well. He even thought he might be able to grip stuff with it.

What also dawned on Brad was what he was using to push himself upright. He employed his lower arms while his upper arms were unused. Plus each hand had only three fingers. They were long, semi-narrow, and very flexible.

Finally the changes to his head caught his attention. Though more likely the things that happened to his sight. For

example, he now could see out the back of his head quite clearly through a single eye. While his forward vision had much more depth most likely due to an additional third eye.

"Welcome back to the world Ado," greeted a female from off to the side. Within moments a blue armored Yar'Zanti woman trotted into view.

"Um.. What happened," Brad croaked out

"You were reborn," she patiently answered.

"Reborn?"

"You had been Brad Miller when you were killed. Afterword you were reborn as a Yar'Zanti," the woman carefully explained.

"Yar'Zanti?"

"Yes, I'm speaking to you in Yar'Zantise." Brad pondered what she said for a moment and realized she had been speaking a different language. Then peering about the space he grasped he could actually read the various signs posted nearby.

"You called me who?"

"Ado. You're Yar'Zanti name is Ado Dak."

"But Brad Miller..."

"Was your old human name?"

"Is it?"

"Not anymore."

"Oh. Um, if you don't mind me asking, but um, what's yours?"

"Ensign Darnada Zerk."

"Um, thank you Ensign. Ah, all these memories in my head."

"You'll get them sorted out soon. It was the same for me at first. Hold still," she spoke as she gently doused him with a hose washing off the gel liquid. Soon he was clean, still wet, and a bit cold. Then his nudity hit him and he became a bit self conscious. From out of nowhere he really wanted to get something to cover up his body. That showing off his skin in public somehow seemed quite scandalous beyond human societal norms.

"Um, is there something I can wear," Brad hesitantly asked.

"Sure, give me a second," the blue armored woman easily answered. Briefly she pondered him under her helmet then walked away. Within a moment she came back carrying a large bit of flexible black fabric. Something his mind recognized it as a body suit.

As soon as she handed it to him, Brad felt as if he had worn the thing all his life. He began putting it on stepping in one foot at a time, flexing each of his toes, then he pulled it up his legs. Briefly he curled his tail into its own sleeve. Moving it about and wiggling it helped to pull the fabric completely over the new appendage. Then he slipped in each arm, hand, and fingers. Finally he zipped it all the way up to his neck to just under his chin.

"Here is your armor," she responded coming back carrying a plastic box.

Brad peered into the container and saw it was full of black armor plates. "Um, it's all black? What's my designation?"

"Commander Neris will let you know. She's in charge of assignments."

"Ok," Brad vaguely responded. Then with suddenly practiced hands, he began strapping on his armor. He even pulled on four gloves and a pair of glove like shoes. Finally came his helmet.

When he pulled the piece over his head, Brad suddenly felt at home. Yet for a moment the thing was dark and could barely see out of the front and rear visors. Then he raised his upper right wrist and tapped something on it. Within moments his armor computer began to boot up. The place he touched came alight. At the same time his helmet visors began displaying all sorts of bits of data. Even his rear visor showed information to his rear eye.

"Ah much better," Brad gratefully spoke. He looked about with his helmet. His armor systems started highlighting things. Plus after flipping through a few settings, he was able to see a bit better in the dark space.

"He's out and suited up doctor." Darnada informed another blue armored female Yar'Zanti casually walking up.

"Thanks ensign," the doctor spoke bringing up a small rounded data pad. She began gliding it across Brad's body. "I see no issues with him. His gestation came out just fine. You're ready for classification Ado."

"Um, thanks doctor."

"You're welcome," the woman absentmindedly spoke plodding off to check a few other chambers.

"I've got to escort you to Commander Neris now. Follow me," Darnada carefully instructed him.

The pair began walking through the gestation room. It took him a couple steps to get used to his new feet and how he used them. His human memories showed him walking with regular knees and flat feet. How he had enjoyed wearing work boots and sneakers. Yet his Yar'Zanti toes took some getting used to. While he had three toes per foot, his rear facing digits rarely touched the ground as he walked on his front two. To him, they felt like he was gripping the deck with every step.

As he walked, his tail swung back and forth behind him. Before long Brad noticed that the limb ached to reach out and grip stuff. Sort of like his arms. Despite being a tail, he felt he could use it as another limb to pick up things.

Peering about, he was amazed at how long the room was. There seemed like hundreds of gestation chambers were packed into that space. Many of which were full of floating figures.

Before long they arrived at a sliding door. Darnada reached a lower hand out and graced a long finger over the door's sensor. Within seconds the portal swooshed open revealing an active scene beyond.

The passageway they entered into appeared to be stupendously long and straight. So extensive that Brad could not even see the other end. However his helmet informed him that the distance was well over a mile.

On top of that there were all sorts of Yar'Zanti moving about the corridor. Some were walking while others were driving small vehicles. He noted that the drivers steered with a pair of hands and grasped the peddles with their toes.

As they began to move down the corridor, Brad noticed he was getting numerous glances from the others. Then he grasped that was because he was wearing black armor. His Yar'Zanti memories suggested that indicated to everyone he had not been assigned a role yet.

That realization caused him to peer about at the others. He saw all sorts of colors. Each told him what the Yar'Zanti's job was. He saw lots of yellow while interspaced between them were blues, reds, greens, and a few grays. Brad suddenly felt like he had to be careful around the greens.

Yet seeing the red engineers caused Brad to think of his human wife Ellen. He remembered meeting her many months after she had been reborn. Now that he had been reborn, Brad realized how daring Ellen was to reveal herself to him. How she had been

brazen enough to take her helmet off in public to show him her face. Even his new imbibed Yar'Zanti modesty kept him from doing that.

Thinking about that caused another Yar'Zanti memory to surface in his mind. It was years after Yar had blown up. Over time the wandering Yar'Zanti had developed into a full military society. Everyone had their place and job. That their armor had become a large part of their identity.

Before long the pair had slowed down and stood before an office door.

"Commander Neris is in there waiting for you Ado," the med tech informed him. Quietly she leaned close to Brad. "Also I'm glad to see you dad. Witnessing you being reborn has lifted a burden off my heart."

"Mia," Brad whispered back.

"Yes."

"Um..."

"We can't keep Commander Neris waiting," she urged him.

"Alright, but I love you," he hurriedly replied before she pressed the button.

"Same here dad," she answered gesturing for him to go inside.

Brad saw the space was a long one story room. Along one wall was a giant screen with all sorts of data and names scrolling over it. Across from where he stood was another entry. Beyond that, there was not much else to the room. Not even a desk or chair.

Yet Brad did see three other Yar'Zanti. Two of them wore black armor and were standing at attention. One was a female while the other male. Then standing before them, but watching Brad enter, was a green armored female. Her stance suggested authority.

"You've finally arrived Ado. Took the long way around did you?"

"I got him here soon as possible commander," his daughter apologized.

"Yes, yes, come on. We don't have all day and I've got a lot to go over," the commander impatiently responded.

"Good luck," the his daughter whispered.

"Come here and stand at attention," ordered the commander. Brad did as he was told and fell in line with the other two.

Like them, his instilled military training kicked in and he silently stared forward.

"You three are the newest of the reborn. You had started life as humans. Then after death you were reborn into something greater, a Yar'Zanti," proclaimed the commander. Her speech sounded as if she had said it numerous times. "You are the embodiment of the only known sentient species in the entire galaxy. Do you understand," she called out to the three.

"Yes," a few spoke.

"What was that? I didn't hear you?"

"Yes maam," all three promptly called out.

"Very good, at least your military memories were properly applied. Then you most likely already know the struggles the original Yar'Zanti had gone through. How they were a dying species. Yet we're here now to carry on their legacy. They created us to push on. To find a new home world. While Yar may be no more than a memory to us, it will always be our first home. Yet because of our human ancestry, earth is also ours as well. In the end, we chose to take the planet for our own."

"You three may have started as humans with puny boring lives. All of you even had human names. Yet that is all gone now. You're Yar'Zanti and a part of something greater. This planet is now our planet, your planet."

The commander paused to see if her three black armored Yar'Zanti were listening. Then she continued on, "I will assign each of you a rank and role. From there you will have that profession's training implanted into your memory and then you will be sent to your new squad or job. To help with this assessment, I've had your old human memories scanned. With that I can better assign something you will be best suited for."

Commander Neris paused to pull out a data pad from a pouch on her belt. She began to ponder the thing before peering at each reborn. Satisfied she had the information, she approached the male at the far end.

"You're Eno Eurpt," she asked him.

"My names Kevin O'Neal," he timidly corrected her.

"You're name was Kevin O'Neal. Just like mine used to be Karen Vagas. Yet it's now commander Miri Neris."

"Yes maam," Eno quickly answered.

"I see by your memories that you used to be a policeman."

"Yes maam."

"Well, we always need more security. So I am assigning you to our security division, yellow armor, as a private. You'll be attached to the ten-fifty-second out of New York," she spoke checking off a few things on her pad. Then she moved on to the female standing beside Brad.

"You're Xavice Yander?"

"I am now maam," the woman responded to the commander.

"You were who?"

"Amy Andrews."

"Amy is no more. Yet her memories show you can be still very useful. I see you were a researcher for a prestigious college right?"

"Harvard," answered Xavice.

"Ah yes, in my past life I got my law degree from that university. Well we have need for scientists. So I'm going to assign you to the metallurgy lab in Austin as a purple armor. You will start off as an ensign."

The Commander then moved over to Brad. "Now Ado Dak, you're old name was?"

"Brad Miller."

"I see you used to be an engineer. However, I have no use for male engineers but I do need mech pilots. You're machinery background makes you a perfect candidate for that line of work. I'm going to assign you to the one-oh-first scouting platoon based out of Chicago. You will be a yellow armor with the rank of ensign."

The commander paused and went over to the side of the room and grabbed a hand held device. She then approached each Yar'Zanti and waved the thing over them. Each reborn's black armor shifted to their assigned color.

"Now you three will go through that door and have your job memories implanted," she indicated to the other exit.

"Afterword you will report to your assigned stations."

"Yes maam," the three responded. They then turned in unison and marched towards the door. The male up front pressed a button causing it to whoosh open.

They moved into a long brightly lit room that had long rows of padded reclining chairs. Ado saw that many of them were being occupied by different colored Yar'Zanti. As soon as they came in, various blue armored techs came out of nowhere and guided each to a chair.

Sitting down on one, Brad found it fit his armor perfectly. As soon as his helmet touched the head rest, a tech came over and began plugging in numerous wires and probes. "This process will take at least a few hours. However you will be unconscious for all of it. After we verify the memories have been implanted properly, you will be woken up and sent to your division."

"I understand."

"Very good, initiating the transfer," the tech reported pressing a few buttons. Immediately Brad blacked out. Yet to him, just as quickly he came back awake. However, the clock in his helmet showed that he had been unconscious for six hours. Then all sorts of new information began to appear in his mind. He now knew what every button, screen, peddle, and so on did on a Mark 34 Combat Ground Mech. He even knew how to service and pilot one as if he had used them for years.

Seeing that Brad was awake, the tech came over and unplugged all the cords from his helmet. After that he was instructed to make his way to shuttle bay thirty-nine for transport to his platoon. With orders in hand, he quickly left the room and hiked through the ship, a map in his visor gave him directions.

While riding the transport, all sorts of thoughts and memories passed through his head. By this point he was able to separate the two sets of memories and was even beginning to think of himself as Ado. While he waited, he pondered his wife and children. How he was the last member of his family to become a Yar'Zanti

Then without notice the ship banked and descended. After that, it flew along the ground. Yet after five minutes the ship slowed down and came to a halt. Briefly the pilot jockeyed the ship over for a moment before setting it down. "We're here," the pilot casually called out over the ship's speakers. "Unlocking and extending the rear loading ramp."

There were numerous clunks, whirls, and then with a thunk, a ramp in the back descended down to the ground. With the darkness of the cabin, the outside sunny day blinded him briefly before his helmet systems compensated. Standing up, Ado walked down the ramp to behold his new post. He abruptly realized that command had stationed him on one of the outpost bases surrounding Chicago. He wondered if it had been the one he had built then attacked as a human?

"Ado Dak," boisterously called out a male. "I'm glad you came. We've been needing another mech pilot for ages. So much that we'll take a green horn like you," boisterously exclaimed a yellow armored Yar'Zanti crossing the tarmac towards Ado.

"Afternoon sir," Ado carefully greeted him. When he saw the Yar'Zanti's rank he quickly popped a salute.

The officer returned the gesture. "I'm lieutenant Hordak Senol, one of the other pilots in our squadron. Come, let's get you settled then I'll show you to your machine." Hordak escorted Ado across the tarmac towards a set of buildings beside the base of the outpost's central tower. As they walked, they passed a set of electrified fences enclosing the slave quarters. On the other side were numerous ragged humans milling about. Ado was reminded of when he had been a slave.

"If you don't mind me asking ensign, but what was your slave name before being reborn," Hordak asked gesturing to the pens.

"Slave name?"

"Oh, I mean you're human name? I get the two mixed up sometimes," Hordak responded feigning mild regret.

"I was Brad Miller."

That caused Hordak to suddenly come to a halt. Ado nearly ran into the back of the Yar'Zanti. The Lieutenant turned and reached his arms out to grasp Ado's armored body. His grip was quite friendly, "it can't be. Of all the places to bump into each other, I was your brother Edward!"

That struck Ado as if he had been hit by a baseball bat. "You're Edward? It can't be? How long have you been a Yar'Zanti mech pilot?"

"Over four years now? You?"

"I just got reborn recently," Ado responded reaching out to hold his brother after four years.

"Oh wow, what a coincidence! Well, I'm glad you're not a slave anymore. We should murder the lot and get their rebirth over with," Hordak gossiped. "But enough politics, we'll catch up later. You've got a lot to get acquainted with brother. But I'm glad you're stationed with me. Hopefully we'll get to hunt and kill some slave rebels soon enough," he spoke eagerly escorting Ado. Behind them, a few captive humans watched the Yar'Zanti pair walk away.