

A MOST UNUSUAL SPECIES

by Sue Eller

One of my time-traveling friends came across this report in the wreckage of a star cruiser in the Altarian sector. It took him weeks to translate, and there were a few words he couldn't quite make out, but he believed the information contained herein could prove invaluable to those of us who live on Earth.

Invasion Feasibility Report

Master Specialist and Recon Agent G'Tacht

Special Invasion Reconnaissance Technical Institute

Chronometer reading: 12563.22.45

Local temporal reckoning:

4:30 p.m., October 31, 2024

I have landed on the third planet in the star system 8497 after successfully evading primitive planetary detection and defense devices. Following is a report on the suitability for invasion and domination.

The primary intelligent species is a carbon-based, bipedal upright life form of moderate intelligence, which I shall call 8497.3ps. They have named their planet "Earth." They mark their time by rotation on the planetary axis and call a single rotation a "day." They have special names for some of their days; the current one is called "Halloween."

I have landed in the vicinity of a minor urban development named Spoke Ann, which is in a temperate to cool climate area. The current location is turning away from the primary star in its rotation, and darkness has set in. I have activated a refractory shield around my ship to avoid being seen and employed an individual shield to observe the inhabitants undetected.

Chronometer reading: 12563.24.43

Local temporal reckoning:

6:00 p.m., October 31, 2024

This is a most unusual species. There does not appear to be any sort of standard dress. I have observed black, full-body uniforms, some with hoods over the head, with covered extensions for the upper-body appendages they call arms. There are also white full-body uniforms that begin at the head and have no apertures except two small holes for the optical sensors. Both uniforms are loose-fitting and open at the bottom to accommodate the bipedal appendages they call legs. Combined, the black and white uniforms appear to be the most common attire. A variety of other *drochtformular* was observed. The common trend seemed to require coverage for the frontal visage they call a face.

The species' young are presently engaged in a most disturbing activity. The

adults take them from domicile to domicile and stand guard at a distance from the entrance. The young then demand sustenance with a threat of retaliation if none is provided. The occupants hand out small amounts of carbohydrates, which provide minimal nutrition but seem to satisfy both young and adults.

Many of the young carry thick cylindrical weapons which emit beams of light. Most of the accompanying adults have similar weapons. I believe that the occupants who are subject to their demands are frightened by these weapons and put on an act of cheerfulness to avoid bodily harm.

The strangest part of this begging ritual comes when the young have filled their receptacles. The adults accompany them to a facility that scans their acquisitions for poisons and sabotage. From these preliminary observations, it appears that the species is paranoid and fearful and, thus, a prime candidate for invasion and domination.

I have returned to the ship and am currently observing a digital broadcast. It appears to be a documentary of sorts. This documentary study should give me further insight into the methods, materials, and personnel needed to conquer this planet.

Chronometer reading: 12563.28.39

Local temporal reckoning:

9:00 p.m., October 31, 2024

After reviewing several documentaries, I have learned of a variety of dangerous sub-species. The first, which I will call SS1001, is a biped that can transform into a quadruped when the natural satellite becomes fully visible after dark. This *metachtmorpast* attacks other bipeds most viciously, tearing its victim's limbs off or disemboweling it and feeding on the flesh. It can also bite its victim and somehow infect it with a cloning process that transforms the victim into another ravaging beast. I have concluded that the cloning effect is its method of reproduction.

The only way to terminate SS1001 involves a projectile weapon. The projectile must be fashioned from a metal indigenous to this planet. We would have to find the necessary metal and forge a missile after we invade, and hopefully before encountering a member of this sub-species. Since the metamorphosis appears temporary and the species reverts to a biped when the planet's rotation brings it around to the primary star's light, *destrusechtund* of SS1001 will be extremely difficult.

Another sub-species, SS1002, bites its victim in the connecting area between the head and torso and feeds on the body fluid spurting from the bite. In some ways, it is similar to SS1001 in that it also appears to reproduce through a cloning process initiated by its bite. Sub-species SS1002 can transform into a small, winged rodent and back to a biped at will. When in its bipedal form, SS1002 has unusual strength.

There are two ways to terminate SS1002, both of which involve considerable risk. The first is to capture the creature and expose it to the light from the

primary star. The alternative method is to drive a spear made from a local vegetation species through its body fluid pumping organ. Again, we would have to locate the requisite vegetation and craft such a weapon after we invade. Thus armed, we would then have to locate the daytime lair of SS1002. The logistics of such a mission are *impaspertachtul*.

Another sub-species, SS1003, cannot be terminated under any circumstances. It appears that it was originally a normal biped (if any species on this planet can be called normal). The life force of SS1003 has been removed, usually in a violent or unnatural manner, and a sort of shadow of its former self remains. The species may be in a state of flux between two dimensions.

The resulting *spekterecht* is either transparent or completely invisible but can wreak havoc by hurtling inanimate objects. It induces fear in other sub-species by emitting sounds of extreme distress or dragging linked circles of heavy metal across hard surfaces. SS1003 can also force a victim to do its bidding by using some sort of telepathic or telekinetic power.

I have no insights on how to neutralize SS1003 at this time. I shall continue to watch the digital broadcasts after I make another sortie among the natives. From what I have observed in the documentaries thus far, I could safely venture out without my personal shield and draw no attention to myself. However, climatic conditions require some sort of outer covering to maintain my normal body temperature. I shall replicate one of the black uniforms I discussed earlier in this report.

Chronometer reading: 12563.32.33

Local temporal reckoning:

11:59 p.m., October 31, 2024

I have encountered the most abundant sub-species, SS1004, which at first appears benign. Its members are both male and female and seem to reproduce without the aid of any cloning process. As a group, they are most often attired in the black uniform I chose to replicate for this sortie. Some of them also wear conical head coverings with wide brims. Their young are similarly dressed and are the dominant sub-species engaged in the ritual begging rite.

The females, called Whiches, appear to rule SS1004. Both males and females brandish thin, roughly cylindrical weapons fashioned from vegetation similar to that which produces the weapon necessary to kill SS1002. According to one of the documentaries I watched earlier this evening, they point their weapons at the intended victim and utter strange words. I believe that the area known as Spoke Ann is named for the ruling Which, Ann, who probably spoke a powerful word as she performed a complicated movement with her weapon and conquered the other bipeds.

The members of SS1004 also dabble in the making and administering of solutions brewed and distilled from the flora of the planet. The resultant liquids can serve to heal wounds or illnesses. Depending on the strength and ingredients, they can also cause extreme pain, induce euphoria, and make the

victim susceptible to manipulation or termination. After observing that there were no deadly effects on the locals, I imbibed in a potion called Spiked Punch, a violent name for a mildly euphoric concoction.

Some members of SS1004 can project an electrical charge out of a device located at the end of one of the upper body appendages. The stream of negatively charged particles thus projected is of sufficient voltage to immobilize or kill the intended victim. It also induces excruciating pain. I experienced the effects of this weapon first-hand when I inadvertently made body contact with a Which. My reflexes were already sluggish due to the effects of the Spiked Punch, and the encounter threw me off balance. I steadied myself by placing my hands on the Which's upper torso, a movement that enraged her. She attacked me with the device as she shouted a strange word.

Fortunately, the electrical charge, which temporarily disabled my motor functions, also activated my refractory shield. I fell undetected onto some soft vegetation away from the main traffic area. I was able to lie there without further attack until I could recuperate and escape to the safety of my ship. I arrived just 2.2 ticks before the Whiching Our, an event I can only assume involves the *rachtenvertag* of the other sub-species of the area by Which Ann and her followers. I immediately powered up the interstellar drive and prepared for departure.

I have now passed the planetary detection and defense systems without further incident and have laid in a course for home. I recommend that we give this planet and its intelligent life a wide berth. It is a most violent society populated with some *frechtenteracht* sub-species. It is the informed opinion of this agent that the dangers inherent in an attempt to invade and conquer the third planet in star system 8497 far outweigh the benefits the planet's resources would provide to our lifestyle.

Respectfully submitted,
G'Tarth, MS, RA
SIRTI