

SYNOPSIS: In 1990, after breaking away from the Planetary Alliance, the planet Otar finds itself on the brink of ruin. In a desperate move their leader Rotart makes a foolish attempt to terra-form the planet Teldaran so that he may claim it and relocate the Otarian race. Ancient oracles have been warning Alliance leaders for years that such an attempt would be made and that it would have catastrophic results for planet Earth.

### **TERROR ON TELDARAN**

Written in Escape 2 Earth Universe

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SPIRAL GALAXY, PLANET LAZON

Thousands of space ships hovered above the ocean in the powdery pink morning skies over the planet Lazon. This was the beginning of the final day of the week long ancient annual ritual known as the Festival of Lights. In keeping with tradition thousands of ships have been converging over the Sagatall Ocean since dawn. Each ship's captain lowers family members inside large wooden boats down into the crystal clear waters where they spend the day preparing for the occasion. Not far away deep inside the enchanted Whistling forest a clandestine meeting was about to take place between Rayna, the High Ruler of the Southern Quadrant of Lazon and J'lore Chief Council of The Planetary Alliance. J'lore knew that this would be the perfect place to meet his friend and ally because everyone would be heading to the festival and with the exception of the occasional unicorn the two leaders would have the entire forest to themselves.

J'lore was an average looking Lazonian; his dark green outfit helped him to blend in with the foliage of the forest. J'lore leaned back to rest on a large gray boulder, he listened to the whistling leaves as the gentle winds brushed by. It reminded him of his childhood days when he would come here to play with Rayna and their friends in the forest. J'lore was lost in thought until a voice from the trail behind him caused him to jump.

"I am sorry to have kept you waiting J'lore." Rayna stood before him; her long blue hooded robe

seemed out of place in the woods. Rayna removed her hood as she approached J'lore. Her dark purple hair blew in the breeze as she bowed slightly. "I bid you peace." she said.

J'lore smiled and returned the bow and greeting. The tall, slender leader of Earth's Guardians knew all too well the risk that Rayna was taking. "I am well aware of your reluctance to get involved in this matter." he said. "Thank you for coming."

Rayna looked around before handing J'lore a small black device with a view screen. "I am afraid that it's just as I have feared." she said. "As you know only the Apex has access to the Oracle of Lazon, so after I read the report from the Planetary Alliance I felt that my best source to confirm my suspicions was my personal astro-numerologist. After meeting with him I decided to contact you."

J'lore shook his head as he read from the tiny screen. "It's worse than I thought. Since the Otarians broke away from the Planetary Alliance Rotart's poor leadership has plunged his entire world into ruin. If your information is correct, and I believe that it is, Rotart will attempt to terra form Telderan and claim it for his people so that he can try and clean up his mess on Otar."

"Yes," Rayna agreed, "but Rotart forfeited his rights to all the Alliance's desolate planets plus all of his benefits on the day that he turned his back on the Alliance. To make matter worse he does not possess the technology or the knowledge to properly terra-form anything."

J'lore handed Rayna back her device. "Has the Planetary Alliance contacted him?"

High Ruler Rayna shook her head, "They have made several attempts to contact him and several other high authority members on Otar but they are refusing to answer."

J'lore caught a glimpse of one of the unicorns grazing off in the distance. He could hear the birds singing above in the tree tops as the gentle continuous breeze whistled through the leaves. Standing in the surroundings of beautiful trees, exotic fragrant flowers and plants made it difficult for J'lore to concentrate.

'I need to focus,' he thought to himself.

J'lore turned back to Rayna, "If the Alliance cannot stop the Otarians they will have no choice but to evacuate the colonists before Rotart begins the process. No planet has ever been terra-formed with life

forms on the surface but I don't understand what that has to do with me or Earth's Guardians; there are no humans on Telderan."

Rayna lowered her head attempting to hide her eyes. The wave of sadness that washed over her caused her eyes to turn gray. It was nearly impossible for females of Lazon to hide their true feelings; their emotions were always detected in their eyes.

J'lore moved closer and tilted his head to get a better look at her face. "Rayna, we have been friends for many years. You know that I and the other Guardians have taken an oath just as my ancestors before me have done. Your position as High Ruler of the Southern Quadrant of Lazon has not changed the way that you feel about the humans; I know that in your heart you also want to protect the human race from becoming extinct just as much as I do. Please, tell me what's going on."

Rayna took a deep breath and lifted her head slowly. "Earlier I told you that as High Ruler I only have access to an astro-numerologist however the Grand Apex has been told by the Oracle that Rotart's attempt to terra form Telderan will have catastrophic results. The planet will spiral out of control then ultimately out of this galaxy and.....onward.... toward the Milky Way Galaxy. It will eventually rip through space and smash directly into your beloved planet Earth."

J'lore was stunned by the news; he grabbed Rayna by the shoulders and stared her in the eyes. "This cannot be, are you certain?"

Rayna nodded slowly, "I am so sorry my friend but the Grand Apex himself has consulted with every leader in the Planetary Alliance who has in turn consulted with each of their planet's Oracles. Telderan and Planet Earth will both be destroyed." Rayna was surprised by J'lore actions when she gave him the bad news. She gave him an inquisitive look. "Why are you so surprised J'lore? You and the Guardians have known for sometime that this day would surely come. It was told by your ancestors. The story has been foretold by the Guardians of old. Throughout the generations since the days when our ancestors crashed on Earth and help build the Henge of Stone it has been prophesied by the Oracles."

J'lore seemed to be only half listening to Rayna. He paced around in the clearing then turned to her and spoke in a soft, somber tone. "I was hoping that they were wrong." Rayna felt sorry for the

Earth's Guardian leader. She knew that he was a strong leader and she hated seeing him feel so helpless. Rayna caressed his cheek; she knew that without her help there would be no way for the Guardians to keep the promise made to their ancestors by saving Earth from total annihilation.

"J'lore, all is not lost my friend. If what I am about to tell you is ever revealed to the Alliance or the Grand Apex I will be stripped of my title and sent to The Island with the rest of Lazon's criminals. I will be branded as a traitor." Rayna voiced her concerns.

J'lore bowed and took her by the hand, "You have my word."

Rayna looked around, she inched a little closer to him and in a soft voice she told J'lore one of the Planetary Alliance's most guarded secrets. "Several years ago the Alliance voted nine to eight against saving the human race from extinction in the earth year 2012. The nine who voted against saving the earthlings felt that the human race was far too violent to exist in our galaxy on a new Earth. Once Otar left the Alliance another vote was taken, the members were dead locked 8 -8 so they decided to terra form one of the desolate uninhabited planets and give it to the Earthlings along with plans on how to construct the enormous vessels needed to take them out of harms way and to their new home. Maps guiding them to the portals above Earth and the flash lanes were also added. However since the tie could not be broken the Planetary Alliance decided to implant this information into dozens of crop circles around Earth's country side. They wanted to test them. If they can figure out the coded messages they can save themselves. If they do not decipher them in time...well..." Rayna slowly shook her head. "So far only a few exceptional humans have discovered the meanings hidden inside the circles but their leaders have not taken them seriously."

J'lore's mood brightened when he heard the news. "There is hope," he said. "Thank you my friend." He gave her a hug. "I will not betray you." The two left the forest and went their separate ways.

Telderan and Earth dilemma's was not only on the minds of Rayna and Earth's Guardians. Miles away a meeting of the powerful Planetary Alliance was about to convene. The Great Chamber's walls where the meetings were held were covered with fine priceless works of art that had been gathered from various galaxies through the years. The soft blue light emanating from the oval table lit up the room.

Lazon's Apex Volarmor was the first to arrive, his long tan robe was trimmed in gold, and it fluttered behind him as he briskly approached his seat at the head of the long oval glass table.

Shortly after his arrival the Emperor of Natropi entered the chamber. Of all the member planets Natropi's Emperor was the most disagreeable. Many Alliance members were weary of Natropi because of their continued association with Rotart and the Otarians. The Emperor's entrance was followed by King Ashnar of Deltor, and Elder Manook from the planet Tygalon where most of the galaxies highly prized, top quality, fruits and vegetables are grown. Following the Elder of Tygalon was King Zurelius of Xanar, a planet known for producing several brilliant inventions including the technological marvel called the Enviromentalizer, a series of computers above the planet that controls the weather. The Supreme Ruler of the water planet Nep'o took his seat next to Elder Manook.

One by one the members entered the room, greeted each other and sat down on one of the charcoal gray high back chairs. Each chair was equipped with a panel that concealed buttons and switches in the arms that allowed members to vote or view images on the glass table in front of them. When the sixteenth member took his seat Grand Apex Volarmor glanced over at the empty chair once occupied by the ruler of Otar and began the meeting. The Apex was a straight forward leader. He was a slender middle aged Lazonian with short bluish black hair and a cropped beard to match.

His voice was not loud or commanding but somehow he had always managed to hold everyone's attention and he was known for getting results. "I am aware that you are eager to return to the celebration so I will be brief. The first topic of discussion was whether the Alliance would open trade negotiations with the planet Rayos."

The majority of members voted it down in near record time. The next issue was Galaron's request to be considered to fill the seat in the Alliance left vacant by the departure of Otar. The group's consensus was that Galaron was not ready, which was a polite way of saying that they had nothing to offer the Alliance. Again the vote was no. For the fourth time in as many years the Planetary Alliance had sent a scout ship to find out what happened to the inhabitants of the Planet of Akanon and for the fourth time the ship vanished never to be seen or heard from again. Since the android take over many

years ago there has been no communication with those presumed to still be on the planet. So many ships have disappeared around Akanon that it had been nicknamed The Planet of Doom.

“Should another attempt be made to find out what happened to all of those ships?”

The vote was unanimous. As the members pushed the little red buttons on the little console inside the arm rest of the chair the results could be seen on the screens inside the table in front of them. On this day the votes were a consistent, no, no, and no. It appeared as though the Alliance members would be heading to the festivities early until the Grand Apex brought up the final topic for the day: Telderan. Although a few thousand settlers had been living there for close to one hundred and fifty years the planet was mainly untouched and classified as uninhabited. Most people did not want to live there out of fear of the Nex. Loosely translated it meant violent death. The Apex reminded everyone that as stated in the Alliance charter before a planet could be terra formed an Alliance colony would have to live and gather data on the planet for a period of no less than twenty five years.

The Emperor of Natropi rose from his seat. “We are well aware of the rules Apex, our geologist, scientist, and botanist have been living on Telderan for twenty two years now.”

The Apex nodded and held up his hand. “It has been brought to my attention that Rotart will attempt to claim Telderan and terra-form it for Otar. After leaving the Alliance he has abandoned our ways, disregarded our rules. Now his world is in peril and his people are suffering. By terra forming Telderan he would be able to solve many of his problems.”

King Zurelius of Xanar was also confused about this dilemma. The gray bearded King tried to lift his rather large frame from his seat but quickly decided that it was best to make his point sitting down. “Otarians do not have the knowledge or technology to terra-form a planet like Telderan, any attempt would prove to be catastrophic. If he were to acquire such knowledge the settlers and our colony members would be in grave danger if he attempted to do so.”

Elder Manook cautioned the group. “Rotart is a foolish and desperate leader.” Manook was a short, stocky brown skinned man whose wardrobe mostly consisted of animal skins; he waived his stubby finger around the table. “Do not forget the prophecies of the Oracles my friends, not just one Oracle but

all of our Oracles have forewarned us of the day when a planet would leave us and clash with the blue planet known as Earth. Rotart will indeed attempt to terra form the planet Telderan and he will most certainly fail. The emitters that we have constructed around the perimeter of the colony and settlement area may protect them from the deadly Nex however it would be of no use against the terra forming process.”

The room fell silent; one by one the view screens were switched off. There would be no vote on Telderan on this day. If the Oracles were correct no matter what decision was made it was inevitable that Telderan and Earth would both be destroyed.

It was midday on Lazon; the sea was packed with colorful boats filled with cheerful festival goers, some had traveled several light years from planets outside the galaxy. Many adults were busy painting their boats in bold, bright, vivid colors of pink, yellow, red, orange, lime green and more while the elder members prepared massive amounts of food for the evening feast. Children young and old decorated the boats spread across the ocean and sang songs while putting on the finishing touches to the elaborate colorful lanterns made with intricate patterns and designs.

At dusk the Festival of Life would turn into the Festival of Lights just as it has for thousands of years, but this year would be different. That evening when the skies on Lazon had slowly turned from a powdery pink to a beautiful vivid orange a large purple ship appeared directly over the area where the Planetary Alliance had set up their site and viewing stand along the beach. The bottom hatch of the ship slide open and a much smaller craft the same color as the mother ship glided down to the beach near The Grand Apex and a few of the Alliance members. The figure exiting from the ship was no stranger to the Planetary Alliance but before he exited the small vessel the Alliance members knew from the insignia on the ships door that it was Rotart.

Thousands along the beach drew closer to see what was going on. Landing a space ship was forbidden during the festival, it was a flagrant violation of tradition, a slap in the face to the ancestors as well as those who had attended this event. Rotart was tall and handsome with wavy black hair and a short mixed gray and black beard. Rotart stood silently with his hands on his hips, his bodyguards stood by his

side and behind him making sure that their still holstered weapons were in plain sight. His bright blue shirt and pants made him look even taller.

Apex Volarmor was angry; he approached Rotart but was able to hold his temper. He knew the citizens of Lazon were watching him and as their world's leader he didn't want to let them down. J'lore and his family watched the confrontation from the family's boat. He was too far away to be able to hear but he already had a pretty good idea of what was about to be said. Soon the two leaders were standing on the white sand face to face.

"What do you want Rotart?" Volarmor had played right into his hands; Rotart was prepared for the question.

"I want what is rightfully mine; I want what the Otarians have earned." Rotart clearly wanted an audience; it was obvious that he was speaking less to the Apex and more to those who had surrounded the two leaders. "I want Telderan," he said in a loud smug tone. "There is no need for you to answer, I know that you or the Alliance has no intention to offer it freely so I have come here as a courtesy to inform you that on behalf of the citizens of the sovereign world of Otar I hereby claim the planet of Lazon."

The Apex pointed a finger at Rotart; "You are not capable of transforming an entire planet for habitation anymore than you can fly. It will be a foolish attempt that will cost the extinction of an entire planet."

Rotart laughed, "You forget my friend, I was there when it was decided that the human species was too violent to live."

Apex Volarmor looked around at the crowd; he didn't want to air private Alliance business in public. He chose his words carefully, "Things change my friend," he said mocking Rotart's usage of the word friend. Rotart sneered and began walking back to his ship. The Grand Apex yelled out a final warning, "Remember the prophecies' of the Oracles."

A month following the face off between Rotart and the Grand Apex the settlers of Telderan were working in the fields harvesting vegetables that would sustain them during the winter season. Telderan



was a unique planet with a pink moon with red and white skies. The sparkling blue crystal mountains were captivating especially when they twinkled under the twin moons lights. During the spring and summer seasons red and blue butterflies gracefully fluttered through the air. Large blossoming Red drop trees can be seen throughout this mostly uninhabited world. A world tucked away in this forgotten corner of the galaxy. Telderan looks like a wonderful place to live but as the first settlers here quickly found out, looks are often deceiving.

No one paid any attention to the heavy black smoke coming from the supply ship that flew over the heads of the worker in the fields and the children playing nearby but if they had they would have realized the ship was in trouble and about to crash. On Telderan if a airborne ship is in trouble then so were the citizens.

Seconds later the ship crash landed in a nearby field causing the ground motion sensors to sound the alarm. The adults immediately dropped their tools and with fear in their eyes, almost instinctively, they scooped up their children and ran as fast as they could to the nearby village they called home. The two males without children in the field ran towards the supply ship occasionally glancing overhead as they attempted to rescue the pilot. The injured pilot was not badly hurt but could not walk. Grateful for the help but dumfounded as to why his rescuers' were so terrified he thought it best to keep quiet. Just as they reached the outer rim of the safety zone he got his answer.

Two very fast black ugly flying creatures swooped down, dug their claws into the back of the rescuer to his right and jammed their sharp beaks into his back. The pilot screamed in horror as he watched the birds fly off leaving their victim screaming in pain at the top of his lungs as he thrashed violently on the ground. The shock was too much for the pilot. He shook uncontrollably and began to vomit as he watched the villagers quickly drag the lifeless body into the safety of the village. Once he regained his composure the pilot, with tears in his eyes walked over to his remaining rescuer and said "Thank you."

"Drakon, my name is Drakon you are welcome." He pointed to one of the silver disk hovering near the entrance, "You are safe now. As long as you stay within the borders of our village the Nex will

not attack.”

The pilot was trying desperately to understand what had just happened. Drakon looked around for his son, Da’Quan, “Let’s go son.”

“Yes, Father.” The small sandy hair boy looked to be about five years old. From the day the Nex first attacked Da’Quan was given strict order never to leave the compound unless his Mother or Father was by his side.

Drakon looked at the pilot, “Come with me I will find you a place to stay until the next ship arrives to take you home.” As they walked Drakon explained about the Nex. He pointed to one of the butterflies, the blue ones are female and the red ones are the males.

“That is what killed my friend back there.” When Drakon told him about the butterflies the pilot jerked and ducked away trying to avoid them. He patted the stranger on the shoulder; “You have nothing to fear from these harmless creatures, at least not in their present form. When they drink the nectar from the Red Drop Trees the butterflies go into the caves over there,” he pointed towards the mountains; “they morph into the bat like creatures that attacked us. Once they have transformed the creatures live under ground and are angered by sudden or loud vibrations in the ground. The louder the sound the angrier they get and they appear in greater numbers too. The sound from your ship crashing is what attracted them. The emitters around the town keep the inhabitants safe.” Drakon pointed to his arm, “An inoculation is given as added protection but it will only neutralize the poison from only one bite.”

Back on Lazon the council members of Earth Guardians had gathered at a secret location to await the return of their leader J’lore. Since Rotart’s public confrontation with The Planetary Alliance the rift between Earth’s Guardians and the government of Lazon had grown even wider. The Lazonian government was sure that Earth’s Guardians would make their move. Apex Volarmor was certain the Guardians would not sit idly by watching as the planet that they have sworn to protect is destroyed and he were right. J’lore had been granted a meeting with the planets greatest minds, a sect called the Acers who lived in seclusion on the ash red mountain known as the Plateau De Mediation. J’lore had consulted with three of the members who advised him how the Guardians should proceed with their problem. J’lore,

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