

Alien Collective III: Transition

A Reading A-Z Level Z Leveled Book
Word Count: 2,323

Connections

Writing

If you were Charlotte, what new plan could you create to save the human race? How would that plan be different from the Resistance's plan and the Collective's plan?

Social Studies

Research a civilization that collapsed, such as the Aztec or Roman Empires. Write a report about its culture and what led to its disappearance.

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Alien Collective III: Transition



**Multi
level
Z¹•Z²**

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Focus Question

What role does Charlotte play
in the transition?

Words to Know

brainwash	irony
bypassed	MRIs
civilians	operation
civilizations	restored
collaborators	sacrifices
compatible	sarcasm
consequences	tentacle
cult	tipping point
footage	transition

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Level Z Leveled Book
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Correlation

LEVEL Z

Fountas & Pinnell	U-V
Reading Recovery	N/A
DRA	50

Charlotte had been a prisoner of the aliens, and now she was a prisoner of the Resistance. She decided that when you're locked in a room, after a while it doesn't matter who put you there.

Over the next few days, several doctors came to see her. They examined her again and again, asking her endless questions. She told them the aliens had examined her and questioned her over and over but she had told them nothing.

Charlotte doubted the doctors understood the **irony** of her words.

They did X-rays and **MRIs** and all sorts of other tests. As far as they could tell, she was a normal human teenager.

Her father visited every day and showed her a video of her "heroic rescue." The video had dramatic music that could have come from an action movie. Charlotte didn't like seeing herself being hauled around like a sack of potatoes.

In one scene of the video, the camera zoomed in to show an alien standing behind a veil of smoke. The voice-over noted the bloodthirsty look on the alien's face as it shadowed the rescue team.

Charlotte recognized Artie immediately. He was smiling.



Her dad showed her several videos of other attacks, all edited to look like complete successes. Charlotte noticed, though, that not one Streed actually fell. Some of the videos looked like the war **footage** she had seen on the news. Resistance members fought other humans with the Streed looking scary in the background.

What difference does it make? You're all humans, all members of the same species. Artie's words came to her mind again and again. She thought about all the deaths and wounds that must have resulted from the attacks.

They were traitors though, she told herself. They had already given their lives over to the aliens. Their deaths were necessary to save our freedom, our humanity.

Artie's voice came again from her memory. *You repeat your father's words well, Charlotte, but I wonder if you truly believe them.*

Three days later, she heard Artie's voice in her mind for real. When she was alone, she'd been spending her time exploring the link. The Collective had discovered thousands of **civilizations** at different stages of development. Some destroyed themselves and their planet. Others were saved when the Collective stepped in. Sometimes they could save the planet, sometimes they couldn't.

She also found memories of some worlds where the Collective took over completely. They all failed for many different reasons.

Then, she came across a strange world. It appeared rocky and empty, but life was there. Two-legged lizard creatures lived beneath the surface in caves.

I was wondering when you'd get there, Artie said in her mind. Charlotte looked around the room, expecting to see him standing in a corner.

Where are you? Charlotte asked.

Around. Why? Do you miss me? Artie chuckled in her mind. *If you can't tell, you're looking at my home, though I've never actually been there. My civilization was one of the first to **transition** successfully.*

Charlotte scrambled to close her mind to Artie completely.

Don't bother trying to block me out. We already know where you are.

You do? How? Charlotte asked.

The Resistance isn't as good at hiding as it thinks.

Why haven't you attacked us yet? You could wipe the Resistance off the face of the Earth in minutes.

Wiping out thousands of humans would not help our end goal of a successful transition. We tried that in the past. It didn't end well.

Charlotte scanned the link and quickly found many examples that showed Artie was correct.

Besides, the Resistance is a necessary part of the plan, Artie continued. *The Collective has done this more than a few thousand times now. We're finally getting pretty good at transitioning species.*

Charlotte felt images rush into her mind as Artie sent her information directly. She saw many successful transitions, each done in its own way with the species becoming part of the Collective. Afterward, the planets were **restored** to a natural balance.

The key to each transition was the link, which allowed for direct, honest communication, Artie explained. It all seemed a little too good to be true.



*I get it. You go in and **brainwash** people until they join your huge **cult**, Charlotte said.*

It's more about helping each species see things in a new way, Artie replied.

You're repeating yourself now. You should come up with a different argument.

I'm not actually arguing anything, only presenting information. You have to reach your own conclusions, whatever they may be. It seems like I'm arguing because you're beginning to question your own point of view.

Why force the link on me? Charlotte asked.

*You were on hand and **compatible**. Not everyone's mind can handle the link. You're special—well, you and about four million other humans.*

Then, a thought occurred to Charlotte. What if all this is a huge lie? What if you're planting these images in my head to convince me to join your side?

I was wondering when you'd ask that, Artie said.

Well?

Like the rest of the human race, you're going to have to figure that one out for yourself. Nothing I can show or say to you will ever truly convince you of anything. You have to do this on your own or the transition will never stick.

Have I ever told you how much I enjoy talking with you? Charlotte replied.

*Artie laughed. Human **sarcasm** certainly is strange when translated through the link.*





That night, someone opened the door to her room and light from the hallway woke her, which was strange. The doctors usually left her alone at night, and they always kept the door locked.

In the darkness that returned when the door closed again, she could just see someone sneaking across the room. Her fists clenched as she prepared herself to fight.

“Charlotte?” It was Sam, whispering.
“You awake?”

She turned on the bedside lamp. Her best friend froze and blinked at the sudden brightness. He was wearing dark clothes. It was the first time she’d seen him since the attack on the Streed.

“Hi,” she whispered, staying on the bed.

“Uh, hi,” Sam replied. They stayed in awkward silence for a moment. “So, are you, like, okay? You’re not going to hug me with a **tentacle** or something, are you?”

Charlotte stifled a laugh, which made Sam laugh, and the awkwardness went away.

“Good, I’m glad you’re okay, because I’ve come to rescue you,” he said, puffing out his chest.

Charlotte cocked an eyebrow and said, “You?”

He tossed her a pack that contained some clothes she recognized. “Hurry up and get dressed. We don’t have much time.”

Charlotte changed in the bathroom. It felt good to wear real clothes again instead of hospital gowns.

Outside, they passed a sleeping guard and snuck down the hallway, being careful to avoid the nurses’ station. They exited the clinic at the end of a long hallway, where Sam had **bypassed** the security system.

Charlotte and Sam ran across the parking lot and down the street, ducking into an alley as a car passed.



"It's getting crazy out here," Sam said as they caught their breath. "My dad and the rest of the commanders are gearing up for something big."

"What do you mean 'big'?" Charlotte asked.

"The Streed attacks were a big flop," Sam replied. "The tech they stole to get through the shield only worked for our strike team. After that, the aliens must have changed the codes or something."

"Then how did they rescue me?"

"My dad sent a team into the Streed with the usual **collaborators**. The aliens were stupid enough to not check them for weapons. After that, it was a piece of cake."

Charlotte remembered the image of Artie's smiling face caught on video.

"Anyway, since they can't get at the aliens, the Resistance is going to take out some of the collaborators," Sam said excitedly. "You know the big public housing projects the world governments have built at the aliens' command? We're going to destroy a couple of those in every city around the globe. Maybe that will make people think twice about getting chummy with the aliens."

"That's crazy!" Charlotte said. "Those are just innocent people in those buildings."

"They're collaborators. **Sacrifices** have to be made—you know that." Sam's expression darkened. "Maybe the aliens did do something to you."

"No," Charlotte said. "It just seems like a big next step."

"Good, because that's why I broke you out. I knew you wouldn't want to miss it."

She jolted upright. “It’s happening tonight?”
Sam nodded.

Charlotte’s head swam. Hundreds of people lived in those buildings, tens of thousands around the world. Some were elderly. Others were young families that had done nothing but accept the aliens’ help like so many others.

Did the fact that these people weren’t part of the Resistance really make them collaborators? They were not fighting for either side—they were simply surviving.

Suddenly, she realized what Artie meant when he said the Resistance had a part to play.

“We have to stop them!” she yelled to Sam.

“Why would we do that?” Sam asked in disbelief.

“Because it’s exactly what the aliens want,” Charlotte began. “Think about it. The world governments leave us more or less alone because we mostly just annoy the aliens and the collaborators. But this kind of **operation** will turn everyone against us. If we start attacking **civilians**, they’re going to wipe us out.”

Sam was quiet for a moment, his face unreadable. Then he slowly asked, “How do you know what the aliens want?”

Charlotte couldn’t think of an answer. In frustration, she blurted out, “We have to save humanity from ourselves!”

Sam shook his head, refusing to look at her. He gave a short whistle, and four soldiers appeared at either end of the alley. Charlotte stood there, knowing escape was impossible, and waited for them to collect her.



It had all been a trap or a test. Did the Resistance still plan to attack the civilians? She couldn't take that chance.

Taking a deep breath, she closed her eyes and concentrated on opening herself up to the link. She could see it in her mind. It looked like a vast web of glowing lines spreading across the galaxy, exploding into pinpoints of light.

She suddenly felt very small and unimportant. It felt like standing up to speak before a crowd of trillions. She swallowed hard, and started.

She poured all her fear, worry, and confusion into the message. She watched as the lines went out from her mind like a wave. First, she explained what was happening on Earth, and then she begged for the Collective to help.



For what felt like a long time, she heard no reply as the soldiers walked her through the town. Then, a lone voice responded. It was filled with power and wisdom as well as deep sorrow.

We cannot.

Charlotte waited for something more, but nothing came. A fiery fury began in her chest.

What? You can't be serious! She was screaming into the link. You claim to be here to save us from ourselves. Well, this seems like a good time! How can you stand by and watch all these innocent people die?

You're not seeing the big picture, came the reply. This time she recognized Artie. Think carefully and you'll understand why this has to happen. Don't see the individuals. See your species as a whole now as well as what it could be.

All I see are two sides making terrible decisions, Charlotte said, and innocent people being caught in the middle. If you let this happen, you're just as bad as the Resistance.

And if we stop it, what then?

You'll be heroes, she said.

For a moment, yes. Then, humans will come to rely on our protection, and the Resistance will become even more desperate and dangerous.

Charlotte was quiet. She had seen the exact thing Artie suggested happen on other planets.

*Change is painful. We're at a **tipping point**. The plan has to run its course or the transition may not succeed. Our responsibility is to save your species as a whole and the planet. This is the only way.*

Charlotte didn't say anything. She thought of all the civilizations that had destroyed themselves. All those lives lost because they failed to see the **consequences** of their actions. She thought about the innocent people living in the developments.

She realized she couldn't save them.

The aliens were only doing what they thought was right, but she knew it wasn't. There had to be a better way. She would help them and her species find it.

The explosion in the city could be seen from the Resistance compound, many miles away.

Epilogue

For days after the attacks on the housing developments, governments raided Resistance compounds around the world. The news channels showed a video of Charlotte being rescued from a makeshift prison. She became famous as the only person ever rescued so dramatically from both the aliens and the Resistance.

Not long after being freed, Charlotte found herself standing before a crowd of reporters at a press conference.

Just breathe, Artie said in her mind. Remember, your species needs people like you, people who will lead and make the tough choices to help everyone.

Charlotte nodded to one of the cameras and stepped up to the microphone. "Hello everyone," she began. "I'd like to tell you about my time with both the Resistance and the Collective, but let me start by saying we are all flawed. I've learned that if we work together, we may just survive the challenging time ahead. We'll need to grow up and evolve as a species, but that's been the story of life since its beginning. And for the first time in history, we do not have to do this alone . . ."

Glossary

brainwash (<i>v.</i>)	to change a person's ideas or beliefs using force or persuasion (p. 7)
bypassed (<i>v.</i>)	went around or avoided something, often to make a process quicker or easier (p. 10)
civilians (<i>n.</i>)	people who are not members of the military or police (p. 13)
civilizations (<i>n.</i>)	organized societies that have stable food supplies, governments, social structures, cultures, written languages, and religions (p. 5)
collaborators (<i>n.</i>)	people who assist or cooperate with enemy forces in times of war (p. 12)
compatible (<i>adj.</i>)	able to coexist or work together without trouble or conflict (p. 8)
consequences (<i>n.</i>)	results of actions (p. 17)
cult (<i>n.</i>)	a group of people who are extremely devoted to a person or idea, often to a dangerous degree (p. 7)
footage (<i>n.</i>)	images or actions recorded on film or video (p. 4)

irony (<i>n.</i>)	a series of similar or connected events with an unexpected twist (p. 3)
MRIs (<i>n.</i>)	physical examinations done with a device that uses a magnetic field to make computer images of the inside of something; magnetic resonance imagings (p. 3)
operation (<i>n.</i>)	a planned military action or mission (p. 13)
restored (<i>v.</i>)	returned something to its original condition (p. 6)
sacrifices (<i>n.</i>)	actions or objects unselfishly given to help other people or a cause (p. 12)
sarcasm (<i>n.</i>)	remarks that mean the opposite of what they seem to mean and are intended to make fun of or tease (p. 8)
tentacle (<i>n.</i>)	a long, flexible limb on an animal, especially an invertebrate (p. 10)
tipping point (<i>n.</i>)	the critical point in a process when an important shift or change occurs (p. 17)
transition (<i>v.</i>)	to change from one state, location, or condition to another (p. 5)