

Alien Collective III: Transition

A Reading A-Z Level Z1 Leveled Book
Word Count: 2,426

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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LEVELED BOOK • Z¹

Alien Collective III: Transition



**Multi
level
Z•Z¹•Z²**

Written by Rus Buyok • Illustrated by Toma Feizo Gas

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massacre (<i>n.</i>)	a violent killing of many people (p. 6)
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)
perspective (<i>n.</i>)	a person's mental outlook or point of view (p. 16)
prime (<i>adj.</i>)	most important or significant (p. 16)
propaganda (<i>n.</i>)	false or exaggerated stories or information that is spread in order to influence people or promote a particular point of view (p. 4)
reptilian (<i>adj.</i>)	having the appearance or other characteristics of a reptile (p. 4)
sacrifices (<i>n.</i>)	actions or objects unselfishly given to help other people or a cause (p. 4)
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, often with irreversible results (p. 17)
transition (<i>v.</i>)	to change from one state, location, or condition to another (p. 6)
uninhabitable (<i>adj.</i>)	unable to support life (p. 5)

Alien Collective II: Transition



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Focus Question

What role does Charlotte play in the transition?

Words to Know

brainwash	massacre
bypassed	MRIs
casualties	perspective
civilians	prime
collaborators	propaganda
compatible	reptilian
cult	sacrifices
custody	sarcasm
eons	tentacle
footage	tipping point
insignificant	transition
irony	uninhabitable

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Level Z1 Leveled Book
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Correlation

LEVEL Z1	
Fountas & Pinnell	W-X
Reading Recovery	N/A
DRA	60

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)
casualties (<i>n.</i>)	people injured, killed, or missing during a war, accident, or disaster (p. 4)
civilians (<i>n.</i>)	people who are not members of the military or police (p. 13)
collaborators (<i>n.</i>)	people who assist or cooperate with enemy forces in times of war (p. 4)
compatible (<i>adj.</i>)	able to coexist or work together without trouble or conflict (p. 8)
cult (<i>n.</i>)	a group of people who are extremely devoted to a person or idea, often to a dangerous degree (p. 7)
custody (<i>n.</i>)	the protective care of someone or something; the state of being imprisoned or detained (p. 14)
eons (<i>n.</i>)	very long periods of time that can't be measured or defined (p. 16)
footage (<i>n.</i>)	images or actions recorded on film or video (p. 4)
insignificant (<i>adj.</i>)	lacking in importance, meaning, worth, or size (p. 15)
irony (<i>n.</i>)	the use of words to suggest something different from, or opposite to, their literal meaning; a series of similar or connected events with an unexpected twist (p. 3)

Epilogue

Days after the attacks on the housing developments, the news was filled with images of government raids on Resistance compounds around the world. One of the more popular videos showed Charlotte being rescued from a makeshift prison. Being the only person ever to have been rescued in such dramatic fashion from both the aliens and the Resistance made her quite a celebrity.

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. Let me start by saying we are all flawed—including the Collective—but I’ve learned that if we work together, we may just survive the challenging time ahead. We’ll need to mature 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 . . .”

Charlotte had been a prisoner of the aliens, and now she was a prisoner of the Resistance. She had come to a conclusion: When you’re locked in a room, after a while it doesn’t matter who put you there.

She was never left alone for long, however. Over the next few days, doctors came to her room and examined her again and again, asking her endless questions. She repeated the same answer: The aliens had kept her in a small green hospital room, examined her again and again, and asked her endless questions, but she had told them nothing.

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

They did X-rays and **MRIs** and all sorts of other tests, but 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 a big-budget action film. Charlotte didn’t like seeing herself being hauled around like a sack of potatoes.

In one scene, the camera zoomed in on a corner of a paused image to show a **reptilian** face behind a veil of smoke. The voice-over dramatically announced, “These terrifying alien creatures stalked the rescue team, the aggressive looks on their faces showing their true bloodlust.”

Charlotte recognized Artie immediately. He was smiling.

Her dad showed her several videos of other attacks, all edited to look like complete successes, though Charlotte noticed not one Streed actually fell. In some, it looked like the war **footage** she had seen on the news, with Resistance members fighting other humans and 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 echoed in her mind. She thought about the number of **casualties** that must have resulted from the attacks.

*They were **collaborators** though, she told herself. They had already given their lives over to the colonizers. **Sacrifices** needed to be made to ensure our freedom, our humanity.*

Artie’s voice came again from her memory: *You repeat your father’s **propaganda** well, Charlotte, but I wonder if you truly believe it.*

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**, and the plan has to run its course or the success of the transition will be in jeopardy. 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 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.

She poured all her fear, worry, and confusion into the message, watching as the lines went out from her mind like a wave. First, she explained what was happening on Earth, and then she pleaded 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 the deep sorrow of one who has lived for **eons**.

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 **prime** moment! How can you stand by and watch innocent people die?*

*You're not seeing the big picture, came the reply. This time she recognized Artie. Shift your **perspective** 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.

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 upon thousands of civilizations at different stages of technological 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, through trickery, military action, or a variety of other methods. They all failed for many different reasons.

Then, she came across a strange world. It was rocky and seemed **uninhabitable**, but life was there under the surface. Two-legged reptilian creatures had built amazing complexes of caves that ran through entire continents.

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.

*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.

We could, Artie paused as if considering, but wiping out thousands of humans would not help our end goal of a successful transition—we've tried that in the past.

Charlotte scanned the link and quickly found many examples of civilizations that united in resistance following a **massacre** by the Collective. They didn't end well.

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.

It had all been a trap or a test, but if that were true, 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, a vast web of glowing lines spreading across the galaxy, exploding into pinpoints of light.

She suddenly felt incredibly **insignificant**. It felt like standing up to speak before a crowd of trillions. She swallowed hard, and started.



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 take her back into **custody**.



Charlotte felt images rush into her mind and realized Artie was sending 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 break from its old patterns to 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 available and **compatible**. Not everyone's mind can handle the link, but 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, and 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 say or show 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 our weird conversations?

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



She jolted upright. "It's happening tonight?" Sam nodded.

Charlotte's head swam. Hundreds of people lived in those complexes, tens of thousands around the world. Some of them were elderly people or 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 role 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 people they have working directly for them. But this kind of operation will turn everyone against us. If we start attacking **civilians**, they're going to wipe us out."

“My dad sent a team into the Streed with the usual collaborators, and 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 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 drastic next step.”

“Good, because that’s why I broke you out. I knew you wouldn’t want to miss it.”



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 to see her best friend, wearing dark clothes, freeze and blink at the sudden brightness. 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 faded.

"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, man," 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?"