

The Rise of Admiral Siglerismo

By

Chris Moody

Personal Log Atrix 23, 2442--

I met with the brass again today. They once again shut down my suggestion to experiment with contacting the Grok.

"They haven't attacked us in fifty years, why should we worry about them now?"

Short minded fools. I showed them the messages I had translated. They dismissed me, claimed I was looking to bring back the 'fear mongering' my grandfather generated.

I'll show them, I believe I have learned enough of their message system to send them a message. Far range receptors show only five of their ships in range. We could easily take them down and perhaps capture a ship or two.

End of Log.

Thomas Sigler put down his hand held recorder, and left his personal transporter. A quick jaunt up the stairs into the decoding office. Down the hall, and to the left. As he entered the office he couldn't help but seeing the leader of the Olidiem communication team giving yet another press conference, of the new material they learned during the latest contact.

Someday that will be me, giving the important press conference, he thought to himself as he slid his ID into the door reader for it to unlock. He slipped through the door and then signed in at the desk.

Twenty minutes later he entered into his office. Corporal Zach and Smith were in the office looking over their terminals studying the communications that were picked up.

"How did it go," Zach inquired as Sigler closed the door behind him.

"The same as always, looking to regain the levels of fear mongering from my grandfather's days," he said as he took his cap off and rubbed his hand through his short black hair.

"We do have about an hour of time with the transmitter this afternoon. We could test the communication routine we developed, see if we can prove ourselves," Smith said looking up at him.

"Yes, certainly will have to do that," Sigler said as he sat behind his desk and looked over the data the computer had been churning over. Something caught his attention on the monitor and he

zoomed in on the data to take a closer look at it.

“Zach, have you looked at the communications from grid A5,” he asked as he typed more commands into the computer.

“Yes, it looks like it was sending information to another ship beyond our detection range.”

“Were we able to translate what the communication says,” he asked rubbing his chin.

“No, the ship's antenna is pointing the wrong way, we could only tell it was broadcasting because of its energy levels fluctuating,” replied Zach as he typed a few more keys.

Time passed quickly as the three made sure of all of the calculations, broadcasting time was extremely hard to come by, if they didn't make it this window, they would have to wait almost a year before they would have another turn.

“Gentlemen, care to join me,” Sigler asked as he noted the time on his watch.

The two stood up, and followed him out to his personal transporter. Reporters were still busily doing their live broadcasts about the most recent messages received from the Olediem. They entered the personal transporter and zoomed down to the transmitter.

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“Don't worry sir, after today, all of those reporters will be hounding you for interviews,” Smith said as they left the transporter.

“I hope so, tell them how all this time I was begging central government to be more prepared, while they were more worried about social structure,” he grumbled as they walked up the stairs to the transmission tower.

“Everything is set. Ready to begin transmission in five minutes,” Smith said punching the final commands into the computer.

The countdown started.

Zach and Smith were configuring the controls so they would be able to see what if any reaction the ship they were aiming at would take. Sigler was at the defense system warning, just in case.

“Transmission sent,” Zach said after what seemed like an eternity.

“The target ship is still two minutes out,” asked Sigler.

“Aye, Sir starting countdown now,” replied Smith.

The two minutes went passed as uneventful as expected.

“This can't be right,” Zach and Smith said in unison, after three minutes had passed.

“What can't be right,” Sigler said looking between both of them, hand just centimeters from the auto defense button.

“Sir, sensors indicate the Grok ship is increasing power levels exponentially, we have never seen any of the ships at this power level,” Zach said his voice dripping in panic.

Sigler reached down to tap the commands to re-initiate the protective satellites. He started tapping in the first series of commands, when his station went dead, soon followed by both Zach's and Smith's.

“What did you do,” Sigler screamed the blood vessels in his neck getting noticeably engorged with blood.

In the distance sirens rang out, through window the skies turned from blue to crimson.

“It exploded, it must have,” shouted Smith.

Sigler's phone started to ring, followed by Smith's and Zach's.

They all listened to their phones and after a few seconds they hanged up.

“Report back to base,” Sigler said looking at no one in particular. Smith and Zach lead the way through the halls to the personal transporter.

On the way back to their main base, the radio blared that 5 armadas of the Grok were now approaching the planet. Everyone was being directed to get to their nearest bunker. Twelve minutes later, the radio announced how it appeared that the main planetary defense system satellites had all been disabled, or destroyed.

As the announcer was finishing the sentence, the ground seemed to groan and the personal shuttle came to a halt. All electronics were dead.

“Must have been an EMP blast, we'll never make it to base via foot from here. There's a bunker three blocks to the north of here,” Zach said looking at Sigler in the mirror.

“Let's go,” he replied they piled out after grabbing a few necessities.

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They entered the bunker.

“Watch it there wee-aye,” Zach to a boy of ten as he chased after one of his playmates. Time slowly ticked by, both Zach and Smith helped with the organization of supplies while Sigler tried to get the five generation old communication device to work with anything that was currently broadcasting.

“Radiation levels rising rapidly, proceed to lower level 3,” a detector in the corner barked after the trio had been in the bunker for a few hours.

“Zach, Smith, open the doors, lets get everyone down there,” Sigler ordered.

As they approached the doors for level 3, lights came on and beds slid open.

“Everyone, we must be orderly and get into the beds. The computer will be set to wake us when the radiation levels get low enough to be safe,” Sigler said to everyone who was around him.

As they approached the door to enter the sleeping chamber on the third floor, the safety door for the second floor slammed shut just as a cloud of dust flew in. Shortly the group was all in their beds, and the computer had put them all to sleep.

A spark flew across the control panel, the settings to wake up citizens were flipped. Now waiting for manual wake up procedure.

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Sigler took a huge breath and then coughed. He slowly opened his eyes, at first everything was blurry. He saw a couple of beings walking around him making noises he couldn't understand.

He slowly tried to prop himself up on his shoulders. One of the beings turned, obviously excited. They have triangled heads, he thought to himself for a moment. Quickly chased by the color blue, though he couldn't make sense of it.

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“Sir are you ok,” he vaguely heard a voice ask. He felt something grab his shoulder. Slowly he opened his eyes again. His eyes tried to find the speaker.

“Zach, is that you,” he whispered hoarsely.

“Yes, sir. It's me,” Zach replied quietly as he came into Sigler's perception.

“What happened? Feels like I have the mother of all hangovers.”

“That's probably the translator you were installed with. We were all given one shortly after waking up.”

“Translator? Why do we have translators?”

“The Olidiem speak in a language that would have taken us too long to learn. They figured it was easiest to just give us implants for communication.”

An Olidiem came into the room, it was wearing a vest and loincloth that had blue and white markings on it.

“If you will leave us for just a few moments,” Sigler heard in his head. The voice was definitely male, though he couldn't tell for sure by just looking at the body of this Olidiem.

“I'll be just outside,” Zach said and then left earshot.

“Do you remember who you are,” the Olidiem asked after Zach had left the room.

“Corporal Thomas Sigler, Serial number: 64326231A,” he replied in the most official voice he could muster.

“That is very good, we had some issues bringing you back. Your people were in the stasis tubes for quite a while you know. Had it taken us just another chance to get to you, your power systems would have been unable to keep the tubes at the minimal power levels.”

The Olidiem left, and soon Zach was back with him.

“Where's Smith, and the Leading Body? I have to report in,” Sigler whispered.

“Smith is helping the Olidiem's see if there are any other survivors, it seems the bunker the Leading Body was in, didn't survive. Unless Smith finds someone else, looks like you're the highest ranking military person still alive.”

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A week later, it had been confirmed, that while there were small pockets of people living elsewhere, no one from before the great sleep had a military level higher than Sigler. He was walking on his own, and was able to communicate above a whisper.

He heard that fleet captain, a Ra-Ka had been waiting for him to get well enough to speak with. He finally figured he was well enough, the screeching in his brain from the translator had died down, it and him were in sync so he was now able to discuss things at length with the Olidiem without being in pain.

He was walking down the corridor that was specified on the map he had with him. This is such a huge vessel, its amazing they need a fleet of these for anything, he thought to himself.

His map told him to turn left, the fleet captain's office was just around the next corner, it looks like. He rounded the corner, and he saw a blur of gray run past him. He noticed a sign on the door, which looked like the image his map told him to look for.

He knocked on the door, and momentarily the door opened, and he was beckoned in.

"I hope you didn't have any problems finding my office Corporal," Ra-ka purred as she put down a report.

"No, this little mapping box led me here pretty easily," he replied.

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"So what's going to happen Sir," Zach said as Sigler walked in to the room they were waiting in.

"They will let us control the planet, they seem to have no interest in conquering or controlling. In a way of saying thanks, I have offered our race as their military in exchange for their assistance in us getting back to our feet in every way," Sigler replied.

"So what kind of government are we going to set up? Another Democracy," asked Smith.

"I don't think so," Sigler started with a laugh, "to much red tape to get stuff done with a Democracy. Look at where our last one got us. I'm thinking of calling myself Emperor Siglerismo."

"Sir, I think there are probably still enough people alive who remember Emperor Travis,"

replied Zach.

Sigler thought for a moment, while tapping his chin.

“You're probably right, General Zachary, Admiral Siglerismo has a much better ring to it.”