

INTEGRATE

A CHOUVERSE NOVELLA

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1

STRAN

We were in our common quarters in our company barracks, having our lunch, when the viewscreens in the quarters began to announce:

“We interrupt this broadcast for a special announcement from the Prime Commander of the Whirosian Central Empire.”

Is it about Terra? I thought. Rumors had already circulated around our company (not in the business sense of the term, Terran scum, bruh)—as well as all around the Imperial Stellar Force—that the Prime Commander would make an important announcement about Terra’s fate ‘anytime soon,’ as they said. All of us immediately interrupted our lunch and moved closer to the viewscreen upon the start of the announcement as the Prime Commander, Sundrathal Baldr, appeared before us.

“Greetings. I hereby announce the Government’s final decision on the Terran question: With the conclusions of reconnaissance missions our Intelligence Police has secretly conducted in the planet, and as recommended by the Foreign and Sphere Department, I hereby announce that Terra will be Integrated.”

Upon the announcement of Terra’s Integration, we cheered. (I guessed the entire Stellar Force would also cheer about it.) A long-lost colony of our kind, re-Integrated.

But seriously, a long-lost colony? you might ask. Well, I have been into this Terran stuff ever since its discovery by our astronomers many megacycles ago. I have been into their so-called “literature” that Ragnvald, my friend in InPol (that is the popular abbreviation for the Intelligence Police) brought from his recon adventures in Terra. He said that the recon was much fun, he and his friends went undercover as urban explorers who love what Terrans call “science fiction” (which for us as an interstellar civilization is basically general fictional stories). Rag (as I like to call him) also discovered some pre-Empire Whirosian remnants.

Anyways, back to the Integration thing. We were so hyped on the announcement that Eldgarmad Brynjar told us to shut up and continue our lunch. “But before that,” he said, “I have an important announcement regarding our company’s role on the imminent Terran

Integration, which I will read after lunch is finished. Now finish it in five minutes!”

We immediately returned to our tables and finished our lunch. It was a good lunch, anyways. It always reminded me of food served in my home village somewhere in the mountains. And we did finish it by five minutes. Standard military practices, heh.

“Now listen up!” Eldgarmad Brynjar said. “Our company is confirmed to be involved in the Integration. The Integration process will begin next starrise—you are expected to prepare for the Integration for the rest of today until starset. After dinner, all are expected to gather in the field, we are arranging for a joint prayer for the Integration’s success. Now dismiss!”

We immediately dismissed the common quarters and began packing for our Integration. I went to my quarters and began packing everything that is essential to my journey and attack. Basically, anything that was essential and urgent to my journey (I knew I would take those large REKMOK mothercrafts, afterall. Essential for any Integrations.) like, for example, my personal care items and suits.

Later that day, after dinner, I began my journey down the road to the field. The Stellar Force intentionally separated the field and barracks in our base in a far distance. Home System 2 is literally beautiful upon first sight; it is a biodiverse planet full of mountains, forests,

and the like. And our base was in one of those scenic mountain ranges; it was a large base by land usage size. They intentionally designed the base in a way that the field is placed in the top of the base, so that it can function as a place to praise nature as well.

As we hiked up to the field, I told my fellow soldier friend Eric (which was hiking next to me) about Rag's findings.

"Hey, Eric, still remember about those Terran books, footages and the like that Rag got from his recon mission?"

He nodded.

"Well, me and Rag have just read and dissected them."

"Wait," Eric asked, "you understand their language?"

"Yeah, Rag taught me that."

"By Skyfather! What did they tell you about?"

"Many," I replied, "but often they said that other races are as evil as the Corp. Most of the books and footages that he brought told about these 'alien invasions' as Terrans call it, and often the 'invasions' are like our Integrations in terms of ambience. But!"

"What?"

“Most of the alien invasion stories always have the ‘aliens’—that means non-Terrans—intending to eradicate Terrans. On some of the books I read about these plans to eradicate Terrans, the non-Terrans often justify that they need a new place to colonize—why didn’t they just colonize the many planets of this galaxy, or any other galaxies?”

“That makes sense.”

At that time, we finally reached the field.

There, Eldgar Brynjar was waiting for us. He would lead the processions and rituals for that night. We all gathered, facing a bonfire prepared for this very moment, and the procession began.

The procession was soothing. So soothing that I could not explain it in detail here—but the main thing was that we collectively did some rituals to the Skyfather for His protection during the Integration. We sang, we prayed, we enjoyed the night as a collective force.

And once we finished the the Eldgar told us to return to our quarters and sleep, to wake up exactly at starrise and then wear our exobattlesuit as our transport to Terra was scheduled to arrive on our base exactly during starrise.

2

STRAN

I woke up exactly at starrise, thanks to the public announcement system that also functioned as an alarm. I immediately took a bath, and then I began to wear my exobattlesuit.

An exobattlesuit was a soldier's dream outfit. It looked like the sleek, shiny white suit that I often wear, but even better: as it was designed for interstellar usage, the suit was reinforced, had antigravity and air recycling modules, and specially designed to withstand many primitive weapons. It also had a matching helmet and personal AI too, which was always connected with the interstellar Stellar Force Net, an encrypted network which was spread everywhere the Whirosian Central Empire Stellar Force spread by means of faster-than-light communications.

As I wear my battlesuit, the PA announced:

“...Transport to Terra will arrive soon. Please line up in the field. If you bring anything make sure you have packed them all and bring it to the field as well.”

To the field. Again.

I took all my packed stuff and hiked back to the field, where I saw a large REKMOK mothercraft hanging in the sky, slowly descending. The craft was cylindrical in shape and its length was twice the longest side of the field. It was a pleasure to see it descending to us, a company of one hundred strong soldiers.

We waited for the craft to “land” to the field (actually, it would just hang next to the field, which was situated next to a cliff). I waited next to Eric, again.

As we waited, Eric asked:

“How was Terra like according to your buddy Rag?”

“He said that Terra was strange. He found many good friends during his recon mission, but he admitted that there were more bad Terrans than good Terrans...”

“Bad Terrans?”

“Yeah,” I replied, “many of the Terrans were ‘brainwashed and crazy’ according to Rag. Speaking about Terra being a strange planet, he also told me about this movie that apparently talked about a subverted version of those Energy Coalition scouts—”

“The Energy Coalition? THOSE ENERGY LIFEFORMS?” Eric interrupted.

“Yeah, the movie even copied the aesthetics of the Coalition—down to the spherical planet-looking shiny motherships. Down to their Observer crafts. Down to the fact that Energy Coalition members can clone the body of any lifeform and transform into it if the genetic code is there. Rag said that the not-the-Energy-Coalition-scout in the movie also explained that Terra was strange to the scout.”

“Damn, I wonder if they did once probed Terra,” Eric said.

“I don’t know, Eric. I will try to contact a member later in the craft. I already have a member as a friend.”

Anyways, the REKMOK craft had just “landed”. Some of the hatchways of the craft opened, and we entered the craft safe and sound. Ready and committed to Integrate that planet.

Inside the craft, we were greeted by other people from the same battalion as ours. We were told to pick a quarter, and I preferred a quarter somewhere near the craft’s exterior walls.

I found a vacant quarter for you, said the exobattlesuit AI *telepathically*—oh, have I told you that

exobattlesuits could also link to its user's mind? The vacant quarter map appeared in the helmet display.

Interesting, I replied. Take me to that quarter.

Positive.

Guided by my suit AI, I immediately took the elevator to level three, where my target quarter was located, and followed further directions given by the AI.

As I approached the quarter, my helmet apparently “communicated” with the door leading to it. The door automatically opened. I briefly saw my identification displayed on the screen next to the door.

The quarter was spacious, especially for interstellar transport like this. A decent quarter for me to relax. I detached my helmet and air recycling unit and relaxed on the provided bed, awaiting further instructions.

As I relaxed, I observed the view from the quarter window. I saw the mothercraft taking off from the base in incredible speeds. Soon we were in outer space, and then we zoomed through in warp speeds which I perceive was slightly faster than light.

Later, I attempted to communicate with C-12-1, my friend from the Energy Coalition. He gave me a bridging device he invented so we could communicate

telepathically despite our biological differences (C-12-1 was an energy being, afterall).

I pressed the button in the bridging device, and C-12-1's form appeared in my mind.

Hello there, C.

Hi, Stran.

Have you heard about that Terran film where an Energy Coalition scout wannabe explored Terra?

Oh yeah, I've heard about it. In fact, I personally saw that film.

EH? You saw it? How was the film?

Decent enough, but I can't take that part where the Coalition scout wannabe said about no war and so on outside Terra...

Yeah, my friend Rag also saw the film, and said that he cringed on that scene too.

Oh, there are rumors within my kind that the writer and the concept artists of the film are Coalition members in disguise.

EEEEHHH?!!

Yeah. Just look at the aesthetics of the film. The spacecraft they use in the film looks highly like Coalition fleet, right?

Riiight...

Suddenly, the PA system blared.

“Attention! To all soldiers, gather in the common area! There is an important announcement by Battalion Commander Halfpolfor Agnar soon.”

Hear that, C? I got to go.

Alright, see you later!

The communication ended, and I quickly wore my helmet and air recycling module, and quickly left the quarter.

Many soldiers had gathered in the common area at the time I arrived. I lined up. All that I could hear was just the sounds of people walking into the common area. Silence was the priority.

And then Commander Agnar emerged from somewhere.

“Attention!

“Some of you might be curious about our target planet. Before getting to the technicalities, I am going to explain why we attack Terra.

A hologram of Terra appeared before us.

“This is Terra. A beautiful planet, as you can see here, but also a chaotic place as well.

“As some of you might remember, many megacycles ago a signal from this planet was received by our stations. The InPol then launched a research and recon satellite. Several manned recon missions have been launched as well.

“These missions have proven that Terra was one of the colonies of pre-Imperial times affected by the Great Deluge.”

The hologram turned into structures that highly resemble our structures, notably the pyramid energy generator and wooden temples.

“Many of the remnants of the old colonists can be seen everywhere in the planet. From the pyramid energy generators to the culture of a portion of the Terran inhabitants.

“However, the recon missions found out that Terra has been hijacked. The planet is steadily under the colonization process of the Intersolar Corporation of Species.”

We gasped. *It can't be.* The Corporation was our greatest enemy—colonies were subjugated and as one observer once famously told, became ‘horrible.’

“This is one of the major problems Integrating Terra. Most of the population believe in beliefs inspired by practices of the Corporation.

“In fact, nearly all the governments of Terra have been allied with the Corporation, and there is currently a process of unifying the entire planet under a client government of the Corporation. They are persuading their people to reject the cosmic truth and accept the Corporation’s beliefs.

“But long before InPol began to send manned recon missions, some factions supporting the cosmic truth managed to take over the government in their respective regions, in which we secretly supported them mainly with transfer of our tech. However, Corporation-backed forces won in a certain war, nearly obliterating all the truth-abiding factions and the remnants were forced to go underground. We have established contact with the remnants and with several native resistance movements with the same aim as the remnants. Some of the recon soldiers are also dispatched to the resistance movements, to help during the preparation of the Integration.

“The attack will be done in two phases. Phase One will see the hijacking of local communications system to broadcast our message to surrender. Phase Two will see Terran military and government installations destroyed, and all military power eliminated with the assistance of our native allies. As Terra is divided into different governments, Phase Two will only be executed on governments who did not submit to us.

“Yes, Commander!” we all answered in unison.

“And lastly, you are not alone. About eleven other battalions of the Stellar Force are participating in the Integration.

“Now, you have one hour to have a meal or have a rest, and then your company leader will announce further instructions in designated areas which your helmet AI will tell later. Soldiers, dismiss!”

“Yes, Commander!”

And we all dismissed the common area.

3

STRAN

I preferred to go to my quarter as I thought that I had enough food for me to withstand the upcoming Integration. As I traversed the corridors leading to my quarter, Eric contacted me. His face appeared on my helmet display.

“So, how’s that Energy Coalition clone thing?”

“Well, my Coalition friend said that he actually saw that film. He also had the same opinion as Rag did. But he added that rumors that the creator of the film being a Coalition explorer has spread within the Coalition.”

“Eeeeeehhhh,” Eric gasped. I was just in front of the quarter doors and it automatically opened for me. “*Did he say anything more?*”

“No, he didn’t say anything more about the film. The PA announcement blared just before I had the time

to ask him his conditions. Anyway, I have just arrived in my quarters. See ya-!"

"See ya!"

In the quarter, I awaited further instructions from the Eldgar to gather up. Less than a hour after my arrival in the quarter, my helmet notified me of the gathering.

Stran, gather up. Now. Make sure you're fully suited up.

Alright. Where's the gathering place?

I just want to tell you that. I'll lead you there.

Good.

Eldgar Brynjar had awaited me as I arrived on the gathering point, which was a shuttler hangar. (Note that the REKMOK mothercraft was exceptionally long that there were many of these hangars everywhere.)

"Attention!" said the Eldgar.

"Yes, Eldgar!"

"We are now approaching Terra and the mothercraft is now exiting warp drive.

“As decided by the command, a portion of you soldiers will attack from the air.

“Combat Squads A to C will be dispatched to generate crop patterns. You will take special purpose shuttlers which has been fed with the relevant patterns and then drones will be dispatched from the shuttler to create these patterns. You will only dispatch the drones on my command. These patterns will serve as a warning message for the Terrans.

“Combat Squads D through I will take the shuttlers and attack from air. The rest, Combat Squads J to Z, will attack from land.

“Those who are dispatched to attack from land are expected to have the antigravity module on your suit working. And you are expected to cooperate with Local Remnants.

“For Combat Squads Q to Z, shuttlers will dispatch you to regions where Remnants are stationed. There, you will pick and arm them up and we will redispach them in the battlefield. The rest will cooperate with the local non-Remnant forces. Understood?”

“Yes, Eldgar!”

“Also, there are different shuttler identification for attack and dispatch shuttlers. The exterior of dispatch shutters use a camouflage pattern. Make sure you take

the right shuttler—you can use any shuttler, one squad per shuttler.”

And soon an alarm sounded.

“Hear that?” the Leader said. “That is our sign. Terra is within our reach. Now, your helmets will direct you to the designated shuttlers—line up!”

“Yes, Eldgar!”

“All soldiers except Combat Squads A to C, embark shuttler NOW!”

“Yes, Eldgar!”

As I left the lineup and grouped with my combat squad (I was in Combat Squad J, that means that I would attack on land), I heard Eldgar Brynjar instructing Combat Squads A to C to wait on the lineup.

Thanks to the AI in our helmets, our combat squad found an vacant dispatch shuttler. Like all other shuttlers, it was a disk-shaped vehicle, but with a camouflage pattern printed in its exterior, just like what the Eldgar told us during the briefing, and a much larger size (Attack shuttlers were designed for two soldiers attacking from the sky). As I had a lead role in the combat squad, my helmet appeared to “communicate” with the shuttler the time I slowly walked into it.

And then the entrance beam emerged from the bottom of the docked shuttler. I entered the shuttler first. As I entered the beam, I could feel some kind of floor taking me up to the shuttler. I could expect my subordinates to feel the same.

As we reached the shuttler interior three of us (including me) immediately went took the lift to the central control center in the protruding top deck of the shuttler. The rest of our combat squad remained in the main deck and prepared to pick up Terran local remnants.

The central control center was bright upon our arrival, but as we reached the seats, it became even darker. There were three seats, one in the front and two behind it. The front seat was particularly different than the other two; I could see a control panel in the right arm of the seat.

As I sat on the front seat, I could hear a particular voice coming directly to my mind. It was a voice of a man, but it was particularly unique. It had the characteristics of an AI voice but I knew that voice was not the voice of the helmet AI.

Greetings... Garmad Stran... it said.

W-Who is this?

This is your shuttler AI, the voice said. I have received a directive from Eldgar Brynjar about your combat squad directives.

A map of Terra appeared before me, in the walls of the control center. Apparently the walls could also function as displays.

Your squad is tasked to arm local movements in the region known to Terrans as 'Jakarta'. These local movements have been contacted by the Stellar Force and they will be participating in the Integration. Got it?

Got it.

The walls turned into the view of the hangar, and on my right side the hangar hatch opened to a view of—well, I guess—Terra from afar. The view was similar to the view of Home System 2 from afar: blues and greens everywhere. Land and water.

I just got instructions, we're leaving the craft.

Alright then. Let's go!

4

ARIS

“The next station, Fatmawati Station. Fatamawati Station. The doors—on the right side—will open.”

The train stopped.

I stood up and left the train, waited for the train to leave because I’d like to watch the beauty of the landscape that I could expect as it was a clear day. After I took a picture of the clear sunset, I went downstairs and tapped out of the MRT system. A short walk and I arrived at my apartment.

Floor thirty-five.

...eleven, twelve, fifteen,...

DING.

And I was home. Home in my apartment room in floor thirty-five.

This pandemic changed everything. Just a week ago we were given the right to work on our offices again. Before, I had to work from my apartment. As a graphics designer, working from home was unacceptable. It was like living in a cyberpunk society where people would live in their “capsules.”

Anyways, as usual, I checked my social media accounts (particularly my Twitter) when I found a video showing what appeared to be... a *flying saucer*?

Whaaaaaa—

The caption accompanying that video was “Do you see what I see? FLYING SAUCERS?!!”

Wait, this couldn't be happening. I checked the trending topics.

“Alien”. “Flying Saucer”. “UFO”. “Invasion”.

This couldn't be true.

My heart beated faster.

And later I felt something was happening outside. I looked up the window. It seemed that the skies went dark.

Suddenly, I gasped. What I see couldn't be true.

I saw a flying saucer.

With all the stereotypical shape in it.

A large, grey-colored disk (to be more precise, the flying saucer seemed to have a larger disk on top and a little bit smaller one beneath it), with a hemispherical dome on top. It looked retrofuturistic, reminding me of the old 50s sci-fi movies I used to watch and love. The streamlined form of the saucer probably contributed to its retrofuturistic look.

Then... a second saucer emerged. And another. And another... I couldn't believe this.

Is this the prelude to the extermination of mankind?

I turned on the TV.

BREAKING NEWS.

“Good evening,” the announcer began. “An increasing number of unidentified flying objects or UFOs are orbiting the Indonesian skies as well as in other cities around the world...”

Damn. This'll going to be international sensation and emergency...

5

STRAN

Our shuttler left the hangar of the REKMOK mothercraft as it suspended above the natural planetary shield of Terra. With incredible speeds, it set out for the designated point in the region that the shuttler AI call “Jakarta”.

I saw several other shuttlers following me in a kind of convoy. I guess they were part of the other battalions who were also assigned to Jakarta as well.

...and the shuttler stopped. Hanging in mid-air. Overlooking a seemingly busy city, with tall buildings spread everywhere. Those kind of buildings were rare in Home System 2; there were only, like, three to five buildings in Home System 2 that tall.

Meanwhile, a number of shuttlers increasingly arrived and stopped in mid-air as well.

Stran, the AI said.

Yes?

Your combat squad will now leave the shuttler and begin arming the local movements.

I understand.

The arms supply is in the main deck, in the supplies chamber. After you arm them, you will then wait for further instructions before the attack can start. You may attack without the local movements. And now, leave this shuttler. Arm them! Make sure you cloak the supply during your descend.

We went back to the main deck, took the arms supply and cloaked it, and exited the shuttler, with our suits fully intact.

The helmet fed us with the directions to the location of the local movement nearby. We all flew through the tall buildings and the night skies to... a small building that seemed to be some kind of lair. Yep, our helmets lead us to a small lair.

There was an inscription in the gateway to the lair.

“What is that inscription?” a Likagar subordinate asked.

I could read Terran script (Rag taught me that), so I told my subordinates what was the inscription read.

It read:

**WISMATHAMRIN
PUSAT /POL/ NASIONAL**

I wonder what that means? I asked my helmet. Our helmets could translate anything, even languages from civilizations we never visited or contacted.

Hmm. Let me analyze that. Analyzing a foreign language would take a while, wait...

“Garmad Stran, any updates?” another subordinate asked.

I got it now, the helmet AI told me suddenly. It means “Thamrin House, National Pol Center”—I presume “pol” means their version of “civilization affairs.”

I explained it to my subordinates.

“So... this is a place for Terrans to discuss their civilization affairs?” one of them asked.

“I guess so. Anyways, the helmet took us here, I guess there’s our local movement allies there. Let’s get in.”

“Ready, Garmad Stran!”

6

BAGAS

I heard the door knock.

I wanted to open it, but I feared of strangers who would take us away and interrogate us. Just because we obey the cosmic truth.

But then, the knock went louder and louder.

I heard some people in a kind of robotic voice shouting, “Excuse me! This is an urgent delivery!”

I couldn’t resist it. I went to the door and unlocked it. Opened it.

And then, the next thing that I saw was a staggering one. The guests were all wearing futuristic suits that I could only explain as *cool*. The guests were wearing streamlined, white suits, with a awesome-looking helmet. It looked like the guests were alien

astronauts. They were bringing a large package that was as futuristic as the suits.

I was awed and terrified at the same time. They could have killed us all—

“WHO ARE YOU GUYS?!!” I screamed.

And then, I could sense a radiating feeling that I could only describe as *calming*. And I heard one of them talking to me in my mind.

Remain calm. We are your allies.

I immediately relaxed. It seemed that the “astronauts” were now checking up on some kind of display on their arm. Then they pressed something in their helmet sides, and now I could see their faces. I was even more awed and terrified at the same time.

The “astronauts” were very human-looking but more handsome. Their faces look manicured like they were so *perfect*. I once heard my superiors in WismaThamrin talking about blond, long-haired and blue eyed supermen from outer space, and this was the moment I saw them. They looked like elven supermen. Their ears were even a bit pointy at a glance.

“Who... are... you guys?” I asked again in awe of their elven look.

Call Manu, they said, again to my mind. Call your comrades too. This is an important message. We'll wait.

I immediately ran to all the lodging rooms in the WismaThamrin complex and woke up Manu and other people there, while shouting “Wake up! Aliens on the lobby!” and knocking the doors of every occupied lodging rooms.

They all woke up, and went downstairs hurrying.

7

KAISAI

Our combat squad was tasked to attack from the sky. We set off to Terra with individual attack shuttlers that fit only one occupant. Then we had to leave the shuttler hanging in mid-air, waiting for further instructions.

Shuttler, how will Phase One of the Integration go?
I asked. *I need more explanation.*

Phase One of the Integration is the hijacking phase. There will be a mass hijacking of local viewdisplay feeds to threaten the local Terran governments to surrender to the Empire.

I see. May I have a feed of local viewdisplay network?

Here, the shuttler AI acknowledged. Various feeds of local viewdisplay networks emerged from the wall of the control center.

What I could see from the broadcasts were worse than what we had in Home System 2. There, viewdisplays broadcasting were used mostly to provide ample entertainment, and so people can get the latest updates around the Empire, its seemingly perpetual war against the Corporation, and many more. Just objective entertainment that was dedicated to improving our civilization and our leading role in the Interstellar Co-Prosperity Sphere.

Anyways, I could see more shuttlers coming and stopping, stationed, from the outside view.

And then, moments later, as all shuttlers had been stationed, all broadcasts were interrupted by the symbol of the Whirosian Central Empire. Soon the face of the brigade Commander, Eldvegfor Baldur, phased into the viewscreen broadcasts. He began to speak in a local Terran language which we could understand thanks to the shuttler AI translating it for us.

"Attention, people of Earth." Wait, *Earth?*

Terrans call their planet 'Earth,' or variations of it, the shuttler AI said.

"This is Eldvegfor Baldur of the Whirosian Central Empire speaking.

“Look at the skies. The flying saucers now orbiting the Earth skies are all under my command.

“The Empire has been watching the development of your planet since the late nineteenth century according to your common time measurements. We saw your eventual collapse. We almost saved you from it. But you resisted our help by that pathetic war of yours.

“We have no choice now, but to demand this: your complete surrender to the Empire.

“By order of the Prime Commander of the Whirosian Central Empire, all de facto governments operating on planet Earth must surrender by exactly one hour according to your time measurements. Failure to do so will have its operational facilities, and the people running it, destroyed by our forces. All resistance to the Empire will be met with the most extreme measures.

“This is not a negotiation. We will not discuss anything further. Surrender or be destroyed. This is the ultimatum. Choose.”

The viewscreen went back to the symbol of the Empire, and then the viewscreen broadcasts went to normal like before the announcement... until many of the broadcasts began to broadcast what I could see as their local version of the updates program common in Home System 2. I guess they were talking about the shuttlers.

8

STRAN

Well, that was the announcement. All of us, whiros and Terrans alike, saw it.

“Wait. Commander Manu, are we helping to free Indonesia or helping aliens take over?” one of the Terran movement members asked. (Our helmets had translating devices so we could understand it.)

“Both, Bryan.”

Everyone in the common room gasped.

“So we’re betraying our nation?”

“Well, no. We are not betraying Indonesia. These aliens are helping us free the nation. Just like what we envisioned.”

“I see.”

“But then, are we going to be occupied and betrayed by them?”

“No. We won’t.”

“Well we should be suspicious, they can betray us at any time if we won...”

Betrayal. I could see the suspiciousness from Bryan’s eyes. From his eyes I could see that he really thought our Integration would bring only sorrow to this sick planet.

“I see,” Manu said. “Anyways we must prepare as we only got one hour before Integration starts...if our government doesn’t surrender...”

Manu seemed to be pessimistic about their role on the Integration. I assume these Terrans living in WismaThamrin were never taught to utilize energy weapons like what we always equip.

“Ready, Commander!” the Terrans answered in unison.

“Stran, open the box for us, please?”

I opened the box. Inside were energy weapons and exobattlesuits similar to ours. Manu took one, and then he said: “Members of the Fight Squad, take one please.”

Then he glanced to me and asked me to train them how to use the energy weapons.

“I must receive permission first from my superiors,” I answered. “I can’t train them unless my superiors allow me. Give me time to contact them.”

“I see then. Let me know if you got approval. Your room is there,” Manu said pointing to a room.

“Alright.”

I then walked away to the private room, and asked my helmet AI to contact the Eldvegfor. It acknowledged me, and contact was underway... but not by mind-to-mind. *If I talked publicly, Terrans would hear me speaking an alien language...*

Eldvegfor Baldur appeared as a projection made by my helmet.

“Hello, Garmad Stran?” he said.

“Hi. I’d like to ask for permission to train local movements on the usage of Stellar Force weapons, particularly the standard issue phase gun.”

“It’s permitted. You may train local movements to use the weapons provided in the box. I happened to forgot to tell your other superiors about that during the briefing, eh?”

“Yeah...”

“It’s alright. You can start training.”

“Thanks.”

And the projection vanished.

Time to train them... even though I have less than one Terran hour remaining.

9

KAISAI

Shuttler, show the time left before Integration begins.

Alright.

A countdown appeared.

Less than half a Terran hour remaining.

And how are the local governments?

None has surrendered yet, the shuttler AI said.

I see.

Wait. I have just received new updates. It appears like the local governments are convening in some kind of an extragovernmental organization. I'll show you the local viewscreens for updates.

The viewscreen broadcasts reappeared again before me.

I saw some kind of planetary convention being prepared. It seemed like these Terrans were trying to discuss the imminent Integration, as I could read from the writing in the broadcast that the shuttler translated for me:

**ALIEN INVASION EMERGENCY MEETING
CONCLUDED – UN Secretary-General to announce
decision**

UN? I asked.

*The United Nations, the Terran governments’
organization to prepare their unification.*

Meanwhile, some of the viewscreen broadcasts showed what seemed to be the Terran reaction to the Integration. Some of those reactions were about the crop patterns made by some of the combat squads (but not mine, because I was in Combat Squad E). Others showed the meeting announcement.

And suddenly...

“On behalf of all people of the planet Earth,” a Terran in the emergency meeting announced, “I hereby announce that we will protect our interstellar sovereignty. We will not surrender.”

Well, Integration time it was.

Soon the Eldgar contacted my comm device.

“Yes, Eldgar,” I answered the contact.

“You hear that? Integration is imminent.”

“Yes.”

“The Eldveg will make a further announcement to the Terrans soon.”

“Alright.”

10

ARIS

This is nuts.

Earth should've just surrendered.

I didn't hope for something like *Independence Day* to happen. What if those aliens were hordes of alien locust looters who would loot our planet, lock, stock and barrel? But the alien who appeared on television looked human, elf even! What if they enslaved us because of their superiority?!

As I browsed back my Twitter feed, I began to see people posting about their fear. The same fear as mine. Again, they could destroy everything...

Meanwhile, the news on television were still about the saucers and the alien threat, and how we would act to defend ourselves against the alien threat.

But I knew there was no hope. No hope to fight the aliens.

Especially since our government declared to fight them. I assume that our defense system were even more inferior than theirs.

Suddenly, the announcer said:

“And we got a new update as Washington DC has been heavily destroyed. The destruction of the American capital is reportedly due to flying saucer attacks. As you can see here in these images, the city has been mostly empty due to the attacks. And wait— new updates!

“The London city center has also been destroyed. Some of the tallest buildings in the city have been destroyed. We have just received a video that shows London’s obliteration by the saucers.”

The video showed the London city center. Above it were flying saucers similar to what I saw with my own eyes. Some of them hovered in the skies. The rest seemed to maneuver and blasted off laser beams. I could see the fear from the uploader’s voice and it seemed that the other people in the video were also afraid as well.

“And now, another city obliterated: the Vatican City State has also been destroyed. All of the structures in the landlocked city state, including the Basilica, has been destroyed. We also presume that these destructions are also caused by flying saucer attacks...”

I immediately took my phone and opened Twitter.

The terms “Vatican”, “Washington DC”, and “London” topped the trending topics. I immediately checked each of those topics, and all of them showed videos of flying saucers obliterating the cities, INCLUDING ITS RESIDENTS, using the laser rays built in.

“And into another development now: the Minister of Defense is about to make a speech regarding the alien threat.”

And soon, the Minister of Defense emerged on TV, apparently to address us all. He began to speak.

“My brothers, we are now in uncertain times. The alien threat from the Whirosian Central Empire has been a sudden event that alerted us all. We will adopt the resolution of the UN to condemn the alien threat and we will fight them, until death.

“We will not surrender to them, just like how our ancestors fought without surrender during the Independence Wars. Let us remember their patriotic deeds. Let us remember how they sacrificed their lives to defend our nation from the colonizers.

“And now, let us all protect our nation’s independence. Let us—”

And suddenly, the screen went to static and soon the emblem of the Whirosian Central Empire appeared again.

And then, the Eldvegfor.

“Attention, people of Earth!

“This is Eldvegfor Baldur speaking again.

“We have received your rejection to surrender to the Empire.

“And thus, we have no option but to destroy a number of your cities. If your governments do not voluntarily surrender, we will destroy more of your cities and your important defense facilities.

“By refusing to surrender, you have declared war.”

And again the Imperial symbol. Then transmissions went normal again.

When transmissions went normal again, the environment of the place where the Minister of Defense made his speech was chaotic. People protested. Broadcasters complained. And then... A flash of light, and immediately, static.

“We are sorry for the inconvenience, there seem to be a technical difficulty on the Ministry of Defense building—wait, wait, we’ve got update that the Ministry of Defense building, the Presidential Palace and many other buildings in Ring One, including the Jakarta City Hall, has been destroyed. And one of our reporters has visual on the destruction of the buildings.”

I couldn't believe it. The Presidential Palace was destroyed. The MoD buildings were also destroyed.

“And the Ministry of the Interior and the Ministry of Foreign Affairs buildings have also been destroyed.”

The Interior Ministry buildings. The Foreign Ministry buildings. They were all destroyed, as the announcer said.

This is an all-out war.

An all-out invasion.

And I'm neither a soldier nor a frontline worker.

Before, the pandemic—now, alien invasion.

What a day to be alive.

And suddenly, I heard a large explosion from afar.

I looked out the window and saw... a hint of fire in the night sky. But I didn't care, and I went back to my phone and checked the latest updates on my Twitter feed.

All of the users I followed seemed to fear their cities destroyed.

Including me.

And soon, the emergency alarm rang. I took my essential emergency kit, my important electronic devices and packed them into a box I'd prepared for these kind of emergencies. Then I took the emergency stairs to the lobby, and exited the building to the assembly point.

There, as more residents were flocking down to the assembly point, I could see... an alien squad coming to me?

Oh god.

They seemed to wear one-piece suits, with matching cool helmets on top. And now they seemed to calm me...?

Suddenly, I heard something in my mind, telling me to relax. Others seemed to get calmed too. ``

11

STRAN

“Who are you, alien?” the Terran said.

My name is Stran, from the Whirosian Central Empire Stellar Force.

I could see an increasing number of Terrans trying to crowd the zone. I attempted to speak mentally to them.

Remain calm. You are safe. Remain in your apartments. We will not harm you. Our target is not you.

I could feel them trying to ask me what did I mean with that.

Terrans, there is no need to worry.

One of my comrades tried to radiate a calming feeling to the Terran crowd. It succeeded. I could see them being less chaotic than before.

You are not our target of extermination. We are here to liberate you from the people who try to exterminate you. You might not know this, but our forces already knew.

Now return to your apartment rooms. Everything is alright now.

They all returned into the apartment, eventually vacating the outdoor area.

As the apartment conflict ended we continued our ambush, trying to shoot as many Terran military soldiers as we can. All of us, whiros and Terrans alike, had managed to kill several Terran military soldiers.

“Should we find a military base instead?” one of the Terrans asked.

“Hm, that’s a good thing to do,” I answered. “Let me ask the helmet AI.”

Where is the nearest military base from here? I asked my helmet.

The nearest military base is about a eldrik away by the flight pack, it answered.

Alright.

“Everyone, activate your anti gravity modules! We’re going to fly to the nearest military base.”

We all activated our flight modules and flew to the military base. Some of the Terrans seemed to be nervous while flying, but nevertheless things went fine.

Above the military base, we took our ray weapons and began destroying the base. Some of us tried to shoot the military soldiers stationed inside as they tried to shoot us with their primitive weapons. Fortunately our suits were designed to withstand such weaponry.

“DIE YOU TERRAN SCUM!!!” Eric shouted while shooting the Terran soldiers.

“Descend!” I commanded.

We all descended to the ground, and shot the remaining Terran soldiers coming from everywhere. Swift and quick.

No mercy.

These military soldiers were the most ardent Terrans who tried to kill us all. Whiros or Terran, they’d crush the movements because we were perceived as a threat to “Terran independence.”

Seriously? Terran independence? In this cosmic war, you had to pick an ally. You couldn’t be independent in this region of the galaxy where Terra was located; this region was a large battleground. A rather huge one.

The Corporation seemed to nearly won in this planet. I could see the influence starting at the time this

“United Nations” thingy declared war against us. They claimed that they fought for freedom, what freedom? Terrans were being forced to do crazy stuff—alienating themselves from their relatives, wearing unnecessary accessories that made their health even worse... only because of a bioweapon made by themselves. It seemed that this bioweapon was made by a Corporation-collaborating local clique. No, I’m not kidding. Rag told me that.

Suddenly, a soldier ran towards me. I nearly aimed my ray weapon to him when he screamed, “STOP! DON’T! DON’T SHOOT ME!”

This could be suspicious.

Hey, helmet, can you probe his mind just in case he lied? I asked.

I can. Let me probe his mind.

With the help of my battlesuit helmet, I penetrated his mind. Searching for his intent. *Hm.* As I probed his mind, I saw that he was telling the truth. He seemed honest.

Why do you want me not to shoot at you? I mentally asked him.

“I hate this country.”

“What?” I asked, now verbally; I thought that I could scare him even more if I talked to him mentally.

“When I enlisted, I was expecting that I could try to contribute to this sick man of Asia. I was wrong. I actually fought for something different—the elite—not fighting for making this country more stable and better.”

“I see.”

“I want to surrender,” the soldier admitted. “I heard that in the countryside people actually supported this invasion, is it right?”

Is it right that Integration forces in rural areas nearby accepted our Integration? I asked my helmet.

Yes, they do in some areas nearby. It seems that this is related to their beliefs. They saw us as gods.

The helmet display showed a footage of what seemed to be the inhabitants of a seemingly primitive village, celebrating the arrival of the Stellar Force like we were gods.

“Yep,” I said to the soldier. “Some of us were welcomed in less advanced regions of this sector—what’s the name of it again?”

“Indonesia,” said Manu, still attacking the remaining soldiers on the base.

“Oh yeah, Indonesia—and they also seemed to welcome our Integration too. It seems that our comrades out there successfully urged the locals to

surrender, or maybe they also urged the locals to fight alongside us.”

“Integration?” the Terran soldier asked.

“Yes, that’s the term our kind use for the invasion.”

“So you’re telling me that you’re ‘integrating’ our planet to your Whirosian Central Empire of sort? Like the New Order integrating East Timor to Indonesia?”

Hmmm...

Indonesia invaded and occupied East Timor in the seventies, the helmet AI said. There are many atrocities done by the military that caused many people to die during this invasion.

“Sort of,” I said, “but we would not conduct unjust atrocities. They’re against the cosmic truth.”

“The cosmic truth?”

“Yeah, soldier—the cosmic truth. I could explain it to you, but I can’t now as the Integration is still ongoing. Also, would you like to fight with us? I can get some extra exobattlesuits if you want.”

“Of course I do!” he said. “I want to destroy this shitty place and liberate the country from the bastards that is our government. I had to conceal what I believed for almost the entirety of my military service here. And now you came to free us from tyranny? Let me in!”

“Alright then.”

Helmet, I have a Terran soldier surrendering. He said that he want to fight with us. Are there any extra exobattlesuits?

Yes, we still have extra. I'll tell the available shuttler to descend so the soldier can take one.

Alright.

A nearby shuttler came and descended to us. A light beam emerged from the bottom of the shuttler.

“Whaaa—is that a flying saucer?” asked the soldier.

“Yeah. Now get into the beam. You’ll be safe.”

We all entered the shuttler, and as the shuttler ascended to protect us from nearby attacks, we opened the supplies locker on the main deck. Thank Skyfather. There were two spare exobattlesuits and two ray weapons remaining in the locker. I took the suit pack and ray weapon.

“Here. Take this. Now,” pointing to the open button in the suit, “open the pack.”

The pack opened, and inside was an exobattlesuit, an antigravity and air module, and a helmet.

“Now, undress from your current Terran uniform.”

He undressed.

“Wear this exobattlesuit first. Don’t worry. It’ll fit your body once you wear it.”

I saw him wearing the exobattlesuit with ease. It immediately fitted his body.

“Now, equip the antigravity and air module just like this.” I demonstrated him how to wear the module. He followed.

“And finally, the helmet. This helmet contains an artificial intelligence that is linked to your mind.”

“What? My mind? You mean, it can read my mind?”

“Yep. You control it with your mind.”

“Oh, that’s cool! But, would my mind be controlled?”

“No. The Empire isn’t as controlling as you think.”

“Alright.” He put on the helmet.

12

ADI

As I put on the helmet, I heard a voice in my mind.

Hi, user. Who are you?

Hmm. I'm Adi.

I see.

I'm a soldier from Earth defecting to the side of the alien invaders.

Alien invaders...you mean the whiros?

What?

The Whirosian Central Empire.

Yeah. That. I want to help these alien invaders to invade this sick planet. The alien gave me this suit.

Alright. Set up complete.

“Done,” I said after setting up. “By the way, who are you, alien?”

“My name is Stran,” the alien said. “I am a soldier of the garmad rank in the Stellar Force of the Whirosian Central Empire. And you?”

“I’m Sergeant Adi.”

“I see. Anyways, let’s eliminate more Terrans! Shuttler, where is the central base of the military?”

“It is several eldrik from here,” a voice said from the flying saucer.

“Eldrik?” I asked.

“It’s a measurement used by the Empire,” Stran answered.

“I see. But these writings in the helmet displays, what do they mean?”

“They are in the language of our kind,” he said. “You might want to know that they look like the script used by some of your kind.”

“Mhm. Wait—wait—the display changed, it became Indonesian.”

“I see, maybe the helmet knew what are you thinking and downloaded the language off your mind.”

Damn. I didn't want my mind to be accessed without my permission.

"Alright then," my helmet said, "I won't disturb your mind. You can now speak your commands."

"Ok."

Meanwhile, the flying saucer dashed in incredible speeds, without us even feeling being harmed. I didn't feel any sense of harm during my time in the saucer. And when it stopped above...the TNI headquarters? Seriously?...I didn't feel any harm.

But seriously? We're stopping in the TNI headquarters? They could have just killed me in action if I came in and attacked. But nevermind. I wore an alien suit now.

"Hey, Stran, why do we stop here?"

"We are attacking this place."

"I see."

"And now," Stran said, "listen up! Everyone!"

"We are attacking a major military base here. This military base is heavily armed and we can get killed at any time if we get caught. Adi, grab your ray weapon!"

"What? Ray—what?"

“Your ray weapon.”

“That cool gun over there?”

“Yes!”

I took the gun—or what these aliens call ‘ray weapon’.

“Now it’s time for us to attack the base. Everyone! Enable your antigravity module and exit the shuttler! Now!”

“What do you mean with ‘shuttler’?”

“This craft. We call it a shuttler.”

“Oh, I see.”

I turned on the antigravity module and went back to the exit hatch.

But before I jumped out of the hatch...

“Adi!” a voice said in my helmet. “I need to read your mind as you have enabled the antigravity module. That way, you can control it.”

“Alright. But never probe my mind for examination again.”

“I understand. I can actually stop disturbing you while the mind scan mode is on.”

“I see.”

I jumped off the hatch following some others, including Stran. I began to fall.

But then I saw the aliens hanging in the air, floating. I thought of floating too—and then, it happened! I was floating!

“Hey! This is awesome!” I spoke to the helmet. “Now how can I fly?”

“Just fly like in those superhero films you once saw,” the helmet said.

“Wait, how did you know I like superhero films?”

“Oh yeah. You said that you don’t want your mind probed.”

“Yeah.”

“But still, if you want to fly like in those superhero films, it’s time!”

“Ok!”

I tried to fly in superhero fashion. It seemed that the antigravity module of this suit could function as a jetpack as well. I could see that the others, including Stran and his alien soldiers, seemed to fly in the same fashion as well. Then I tried to stop, and the antigravity module stopped.

Now as I began to understand how to use the module, I began to attack the TNI headquarters from the sky. Fortunately I had my ray weapon on my back (it was huge, I'm not even kidding).

I took my ray weapon, and maneuvered and shot from above. Now the military seemed to prepare to attack me and my new comrades, and they did. They pulled their trigger towards the aliens. I was in fear, in fear of being killed. But it seemed that the aliens were fine even if they were being shot from below.

And then, they shot me.

I couldn't believe it. This alien suit protected me from the shot—I survived. It seemed that this suit could withstand such weapons I often use.

And suddenly...

“Hey, Adi,” Stran said through what seemed to be an alien walkie-talkie system.

“Yeah?”

“I forgot to tell this, but you're not alone. Some Terrans are fighting alongside me and my Imperial comrades.”

“Whoa, that's cool!”

“Yep. Anyways, let's teach these Terran scum a lesson.”

“Alright then, let’s go!”

We were still floating in mid-air, about a hundred meters from surface level. With the help of our suit helmet display, we all targeted random soldiers that we could find from this altitude. We pulled the trigger toward the targets and they seemed to be instantly killed.

“Now,” Stran said through the walkie, “let’s destroy the headquarters building from here.”

“Cool. Let’s do it.”

“First, set the weapon mode to maximum.”

“Where?”

“Here,” Stran said, pointing to some sort of switch.

“Ah, okay.”

He switched his ray weapon mode to maximum and so did I.

We were now aiming for the buildings of the TNI headquarters complex. I aimed for the statue in the entrance road.

I pulled the trigger, and the statue blew off. It seemed that the statue itself was split into two when I shot it with my ray weapon. *A cool weapon, indeed.*

And now, to the many buildings in the complex.

We're destroying this many buildings? You got to be kidding me!

“You’ve got to be kidding me, Stran. Seriously? There are many buildings in this complex and we are expected to destroy all of them?”

“No, of course not.”

Stran seemed to interact with something in his arm.

“Kaisai!” he continued. “Could your combat squad help us destroy this Terran military headquarters?”

Some time later, some shuttlers emerged above us.

“Why with the flying saucers? Are they piloted by Kaisai?”

“Yes, those shuttlers, Adi. But no, they aren’t controlled by Kaisai alone. The shuttlers are being piloted by Kaisai’s combat squad.”

“Ah, okay,” I replied. “Now let’s split and destroy the buildings, we can always get in touch by the talkie.”

“You mean comm,” Stran amended.

“Ah, okay.”

“Everyone, split up!

Having a sense of assurance in the form of shuttler backup, we began to split and destroying the buildings. I flew and began to destroy the building that was a bit far

behind the already-destroyed statue. That was one of the more important buildings here. The silent room building.

Then I flew again and now targeted the larger ballroom building behind. I nearly pulled the trigger when a group of soldiers targeted toward me. I immediately re-aimed for the group of soldiers, and blew them all off in one shot.

Meanwhile, I could see my comrades, alien and Terran alike, destroying the entire complex by means of the ray weapons. Some of them managed to destroy the entirety of the Air Force headquarters section (and probably the soldiers inside, if they didn't evacuate).

13

ARIS

As I observed from my endangered apartment, the situation outside was very chaotic. It was midnight, and I couldn't sleep. With many military and police installations located nearby I was afraid this would endanger the apartment. It could be destroyed in any time.

I was checking my Twitter feed for the latest updates on the invasion. Then I saw:

"I couldn't believe what the aliens did to my child who got injured during the invasion. A Thread"

Basically, the aliens called a medical saucer and took the thread poster (a man) and his child inside. There, his child was scanned and apparently healed by some sort of autodoc machine, and his lifeforce was also refreshed as well. He took some pictures inside the

autodoc saucer, it looked cool to the details. It looked so futuristic, like it came from *Tomorrowland*.

That thread eventually led me to a state of confusion. Why did they destroy important government installations while they took care of ordinary people who became victims of the invasion? Shouldn't they kill us all too?

I began to wonder if the aliens were actually benign. I checked my Twitter again and I saw:

“BREAKING: Syria unilaterally surrendered to the Whirosian Central Empire. President Assad announced his resignation.”

That was fast, apparently they could persuade a nation to surrender. I hope they were fine.

There was a Show Thread button. I opened the thread and:

“UPDATE: Imperial forces have invited a political coalition led by the Social National Party to form an interim government.”

I see. They appointed quislings now.

I quitted the thread view, I refreshed the feed and...

“BREAKING: TNI Headquarters, Marine Base Destroyed In Saucer Assault”

Oh please. The military headquarters had been destroyed?! Damn. Indonesia would break up soon. As an economic patriot, I was pretty mad when I saw that article. No more defense for our nation.

Then

And then, the bell rang.

Is that the aliens?

And again.

And again.

And so I opened the door. A fully-suited alien, similar to the alien that told me to stay calm during the sudden evacuation recently, emerged. Again, I gasped.

“What are you going to do? Loot this home?” I said, frightened.

“Relax,” the alien said verbally. “You are safe. I am here to explain *everything*.”

“Okay.”

He opened his helmet, and I could see a sense of beauty in his masculine demeanor. I heard this was what they call Nordic aliens, or so...?

“W—wait, are you one of those Nordic aliens I once heard?”

“Naaah. We are not not Nordic aliens. Those Nordic aliens are dangerous.”

“Dangerous?”

“Yes. They can manipulate you. Most of them sided with the Corporation.

“Anyways, your Earth is being Integrated into the Whirosian Central Empire. To be more accurate, we are Integrating you to the Interstellar Co-Prosperity Sphere, an interstellar federation of civilizations.”

“Integrated?”

“Yes. Your planet is being Integrated. I am dispatched from the Integration Preparation Committee to help you prepare for the imminent future, if this invasion succeeds. If you have any questions about the Integration, you may ask me now.”

“Hmm... So what’s with all these Integration thing?”

“Your planet is at stake.”

“Eh?”

“Yes. Your planet is in danger. We want to save you from that danger.”

“I see. But what danger, actually?”

“The Corporation,” the alien envoy said. “It is one of the most malevolent cosmic force to exist, ever.”

“And why is that?”

“I can’t explain it in technical terms, but the thing is, the Corporation would make you work all day to death.”

“And you’re occupying the Earth?”

“Yes. We have to occupy it for a while until Earth is ready to be independent.”

“But I don’t want to live in a *Half-Life* dystopia, okay? I really don’t want my life past this Integration thing to be a sorrow one.”

“That’s the main point! We’ll do our best not to make your life a dystopia after the Integration.”

“Eh?”

“Yeah. Again, we would be here for a while as we prepare Earth’s civilizations to become an interstellar one.”

“An interstellar one? Cool.”

“Yeah. Anyways, any more questions?”

“Hmmm...”

As I tried to think of a question, the envoy became alerted.

“Terran, turn on the television now. There’s something important about your nation’s future now.”

I turned on the TV.

A breaking news appeared before us.

Oh god. This couldn't be happening.

14

STRAN

We were still putting the military headquarters on fire and shooting the Terran soldiers when my helmet notified me.

Stran.

Yeah?

There is an important address related to this region's geopolitical conditions. I'll open the viewscreen broadcast now.

The viewscreen broadcast appeared in my helmet display. It seemed to be as important as the helmet told me, so I told other soldiers to open their viewscreen broadcasts:

“Everyone, open the viewscreen broadcasts on your helmet now!”

“What do you mean with viewscreen?”

“Television. Your helmets can receive television broadcasts.”

“Okay!”

An old man seemed to be addressing Indonesians. Assisted by the translator inside my helmet, I listened to the address.

“with government facilities being destroyed...and the destruction of the TNI headquarters...we have no choice than to surrender. We will sign the capitulation letter by this morning at the Bogor Palace.”

“Oh, yeah!” Manu said on the comm.

“Great!” another Terran shouted.

“Well,” I said, “good job, soldiers.”

Then I communicated again with the helmet, asking who would represent the Empire in the capitulation.

It's the Eldgar, it answered. He will arrive in the Bogor Palace soon.

“Wait, they didn't destroy Bogor Palace?”

“I think so,” Adi said. “Helmet, is it true that Bogor Palace isn't destroyed?”

We waited for an answer.

“Yes, guys,” Adi said. “The palace isn’t destroyed because it’s part of a garden.”

“The Bogor Botanical Gardens,” Manu said, “Yeah I bet they won’t destroy that garden. They could use it for research.”

The shuttler came shortly after our victory. We flew into the hatch and opened our helmets.

“Well, this is an achievement,” I said. “Your movement will govern Indonesia following this surrender.”

“Oh, good!” Manu said. “I’ve been waiting for this.”

“But, you will govern under our protection. You can’t just free to govern the nation with your ways. A governor from the Empire’s Integration Committee will oversee you.”

“Ah, okay then.”

EPILOGUE

STRAN

The capitulation of Indonesia happened at dawn. Indonesia's president and the Eldgarmad Brynjar both signed the capitulation letter.

It marked a new era in the nation's government. The Wisma Thamrin would now rule the country; Manu promised that this 'occupation' (as I paraphrase his initial speech in a field nearby) was temporary, and the Empire would transfer sovereignty again in the foreseeable future.

Meanwhile, I was flying, observing the area surrounding Bogor Palace, when the Eldgar called.

"Stran?"

"Yeah?"

"Great job destroying their military headquarters there, Stran."

“Yeah. I cannot do it without the local movements’ help. And the military defector as well.”

“Also, I’ve just got new updates. The United Nations announced their defeat. We did it. Integration of Terra succeeded!”

“Is it?”

“Yes. The United Nations Secretary-General has just announced that they have surrendered and will sign a letter of capitulation anytime soon.”

“Good! I expect the Eldveg to sign the letter.”

“That’s it. The Eldveg will represent the Empire in the capitulation signing.”

“I see.”

“Now, get back to the shuttler. I’ll give further instructions in the mothercraft related to your task after the Integration.”

And I dashed back to my shuttler, told the update, and set the destination of the shuttler back to the mothercraft.