



CORALTEENZ

THE REIGN OF ZEUS

CHAPTER 1

I come from a world much like your own, a planet so rich in resources that it supported a vast array of plant and animal life. We being the most powerful and intelligent species rose above all others. The civilization that we created shaped the destiny of all those who shared the planet with us.

Some decisions we made were good, some were not. Seeing that we were born with the gift of reason to determine the difference between good and evil, one would hope that good would prevail.

Unfortunately this was not to be.

Greed claimed victory over justice and this greed produced an evil that pushed our world far beyond its natural limits.

The planet we loved and cherished, the planet that had given us everything we could ask for, we abused and ravaged. By taking everything for granted, we jeopardized our own existence to the point where the survival of all was hanging in the balance.

Tough decisions lie ahead of us ...

My name is Zawn, I'm commander of the Aero Force Elite. I hail from the planet we proudly call Gorahl. There are parts of my story that may sound familiar to you, as well they should, for some of the problems we faced not long ago, you here on Earth are are facing now.

Our planet which was once so green and fertile, was now a barren wasteland, a toxic desert and we as a people must now shoulder all the blame. My team and I are on a preliminary expedition to the planets' surface. We are the first to step outside since the 'Moment of Devastation' some 48 hrs. ago . All who inhabit my planet were forced underground in order to survive The wave of total destruction came quickly and without warning . And since that moment we all have struggled with the guilt of ignoring the signs that could have prevented this catastrophe....

"Commander Zawn, Commander Zawn, are you out there?" a voice cries out from the underground headquarters. "What is your status report on the surface conditions?"

"It's worse than we had imagined. I need to investigate the southern region and see if the cities are intact there."

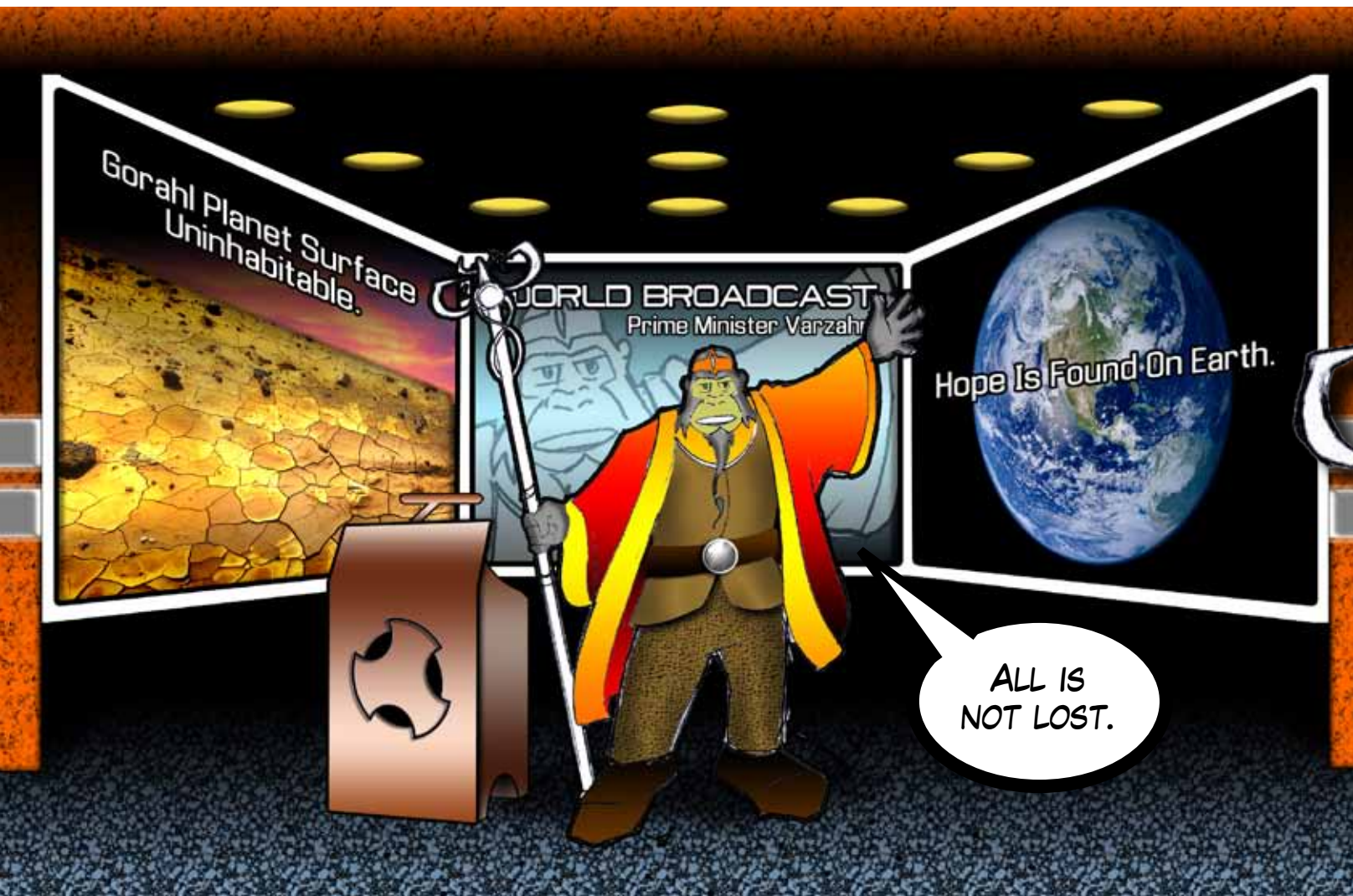
"Commander, report back to the base at once. The Prime Minister is making an announcement and it is imperative that you are present for this meeting."



From deep within the main chamber in their biggest underground city we take you to the global conference about to begin...

“All rise for Varzahn , Prime Minister of Gorahl !”

“My fellow Gorahlens, this is truly the saddest of moments in our great civilizations glorious history. For I am here to inform you that the surface of our planet has been rendered uninhabitable, we will be forced to live in our underground facilities quite some time.”



A sense of shock and cries of outrage rumble thru the crowds, after the rumbling subsides Varzahn continues ... “I feel your anger, I taste your rage!” “ But my friends you have not heard the worst, the perpetrators of this evil were none other than our Prime Minister of Defense ‘Skarbak’ and his sinister accomplice ‘Dr. Drill’!” The entire planet seemed to take a collective sigh of disbelief.

“All is not lost however.” The Prime Minister went on saying, “for through our many years of extensive exploration in space, we have discovered a planet similar to ours in a distant corner of the cosmos. On this planet there lives a scientist who has stumbled upon what very well could be the key to survival, both for his planet and ours.”

“This is why I’m sending a Gorahlen force to this very planet. In an effort to reach out and help guide this young scientist in the proper direction with his research. The dominant creatures on this planet are somewhat primitive, not as primitive as the primordial pools of algae we found on Jasar 12. But primitive none the less.”

“The exploration team I have chosen for this mission will be led by my son, ‘Commander Zawn’ and by his side the victorious Sargeant Roggo our military operations specialist and the third member of this crew will be Major Rahm senior technology officer. Rangtar our nation’s high priest will accompany them. They will need his wisdom and experience, for he has visited this planet on more than one occasion.”

Question cry out from the crowds...

“Where is this planet?
and what is its name ?”

Varzahn responds ...



Our story now takes us to the dark side of Gorahl's largest moon. Poised and ready for take off is the most ominous of spacecrafts the 'Dread Dagger'! the largest of the Gorahlen military Dagger Class fighters. The ship is under the command of none other than the notorious 'Skarbak'. He sits listening to Varzahn's announcement with the last remaining members of his evil force. His team which at one point numbered in the thousands is down to a mere handful of four, the sinister scientist and creator of the current environmental catastrophe, Dr. Drill. His military commander, General Zark, and two low ranking members of his once powerful force, one a sneaky and spidery primate named Phog, the other one of Dr. Drill's genetic experiments, a behemoth named Klog.

On board the ship Skarbak barks out his orders, "Set your coordinates for Earth and prepare to launch, we must pay a visit to this planet and contact our associates at what they call 'Mega-Corp'. They are the ones who employ this young visionary and surely will help us gain control of this new Earthly invention!"

Dr. Drill adds with a sinister sneer; "Perhaps with our early arrival, we could prepare a proper welcome for Zawn and his crew?"

"Do as you see fit, Doctor," replies Skarbak. "Just don't be as over zealous as you were when you rendered our entire planet useless!"

"Did we not achieve the desired results, Lord Skarbak?"

Dr. Drill asks.

"Your orders were for a much more controlled exhibition of destruction, Doctor." replies Skarbak.



“A simple miscalculation on my part, Lord Skarbak, I never considered the magnitude of the chain reaction.” Drill returns in his defense.

“We merely accelerated the inevitable,” adds General Zark “As caretakers of our own planet we’ve been in denial for far too long!”

“Enough talk of the past!” shouts Skarbak “Onward to Earth!”
Dr. Drill taps several buttons on the virtual console floating in front of him and the Dread Dagger’s engines starts to roar to life, the massive ship slowly begins to move forward.



As the ship moves out of the protective shadow of the Gorahl’s moon, Dr. Drill announces to the crew “Creating hyper jump point, brace for maximum velocity!” A large vortex begins to form, violent energy streams spin and twist around the ship. The Dread Dagger pauses for a moment as the vortex engulfs the ship entirely and then in an instant the giant black vessel disappears into the darkness of space.

Back to Zawn and his father in a rather heated debate about his proposed journey to the planet Earth. We join the argument with Zawn insisting: “Father I must disagree with your decision, my duty is here, to capture Skarbak and heal our planet. It doesn’t make any sense to run off to some distant world in search of someone I don’t know to help him with something he doesn’t know he has! This is madness!”

Varzahn responds, “No son, now is not the time for vengeance. This mission is top priority, the future of our world and the planet Earth as well, lies in the balance of this decision. Go now there is much to do and little time to do it in!”



Meanwhile on planet Earth, somewhere in the foothills of the Rockies high atop a mountain plateau, we come to a humble cabin at dusk. Inside another heated debate is going on, harsh words are being exchanged as the scene unfolds.



“Grandfather, This is madness! With all due respect, the ways of our ancestors has its place in history, but it in no way applies to my future. My life as a scientist in today’s world has so much more meaning than parading around as a shaman to these people.” Says a young Native American known as Richard Nine Wolves.

His grandfather Grey Eagle responds, “These people are your people and this must never be forgotten! Surely in your heart you realize that the ways of the ancient ones has everything to do with the future. For where does the future seek guidance? But from the past, of course.”

Richard vehemently disagrees “I’m still not buying into that one. Anyway, I must go, I’m late for a very important meeting at the corporate office.”

Cryptically his grandfather warns, “Soon very soon, you will see how the past and the future come together as one.” “In the moon that approaches everything you think you know will be challenged, your spirit will be shaken and your soul tested to its very core!!”

Richard responds, “Enough old one.” he looks at his young brother, who has been sitting silently through this whole exchange and says, “Take care of your grandfather, Sam, try and make sure he doesn’t wander in the desert alone tonight.” He slams the door upon his exit.

THE ARRIVAL

Our story continues with the space age apes beckoning at our doorstep.

As they approach Earth's orbit ...

Major Rahm barks from his command center, "I don't believe what I'm seeing here, sir."

"Spit it out, Major. What is it your sensors are picking up?" orders Zawn.

Rahm informs the crew, "We've got tracker mines, Gorahlen Tracker Mines! Giant fields of them scattered throughout our arrival path!"


"Are you certain of this Rahm?"

questions Zawn.

"Affirmative, Sir!"



HEY GUYS HEADS UP,
LOOKS LIKE WE HAVE
SOME EARTH VESSELS
COMING IN FAST!



THIS IS CAPT. NASARA OF THE US
AIRFORCE, IDENTIFY YOURSELF
IMMEDIATELY!

That is the specific signature of good old fashion Gorahlen Tracker Mines!"

Zawn inquires, "How could this be?"

Rangtar interrupts, "Looks like Skarbak beat us here."

"Gorahlenz lets get down to business and neutralize these mines before they harm someone." orders Zawn.

Sgt. Roggo alerts the team, "Hey Guys heads up, looks like we've got some Earth vessels coming in fast!"

And indeed they did, high in the outer reaches of Earth's atmosphere our team is flanked by a fleet of high tech surveillance planes, the absolute latest in U.S. Air Force space defense technology. The F-51. This team of modern day dogfighters are known as 'Stratos Command'.

Just as Roggo makes his observation a transmission from the lead plane, “This is Captain Nasara of the US Airforce identify yourself immediately! Cooperation is not an option , but a direct order.”

Back on board the Gorahlen ship Roggo can’t help but chuckle with a response of “Do you believe these guys, Boss? Barking out orders and imperatives? So much for the hearty welcome I was hoping for.”

Zawn interjects, “ Red Alert , boys! Gor -12 formation!”

With Rahm and Rangtar at the helm of the larger transport vessel, Roggo breaks left and Zawn breaks right . With that maneuver Sgt. Roggo pulls up beside two of the fighter planes. The pilots are desperately trying to communicate with Roggo’s vessel using audio transmissions as well as arm gestures and sign language. All of which are immensely amusing Roggo. Finally one of the pilots pops off his mask and verbally mouths orders for Roggo to identify himself. Since the pilot offered Roggo a look at his face the Sgt. obliged the pilot with a look at his own mug. Talk about ‘Shock and Awe’! That shot was transmitted down to Earth and everyone at the space station in Florida certainly got their money’s worth. It was all fun and games when the Sgt. dropped his face shield.



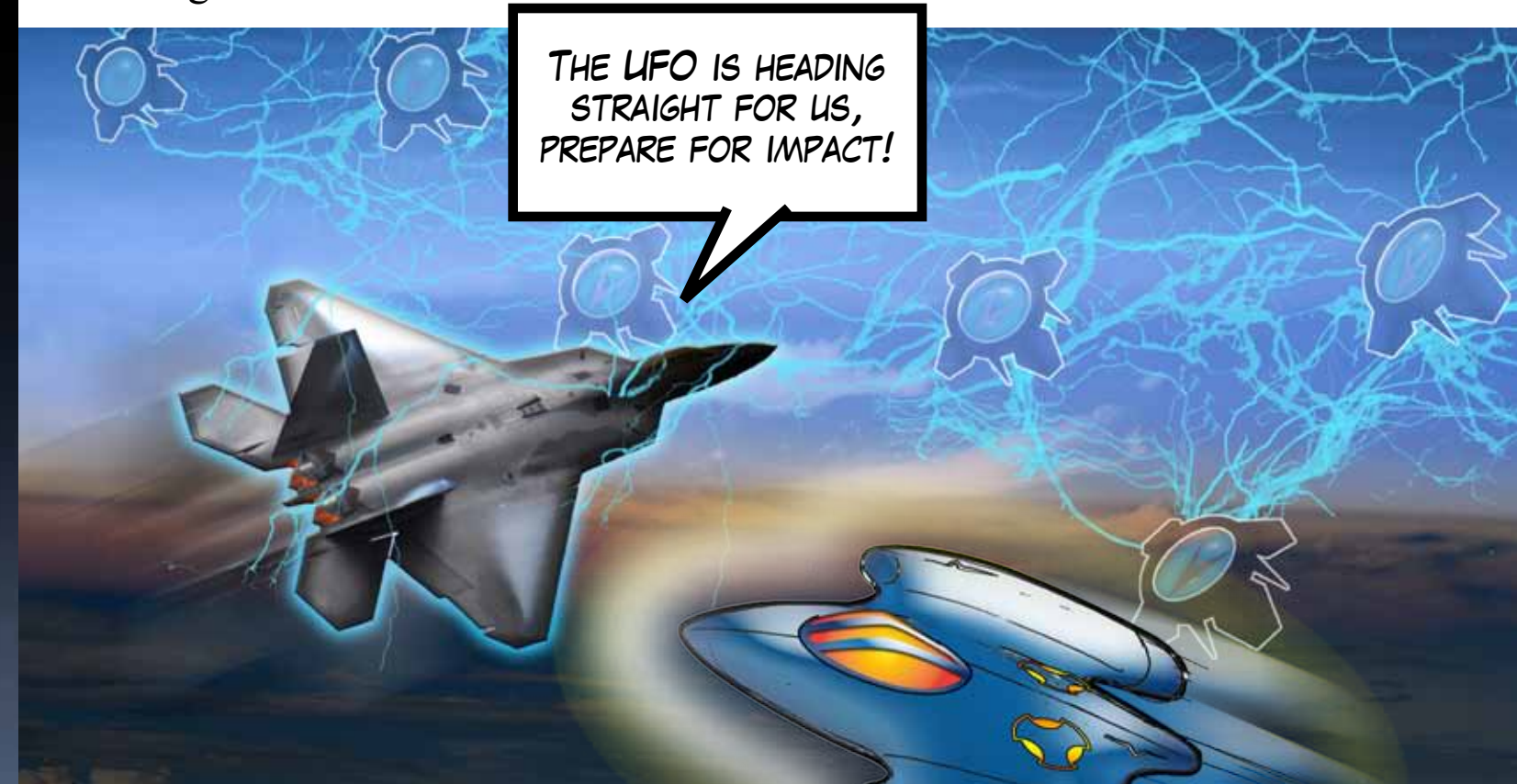
How quickly things changed when a cluster of cloaked Tracker Mines locked on to an F-51. Options for breaking such a lock are very limited. And after several attempts by the Gorahlen crew in a matter of seconds, time was not a luxury the aircraft could afford. It became quite apparent to the Commander that direct intervention would be necessary or the aircraft and its inhabitants were all doomed!

“Do you see what I see, Sir?” asks Major Rahm.

“Unfortunately I do.” replies Zawn.

“Give the order, Chief and I’m on it!” volunteers Roggo.

Zawn insists “No Rog, take good care of the new friends you’ve made I’ve got this one.”



“Gentlemen, I’ll see you on the planet’s surface!” and with that farewell Zawn sets course directly for the center of the swirling cluster of mines.

On board the fighter plane, the crew is starting to panic, “We’re caught inside this field by an unidentifiable force, sir!” reports the navigator. At that point Zawn fires a high-intensity pulse wave towards the endangered F-51, literally bouncing the craft out of harms way.

Unfortunate for Zawn his vessel was weakened by transporting the earth jet fighter out of the mine field and he is caught in the mine's energy web. He desperately tries to maintain control of his craft while he makes his descent to Earth. Somewhere out in the stratosphere a confused crew

breathes a sigh of relief, "Command Base we're O.K., but I can't explain our new coordinates" says the pilot.

The celebration is interrupted by a transmission from another jet fighter, "If you guys

think you're crazy you wouldn't believe what we just saw! We were just eye to eye with a pilot from one of those UFO's and I think it was a gorilla, flyin' that thing! ... "

"Hey where'd they go? It's like they just disappeared!"

CAPTAIN NASARA THIS IS COMMAND BASE, REPORT ON YOUR STATUS. WE LOST YOU ON RADAR, ARE YOU OK??



COMMAND BASE, WE'RE OK, BUT I CAN'T EXPLAIN OUR NEW COORDINATES ... IT'S LIKE WE WERE SOMEHOW TRANSPORTED HUNDREDS OF MILES AWAY!



TRANSPORTING THE EARTH VESSEL OUT OF HARMS WAY LEFT MY SHIELDS TOO WEAK! I AM CAUGHT IN THE MINE'S ENERGY FIELD!



Meanwhile Rahm and Roggo realizing their commander's peril make a desperate attempt to intercept his ship.

"Commander? Commander? Come in sir! Can you hear me Zawn?" cries Roggo.

Rangtar interjects, "Patience, my son, patience ... and a little faith won't hurt also."

"Faith! What are you speaking of, sir?" questions Rahm.

"Silence!" orders Rangtar .

And upon that order we hear a weak and broken transmission from Zawn's vessel.

"Track my descent, I'm doing all I can to keep this bird from disintegrating! Track me! Track me!"

"We will find you, I promise, do not worry." Assures Rangtar.

TEAM, IT DOESN'T LOOK GOOD! THE ... TRACKER MINES HAVE INFECTED MY SHIPS SYSTEMS. I AM ... TRYING TO KEEP THIS BIRD FROM PLUMMETING TO THE PLANET ...

ONBOARD CONTROLS ARE DEAD ... TRYING MANUAL OVERRIDE ... TRYING TO LEVEL OFF ...

ARRRGGGHH!

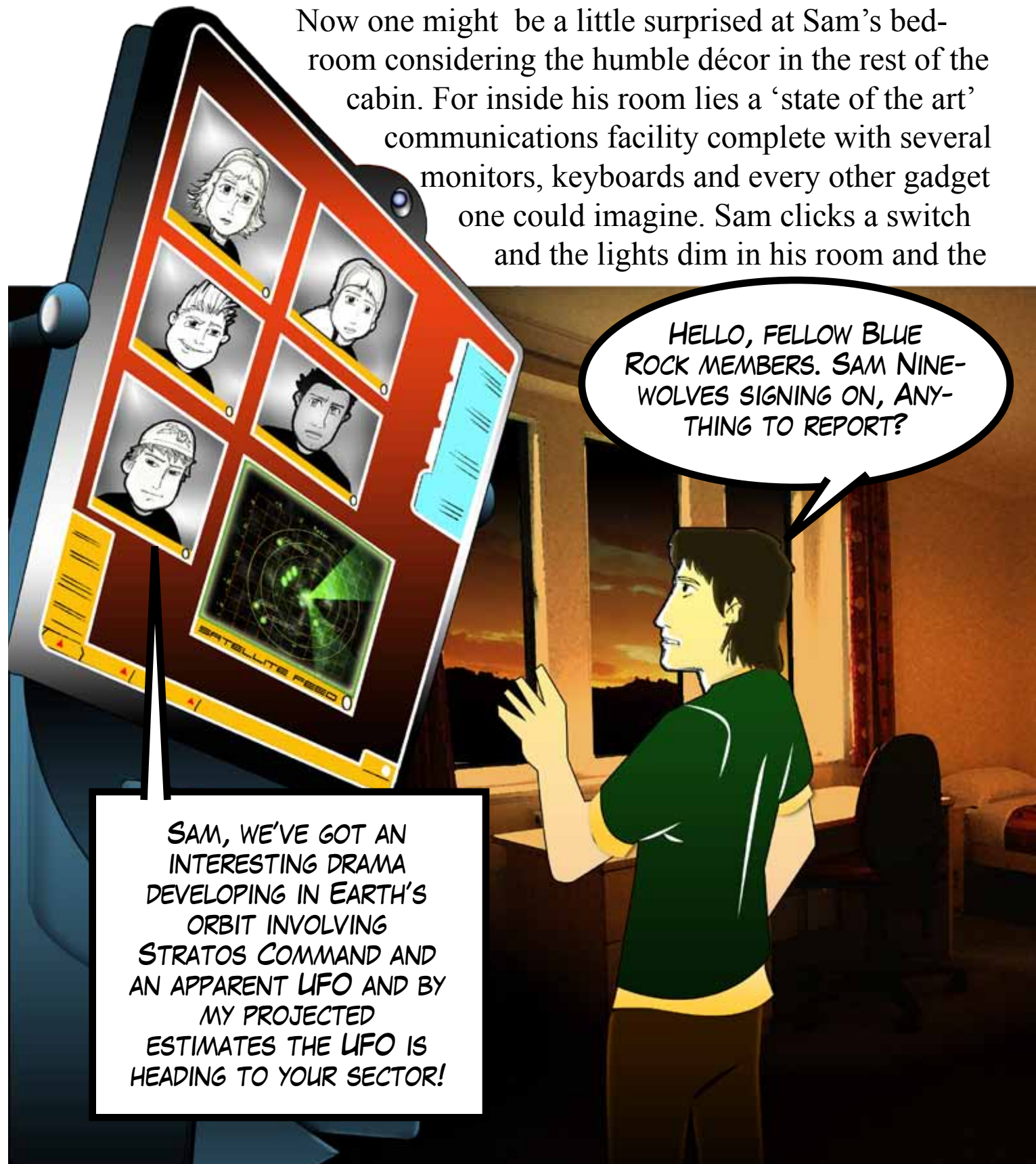
CAN'T CONTROL IT!
I AM GOING DOWN
FAST!

CONTINUE THE
MISSION AT ALL
COSTS!



We return to the cabin as Richard's grandfather, Grey Eagle, starts a woeful chant and stares with blank eyes into the fire burning in the hearth. Sam NineWolves excuses himself and retires to his bedroom. Thinking to himself 'Man, that sure was weird'.

Now one might be a little surprised at Sam's bedroom considering the humble décor in the rest of the cabin. For inside his room lies a 'state of the art' communications facility complete with several monitors, keyboards and every other gadget one could imagine. Sam clicks a switch and the lights dim in his room and the



monitors come up with 5 faces of various kids and on the 6th monitor a shot of planet Earth from a satellite. The 5 faces greet Sam almost in unison. "HEY SAM! WELCOME ABOARD." the 1st voice says, it's a young pretty girl from the states named 'Gelique'. She's a rather scholarly looking young miss wearing a lab coat "WE'VE SURE GOT A LOT TO TALK ABOUT!" "MOST ASSUREDLY, SAM." agrees a 2nd girl, who's name is 'Amara' a young Indian transmitting from Sri Lanka. "HAVE YOU SEEN ANY OF WHAT'S GOING ON OUT THERE IN EARTH'S ORBIT TONIGHT?" inquires a Japanese pal, who goes by the moniker of 'Chip Micro'. "NO I HAVEN'T," responds Sam, "THINGS HAVE BEEN A LITTLE CRAZY AROUND HERE TONIGHT." "CRAZY 'ROUND DERE, MUN, SOMETIN' TELLS ME YOU AIN'T SEEN NUTTIN' YET!" A very excited Caribbean friend interjects, his name is Nick Fixit. "NO WORRIES, MATE. GIVE 'EM TIME TO GET ADJUSTED." a final voice chimes in. It's Sam's Australian friend Chris, otherwise known as Kid Kaboom. When you put this group together they're known as the 'Blue Rock Power Squad' a name they will surely come to earn as our story goes on. "SAM, WE'VE GOT A MOST INTERESTING DRAMA DEVELOPING IN EARTH'S ORBIT, INVOLVING STRATOS COMMAND AND AN APPARENT MULTIPLE UFOS!" informs Chip. "WE HAVE NEVER SEEN THIS MUCH ACTIVITY GOING ON ALL AT THE SAME TIME." adds Amara. "HOW COME I'M GETTING A FUNNY FEELING THAT YOUR BROTHER, 'MR. I'M TOO COOL A SCIENTIST' HAS SOMETHING TO DO WITH THIS SAMMY, OLD BOY?" Gelique sarcastically insinuates. "SAM, IT LOOKS AS THOUGH ONE OF THE UFOS IS IN TROUBLE AND BY MY PROJECTED ESTIMATES IT'S GOING TO COMING DOWN TO EARTH IN YOUR SECTOR!" warns Chip Micro. "FROM DA LOOKS OF TINGS, YOU MAY BE PICKIN' UP PIECES OF UFO ALL OVER DE DESERT TONIGHT SAM." Says Nick. "WE MAY HAVE A REGULAR 'ROSWELL' SITUATION ON OUR HANDS, PEOPLE." Kid Kaboom concludes. "POWER SQUAD," Gelique addresses the team in a very serious tone "IT'S IMPERATIVE THAT WE MEET AT SAM'S PLACE, BY SUNRISE TOMORROW."

As the Blue Rock Power Squad continues to discuss the coming events, somewhere on the outskirts of town, Richard arrives at the checkpoint gate of Mega-Corp corporate offices. From the penthouse suite his every move is being observed and scrutinized. Inside the main conference room of Mega-Corp, SkarBak and company are busy setting up a command center while the CEO and Board of Directors cower in their chairs .

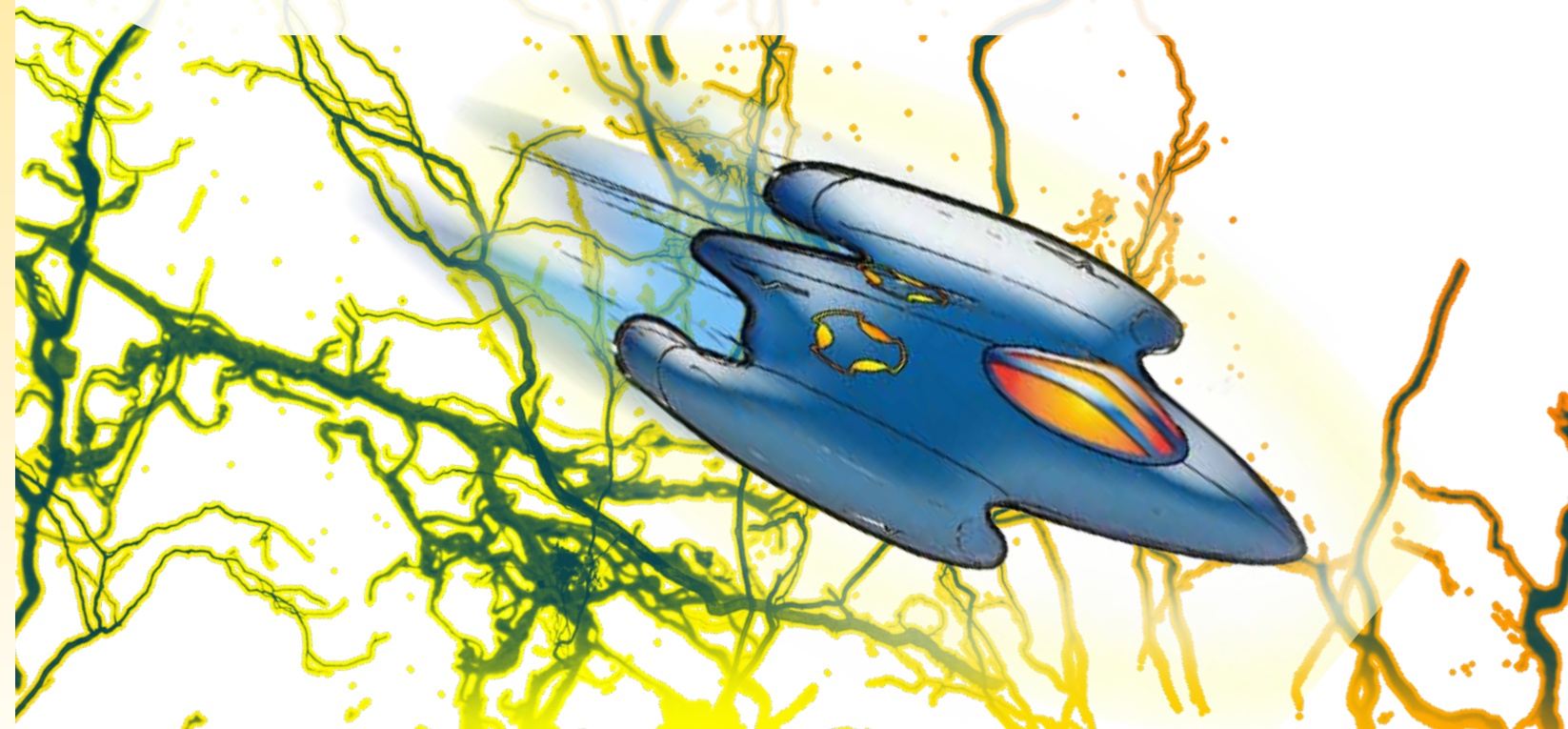
“Your Wonder-Boy has finally arrived !” SkarBak observes with a growl.

YOUR WONDER-BOY HAS FINALLY ARRIVED. YOU'D BE ADVISED TO REMEMBER THE DEAL YOU MADE WITH US, WE HAVE FULL ACCESS TO HIS RESEARCH AND IN EXCHANGE WE GIVE YOU ADVANCED MILITARY TECHNOLOGY.

OF COURSE SKARBAK, A DEAL IS A DEAL. WE HERE AT MEGA-CORP WILL KEEP OUR END OF THE BARGAIN.



Just as Richard is making his way thru the empty parking lot, a flash of light darts across the evening sky! It's Zawn entering the Earth's atmosphere leaving a comet-like trail as the craft in no uncertain terms is heading straight for Gramp's cabin.



That same flash, a millisecond later, is cause for interruption from Sam's communication pod. Sam & the crew gasp with amazement at Zawn's ship lighting up the desert sky so colorfully!

In fact the only creature between there and Cape Canaveral that doesn't seem to be shocked and amazed is a soft spoken wiseman, Russel Grey Eagle.

A humble Native American, who at that very moment is sitting crossed legged, chanting with his eyes closed, his head to the sky.

As Commander Zawn's vessel which gave every indication would be crash landing. At the very last moment instead arrives ever so gently on a cushion of desert sand. Right at Grandfather's feet.



GORALIENZ

SPACE AGE APES



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