

Disfunctional

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Submitted: June 28, 2006

Updated: August 19, 2006

Would it make you want to read it more with a well thought out description? Ok...Its about a disfunctional Irken named Vert.

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1 - My past

Disfunctional

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My official Irken name is #0011324, but I was smeeted as Vert, I prefer Vert. I am 64, I don't know why they haven't killed me yet, I'm a useless appendage to the Irken empire.

The control brains named me as a disfunctional unit just after my smeethood. I was hoping that my differences would make me stand out as an important member of society, they would have, but for my clumsiness.

I discovered my first "gift" only a few days after I was smeeted, my antennae. My antennae were highly sensitive, and even the slightest movement or noise, would send a tidal wave of information flooding from my brain, to my PAK. Sounds good, other than the great pain that accompanies it. I haven't felt that pain for years. As a result of this sensitivity, I always kept my antennae close to my head, but not touching. This way I could still gather abnormal amounts of information, without being blasted full-in-the-face with it, thus reducing the pain to a slight tickle. The Watcher-Irkens, our teachers, took this as a sign of depression, and despite my unheard explanations, gave me an extra anti-depression lesson.

I also found an extra sense in my mind. I could detect and identify any living creature approaching me. It came natural only if it was threatening, but if it had no intentions of harming me, then I had to put a lot of concentration into finding it. This only worked for a short distance. I made a lot of friends this way, it was easy to keep us out of trouble this way.

Eventually, because my "depression" wasn't going away, they decided, due to my good training marks and behavior, to drop my anti-depression class. I was raised as a normal smheet, they noticed my promise, I wish they hadn't. Those were the happiest days of my life.

2 - Tallest Miyuki

After my ten years of training, I was allowed onto the surface of the planet. It was a fascinating place full of bright lights and movement. It surprised me greatly, and I lifted my antennae fully. A big mistake.

I was out for a week and still suffering the pain for months. After I had fully recovered they let me back above ground again, they didn't understand what had happened the first time, explaining anything unique was pointless. Irkens weren't supposed to be unique, we were all clones, so we were all supposed to be the same. I don't know what went wrong with me. Why was I different.

This time I was careful not to lift them, still this new world was painful. There was a lot more movement and noise. If my antennae were any closer to my head I would receive no information at all, so I had to endure it. I got used to it eventually, sometimes I wished I were still a smeeet, safely snuggled underground, in the peaceful quiet and dark.

I was assigned to a shipping company. Delivering packages was simple, and I quickly moved up in rank, though I made no friends. Everyone thought I was depressed, nobody would ever even talk to me to see if I really was. Nobody wanted to get to know the freak. I heard them call me that behind my back, or when they thought I wasn't listening. I quickly lost touch of my smeeethood friends, and I was left alone...I cried a lot at night.

My rank stopped two places below the best. I was one of Miyuki's personal shippers. Her beauty blinded me whenever she passed, I could never say anything, but couldn't help but stare. One day both the Irkens above me had the day off. I didn't expect anything to happen. Miyuki didn't need to ship packages often, only every couple of weeks or so. I was in command while they were gone, and I was busy managing a few new smeeetlings that were messing things up by not listening to me. No matter how many times I tried to explain, that this package goes to Vort, and this one goes to Mars, they just looked at me with laughter in their eyes, trying not to show that they were disrespecting me on purpose. When I heard her voice behind me I panicked, my antennae lifted in surprise and fear, the pain hit like a wave, and I was out. The last thing I sensed was her.

"Are you ok?"

Everything around me was white. I was floating on air. I couldn't feel anything. I felt as if I were drowning in the light that surrounded me, I tried to move and a flash of red lit up my vision. Pain. I stopped trying to struggle against it, and the pain faded back into the whiteness.

"Are you ok?" That voice again. It sounded so familiar, but it was so far away, faint. I wanted to hear it again so I could find out where I had heard it before.

"His name is Vert." That voice was familiar as well, but I hated it.

"Put him down, or he might rub off on you." A different voice, but I hated that one as well.

I tried to move again, to get away from those horrible voices, this time the pain was fainter. I opened my eyes, I couldn't see anything at first, but I slowly began to see faint outlines.

"I think he's waking up!" I knew who that voice was now! I snapped awake and sat up, before I realized Miyuki was holding me. I fell what seemed like forever, and hit the ground hard. I let out a scream of pain.

"Whoa! Are you ok?" She bent down, picked me up, and put me on my feet. *"Why did you faint like that?"*

I almost fell over again, the pain was unbearable, and I put both hands on my head to stop it, before I realized why it wasn't going away. I put my antennae back close to my head, and the pain faded to the usual dull throb. I steadied myself, before answering.

"I'm not like other Irkens. I've tried explaining it a million times, but nobody ever understands. Why should you be any different." As soon as those words were out of my mouth I regretted them. "I-I'm sorry my Tallest, I did not mean to be so disrespectful! Please forgive me." I bent down low before her to show how small and insignificant I was, as custom taught me. I hoped her punishment would not be too painful.