

# Memories

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*An account of my Irken past...not much else to say. Readers say it is very vivid. But decide for yourself*

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# 1 - Birth and the Beginning

## Birth and the Beginning-

For as long as I can remember I have been an outcast, considered the weirdo, the one NO ONE wants to be around, the one claimed to be a malfunction, and accident. And in a way, I am. My name is Mira; I am 849 human years old, which isn't very long in my years anyway. I am from Irk, a planet housing a race that wants nothing but to conquer more land; a planet full of expansionists. We are the Irken Empire, and I want nothing to do with it. By blood I was created in a test tube, like every other Irken out there, minus a certain few born of capable Irken parents, but I won't get into that.

Even being a test tube baby, I was created unusually, almost as a toy. The Tallest, our leaders and over all supervisors, wanted to try to create something new. Not wanting to ask any breeding drones for assistance, they simply grabbed some DNA from the holding chambers and mixed a bunch together. They fed it through the processor, which is what computes to make a normal Smeet, and out comes a new test tube from the other end. It goes into main holding chamber to incubate.

The Tallest would watch me carefully, monitoring my movements, breaths, etc. I could feel them watching me, even in the very primitive stages of my incubation. I felt the presence of Tallest Red the most, for he seemed to keep a closer eye on me than the other. I could feel him speak to me at times, but being barely forming I could not understand most of what he said. Sometimes I could feel him mumbling to me for hours, simply talking. Despite not understanding, this was a comfort to me. Most Smeets are unconscious during development, but I could feel everything. The service drones passing by, the touch of hands at the glass that contained me.

Eventually after what is about 10 earth years of incubating, my tube was cracked. Both of the Tallest were there for my birth, as I opened my eyes for the first time I recognized the feeling of their presence. For a moment, I felt as though I would die, and a pink and grey pak was drilled into my back. I looked into the eyes of Purple for a moment. "NO, NO, NO!!! SHE NEEDS A BLACK ONE!!!" I heard him yell. "Look at her eyes..." I heard Red comment. I smiled, oblivious to the ruckus around me. Then I felt a sharp pain in my back, and the pak was taken and then replaced with a black and grey one. I looked to the mechanical arm whipping behind me and closed my eyes. A surge of power rushed through me as I crushed the arm, not even moving from my spot on the floor.

I watched the pieces fall to the floor as I grinned wide at the Tallest. They just stood there, watching me. Eventually I got up and began to walk around. I walked over to Red first, I giggled as he tried to pick me up, but I was too fast. I sprinted over to Purple, who just stared at me. "Her antennae are very long..." He commented. I sat on the floor in front of him, staring at my feet, smiling. Purple looked down and picked me up, cradling me. I was suddenly very tired and wanted to sleep, but just as I closed my eyes I looked through a window and saw a Smeet, pushing other Smeets out of the release chamber. His magenta eyes pierced me for a moment, and I nodded off.



## 2 - Early Childhood

### Early Childhood-

Since the day I was born I was not allowed contact with any other Irkens other than the Tallest. I was kept in a very large chamber, all to myself. I took it that the Tallest were, somewhat, my parents. They refused to let anyone even get near me, yet they would sit down and talk to me every night. I never said a word, and for a long time, they thought I was mute. Most Smeets are able to talk the moment they are born, and I was no exception. I was perfectly capable of speech, yet I never wanted to say anything. The Tallest were acting like human parents, ushering me to say their names or something, ANYTHING.

Eventually, they got to talking about something that I wasn't really listening to, and I heard the name Zim. I giggled, but they paid no attention. I heard them say it again, Zim. This time I laughed and shouted, "ZIM!!" They both stared at each other, somewhat smiling. That was my first word, Zim. After that I was talking to them in response quite often, carrying out simple conversations with my 'parents'. They eventually had a suit made for me, a regular Irken uniform, only black and more feminine looking. I liked this, as the uniform fit well. As with all Irken uniforms, it grew as I did.

After growing a couple of inches, the Tallest thought it wise to start my training. For the first time, I encountered not only other Irkens, but other races as well. I learned many types of martial arts, and from a couple of Irken instructors with similar abilities, how to control my telekinetic powers. This new ability enabled me to not only lift myself, but everything around me. After a couple years of not seeing the Tallest, Red finally entered my room. I was still very young and about one tenth of his size. I smiled and reached out with my hands to greet him, but still had minor control of my abilities, and he ended up floating in mid-air for quite some time. I thought it was funny at the time, but he didn't.

After he got down he scooped me up and walked out of my chamber. I saw things that I never even would have dreamed of. Mechanisms, servants, computers, things I never even knew existed. We eventually arrived at a deep violet chamber, where he sat me down, waved goodbye, and left. I looked around, fearless of whatever could come to me, and noticed the chamber was filled with other Smeets. Their eyes were closed and there were tubes attached to their Paks.

As I felt myself being lifted, I knew this was my fate as well. I wondered why the Tallest, the ones who took care of me all this time, would send me to such a fate. The arm that had its grip on me dropped me on a black pillow on the floor, and I noticed none of the other Smeets had pillows. I felt important. I looked to my right and saw a Smeet, groaning and trembling. His presence told me he was in great pain. I used my powers to unhook the tube that had attached itself to my Pak. I crawled over to the shaking Smeet next to me and touched his shoulder. I saw a flash of something, an Irken on the ground, bloodied, and dead. I took my hand off of him and noticed he was smiling, more of a sinister grin. I felt



### **3 - Newfound Talent**

go to the other one, smart person