



Mother Of Our Race



Nick Lorange

A 'NEW WOMAN' E-BOOK

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Mother of Our Race

By Nick Lorance

My story begins in 2007. I was recently separated and had moved to Las Vegas to find work. It started out well; I found work almost immediately and I seemed set. But late in 2010, I made a stupid mistake and ended up unemployed; because of circumstances, I was unable to collect unemployment. I was looking at bankruptcy and living on the street. I searched for work but the economy had gone to hell, and I could not find work. I stopped at a bar to drown my sorrows and that led to the hell on Earth that followed.

I have always loved Newcastle, which is why that casino was my favorite watering hole. I sat in my usual seat and signaled for a pint. It came and I sipped the

amber nectar. I was bloodied but unbowed. I was sure I would find work soon, so I was willing to run up my non-maxed out credit card.

I had downed about half of the pint when I felt someone taking the seat beside me. I looked at a tall slender older man who ordered a black and tan. I enjoyed them but most bars charge extra and my card wasn't that strong. He looked at me, then smiled. He signaled the barman, and a black and tan landed in front of me. Naturally I was suspicious; a guy doesn't buy another guy a drink without an ulterior motive in this town.

"I'll pay for this." I told him, waving my card.

The man caught my arm. "At the moment, your money is no good here." He motioned and I picked up the drink. "We need you, Michael."

"How do you know my name?" I asked.

"In the last few months, we have found out a lot about you," the man replied. "Your age and your genotype are perfect. You are what we need."

I pushed the glass aside. "What 'we' need? What are you, a pimp?"

"No, I am a professor of genetics and nanotechnology."

I shrugged. As Tom Lehrer once said, "this I know from nothing." "Why am I so important?" I demanded.

He sipped his drink. "Tell me, Michael, what if you could save an entire race? Give thousands a chance at a full life. Would you do it?"

"I don't understand."

The man ran his finger around the rim of his glass and made a spot of condensation on the wood of the bar. "Let us say that a doctor told you that your genetic structure could save those thousands. That by allowing us to harvest those genes, all of those people would be guaranteed their lives."

"I'd say you've been drinking something stronger than this."

"I am deadly serious. We need you to save our race, Michael," he replied. "And we have run out of time."

"Pull the other one, it has bells," I snapped.

"Oh, we are sure. You will save us from our own doom. But it must be tonight."

"Piss off." I snapped, standing. That was when I saw the device in his hand. I felt a shock as if someone had hit me with a cattle prod and collapsed.

NEW WORLD

I came awake on a gurney as some men pushed me forward. Above me was that bastard from the bar. I found myself in an ambulance shrieking through the night. It was surreal. Then I was in a bright room, him standing above me with an attractive woman a bit younger. They talked as if I didn't exist.

-Genetic imbalance-

-Not basic genetic structure. Wrong dipliod-

-Restructure-

-Can lead to possible mortality-

-Incidental-

-No second chance-

-No time remaining-

-Agreed- Did she sound disturbed?

-Restructure now, then transport-

-Physiological imagery set-

-Now-

At that, the woman that had been arguing filled a huge hypodermic with a gray fluid and plunged it into my arm. I knew her look had some pity because as the shot took effect, she winced away. Every inch of my body felt as if it were on fire, and I screamed in agony. I wanted to curl into a fetal ball but the straps held me down. I screamed and kept screaming as often as I could draw breath. Then darkness enveloped me.

I do not know how long it was before I stopped screaming. The agony and the darkness seemed to last forever and were intertwined. I was looking at a white-painted ceiling, feeling my body again, and knew I was awake. I looked at the window and realized it had to be evening.

The room didn't look right but I couldn't put my finger on why. I scanned it slowly, trying to understand. Then it hit me. The furniture, what there was of it, was subtly wrong, as were the window and doors themselves. It was as if the person who had designed and built the room and its furnishings had been working from a description, and they had to build all of it instead of pulling it from a props room or buying it. Every piece was subtly wrong. Even the quilt that covered me and the sheet below it felt like one cloth, yet appeared made of something else. It looked like cotton, but felt like silk.

I had moved nothing but my eyes. As if it were scripted, the door opened and the man from the bar

stepped in. "Well, you're finally awake. Are you in pain?"

"No." Whatever paralysis affected me didn't extend above my neck. As he came forward, I was able to follow his progress to the chair beside the bed, where he sat.

"Before we continue, I felt we should explain why you are here. I am Professor Gaelor, and you are on a planet named Islyor approximately 700 light years from your own world. Our people are dying out and we need to relocate. Your home world has been chosen because it is the closest match in conditions so that we can be acclimated readily."

"Like I said in the bar last night, pull the other one."

"That was not last night. Three of your months have passed. You have been in a flotation tank so no pressure would deform your body. Until today."

I tried to sit up but it was as if I were pinned to the mattress. "Why can't I move?"

"I decided to limit your movement until we finish this orientation," he replied.

"So you're going to invade us. Why was I brought here?"

"Invade?" He chuckled. "There are only about three thousand of us remaining. Even with the technology we have that is superior, there is no way we could conquer and rule a city the size of your home, let alone a planet of eight billion. No, we intend to slip into your society like mineral salts mixing with water to make sea water. We will live out our lives there without a ripple.

"But there is a genetics problem we must address, or those of our people that arrive will be the last of our race. May I explain?"

I shrugged, all the movement I was being allowed.
"Go ahead, it's not like I'm going anywhere."

"On your world, you have an animal called a mule. Do you know of it?"

"Sure. Male donkey plus female horse equals a mule."

"Did you know that the males are always sterile, and the females rarely breed successfully?"

"Of course. Donkeys and horses are different species."

"Exactly, and the reason they do rarely breed is because the donkey has 62 chromosomes, whereas a horse has 64. They do not match across so one chromosome is not linked to another as they must be. Our races, yours and mine, are like horses and donkeys breeding.

"If we go to your world, we have one single generation of children guaranteed. However we cannot guarantee even a tenth of those children will ever have offspring. We will die out as a race within a century of your time." He sighed. "If we had found your world even ten years earlier, it would not be a problem, but without a minimum of thirty thousand people, we will die out."

"So you need my assistance?"

"More your cooperation."

"It would have been better if you had asked."

“We are running out of time. The structure we live in has a finite limit on resources and recycling capability. We estimate that it can be maintained for perhaps twenty more of your years. Then it fails, and all who still survive will die.”

“So what, you take my cells and use them to make what you need?”

“Were it only that simple.” He sighed, looking away. “We have the same number of chromosomes as your race does but like your own, one portion changes very little. Do you know what mitochondrial DNA is?” I shook my head. “The full DNA of a human being, or for that matter, us, is split between mother and father. But whereas several billion people have an astonishing degree of diversity in their *father’s* DNA, your science has found only 46 different mitochondrial DNA varieties, which come from the mother.

“Since scientists call DNA the building blocks of replication, think of it as if you were building a structure. The mitochondrial DNA is the foundation, assuring your structure is stable, and the father’s DNA decides what type of structure it will be. But none of the human mitochondrial DNA varieties are compatible with our species. We have already tested that under laboratory conditions; every attempt to initiate fusion between those human DNA strands and ours failed in vitro, usually within days. If we used normal procedure, as I said, we would be creating mules.

“We found only one variety of *paternal* DNA so far that would allow such continued crossbreeding successfully, though pretty much all of it would allow at least one successful birth. However, that one strain does not help, because if a child were born with it as the paternal DNA, it would still leave us again, with

mules, since our own mitochondrial DNA varieties would be the foundation. And unlike most paternal DNA, it is rare, found in only 1 man per billion, so there are less than ten with it on your planet. Your people have a saying about finding a needle in a haystack. We were lucky to find you, and that took years.

“We found you by pure chance and watched you as we worked to create a 47th mitochondrial DNA variety using your paternal DNA. We were successful, we think. But there is only one way to test it. We need to assure that it will work because if it does not, we must find another way.”

“Which comes back to me.”

“Yes.” He stood, and reached into his pocket. The same device he had held in the casino bar was in his hand, and I tried to flinch away. “Don’t worry. I am just releasing the restraints.”

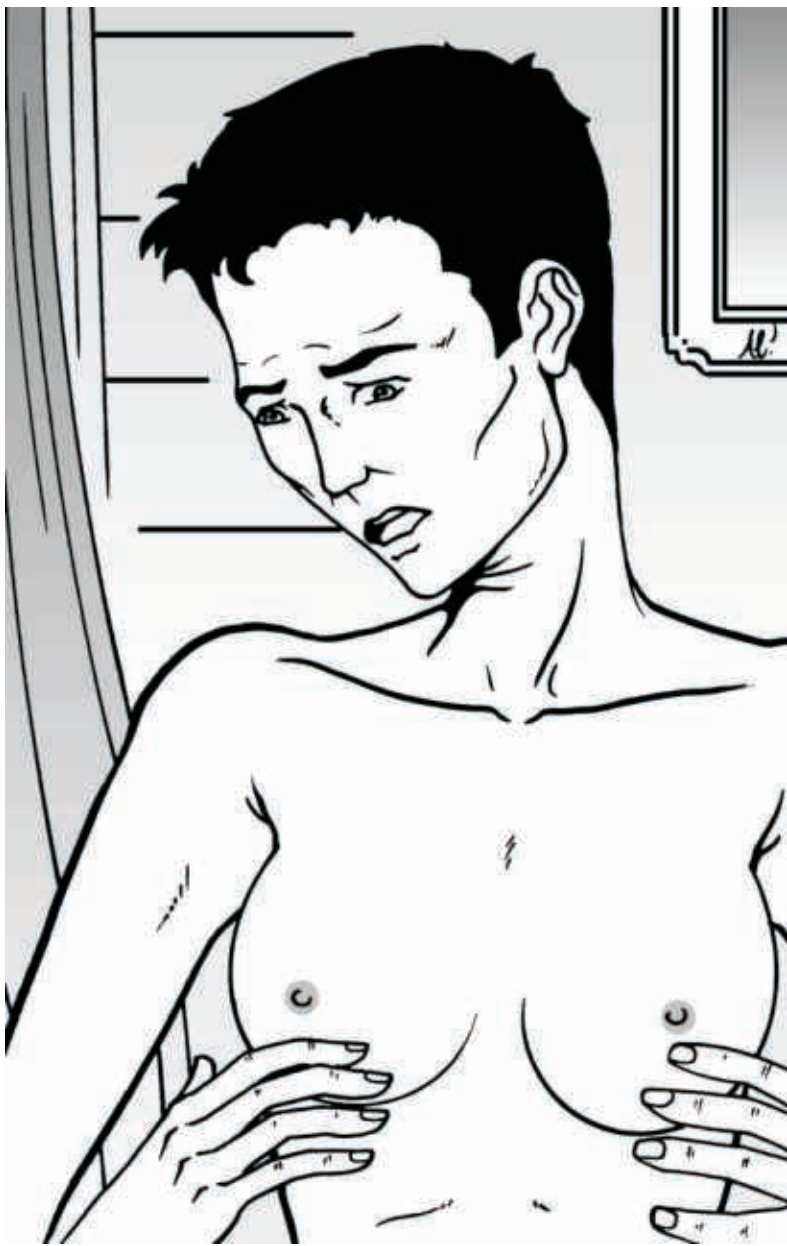
My body jolted. I hadn’t realized it, but I had been straining to move probably since I had awakened. Now I sat up, my lungs demanding more air than they were getting, my heart pounding like a drum. I clutched myself, and felt... odd. My hands were touching, breasts?

My eyes snapped open, and looked at my hands. They were clutching at my sides but holding them down were a pair of full breasts. Unwittingly, I ordered them to move. I was clutching the breasts, but they were on my own chest. Horrified, I clutched at my...

“What have you done to me?”

“We used nanotechnology to rewrite your DNA, creating what is called a diploid compliment. Your maternal DNA was rewritten to match you paternal DNA, and your paternal DNA was converted to a male version of the maternal. We started the transformation

while you were stunned before we left your home world."



I suddenly remembered that blurred time, the needle entering my arm, the agony. He was still talking even though, in my shock, I hadn't been listening.

"-which is why it will take a standard birth cycle to verify our attempt."

"What? Repeat everything after transforming me."

He gave a long suffering sigh. "We changed your body to female but to assure that our attempt is successful, we had to impregnate this body; we used my sperm, if you are interested. Then we will test the newborn child, which is why it will take a standard birth cycle to verify our attempt."

I stared at him in dawning horror. "So you kidnapped me, changed me into this-" I waved at my body, "then literally raped me so I can bear this child?"

"There was no rape involved." He looked repulsed. "We sped up your new biological cycle until you were fertile, then impregnated you using a syringe, though technically the child is mine."

"Whether you used a turkey baster or your dick, making me pregnant is still rape."

"I know this must be upsetting."

"You have no idea *how* upsetting!"

"But it is done and you will hopefully become the savior and mother of our race."

"Screw your entire race!" I started to fling the coverlet aside, but realized that I was nude. I clutched the covers to my chest. "Where are my clothes?"

"You have everything you need in the drawers there. We supplied everything the average woman might need."

"I want my clothes. Not something you wanted to see me in, not something that will make me more female. *My* clothes."

Again the long suffering sigh. "I will have them brought. Once you are dressed, I would ask that you come down for a meal so we can continue our discussion."

"Discussion! 'You're a woman, and you're pregnant, deal with it' is not a discussion, that is an ultimatum!"

"I would rather you did not see it that way. I know you had no say in the matter, but this is for the good of my people. We ask for your cooperation in this, but we do not need it. We can use harsher methods. You will be well taken care of as long as you do not attempt to frustrate what we need. If you do, you will be punished."

"What? Since you're technically the father, you get to rape me for real? That must be your fondest dream, you perverted bastard. Get out!"

He left. A few moments later, the woman I remembered from that blurred time came in. "Miyachi, I am Sela. I have brought your clothing, though they will not fit as well as they did."

"What is this 'Miyachi'?"

"Oh, you don't know our language. "Miyachi is our word for first mother." She came over, setting the clothing on the end of the bed. "Please get dressed."

"Leave."

"I am sorry but I was told not to leave you alone. Gaelor has told me that you are resistant to our needs. I have spent enough time in your world to know that

your people sometimes consider suicide as a last act of defiance. Once you have left this room, everything that could conceivably be used to end your own life will be removed, or rendered incapable of such use."

I snarled, climbing from the bed. "And if I try before you have made those changes?"

She held up the restraining device. "I will restrain you, have the changes made, and then you can get dressed." She looked chagrined. "I have my orders."

Oh you're such a good little Nazi." The words dripped vitriol. I picked up the T-shirt and pulled in, wincing as the cloth slithered across my nipples. Then I picked up the pants and pulled them on. The seat was tight, the waistband loose, and they were a couple inches too long now.

"I do not understand. 'Good little Nazi'?" Sela asked.

"If you're going to live among a people, you should learn their history." I snapped. The shoes fit like a row-boat, my shoe size must have shrunk at least two sizes. I put the socks on, and stood up. "So lead me to the Oberstrumbanfurher."

She looked confused, motioning to the door. I stalked past her into a railed deck. "The rooms are all equipped with motion sensors linked to the sensor implanted in your mastoid sinus. If you attempt to throw yourself over the rail, anti-gravity units will slow you to a stop before impact."

"Just remember," I warned. "Any psychologist will tell you that if someone really wants to kill themselves, they'll find a way." She looked alarmed at the concept.

I walked down the staircase, just a little cloud of doom for everyone I met.

THE RULES

The dining room was a large area with a table that would have seated 20. Gaelor sat at the head of the table, eating. Two women sat on the opposite side of the table from where I entered. He looked up, wiped his lips, and motioned.

“Daala will serve you. I assured all of your favorite dishes were prepared.” One of the women, a curvy redhead stood, and moved to an array of steam trays. I sat with my warden seated beside me, looking at the table. The dishes looked like something made for a space flight, thin, strong, yet flexible. Obviously, I wouldn’t be breaking them for shards. The glasses and coffee cups were plastic, but again soft. There was only a spoon of soft plastic in my setting.

“I am sorry for the restrictions on what you can use to eat. Your threats must be taken at face value. Now if you would merely accept...”

“Piss off, you bastard.” I snarled. “Your minions can’t watch me every second. When I have the chance, I’ll end it all.”

He shrugged. “Then you will understand why we must do everything in our power to stop you.”

“More power to you.” Daala set a plate before me and I was inundated in the delicious smells. My stomach grumbled and I picked up the spoon in one hand, a sausage link in the other. “You could have asked me to do this garbage.”

“I did, but you resisted even then. I had to think of my people.”

“Yeah, a race dying out, you told me that much.” I devoured the link, then another. The meat had an odd,

but nice flavor. "So you just expect me to give in and let you have your way?" I could tell from his expression that was exactly what he expected. "I would suggest you be very, very afraid. I will do what I can to end my life, or the life of this monster you fathered."

"And we will stop you."

"Go ahead and try." I sipped my coffee. "Why is it that I understand you?"

"We have a device that can implant memories. We used it to implant our language," he replied. "You have a strict regimen. Eight hours sleep every night, three good meals, vitamin supplements with each meal, and at least four hours of exercise a day. Walking, according to Doctor Sela, is best. She will examine you once a decad, starting today."

"Decad?"

"We do not use a seven-day week, we use a ten-day period, called a decad. Doctor Sela came today so she could examine you--"

"She can stay the hell away from me." I drained the last of the coffee. "As for this schedule you have for me, I will eat when and as little as I please. I will sleep when I get tired, and if you want me to exercise, I suggest you have a treadmill in my room along with a couple of men strapping me into it."

He sighed. "You can't fight us on everything, Miyachi."

"You don't know me, or my race," I warned. "And stop calling me that. I may be this first mother to you, but it's an honor I can do without. I'm a Texan by birth, and we always say the war between the states ain't over cause we ain't won yet'."

The as-yet unnamed blond woman looked at Gaelor. "I told you, professor, that this would occur."

"She will accept it."

"He," I snarled, "doesn't like to be discussed like a laboratory animal while 'he' is still present."

"I am sorry about that," the woman said. "I am Caela. When you were brought here, I explained that your people are like ours in form, but not in mentality. Our race has a tradition of acting selflessly for the greater good, balanced by the strength of personal choice. If you were a man of our race and this had been necessary, you would have offered to take this step for the few thousand that survive, or accepted it if you were our only hope, as you are."

"Having not been given a choice, I determined there would be resistance to our needs," she shrugged. "I was, however, overruled because of our desperate need."

"What are you? A psychologist?"

"Actually I am a sociologist. It was my job to determine what our society will face when we finally face your race as a group instead of as unseen observers."

"We have those traits," I told her. "But we also have the idea that you *ask* the person to sacrifice themselves, not just do it and expect them to accept it."

"We do not have the time remaining for that." Gaelor burst into the conversation again. "We have spent twenty Earth years just trying to find one of your race who would give us what we need. We did not have the time to coax you into it."

"Then you can accept my resistance as what you get in return. I will not merely accept this. I will not adapt

to be what you wish. I will fight back by every means necessary, even if that means I must end my own life, or the life of the thing you have implanted in me. Deal with that, people, and move on. Perhaps you can adapt to it."

"We did this for our race!" Gaelor leaped to his feet, facing me. "What is one human life compared to the survival of almost three thousand of us?"

I stood slowly. He was taller than I was now and had been when I was still a man. But I had never let size cow me. "Little miss Sociologist, perhaps you and your Gauleiter should have read our history as well," I said, looking at Gaelor. "A man named Stalin said, and I paraphrase, 'one man's death is a tragedy. Three thousand deaths are merely a statistic'. Another named Loyola said 'the ends justify the means' and that simple attitude has caused more pain and suffering through centuries than anything ever spoken before."

"Perhaps after the examination, we can speak like rational beings. Sela..."

"You can go to hell. I will not let that Nazi bitch touch me. If she does, you had best get some guys to strap me down so she can, or I will kill her myself." Caela gasped in recognition.

"She is a doctor..."

"Like I told her, if you're going to live among us, you had best learn more about us." I rounded on Sela, who looked confused. "About seventy of our years ago, we fought a war against a group called the Nazis. They, like you, thought that everyone, whether native-born or subjugated, had to give of themselves to the state; whatever the state demanded was acceptable. Those whom they considered enemies, some of them

only enemy because of their religion or life style, were packed into what we called concentration camps. But they didn't stop there.

"Over twelve million of those who ended up in them were worked to death, or if they were considered too young or infirm to last for long when they arrived, were sent to poison gas chambers on arrival. But worse yet were the 'doctors' who justified their actions as necessary for science and mankind itself.

"They did experiments that even to their own people would have been called medical torture on subjects who were merely chosen, not asked if they wished to participate. One, named Doctor Josef Mengele, experimented with twin children to determine how similar they are to each other, injecting dye into their eyes to see if the eyes would change color among even worse horrors, all without anesthetics. Another at the Ravensbruck facility, a woman's prison, removed samples of bone flesh and nerve tissue to determine if they could be transplanted successfully, again without anesthetics. At Dachau they put healthy men in vats of freezing water and recorded their deaths from hypothermia, so they could find treatments for their own soldiers. The list of atrocities goes on.

"So calling you 'doctor' cuts no slack."

Sela looked horrified. "I would never do such a thing!" Her hands clutched each other on the table.

"Then you must have a twin because I remember you and Doctor Mengele there," waving toward Gaelor- "discussing that large syringe full of gray goop before she injected me with it." I crossed my arms. "Oh, I know you felt some pity for me when you did, after all, I think the human lab assistants who spray things in an animal's eyes to see if it is safe for human

use probably feel pity for that animal as well. But like a good little Nazi, you obeyed your orders. Join that club of medical butchers; after all, the ends justify the means." If I had shoved a butcher knife into her I couldn't have hurt her worse, yet I twisted that verbal blade anyway. "Just remember, when those butchers stood trial, 'I was only obeying orders' wasn't considered an excuse."

I turned back to Gaelor, who had gone almost as pale as Sela. "Is there any more we need to discuss?" He shook his head mutely. "Then I will go to my room. I assume you have someone assigned to watch me?" He nodded. "I thought so. It was so pleasant to have everything nice and clear between us finally. The breakfast was good too." Caela stood to follow me out.

INTERLUDE

Sela burst into tears as Miyachi left the room. "Gods above, what have I done?" she whispered, her hands clutching the cloth piece, the 'napkin' beside her uneaten breakfast.

"She is understandably upset, Sela." Gaelor told her gently. "She will adapt."

"I did what had to be done and my soul is stained by that, Professor." She replied, hands coming up to cover her face. "When it comes time to stand judgment, they will not even have to ask the worst I have done. That worst has told us to our faces what monsters we are." She looked up. "Professor, I ask permission to go to a better world."

He looked at her for a long moment. "I must deny you that, Sela."