



MALCOLM'S JOURNAL ENTRY # 1

I have finally been reunited with my son.

After so many years, it feels strange even to write those words. I had almost given up hope. No — I had given up hope. Until I met Adam, I thought I would die in the bowels of a Mogadorian prison, in the middle of one of their demented experiments. I thought I would never see the light of day again, let alone my son's face.

When I think about how Sam was also held prisoner by them, it hurts me. The thought of the Mogadorians torturing him, interrogating him the way they interrogated me — it makes me want to rip them apart with my bare hands.

What plagues me even more is that I know this is all my fault. After I disappeared, Sam wouldn't rest until he knew what happened to me. He's such a bright boy; he always has been. Never satisfied with a simple explanation when a complicated one, a better one, could be found. The kind of child who would never take "because" as an answer, even from his parents. So I suppose it's not a surprise that his theories about my disappearance inevitably led to him discovering the truth about John Smith, one of the Garde. His quest to find me has caught him up in this war — despite every effort I made to keep it a secret from him.

I never expected to find Sam at a Mogadorian base. Despite my fear for his safety, I certainly can't say I'm sorry to see him again. Now that we've had some time catch up and regain our strength, he's looking better, less pale and hungry, every day. He's grown up so much since the last time I saw him.

Once, I hoped to keep Sam out of this. Told him aliens were something that belonged in movies and comic books, just to keep him off the front lines of this war. But now ... now I'm just happy he's here.

MALCOLM'S JOURNAL ENTRY #2

My memories are returning in fits and starts, thanks to the series of experiments the Mogadorians performed on me. The last few nights, this effect has simply manifested as nightmares of my long years of imprisonment. Ten lost years that I would rather have stay lost: those memories, they can keep.

This time, however, the memory is about Sam.

One Christmas, when Sam was very young, I bought him a model space shuttle. I thought we could build it together. Beth said he was too young for it, and as it turned out, she was right. He was. I had to put it together myself. But Sam watched me, asking questions and getting his fingers in the paint, running off to play with something else when he got bored. Then he'd come back, wanting to know what this piece was for and if it was important. Truthfully, the model may have come out a little mangled. But Sam didn't care; he was four years old. He'd play with it outside and get it covered with mud, or break off a piece of plastic that I would never manage to glue back on.

I'm sure he could build a better one now, but he doesn't have time for models or games. He's not a child anymore. He's all grown up and I missed it. I missed it all.

I've been a terrible father.

MALCOLM'S JOURNAL ENTRY #3

Sam and I tried to call Beth last night. To tell her that we're all right, that we're alive, even if we're not coming home. At the very least, I hoped she would be happy to hear from Sam. She didn't answer. Well. It was the middle of the night, but it couldn't wait. I didn't get a chance to say goodbye to my family last time, I couldn't let that happen again.

This fight, helping the Garde—if we fail in this, picking up the pieces of our broken family will be the last of my worries. Assuming I'm not already dead, and there are any pieces left to pick up.

I know Sam misses his mother. And I know Beth must be worried about Sam—worried about him and furious with me. I can't blame her. I would be, too. She had every right to kick me out of the house when I reappeared out of nowhere, after so many years, with an explanation that sounds too crazy to be believed. There I was, the prodigal father, returning just after our son had gone missing... and now I'm bringing him along on this hopeless quest. To be honest, I'll be surprised if she doesn't call the police.

I can only hope for a chance to explain when this is over. If we win this war.

MALCOLM'S JOURNAL ENTRY #4

I still haven't discovered the true extent of the Mogadorians' intrusion into my memories. My mind is so full of holes it makes Swiss cheese look like a solid wall of steel.

Sam is optimistic that we'll find a way to reverse the effects of the Mog experiments, but I'm not so sure. This isn't like a typical moment of forgetfulness, when something is just out of reach, on the tip of your tongue. This is like nothing I've ever experienced before. There are things I know I should know—but there's no trace of them.

Like the skeleton hidden in my bunker in our backyard. I know I should remember whose bones they are, where they came from, why I had them hidden away. But I have no idea.

It's not like the memories are gone. It's like they were never there to begin with.

To be completely honest, this all terrifies me. The Mogadorians were trying to find something, anything that could help them defeat the Garde. And maybe they found it. But if they did—if I betrayed the Garde, however unintentionally or unwillingly—then I don't even know what they might have discovered. There is too much I simply don't remember.

I'm hoping this journal will help me organize my thoughts, perhaps even help my memories return to me. But I know it can't restore everything I've lost. Nothing can.

MALCOLM'S JOURNAL ENTRY #5

Since we escaped from the base in Dulce, I haven't heard a word from Adam. To say that I'm concerned would be an understatement. If he made it out of the base alive—which I realize is quite an if—it's unlike him to wait so long before checking in. I feel terrible for having left him there alone, but I have to remind myself it's what he wanted. We had no choice. His sacrifice is what allowed Sam and me to escape.

But I refuse to give up hope that he's alive. Between Number One's Legacy and his own Mogadorian knowledge and strength, he's far from helpless. It's possible that he escaped the base, but he is unable or for some reason unwilling to get in touch with me.

It's such a strange turn of events, a Mogadorian helping an avowed ally of the Garde. But perhaps Adam inherited more from Number One than just her Legacy. Or perhaps not all Mogadorians are born evil.

It's so difficult to think of them as individuals, between their vat-grown warrior armies and their single-minded pursuit of the Garde's destruction. But perhaps we should. Perhaps Adam isn't the only ally we might find among the Mogadorians.

No. That's a completely ridiculous thought. I've seen the way they operate; I have more than enough proof that the Mogadorians mean us harm. And even if we did find another Mogadorian like Adam, we would never be able to trust him. It was difficult enough to begin to trust Adam.

Still no messages. I wonder where he could be.

I can't let go of the thought that the Mogadorians might have found something in my memories. I'm the last Greeter left, the only one to survive their cruel experiments. They must have had a reason to keep me alive. What were they looking for? Did they find it?

It's so frustrating not to remember.

This is the war to end all wars, but we're losing on every front before it's even begun. Three of the Garde are already dead, the charm protecting the others is broken, and now the Mogadorians may have stolen secrets from my mind.

The Mogadorians' plans move ever forward without fear of us. They are completely confident. And why shouldn't they be? We are such a small group. How could we possibly try to face their armies? I wish I could consider it arrogance, a weakness to be exploited. But it's difficult to ascribe weakness to a menace like Setrákus Ra.

What do they know?

MALCOLM'S JOURNAL ENTRY #7

I can scarcely believe that soon, I'll be meeting the last surviving members of the Loric race, the Garde. And that Sam already has—that he considers them his friends, and they think the same of him. Helping these alien children has been my life's work; it's still strange to think of one befriending my son in high school.

High school. They may have grown, but they're all hardly more than children. Children with amazing powers, yes, but still children. And the fate of their entire world—and ours—rests on their shoulders.

Uplifting thought, isn't it? Well. The Greeters were always meant to assist the Loric here on Earth. So that's what I'll continue to do. Our plans have been derailed, but that doesn't mean we can't keep fighting. We will beat the terrible odds stacked against us. Together we will win this war.

At least, that's what I hope.