

Editors: Suggestiveartefacts, PoweredJay, and Bristlecone Pine

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The following is a collection of all recovered logs from the XCOM resistance force.

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Writers' and roleplay discord: <https://discord.gg/YHkzwj7>

Link to Advent log:

https://docs.google.com/document/d/1G7nt9RK7SI7KNLSMC9R0jvCqIC4Izw1yQnirQf_Z4Q0/edit?usp=sharing

Episodes 0-15:

<https://docs.google.com/document/d/1EEoz8E5A19jcxmCozfbpaNJvotAWhElUy1mJnpOqGls/edit?usp=sharing>

Episodes 16-30:

<https://docs.google.com/document/d/1p5fMRVttNw1dbVNabvJsnlsJY0UuTEXnNVWmhrANKvA/edit?usp=sharing>

Episodes 31-45:

https://docs.google.com/document/d/1Sc_EPh6P2GwE3jFWAunSDk5bOXdH6Rxx01hD2BO7-ik/edit?usp=sharing

Episodes 46-60:

<https://docs.google.com/document/d/1MQo96-cqkIV-77ppFrKVIC9czLjUOkZwJJX5wvRj2js/edit?usp=sharing>

Episodes 61-75:

<https://docs.google.com/document/d/1OtxfpewrZxE6JglEToQgBVewZ6QvA6EHq1LIgrjr2pU/edit?usp=sharing>

Episode 76: Broken Mirror-----

Invoice - Dogs of War mercenary company

To: XCOM Central Officer John Bradford

Date: 28 March 2036

After-action addendum previous invoice, dated 26 March, concerning distraction operation on EXALT outpost prior to assault on EXALT HQ:

Enemies killed:

- 6 EXALT operatives (6 intel)
- 4 Troopers (2 intel)
- 2 Stunlancers (1 intel)
- 1 Sectopod Hunter (1 intel)
- 2 MECs (2 intel)
- 1 Officer (1 intel)
- 1 Priest (1 intel)
- 1 Andromedon (2 intel)

Wounded in action:

Kerring, Johan (2 intel)

Stevens, Amelinda (2 intel)
Morgan (1 intel)
Kyra (1 intel)

Total due: 22 intel

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March 30, 2036

On the behalf of Shiblon, I visited the ruins of the EXALT headquarters. So much alien, and human blood was spilled on those tiles of the base. There was rubble everywhere, XCOM had no restraint in their use of explosives. They hit the base 3 days ago. Not that I am complaining, that made sure I wouldn't have any extra company.

Shiblon in probably what was his last letter asked me to make sure Layla would be okay if he ever died. Well, he did and I tend to be a man who keeps promises to old accomplices. Shiblon was no exception despite how often he painted a picture of himself being alone. Anyway, now I can say I've kept my end of the promise halfway. The other half I failed.

In the ruins of the base, after shuffling through the rubble of the main building I found Layla. She wasn't okay, in fact she was dead. Her body was beaten and bruised but the debris that fell on her. Her face was locked in an expression of despair. In her clenched hands she held tightly to a ring, and a bandanna. They were Shiblon's. The XCOM logo on the bandanna was unmistakable, and the ring matched the one in her hands.

What kind of love that must have been. Despite their differences that loved remained between them. They may have fought on different sides, but they both sought what they thought was best for the human race. They were a good match for each other in many ways. Both were stubborn, smart, and dedicated individuals. That's how they choose to live their lives. That's who they were, that's where they stood, and that's where they fell. Now they can apologize, and live happily ever after in the world beyond.

As for me, I have some fossils, and a resistance cell to get back too. The fight and the mysteries aren't over yet.

-Alexander "Jurassic" Ebony

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Personal Log for Reaper Nomad:

Entry#42

Date: April 5th, 2036

And with this day commemorates the day we cut off the head of the snake. EXALT's HQ has fallen thanks to the brave efforts of XCOM and the Skirmishers.

EXALT, you have been a thorn to the Resistance for many years. You stole many lives and turned our brethren against us. And you deliberately collaborated with our oppressors. You will not be missed

And to the brainwashed soldiers who died under their command, it is a shame we couldn't save all of you. However, it was either us or you.

And to my personal message to EXALT's Command officials and their remaining collaborators who are still hiding in their personal bunkers:

Hide all you want. Plan all schemes to ascend humanity as you may deem fit. Use whatever research you have left to bounce back from your defeat.

None of those will matter. You will be found. And you will be judged.

Nomad out.

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PERSONAL LOG ENTRY#29

USER: Maryam Ulyah Hamadi

ALIAS: SPARROW

AFFILIATION: NORTH AFRICA BLACK MARKET

DATE: April 2nd, 2036

Guess XCOM gave us the sign and decided to blow up EXALT's HQ to smithereens just for us.

Thank god for that too. Those belligerent bastards will not be missed.

While I have no doubt their higher-up officials are still in hiding, it's still a matter of time until they're found.

Maybe they believe in a better future for humanity, but the fact they collaborated with ADVENT from the start is absolutely unforgivable

Of course, ADVENT likes to make our life harder since they deployed alien cyphers, forcing us to sell our merchandise at a higher cost.

Bastards.

Log End

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Personal Log for XCOM Operative Rebecca Trell

Callsign: Ghilan'nain

DATE: April 13th, 2036

Log#25

Catharsis.

That's what I feel after our assault on EXALT's HQ. Pure and raw catharsis.

Whenever I scoped on any ADVENT or EXALT goons in my sights and shot them dead, I felt catharsis. With the EXALT HQ left in ruins, EXALT is effectively finished.

Sure, those bastards in the command side of things are still in hiding, planning their next schemes to “ascend” humanity. Not like it mattered to them they collaborated with our enemy.

In case anyone asks if I even feel the least sorry for EXALT's soldiers that died during the assault, I'll say that I don't.

There are so many lives lost in the 20 years-long subjugation of our planet by the Elders. Many more were lost in the fight against ADVENT and this war, including my brother and my friends.

So you'll have to excuse me if I don't feel bad that EXALT soldiers died during the course of this war. Brainwashed or not, a lot of them fought on the wrong side of history.

Unfortunately, ADVENT is already on a headstart with the Avatar Project and the doomsday clock is back again.

So now, my comrades are set to assault an Avatar facility to set back ADVENT's progress.

I hope in addition to the Avatar Sabotage covert op and the monthly Avatar sabotage by the courtesy of our Skirmisher friends, we can set back this project by a considerable amount.

Ghilan'nain out.

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 (The following message was broadcast across all frequencies. While it is believed that
 ADVENT immediately censored the broadcast on any frequencies they controlled, a
 resistance group was able to deliver an audio recording of the message.)

Broadcast Date: 03-27-2036

To those who hear this, EXALT, has fallen... The last bastion of human power in ADVENT's world order is gone, and with it, our place in that order as anything other than food and tools. We have been broken by our own. But to hate them is folly. We must instead do what is natural, and survive. To all remaining EXALT forces, I ask you to listen to the words of one of the few remaining members of EXALT's leaders. Do not fight against XCOM, you'd only be spilling more human blood. I don't ask that you align with them, God knows I don't plan to, but we can no longer fight them. Humanity must endure, and if that means allowing a group of insurgents like XCOM work unimpeded, so be it. ADVENT claimed itself to be invulnerable and infallible, but their vaunted chosen lie dead, their factories burn, and they have only a handful of slain XCOM soldiers, to match the hundreds that they have lost. ADVENT is losing this war, and we need to decide which side we're on.

May those of us who remain continue to fight, and always defend humanity.

(What follows is a series of garbled codes and fragmented sentences. At best it is a location in the middle of a forest in California, and the word "General". The rest is indecipherable.)

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> Accessing Avenger Personal User Database
> Starting Video Recording Program
> Begin Video Recording

The image cuts from black to reveal Nilros in the living quarters as they finish putting on the new power armor.

[Nilros] "Oh, hey. Sorry, that you keep having me as I'm on my way out. Things have really been getting into high gear you could say."

Nilros looks down at themselves as they examine the armor.

[Nilros] "Well, I'm not sure what you are thinking as you look at me. However I'm a bit unsure about all this. This feels, like it is too clean. I know that sounds strange, but it doesn't feel as though it is meant to be in combat."

Nilros pauses for a moment before shaking their head.

[Nilros] "Well, what do I know? If it protects us and has the Tech Priestess and Shaman's blessing then it must be good for something."

[Unknown] "Operation Slaughtering Star Team please assemble at the Skyranger for deployment."

Nilros looks towards the door.

[Nilros] "And that is my cue to go. I'll hopefully be seeing you again soon."

"For now though, end recording."

- > Ending Video Recording Program
- > Thank you for using XCOM OS

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Kento “Wrath” Jai: 2032 (Episode 76)

Date: April: 13, 2035

2032:

"I tried to forget my past... I tried to not look back... I tried... But then... It always comes back to me."

"I'm... deeply sorry...To everyone."

“2032, I was captured after ADVENT attacked my second home , I was put behind bars, then for a few months, ADVENT gave me a chance to join their side. I made such a big mistake... I joined so that I could try to get away, but they were careful, they brought me to the lab, trying to become... One of them.”

"These three words... 'Part Of Us' left me with a meaning inside it."

"I lost myself, and ... They turned me Into an evil person, WRATH."

“We formed a team, Me, Jacob and Trevor, we were known as ‘The Sinners’ and we were sent on a mission... I killed innocent lives, including children... Men and Women... People are screaming for help, People begging at us to not kill them, we burn their houses, capturing people.”

"I realized... they were controlling me, they were making me into an evil person, I broke out, and I betrayed them, then I ran away... I escaped, but barely."

"And now... You know the truth... And they want me back..."

"I ran as far as I could, trying to find food and water, and find shelter..."

"I can't forgive myself after what I have done."

“Forgive me.”

"I am Kento Jai... A killer and a sinner..."

“I don’t deserve to live...”

[illegible]

Episode 77: Slaughtering Star-----

Report from Reaper Nomad:

To: Volk

Date: April 15th, 2036

CC: Skirmishers HQ, Templars HQ

Volk, I think we discuss coming up with new strategies in our fight against ADVENT.

In recent months, ADVENT has steadily made efforts to increase their elite units around their areas of operation. And despite XCOM's efforts in ending the Chosen/EXALT threat, ADVENT is relentless thanks to their deployment of Dark Events.

Because of that, we did lose a lot of good people in the fight, including the soldiers of XCOM. While the efforts to remove those Dark Events are necessary, it also delays XCOM's efforts from accomplishing their main objectives.

And not only that, ADVENT's elite units are very powerful that a lot of XCOM soldiers suffer extreme wounds in the field, forcing Command to bail out and not accomplish their operations.

I have no strategies to come up with, but to be frank with you, boss. This is a mess. ADVENT is getting the upper hand. The clock from the Avatar Project is ticking while XCOM and the Skirmishers are scrambling with sabotage to delay it.

The way I see it is this; unless XCOM goes all in for their main objectives, we're gonna lose more people. Or worse, we're gonna lose this war.

Nomad out.

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PERSONAL LOG ENTRY#29

USER: Maryam Ulyah Hamadi

ALIAS: SPARROW

AFFILIATION: NORTH AFRICA BLACK MARKET

DATE: April 14th, 2036

Well, I gotta hand it to those ADVENT bastards. They're committed to making our lives harder anytime we make a major action in the war.

Kill a Chosen? Send in the big guns. Defeat EXALT? Send in the big guns as well. And so on and so forth. All to make

And as we already know, the doomsday clock is still ticking, so that only means XCOM didn't manage to destroy an Avatar facility.

Surely we could think up other strategies? Or is ADVENT's recent firepower that dangerous?

I don't know. It just feels like ADVENT are making fools out of us while the common people who are living with us are steadily losing faith in this war.

Log End

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Personal Log for XCOM Operative Rebecca Trell

Callsign: Ghilan'nain

DATE: April 15th, 2036

Log#26

Well, that was a cluster foxtrot. We couldn't manage to destroy the facility thanks to the absurd number of hostiles in the facility and most of my comrades in that mission aside from that weirdo Psychedelic are gonna stay in the infirmary.

So yeah, we're gonna have to rely on our Skirmisher buddies and my comrades in the Sabotage op to stop that doomsday clock. No pressure, right?

Alert! A Resistance in the Haven in Eastern U.S is under attack by ADVENT forces. Muhzn, Poolmother, Draak, Weathergirl, 14G0T10, and Ghilan'nain are requested to get to the hangar immediately!

Guess that's my call. Let's see what's my loadout for this one. Hmm, Wraith suit. Apparently, it can let me grapple into the higher ground just like the Spider Suit. But it can also let me walk through obstacles? So, like I can phase into a different dimension when I run straight through a wall? That's gotta be handy.

Anyways, I gotta go. Duty calls.

Ghilan'nain out.

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Boltos Log

April 13th, 2036

So I've heard from the Reapers that XCOM wasn't able to blow up one of ADVENT's facilities. What little footage they were able to find showed it was a cluster, honestly I'm glad that none of the squad died. Meanwhile I'm still stuck here, running shooting drills hour after hour. The Reapers are certainly an intense bunch, almost as rigorous at training as the Legion is. I can't get the feeling they have it out for me though... I mean their hatred of aliens is rather well-documented, I can't say I'm surprised such animosity extends to my kind as well. Nor can I really blame them for those feelings. Still even if they are training me so hard out of spite, it is helping. I've been improving my aim, albeit slowly. And the soldier I was sent with, Mace I think... they've been doing good too.

We only have a few days of training left, but I don't think I'll be able to relax much. XCOM's doomsday clock is counting down, and if something isn't done soon, we may lose everything. Maybe... maybe I should do something to clear my head.

Boltos, signing off

RECORDING ENDS

[illegible]

The image cuts from black to reveal Nilros in the shooting range. They look over to the monitor.

[Nilros] "Hey, I know it is a bit of a scenery change, but I needed to clear my mind and felt I might as well make a session out of it too."

Nilros looks down at themself as they examine the armor and weapon.

[Nilros] "Well, if it isn't shown in the records. The assignment I was on was a complete bust. We barely made a dent in the Elders' defenses. With all these advancements we barely made a scratch."

Nilros scoffs before shaking their head.

[Nilros] "It got so bad that the Chief had to evacuate us, but it wasn't our fault. How were we supposed to know that those large metal beasts would be there and it wasn't like we didn't try."

Nilros pauses for a moment.

[Nilros] "I tried my best, dammit. All of us tried our best out there. Do you have any idea how it feels to watch your family struggle and all you can do is support from afar? I felt ashamed sitting on the Skyranger as we returned as I had not a single scratch on me."

Nilros punches the counter.

[Nilros] "The Chief trusted us to achieve success and we couldn't. I couldn't. I gave it my all. I truly did. I did whatever I could to ensure the safety and success of the assignment and I failed. I failed again."

"End recording."

> Ending Video Recording Program

> Thank you for using XCOM OS

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Kento "Wrath" Jai: End It All (Episode 77)

Date: April 15, 2035

Time: 11:00 A.M

Place: Mt. Pinatubo, Manila

Kento and John Densar were sent on a mission, Peter had scouted the area, and now, they are ready to assault the base by themselves.

"You ready?"

Kento replies.

"Yeah."

They both move in, they see two ADVENT troopers, guarding the base.

"Let's take them."

They both take out the two ADVENT troopers, and they are beside the door.

"On 3, 2, 1..."

John opens the door, and they see a big missile ready to launch, and Kento feels that one day, they are going to destroy the Philippines, he says to John.

"Put C4 on those missiles! We will blow this base apart."

John nods and runs to the missile, but then while John is running, he steps something that triggers the alarm.

"Crap!"

Many ADVENT Troops and some Officers moving towards the base. Kento shouts.

"John! Put the C4 on them and let's get out of here!"

Then, they barge in, and fire at them, John places the C4, together with Kento and tries to escape.

Many forces are chasing Kento and John, which makes them difficult to escape, then one of the ADVENT Troops throws his grenade at them, and hits Kento.

“Agh!”

“Kento!”

John quickly grabs Kento and presses the button, the C4 explodes, and the base is filled with fire.

Kento is wounded, and John carries him slowly, while shooting ADVENT troops fighting back. Suddenly, a ship comes by and aids Kento and John, bullets to the sky and the ships drops down, it was David.

John shouts.

“We need some help!”

David comes out with a pistol in his hand.

“You were in trouble.”

John carries Kento and says.

“You’re going to be fine.”

However, David walks slowly

“Let’s...”

John is confused, then David raises his weapon.

“End it All.”

David fires at Kento, and falls to the ground.

“Argh!”

John Shouts as he pulls his weapon.

“No!”

David fires the second shot and shoots John to the head and kills him. then goes to John’s body and tells his personal soldiers to burn the body.

“NO!”

Kento tries to go for the pistol, but David stops him from doing it. He says.

“I have won, Kento.”

David Stomps at Kento, and tells his soldiers.

“Bring him to Manila, let him suffer in the prison.”

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Resistance Communication Record

Date: 12 April 2036

To: John 'Central' Bradford

From: Sylvia 'Nazca' Carvalho

Dear Central,

I know the last person who should be writing this is me, a civilian with zero training in military protocol, but after the death of Officer Harris and incapacitation of Haze MacMoray, nobody else on the mission to the Petrescu Estate stepped up, so I led them out. I hope I'm never put into a position of military command again.

First, a summary.

Resistance casualties:

(no name provided) 'Bulldog' Harris, KIA, killed by a psionic power used by Natalja Petrescu
Haze 'Trailwalker' MacMoray, WIA, stabbed by Countess Petrescu with poisoned dagger, currently in infirmary incapacitated but not in life-threatening condition.

Evelyn Voiculescu, WIA, injured by a zombie of the black, mold-like that may be MELD, according to Dr. Shen.

Alpha Team and Beta Team of Lakelands Federation and Reaper operatives: MIA, presumed KIA by outbreak of putative MELD.

All other members of XCOM's squad returned uninjured. Quinn, a Lakelands Federation journalist, was also extracted, as was Evelyn Voiculescu's sister, Elena.

Enemy casualties:

Countess Petrescu, KIA, corpse recovered

Natalja Petrescu, KIA, corpse not recovered, and may have been merged with / resurrected by Meld

Valerica Petrescu, captured, presently in brig

Maria Petrescu, captured, presently in brig

ADVENT Pathfinder captain and three soldiers: KIA

The mysterious black possible MELD took over and infested the entire area. It was under the psionic control of Natalja Petrescu, but with her death seems to have lost some of its agency, but still infests the region. We have no weapons capable of inflicting significant harm to it, although Quincy projects a psionic aura similar to solace that apparently kills it temporarily.

Materials recovered:

Case of Corvthon, currently in lockdown on board the Avenger. Also recovered were the corpses of Agent Harris and of Countess Petrescu.

Other objectives:

The villages of the Petrescu domain have been destroyed by the putative MELD. There are assumed to be no survivors, civilian or otherwise.

Notes and recommendations:

- The MELD infestation (or whatever it is) should be further investigated from the air and destroyed if possible. Fire may be effective, but it will take a lot of incendiary ordnance to destroy all of it. Nuclear weapons may be effective, if we can get any from ADVENT. How the MELD got there in that quantity (if that is what it is) is unknown.
- Countess Petrescu made every effort to maintain rule of her estate, resorting to attempted murder when it became obvious this would be impossible. Natalja Petrescu simply tried to murder us for her own sadistic amusement. With them being dead, there is no point in trying either of them for war crimes when this is over, despite them both being guilty of such offenses that I question whether mere death is enough for them.
- Valerica Petrescu is certainly aware of and complicit in the aforementioned war crimes. In her youth, she conducted sadistic experiments on human and faceless subjects, including the use of this MELD substance, but eventually stopped when she tried to contact XCOM. It is still very clear that her loyalty to her wicked family is greater than her loyalty to anyone else. As such, while I do not believe she is guilty of any offenses worthy of her execution, I do recommend that she be kept under lock and key for the duration of the war, and possibly longer.
- Maria Petrescu I do not believe to be aware of and thus complicit in her family's war crimes, but likely is more loyal to her now half-deceased family than to any ideals, and certainly has the same sadistic tendencies that her sisters and mother had. Like Valerica, I recommend that Maria also be detained as a PoW for the rest of the conflict.
- Evelyn Voiculescu, despite aiding us in stopping the Petrescus and escaping, still has ingrained psychological loyalties to Valerica Petrescu. I recommend that they be kept separate, and that Miss Voiculescu not be allowed on field duty again.
- All other XCOM and resistance personnel, including the late Agent Harris and especially Miss MacMoray, are to be commended, with the possible exception of not stepping into command when a commander was needed.
- I request that the Case of Corvthon be kept aboard the Avenger. It is safer here than anywhere else, and if the aliens take this ship, then we've lost the war anyway.

End of what is hopefully my last, as well as my first, military report.

Episode 78: Leaf Whimper-----

Personal Log for Reaper Nomad:

Entry#43

Date: June 2nd, 2036

Yeah, it has been a while since the last log, so I'll try and catch up. We got very busy after that retaliation that XCOM managed to repel.

Basically, XCOM conducted several covert ops, be it sabotaging Avatar project or whatever. They were mostly boring aside from the one where we had trained Marksman Ghilan'nain in South Africa so her combat intelligence is enhanced. That was a good one.

Several people in the Resistance were questioning what's the hold-up, and here's why:

Volk informed me and my comrades about what XCOM found inside that Blacksite Vial last month. Hundreds of thousands of humans got processed into DNA. Unsurprising, but still disgusting all the same

The good news is that XCOM managed to find the coordinates from that wretched vial. The bad news is that was set in East Asia and the intel cost to make contact was pretty expensive. As we speak, XCOM has already made contact with New Arctic, so it'll be another while it seems.

Dammit. We could've ended this whole war sooner if those Resistance fighters in East Asia weren't such a rip-off

Oh well. That's the war for you, I guess. Some people use it as an opportunity to sell expensive crap and become rich out of it.

Nomad out.

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PERSONAL LOG ENTRY#29

USER: Maryam Ulyah Hamadi

ALIAS: SPARROW

AFFILIATION: NORTH AFRICA BLACK MARKET

DATE: June 1st, 2036

Oh. And to top it all that, I'm the recent selection for Psionic Training. Figures it could happen. After all, Akimov and Serenity have got trained in psionics as well.

I'm not against using psionics, mind you. I am familiar with its uses given my past experience. It's just that I feel better using my sniper against an enemy from far away.

At the very least, our psionics can only be used for combat using psi amps enhanced with psi gems.

However, I have reason to believe I might use those to raise someone from the dead or mind control an enemy under my will. It's not gonna be pleasant for the first time and I'll most likely hate all of this, but I have to do it, right?

The only thing that would keep me up at night when this training is over is figuring out how to shut down other people's thoughts.

By the way, I'm best not wearing Wraith Suit from here on out. Whoever made this for me had no idea what they were doing.

Ghilan'nain out.

Boltos Log

Jun 3rd, 2036

So I've been back on the Avenger for a while, seems the Commander either doesn't need me in the field, or he has some plan for me to serve soon. Either way, I've been stuck on the Avenger for a while. Gave me some time to train, help some of the crew. And also see others off when they leave for their own ops. While I shouldn't complain about the time off, sitting around feels... weird. I suppose I know what the other soldiers feel like. I've also had the time to look after my plants a bit more closely, haven't had to impose on the crew to keep an eye on them while I'm off on a mission. But... that also meant I was on board when we discovered what was in that accursed Black Site Vial I helped retrieve.

It was people, thousands of people distilled and rendered down into some kind of genetic sludge for this... project AVATAR. Just thinking of it makes me shudder. The Elders were cruel, I knew this already. My existence, alongside every other Hybrid's is proof of that. But we had a purpose, we were tools and weapons, crafted to serve a purpose. But this... all those peoples, stolen and butchered like... god I feel sick.

I... I fear how Charles will react when they hear this, this horror. Given their origins, and how they came to be. Perhaps I can offer some support... in whatever form that is. No one should be alone when they receive this kind of information, and hopefully Charles can be spared such a fate.

I... I think I'm gonna go get a drink. Boltos, signing off.

RECORDING ENDS

[illegible]

May 8th, 2036

“Let Us see it.”

Those four simple words carried so much weight. Dr. Tygan nodded to the team he was working with and they let Charles into the see Blacksite Vial. She didn't know quite what to make of it, but yet there it was. A vial containing thousands of processed people, all reduced to a single solution of DNA goo. The truth was that while Charles knew the circumstances of her creation she knew nothing of the actual process. Could the very answer be staring at her in the face, or were there more secrets in this so-called "Forge"?

“Our initial scans of the substance, along with the scans of you we took upon your rescue...has provided some interesting insight.” Dr. Tygan informed Charles. “While we are still not quite sure how or why we can state that your DNA format matches the DNA in the vial. At least in form. Simply put, our best hypothesis at the moment is that you are a much smaller version of this vial.”

This news did not settle well on Charles. She cried out and attempted to smash the Blacksite Vial in a fit of rage, but was restrained by security. She was made of 8 unique genetic materials. Only Eight. What secrets did the Elders unlock in her creation? What horror could they unleash with a material made up of a thousand? Raptor Squadron was chosen for a specific reason: their talent and skill at warfare. But these people....they were screened at gene therapy clinics.....screened for what?

“What are we?” were the last words said by her before she was escorted away from the Shadow Chamber.

[illegible]

Date: May 27, 2035

Place: Prison, Manila

Time: 7:00 A.M

“Kento, wake up.”

Kento wakes up, not knowing where he is.

“You’re part of us.”

Mark and Niketas standing around Kento.

“Kento, tell me... Where is XCOM?”

Kento opens his eyes, and sees them. He is filled with anger and replies.

"I won't tell you!"

Mark punches Kento, trying to make him speak.

"Tell me now! Or we can do it the hard way."

Kento shook his head.

"Fine then, bring them in!"

Alice and Peter are cuffed and his former teammates point a gun on him.

"Alice... Peter!"

Jacob shouts.

"Tell us or they are dead in front of you!"

Kento still hesitates.

"Alright then, Trevor... Kill him."

Kento looks at Trevor pointing the gun at Peter and shoots him in his head.

"NO!"

Kento is filled with anger.

"You fucking bastard!"

Mark grabs his shirt and says.

"Tell us!"

Then suddenly, David comes in.

"You made lots of enemies, Kento."

"David! You Imbecile! You killed my only friend! Why did you-" Kento shouts.

"I did it because I took revenge on you! You killed my hero, Michael Jai, he was powerful, a prideful man who never let anyone stand in his way." David replies.

"So you basically lie about your own existence!"

"Yes! I did Kento."

Kento couldn't believe it.

"Oh, by the way... I killed everyone, the soldiers, the families, that you built, looks like you broke the promise to them."

Kento tries to stand up, but immediately gets punched hard to the ground.

"We don't need Kento anymore, let him suffer here."

Mark and Niketas nod and order Jacob to fire at Alice.

"Kill her."

Kento looks at Alice and says.

"No... Alice!"

Jacob fires at Alice at her head, same as Peter, dead.

Kento sees his comrades dead, and now he is left alone again.

"You will never win anymore, Kento... No one is going to help you, guards bring him back to his cell."

2 ADVENT soldiers use their rifles to knock him out.

And now, Kento is all alone, everything he has done has vanished, all his loved ones...
Gone....

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> Accessing Avenger Personal User Database
> Starting Video Recording Program
> Begin Video Recording

The image cuts from static to reveal Nilros laying in the infirmary.

[Nilros] "Hey, well I know this might be a surprise for you all, but I think me and the Tech Mother don't see eye to eye."

Nilros chuckles a bit before winching in pain.

[Nilros] "Ah, right, it hurts when I laugh. I got to remember that."

*Nilros adjusts themselves in the bed and makes themselves comfortable again.

[Nilros] "It was supposed to be a simple assignment. Assist with the manufacturing of PCS. We were sent on this assignment before, but got pulled out due to being needed elsewhere."

Nilros sighs.

[Nilros] "And of course as you can tell I did as well as a fish out of water. Ended up nearly losing a few fingers if not more due to my clumsiness. However we got the assignment done and that is the important part. So for new I will rest up and lick my wounds before being ready for my next assignment."

"End recording."

> Ending Video Recording Program
> Thank you for using XCOM OS

Episode 79: Tattooed Rain-----

Report from Reaper Nomad:

To: Volk

Date: June 12th, 2036

CC: Skirmishers HQ, Templars HQ

I can only report from what has been known of Operation Tattooed Rain, boss.

XCOM Operatives were sent to the train tunnels in Eastern Tunnels to hack a Hidden Resistance Computer in order to delay an unknown Dark Event. The mission, as obvious, was a success. And more obviously, all of the operatives aside from one of their SPARKs came back wounded.

However, the circumstances during that operation are rather uncomfortable. When XCOM Operative Angerbot skulljacked a Codex, a portal was summoned, sending a strange humanoid being.

We didn't have the combat footage, but according to other reports, it wore a dark suit with highlighted purple lines. Its face was covered in a mask with a visor-colored purple. Additionally, it wore a hoodie to conceal itself.

And as I'm skeptical as to hear this, boss, the reports also indicate that they saw a psionic visage of an Elder behind that being. And when that being died in battle, that visage also exploded.

I suppose we can trust XCOM's Chief Staff will have to solve this case, but the implications behind it are big.

Why would the Elders need to inhabit a human-like body like that being that XCOM killed?

As always, we trust you to lead us, Volk.

Nomad out.

[illegible]

USER: Maryam Ulyah Hamadi

ALIAS: SPARROW

AFFILIATION: NORTH AFRICA BLACK MARKET

DATE: June 9th, 2036

Perhaps I was too harsh on our buddies from East Asia. I forgot that the aliens deployed their own cyphers, which makes contacting other regions very expensive.

And apparently, there's gossip that XCOM killed an Elder? Sounds sketchy and unbelievable. But from the way the news we hear, Avatar Project has been set back heavily, so maybe there's truth to this?

Anyways, I'm best ending this log. Work is never over

Log End

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Personal Log for XCOM Operative Rebecca Trell

Callsign: Ghilan'nain

DATE: June 10th, 2036

Log#28

I'm still a week away from finishing my psionic training, but the mood around the ship is of fear and uncertainty.

That shouldn't be a surprise, considering what they brought from the last mission. A corpse of a humanoid... thing? It wore a dark suit and its face was concealed with a mask.

I didn't watch the combat footage from the last mission, so I was told that being had an Elder controlling it. An Elder controlling a human-like being? Don't they have their own bodies that they inhabit?

I felt whispers in my head when I looked at it briefly. I couldn't hear anything but gibberish, but the fact I could hear and feel them sent a chill on my spine.

Dammit. This is one of those things I feared when I was signed up for Psionic Training. Maybe I should talk to Akimov. Maybe he could teach me ways to not let other people's thoughts enter my head.

In any case, I don't think we'll find out the specifics behind that being until we breach the Forge. But until we make contact in East Asia, its gonna take a while

Would be nice once we make the move to remove Alien Cyphers. Seriously, that countermeasure makes it hard to spend intel considering the costs.

Ghilan'nain out.

[illegible]

> Accessing Avenger Personal User Database

> Starting Video Recording Program

> Begin Video Recording

The image cuts from static to reveal Nilros sitting on the balcony of the living quarters. They look over to the monitor and let out a sigh of relief.

[Nilros] "You know, the last couple of days have been quite hectic. It feels as though there hasn't really been time to sit down and just take a breather."

Nilros looks out over the horizon again.

[Nilros] "I know we are fighting a uphill battle against the Elders. I know we are so close to the finishing line, but that doesn't mean we shouldn't take a small breath and pull ourselves towards ourselves."

*Nilros extends their hand towards the setting sun.

[Niilos] "We all want our blue and pure world back in humanities hands, but should our sanity and mental health truly be the price to pay? Considering how many of our tribe has paid far more then that already?."

Nilros shrugs.

[Nilros] "I don't know, perhaps I am being too spiritual about this, but the Chief and all of the crew has put so much of themselves into this. Facing constant roadblock after roadblock, be it failures or the lost of a warrior."

Nilros pulls their hood back and runs their hand over the head.

[Niros] "I know this session feels a bit like a ramble, but that is the point. We should push ourselves so hard to achieve our goals, but we aren't alone in this. We are humanity. We are standing together. So it is okay to take a little break and find your inner peace. After the Elders have finally been defeated there is a lot of rebuilding to be done. Our journey has merely started.

"End recording."

> Ending Video Recording Program

> Thank you for using XCOM OS

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Kento "Wrath" Jai: Breakout (Episode 79)

Date: June 9, 2035

Place: Prison, Manila

Time: 9:30 P.M

"You finally wake up."

A Prisoner says.

Kento wakes up, wounds all over his face and his body.

"Have some water, we are going to get out of here."

"Who are you..."

"Just a prisoner, just wait for a moment..."

He grabs something from Kento, a knife.

"Here, now, listen to me... If once my friends out there destroy the system, go and kill that officer right there."

The prisoner points at the trooper.

"Get his gun and help other prisoners to escape, got it?"

The prisoner pats on his shoulder.

"I'm counting on you."

Kento nods.

Then, suddenly, an enormous sound of alarm comes up, and every cell door opens.

"NOW! CHARGE!"

Everyone charges at the guards, knocking them down, and just what the prisoner told Kento, he goes and slices his neck and gets his gun.

"We have to get out of here, before they send reinforcements!"

painful that we might have to equip more meds in case we get poisoned by those Viper Rounds in the future.

Given the forces ADVENT are sending in, it feels like we're in a heavier arms race this time around while XCOM tries to accomplish their main mission.

Any moment now, ADVENT will retaliate against a Resistance haven for any failure they suffer. It's not a matter of if, it's a matter of when like it always had.

And the worst part is that more of our own people will die. And we have to consider the possibility that those aliens we've been fighting against for 20 years are gonna live with us after this is all over.

I can guarantee dozens of small Resistance groups will not sit well with the idea of living with the aliens after we win. Mind you, I don't have allegiance with them, but it's a conversation worth talking about.

Hell, I might have to start thinking about retirement. I'm not getting any younger

Nomad out.

+++V+++V+++V+++V+++V+++V+++V+++V+++V+++V+++V+++V+++V+++
Personal Log for XCOM Operative Rebecca Trell

Callsign: Ghilan'nain

DATE: June 12th, 2036

Log#29

Thankfully, not a lot happened. A bit odd to say, considering the circumstances, but still.

My comrades got busy doing a train heist on West Africa. Apparently, they had trouble dealing with Venators. They're basically Codices with more psionics.

The worst about those things is that they can turn the psionic potential of me and my other fellow psionics against us. So unless we got a mindshield, it's best that Command doesn't send us to the field in case Venators appear.

Then again, ADVENT is truly relentless. As we speak, my comrades are sent to save a New Arctic haven from an ADVENT assault. Yeah, the same region where we've made contact with recently and relying on to help us in contacting New Asia.

Just four more days, Rebecca. Then you've cleared your psionic training and come back to do what you're best at; Killing those ADVENT bastards.

Ghilan'nian out.

Boltos "Yggdrasil" Degrir (Episode 80)

June 12th, 2036

Just got back from a mission, one of my arms got damaged pretty bad so I'm stuck in Engineering while Shen fixes it. The mission itself went fairly well, we caught a train while it was docked to get fuel, at least I think that's what it was there for, I could be wrong... Anyways we stole a shipping manifest. Things got a bit hectic, ADVENT was hellbent on keeping that crate out of our hands, and now that I know what was in the crate, I understand why. It was a shipping manifest, like on pen and paper... which was wild to see in this day and age. I was able to give it a quick look on the flight back to the Avenger. Most of it didn't make much sense, it was likely written in a cypher, but I was able to pick out the phrase "Venom Rounds", Odin said they were something akin to the viper rounds we use, so if we can keep these things out of ADVENT's hands, good. From the looks of things everyone else got out with fairly light wounds, similar to my own, though minus the mechanical check-up I suppose. I also got to see our brand of psionics used in the field, which was... well definitely eye-opening. But... speaking of the mission...

So I know that the Commander knows what he's doing, we probably wouldn't be here if he didn't. But sometimes the places he leaves us in on the field are... questionable, to put it nicely. I mean we all made it out alive, so I can't really complain I guess, but uh, leaving me out in the open staring directly at a Gatekeeper, with another soldier having a solid shot on me, all while I reel in a Pathfinder to put him down... well I'd be lying if I said I was calm during that little exchange. Don't get me wrong, the commander has all of my respect, and absolutely delivers results, but I'd be lying if I said I hadn't walked away from that mission with a few questions on the positions he left me in.

Boltos, signing off
RECORDING ENDS

[illegible]

Date: June 11, 2035

Place: Australia

Time: 2:00 P.M

Kento walks slowly, hands filled with blood.

Kento falls to his knees, he is all alone again, his voice couldn't speak loudly, trying to hold his tears.

“Is it really... hard to save one person’s life?”

Kento stands up slowly...walks again.

Then he found the avenger just in time, he tried to walk faster, but he was too tired, he walked slowly.

He goes straight to the room, and sits on the chair, he reaches into his pocket, a photo that he always carried, he throws it away, and cries for hours on the desk.

"I couldn't do it anymore."

"I wish... I could see them again."

"I don't wanna be alone."

"Why can't I save the people I love?"

"Why..."

"Why?"

'WHY!'

Kento sits there for hours - he can't move on anymore, and he starts to lose himself.

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> Accessing Avenger Personal User Database

> Starting Video Recording Program

> Begin Video Recording

The image cuts from static to reveal Nilros packing in the living quarters.

[Nilros] "Well, I said that we should cherish the little downtime we get cause we don't know when the next assignment will be."

Nilros chuckles to themselves and shakes their head.

[Nilros] "As you can see by the fashion show I am wearing we are on our way to an assignment. I believe the briefing mentioned something about escorting a resistance operative? Regardless I am planning on bringing my A-Game."

Nilros sighs.

[Nilros] "After the recent turn of events. Every Victory counts. Not only overall, but to the moral as well. We need to keep the momentum going."

[Unknown] "Operation Mechanical Night Team please assemble at the Skyranger for deployment."

Nilros looks towards the door.

[Nilros] "That is my queue..."

Nilros pauses.

Date: June 17th, 2036

Lost Swarms breaking through during ADVENT's Haven Assault in the New Arctic? That's not a good sign.

Despite keeping the region safe, the fact that swarms of them came in during the attack could set some worrying implications about the Lost capabilities. Either ADVENT is breaking the quarantines within those abandoned cities or the Lost have become more sapient and can break through quarantine.

I'll try and have some discussions with the Resistance in New Arctic. But it'll be a while before we get some actionable intel.

We're gonna have quite a mess to clean up after ADVENT is done with.

In the meantime, we're coordinating an operation with XCOM in West Africa to sabotage a transmitter

Nomad out.

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PERSONAL LOG ENTRY#35

USER: Maryam Ulyah Hamadi

ALIAS: SPARROW

AFFILIATION: NORTH AFRICA BLACK MARKET

DATE: June 14th, 2036

Another busy week. As usual, ADVENT assaulted a haven in New Arctic. Good thing that XCOM stopped them before. Had ADVENT succeeded, we'd be spending a lot of months making contact with New Asian Resistance.

Can't say it eases me that swarms of Lost broke through during the fighting. Most of the time, they stay in those abandoned cities. The fact that they came into the haven is worrying.

Is ADVENT breaking them out of the abandoned cities? If so, it wouldn't be surprising. They know for a fact that we're not out of this fight, so they'll use any measures

At this point, we have to put our faith in XCOM to end this war.

Log End

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Personal Log for XCOM Operative Rebecca Trell

Callsign: Ghilan'nain

DATE: June 16th, 2036

Log#30

Well, I have officially cleared my Psionic training. Those days spent in that room in the Psi Lab were rather claustrophobic, I can say that much.

I'm glad Dynamite has been doing well during my absence. I was worried that things would've been gone to shit without me in the field, but I'm glad my comrades are managing well in spite of the heavy wounds they've sustained over the last few weeks.

But hey, that's how it goes in the field, right?

I've noticed Draak has been in a bad mood, lately. Apparently, she didn't put up a lot of good hits during her recent missions. Can't blame her. Not being able to hit your shots when the mission and your buddies count on you can be quite draining

In any case, I'm rather tired from all the training, so I'll get myself some shut eye.

Ghilan'nain out.

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Kento “Wrath” Jai: I Will Take Revenge! (Episode 81)

Date: June 17, 2035

Place: Brazil

Time: 2:30 P.M

“I won’t fall again.”

“And this time, I will save everyone.”

“Even it kills me.”

"I have sent in Brazil to loot some useful items for our cause, along with someone as well! I haven't recovered back then, but then the revenge arc is still in progress...."

"I will kill them all, after what they have done to me."

“And I will, for my friends, my family, for the world.”

Meanwhile:

“So, he got away again.”

"We will try to hunt him down and kill him."

"Good, I can't believe they broke into our system."

Mark is furious, then he decides.

“When you see him, kill him.”

Jacob replies.

“Understood.”

+++V+++V+++V+++V+++V+++V+++V+++V+++V+++V+++V+++V+++V+++

> Accessing Avenger Personal User Database

> Starting Video Recording Program

> Begin Video Recording

The image cuts from static to reveal Nilros. The monitor appears to be in a smaller ratio and only showing his face.

[Nilros] "Hey, we are still out in the field due to the assignment. We managed to hook up with Resistance Member and are making our way to the location."

Nilros sighs and shakes their head.

[Nilros] "Look, I'm going to be honest here. I'm kind of getting bad vibes and not from the Wild Mother or Tech Mother. Just my gut telling me something is off. We'll soon be going underground into the sewers. These places have been terrible for us."

Nilros takes a deep breath.

[Nilros] "I'm trusting my tribe that we can make it through this. We are skilled warriors, but things can go wrong in a heartbeat."

Nilros looks behind them.

[Niros] "We're about to move out again. I'm not sure if I'll be able to get a signal out to record another session if it takes longer then expected. However I'll see what I can manage, perhaps the large Tech Mother creation can assist me. I believe their name is Toaster."

"Anyways, for now end recording."

> Ending Video Recording Program

> Thank you for using XCOM OS

[illegible]

Prophet-----

Personal Log for Reaper Nomad:

Entry#45

Date: June 19th, 2036

Operation Angelic Prophet was a success. With the transmitter down, ADVENT's efforts to install Viper rounds into their weapons are canceled.

Unfortunately, one of XCOM's Operatives lost their life during the mission. According to reports, Operative Draak died when the ADVENT Priest who used mind-control and soul-merge on her was killed by a Chryssalid.

I mean.... What else I can say? I've already said it before, so must it bear repeating?

I guess we're all too used to death that we just don't feel heavy about it nowadays. I mean, I did mention in one of my personal logs that our victory will be attained through the corpses of our fallen comrades.

Okay, putting the morbid shit aside. We're having the Winter Solstice in South Africa within 2 days. I should pay a visit, clear my mind.

Nomad out.

+++ V+++ V+++ V+++ V+++ V+++ V+++ V+++ V+++ V+++ V+++ V+++ V+++ V+++ V+++ V+++
Personal Log for XCOM Operative Rebecca Trell

Callsign: Ghilan'nain

DATE: June 18th, 2036

Log#31

Guess we're gonna have to put another portrait on the wall in the bar. Draak lost her life in our latest mission. I watched the combat footage the whole way. Can't say it's pleasant seeing her die, after she got mind-controlled and soul-merged by that Priest, then die from shock after that Priest got pincered to death by a Chryssalid

And that's what worries me about being given psionic powers. I mean, I did mention before my wariness of using psionics, especially the ones involving mind-control or resurrecting the dead. But soul-merging can't be pleasant either. I soul-merge with an ADVENT sucker I mind-controlled, what you think will happen next if they die? Yeah, exactly.

Then again, it's not up to me whether I decide to. ADVENT is throwing everything they have, so we can't hesitate to do what it takes to stop them.

I just hope we can remove Alien Cypher as soon as possible so we can get to contacting New Asia and investigate the Forge. We're getting closer to our main mission.

My comrades who sacrificed their lives can't die in vain!

Ghilan'nain out

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Jacoliene Zwinsel - Death Log

Latest Revision

I guess if someone is reading this, that means I died. I guess this world wasn't long for either of us Zwinsel twins. As much as I could never forgive my parents for going off to live in an ADVENT city center, I don't think even I could come to believe that they deserve losing both of their kids. Assuming my parents are still around themselves.

I just want people to know...I tried my best. I know I've let a lot of people down recently. None more than myself. I do hope that I at least went out in a final blaze of glory and some heroic death to make up for it.

Aside from that, I wish XCOM good luck in taking down the Elders. This is Draak, signing off.

+++V+++V+++V+++V+++V+++V+++V+++V+++V+++V+++V+++V+++V+++

Note left in the bar, next to the memorial wall, 20 June 2036:

To whom it may concern,

As you may have noticed, I have been off of the ship for a few months. I spent a little bit of time revisiting my old resistance cell in Denver, extracting people with help from the resistance spy agency, Nautilus. One of the people now extracted is my Ph.D. advisor, Adrian Maynard, who briefly visited the Avenger and may be back while he takes his own adventures trying to stop ADVENT from weaponizing another of history's ancient relics. Too bad he can't go home. Too bad at least two of the members of the cell have now been discovered and probably killed, or worse. If you can't tell from the way that I'm writing this, there was something between us, if only briefly.

I come back to this. I just barely knew Jacoliene Zwinsel, but from what little I learnt of her, all I can say is that what happened to her could so easily have been me: my parents and brother live in a city center in Lima, so happily swallowing ADVENT's lies. I effectively became an orphan when I left for Colorado, and joined the resistance. From what I gather, Jacoliene fled with her brother Jurren, who got captured and turned into EXALT, in that horrible project that your Operation Jormungandr finally destroyed. I also don't believe they were the first: Nina Verducci was on the run from parents in ADVENT, too, wasn't she?

She hoped she went out in a blaze of glory. It was truly a blaze, but not one of glory, and not at all her fault. She **was** a blaze of glory that mission up until the order to an entirely different soldier that got her killed. If anything, that makes her loss hurt more: she never even got to celebrate her triumph before having her life literally sucked out of her.

I won't say what else I'm feeling right now. Let's just say that if I were a soldier and I said it, I'd probably get a courts martial. Instead I'm off the ship again, spending time with what amounts to my new family: Adrian, his sister Olivia, and his cousins Alessandra and Amelinda, whom Adrian has not seen since he was a child.

Sylvia 'Nazca' Carvalho

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Kento "Wrath" Jai: Draak (Episode 82)

Date: June 20, 2035

Place: Brazil

Time:8:00 P.M

Hey it's this guy, Kento, you remember me? Maybe you do, I was the guy when we were at the shooting range, I just wanna say, when I met you, you were really working hard, and you did, you did it well.

I never get to meet you again, but you did everything for XCOM, I guess... not everyone can survive.

Rest in Paradise, Draak.

From

Kento.

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> Accessing Avenger Personal User Database

> Starting Video Recording Program

> Begin Video Recording

The image cuts to reveal Nilros. The monitor appears to be in a smaller ratio and only showing his face. The background seems dimly lit as you can barely make out their face.

[Nilros] "Ah! I think I got a signal or at least I hope I do. We are still making our way towards wherever it is the Resistance Member wants us to go."

Nilros looks around them.

[Nilros] "For once I am happy to be wearing my mask, as I can only imagine the stench that lives down here."

Nilros shakes their head.

Ghilan'nain out

PERSONAL LOG ENTRY#36

USER: Maryam Ulyah Hamadi

ALIAS: SPARROW

AFFILIATION: NORTH AFRICA BLACK MARKET

DATE: June 21st, 2036

XCOM's supply mission in South Africa was successful. And me and my associates got ourselves some of the spoils.

And evidently, my colleagues saw how bored I got staying inside, so they enticed me to do outside patrols a few days back. Gotta say, its refreshing to break the routine for a bit

We've been getting fewer customers ever since ADVENT put up that cypher. A lot of them complain that the prices are a rip-off.

I'm not one for profit, but the supplies we sell are huge assets to the Resistance and ADVENT is giving us a hard time.

Still, it would be nice if we brute force that cypher out of here. But it affects all of us, so what's the point?

Some days I wish I could be out there on the frontlines. But still, my skills are valuable, so everyone gotta pull their weight.

Log End.

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Rojoash "Alien" of Ekertho, Episode 83

\\Body Camera - Rojoash "Alien" of Ekertho - Abridged//

\\Operation Gnawing Widow\\

\\June 21, 2036//

The camera opens in the skyranger with Rojoash's camera panning from side to side, getting a view of the battle weary veterans and the dented and blast charred metal spark.

“About time we got some action, hey guys?” Rojoash says in a chipper tone. “I thought I was going to die from boredom sitting out the war on the giant metal bird. They haven’t even been giving me any of the side missions lately. Those go to the Corporals and rookies now.” He chuffs.

The camera zooms to Angerbot who is completely ignoring him, then to Poolmother who is lost in her own thoughts. Rojoash turns to Pale Rider beside him and adds, "You going to leave some bodies for me this time, friend?"

Pale Rider is about to reply when the screen blacks out.

The screen opens again to a city street, worn and gritty, long abandoned. There is a spread of Lost and Advent about the field. Pale Rider jumps into the fray, slaying a sectoid with a single slash, then tosses his axe at a second and finishes it with another slash. 14got10 comes in after the swordsman and pulverizes a third sectoid with a robot punch. Rojoash looks at his cannon and mutters, "I'm using the wrong equipment..."

He dashes out and fires a shot at an ADVENT, catching it on fire, but allowing it to find better cover. Rojoash audibly sighs.

Scene cuts to Rojoash staring out a doorway in front of a wall full of enemies. He dashes along the wall, lines up his shot and mows them all down with a swath of flame. They crumble with demonic cries of despair. He looks at his gauntlet and says, "I just remembered why I like these things! Now to find something big to throw it at..."

More enemies approach and one of them lands a shot on Rojoash. “Ahh!” he cries out as his shields are shattered. “I’m going to start with you...”

The radio squawks about the Archon King being sighted.

“Point me at him!” Rojoash exclaims, excitedly, but he’s ordered to fall back for evac. “But he’s right here! Agh! I never get to have any fun!”

Scene cuts to Rojoash taking cover behind metal barrels. In the distance is a clutter of ADVENT and Lost. Towering among them is the regal presence of the Archon King.

“Looks like I’ll get my shot after all...” Rojoash muses, setting up the rocket launcher. He lets loose the projectile and it darts into the crowd and then zings over their shoulders, smashing a short distance away. “Aggh! Just give me a stick and I’ll do more damage!”

\\END VIDEO//

[illegible]

> Accessing Avenger Personal User Database

> Starting Video Recording Program

> Begin Video Recording

The image cuts to reveal Nilros. The monitor appears to be in a smaller ratio and only showing his face. The background seems dimly lite as you can barely make out their face.

[Nilros] "Yes! I got through again. I don't know what these Tech Priests do, but at least they know more about these devices then me."

Nilros sighs.

[Nilros] "Well, we are almost ready to undertake the assignment. We decided to hold back and rest after scouting out the area. A lot of us were feeling the limits of navigating the sewers. I think if we were going to do the assignment at the planned time it might have gotten messy."

Nilros shakes their head.

[Nilros] "I still have a bad feeling about this whole assignment, but I am keeping that to myself. Hopefully I'll see you in the next session."

"End recording."

> Ending Video Recording Program

> Thank you for using XCOM OS

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Kento “Wrath” Jai: I wondered (Episode 83)

I wondered.

If this war was never here...

Would everyone be happy?

I lost all of them.

Should I keep going?

But my heart is aching...

It's killing me.

Please... I don't wanna suffer anymore.

Someone... Help me.

Episode 84: Mechanical Night-----

Personal Log for Reaper Nomad:

Entry#46

Date: June 25th, 2036

Thanks to the help of a volunteer Resistance operative, XCOM managed to terminate the transmitter, effectively disabling the alien cypher that ADVENT had deployed.

And without wasting any time, XCOM managed to make contact with the Resistance in New Asia. I'm not in the loop about their discussions, so I can't say for sure

One thing is for sure, XCOM is gonna crack that Forge wide open and find out what ADVENT has been trying to keep from us for weeks.

Nomad out.

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PERSONAL LOG ENTRY#37

USER: Maryam Ulyah Hamadi

ALIAS: SPARROW

AFFILIATION: NORTH AFRICA BLACK MARKET

DATE: June 23rd, 2036

Well, it's about time. Alien Cypher is gone thanks to XCOM, so now we can get to business.

Shouldn't take long for more customers to flock back. My colleagues will be very happy.

We can expect the Resistance Network to expand very soon. New Asia, here we come.

Log End.

+++V+++V+++V+++V+++V+++V+++V+++V+++V+++V+++V+++V+++V+++V+++V+++
Personal Log for XCOM Operative Rebecca Trell

Callsign: Ghilan'nain

DATE: June 27th, 2036

Log#33

Alien Cypher disabled? Check. Made contact with the New Asia region? Check.

It's about time, let me tell you. ADVENT has been giving us a hard time over the last couple of months. I suppose they think they have the upper hand in this war, but they're wrong.

I can't say for sure what we will find out in that Forge. But whatever the case, it must be highly important for ADVENT.

Colonel Trell. You are requested to get to the hangar immediately.

Another day at the office. Let's see what my loadout is about.

Darklance and Darkclaw, weapons that belonged to the unlamented Chosen Hunter.

Bluescreen Rounds. Gotta be handy against ADVENT's mechanical units.

And... Wraith suit, again. I suppose I shouldn't be surprised given its usefulness for a Marksman like me. But whoever designed that one truly rushed it out. Can't say it feels comfortable wearing a tank top along with two gauntlets.

I was expecting to use psionics for this mission, but I suppose not, so that's a relief.

Anyways, I gotta go. Duty calls and I shouldn't disappoint my comrades

Ghilan'nain out.

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Boulanger "Toaster" 42

Violent waves wash
Fleeting sensations ashore.
Breathe the ocean's rhythm.

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Kento "Wrath" Jai: Soon Or Later (Episode 84)

"Kento... Let's finish this."

Kento points the gun at Jacob.

"You know I won't hesitate to kill you, you have a chance to surrender and join me."

Jacob rushes to him, and Kento fires at his legs.

"Argh!"

Jacob drops his weapon, Kento goes to him and says.

"You have a choice, either join me, or die here slowly."

"Then Do it! Kill me!"

Kento reloads his sniper and aims at Jacob.

"Wait...Wait!"

"I told you... I will kill you! You killed my comrades, my family, my people... Why do I have to give you mercy!"

Jacob is shocked.And Kento lowers his weapon.

"We were fighting the wrong side, Jacob."

Kento walks away while Jacob stays down and watches him walk away, then Kento stops and says without looking at him.

“Soon or Later, they will betray you, just like me.”

Then Kento walks away.

Episode 85: Sovereign Time

- > Accessing Avenger Personal User Database
- > Starting Video Recording Program
- > Begin Video Recording

The image cuts to reveal Nilros. The monitor appears to be in a smaller ratio and only showing his face. The background appears to be inside the Skyranger.

[Nilros] "Hey, apologies. However things have been quite hectic lately."

Nilros takes a deep breath.

[Nilros] "We managed to at least do the assignment with only a few scraps and bruises. Nothing a little rest and relaxation can't fix, plus a trip to the Infirmary as well of course."

Nilros sits down next to Limbo.

[Nilros] "Unfortunately that isn't that case for Limbo and myself. We are being sent out on a covert assignment for some training. I am not really a fan of them since most of the time don't meet the expectations of our hosts. However I do enjoy the physical exercise as a healthy body helps keep a healthy mind."

Nilros looks to their side as the ramp closes.

[Nilros] "I'll be sure to take or find some time for a proper session at some point."

"For now, end recording."

- > Ending Video Recording Program
> Thank you for using XCOM OS

[illegible]

Entry#47

Date: June 29th, 2036

The Forge operation in New Asia was a success. I wasn't privy to the combat details during the operation, but it did answer one question that was sticking to our minds.

From reviewing the reports, it seems like this particular Forge was housing tons of manufactured ADVENT soldiers. That would explain why ADVENT keeps having many of its troops at its disposal.

That said, XCOM did find something also important. A stasis suit. It looks eerily similar to the one that XCOM's Commander was encased when my fellow Reaper Outrider found him.

A year and a month have passed since this war started. Sure, we've been fighting ADVENT for twenty years. But most of it involved hit and run or guerilla attacks. And most of the time, ADVENT always had the upper hand.

With the way things are going, our fellow humans in the city centers might not think living as part of ADVENT's regime is the way. They just need a push.

Nomad out.

[illegible]

USER: Maryam Ulyah Hamadi

ALIAS: SPARROW

AFFILIATION: NORTH AFRICA BLACK MARKET

DATE: June 30, 2036

XCOM managed to crack that Forge wide open and took what ADVENT tried so preciousl
to protect. What was it? Who really knows. Besides, I'm not

Aside from that, XCOM also wrecked the facility as well. That's gonna cost them a fortune to rebuild. But with the pace we're having, they're sooner to collapse than fix their problems.

Empires don't last forever. And no doubt there'll be a lot of our fellow humans who collaborated with ADVENT being sent to trial.

At least, I'd hope so. There needs to be justice against the atrocities ADVENT committed toward humanity.

Still, there's also the fact that a lot of the aliens will most likely live with us after this war is over. It's gonna be a long and messy process to go through, especially when many of our own lost their lives, families, and loved ones to aliens.

One day at a time, Maryam. One day at a time.
Log End.

+++V
Personal Log for XCOM Operative Rebecca Trell

Callsign: Ghilan'nain

DATE: July 1st, 2036

Log#34

The last week of June had some more revelations that we wrapped up. Suffice to say we managed to investigate the Forge and find out what's in there.

Obviously, many ADVENT and alien forces tried to stop us from completing our mission. In fact, I was the only one who got out of there with no wounds. Perks of being a marksman, I suppose.

While it is disturbing that Forge housed dozens of ADVENT troops manufactured, it is no surprise either. It doesn't take rocket science to wonder how ADVENT managed to keep a tight ship, you know?

Of course, what shocked me was that stasis suit we recovered to the *Avenger*. It looks very similar to the suit that the Commander was encased in during Gatecrasher.

It does bring up more questions: What's the purpose of this suit? And what does it have to do with the Avatar Project?

But that's not for me to answer, either. Chief Engineer Shen and Doctor Tygan are best off working on that.

It's funny. For a while, I thought we were in a hopeless position considering the momentum that ADVENT gained. Hell, it's only been a few months since we lost 5 people during a mission, and Takeout was one of the 5 dead.

It truly feels like we're at the end of the tunnel. It's gonna take a while, but we're nearly there.

To all my fellow comrades who died in battle:

Your deaths will not be in vain.

Vigilo Confido!

Ghilan'nain out.

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 /// ACCESSING FILE XCOM/PERSONNEL/CHARLIE/LOG_001.MP4 ///

/// FILE LAST EDITED 19/07/36 20:32:16 LOCAL TIME ///

/// PLAYING FILE ///

The video starts with Charlie sitting on top of her bed in the Avenger lab's sleeping area, a noticeably low camera angle indicating that whatever was recording was on the floor. She smiles slightly, brushing some strands of her platinum blonde hair out of her eyes, before looking down at the camera and waving.

“So... heh... day one of being with XCOM... well, it’s been interesting, to say the least.”

Charlie let out a dry chuckle and adjusted her seating posture.

“Dr. Charlotte Mayfield, log number one. Might as well get the formalities out of the way, because I won’t be keeping to ‘em. Yorkshire resistance’s champion of ‘pointless dicking around with dangerous alien tech’ - and maybe also internationally, considering the circumstances that got me picked up.”

She takes off the padded orange vest she wore above her t-shirt and discards it onto the bed beside her.

“So: part 1 of however many. How did I end up on the West Coast of the US? Well... back in March-April-ish, I had a bit of a run-in with the folks at the black market. You see, they didn’t very much like that I maaaaaybe refused to pay for some sparkly that I wanted to power a work-in-progress prototype drone with, so they rather understandably had a go at me.”

/// NOTE / 'Sparkly' was a slang name for Elerium crystals at our old haven. / AK ///

“So people came up to me, surprisingly not wanting my head, and basically gave me two options: pay ‘em, give it back, or help ‘em for a bit to pay it off. I chose the latter of the three, mainly just because it was boring at my haven and I wanted to do somethin’ different. So they flew me over to Canada to work on shit for ‘em.”

She shrugs and smiles.

“Hell, I was even offered up to XCOM around that time, but I don’t think they had the funds. Anyway, I did that for about a month, then they let me go. I basically just hopped from haven to haven, crawling further and further south, before I may or may not have accidentally created an energy beacon that pointed ADVENT straight to our position. Oops.”

Charlie chuckled, helping herself to a glass of water off-camera. The camera moved across the floor a little, panning as it went to keep focus on Charlie.

The DNA sequence was similar to ours but incomplete. The readout showed the initial scans of our DNA and sections circled, matching the missing areas in Golem. The prevailing theory is that we were not original but rather the first. A proof of concept, if you will. Tygan suggested that the Elders could insert any DNA they wanted to mold this template to any setting they wanted and that the DNA of the originals may very well be what they put in to form us. After all, what better way to make the ideal human?

A question lingered in his mind. Golem has a psionic signature, unlike us. Perhaps we were made similarly, but not from this specific entity. Why were we given the memories and knowledge of the originals? What theory were Elders testing using us? Are they looking to move a consciousness of something into one of these Golems....into one of Us?

Boltos Log (Episode 85)

July 17, 2036

It never... it never gets easier. Killing my own kind.

An odd thing to start a log on, I know. I don't regret my actions, I don't think I'd be able to take any path other than this one but... it still weighs on me. Here I am fighting for a future that my entire species may enjoy, yet I'm building that future upon a mountain of my slaughtered kin. Can I, can I truly call myself a liberator of my people when I have killed so many of them to find that liberation? I don't know, I just, just...

Boltos lets out a long sigh, pausing before he continues

I'm tired, of the war, of the Elders, of the blood and death. I've heard mumblings among the crew that some think I should take a position of leadership after the war ends, helm some group that would keep the Hybrids and aliens safe in the new world we're striving to make. I won't lie, it makes sense when I think about it. As a hybrid I already have a connection to the aliens, and as a soldier of XCOM I have ties with many people that will likely help shape the new world we step into. A part of me is honored that they think so highly of me, and another wants to pack up and run. It wouldn't be particularly hard, the commander doesn't strike me as the type to execute deserters, or even hunt them down. Yet if I gave up here, after everything I've seen and done, wouldn't it just be pointless then? Wouldn't I be mocking the sacrifices of others through my selfish actions? I don't know, and I doubt I'll ever truly know.

another voice sounds off

Boltos! You're needed at the hangar, the commander is sending you on assignment

Boltos grunts in response

I'll have to pick this up another time then... Signing off.

RECORDING END

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Kento “Wrath” Jai: Enemies Down (Episode 85)

Kento moves in, going to kill Mark and Niketas in their HQ, he sneaks through the guards. And the time has come.

“Kento... Impossible, how...”

They are surprised.

“It’s over.”

Kento fires his pistol to them both in the body.

Mark tries to get his gun, but gets shot by Kento in the head.

“No please! Don’t”

“Don’t?”

Kento with his angry voice says to Niketas.

“You took... Everything from me.”

Kento fires at him.

“Now... David is the only one left.”

Suddenly, Trevor aims the gun at him.

“Drop your gun!”

Kento turns at Trevor.

“Give up, Trevor.”

“Kento! You betrayed me, you betrayed us!”

Kento sighs.

“We fought the wrong side back then, Trevor.”

Kento walks away.

“Don’t move or I will shoot!”

Kento turns to him.

“We’re pals, you can’t kill me.”

Trevor sees his eyes red, it’s like Kento is tired, he wants to live in peace.

Kento walks away, and looks forward to kill the final enemy.

David.

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> Accessing Avenger Personal User Database

> Starting Video Recording Program

> Begin Video Recording

The image cuts to reveal Nilros sitting in the living quarters. They wave at the monitor.

[Nilros] "Hey there. It has been a while since we had a more peaceful session, but I think we can manage that today."

Nilros takes a deep breath.

[Nilros] "A lot has happened over the last few sessions. We have lost good folk of the tribe. There was success and failure regarding assignments. Finally, I have reached the highest honor amongst the tribe."

Nilros chuckles at themself.

[Nilros] "As someone that has felt unseen and has not really fully acclimated to the this new way of living. Being amongst those that are seen at the finest this tribe has to offer makes me feel so proud."

Nilros looks off to the of the monitor.

[Nilros] "I feel like things are finally coming together. Maybe we are finally closing in on taking back our blue and pure World from the Elders."

Nilros sighs.

[Nilros] "Only time will tell what the future holds for us."

"For now, end recording."

> Ending Video Recording Program

> Thank you for using XCOM OS

Episode 86: Tenacious Flame-----

Report to all Reaper Cells

By: Reaper Nomad

CC: Volk

Date: August 9th, 2036

Reapers.

As we speak, XCOM is planning an assault on the ADVENT Network Tower. This is an important milestone for our war against the Elders and I cannot stress enough how critical it is for this operation to succeed.

As informed by Volk, ADVENT's officials, including the Speaker himself, will be planning a speech on a new breakthrough in gene therapy. This is a lie to dupe thousands of humans in the city centers

The plan will go into four stages:

1- XCOM will hack the Network Tower to broadcast the truth. This will spur the humans in city centers into action

2- Many Resistance cells after the broadcast will need to go dark after the broadcast has been sent, including us.

3- With the truth broadcasted, expect a lot of humans from the city centers to flock to the havens. Support them as much as possible

4- And lastly, many ADVENT and alien stragglers will be holding out in various locations and possibly plan to hurt our people. Hold them off.

This has been a 20-year struggle for all of us. Many of our families, our loved ones, and our homes were decimated by the Elder.

This ends now! XCOM will be the spear that put them down and no longer will we be held by our chains.

Vigilo Confido.

Nomad out.

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PERSONAL LOG ENTRY#39

USER: Maryam Ulyah Hamadi

ALIAS: SPARROW

AFFILIATION: NORTH AFRICA BLACK MARKET

DATE: August 9, 2036

Many things happened over a month, but most importantly, what will happen today.

From what I can tell, XCOM plans to sabotage ADVENT's Network. That has pros and cons in them. The pros are that the people of the city centers will wake up and stand against ADVENT. With that in mind, it's only a matter of time till ADVENT is history.

Of course, the cons mean that a lot of those people will flock to the havens. We don't exactly have the infrastructure to support that many people. Besides, as bastards ADVENT are, the city centers are still home to many of them, so reforming them may be in order.

No doubt that stragglers will still hold on after the war is over. But that's how history goes. When empires fall, the remnants try to pick up the pieces. But as with many remnant groups, too many ideologies clash, so their attempts always fail

This will be a history in the making. Humanity's struggle to break free from its chains will be one for the books.

Inshallah, we will win.

Log End.

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Personal Log for XCOM Operative Rebecca Trell

Callsign: Ghilan'nain

DATE: August 9, 2036

Log#35

A lot of things have happened since the last log. We were near the end of the doomsday clock. And now, our benefactor sacrificed his life to show us the brutal truth: ADVENT will kill thousands of our fellow humans to be processed into DNA for the Avatar Project

As we speak, a squad is being deployed to the Network Tower to sabotage ADVENT's Network and broadcast the truth. The people in the city centers deserve to know the truth.

After this, we strike at the heart of the Elders.

It's almost surreal, thinking about it. For two decades, our normal lives were snatched away. Our homes and our families were decimated by the cruelty of the Elders.

Stephan, your fight for a belief in a better tomorrow always inspired me to fight, even in my darkest moments. And today, that better tomorrow is coming.

And to my fellow comrades who died in this war, your sacrifices allowed us to reach this stage. I only wish you could be here to see it.

And to my fellow XCOM comrades, we fought and struggled against seemingly impossible odds. Today, we make the final strike.

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Kento "Wrath" Jai: The End Of Vengeance
The Final Battle Begins Today.

Kento found David's base by himself in Canada, this was his moment to avenge his best friend, John Densar.

Kento runs towards their base, and the ADVENT troopers see him and open fire at Kento. Kento goes to cover, throws a flash bang, and kills them all.

Kento rushes to David's office, it is quiet, Kento slowly walks in and then David comes from behind and hits him in the head.

"I told you, you shouldn't have come here." David points the gun at Kento.

Then suddenly, someone pushes David, it was Jacob.

“Jacob!” Kento crawls for his weapon, but David is faster, and stomps Kento.

Kento sees Jacob trying to take the weapon from David, it was a fierce battle, but David pushes him away and shoots him 2 times in his body and 1 time at his head, Jacob was killed.

Kento gets up and pushes David off the building with him.

It was a heavy fall.

Kento couldn't stand up, the gun was close to him, all he could do was crawl as he could, he grabs the gun, and tries to stand up, but gets kicked by David by surprise.

David steals the gun from Kento, and says.

"I should have killed you back then when I got the chance!"

Trevor runs straight to David and punches him after he misses his shot.

Trevor and David were balanced, but after a while Trevor was weakened, David was stronger and a better fighter than him, including Kento.

Kento has only one chance that he can pull it off, get the goddamn gun.

Trevor is taking punches, then David stabs him with a knife in his body,
Then David turns around, slowly.

Bang

Kento fires the pistol at David in the head.

And that David falls down.

Kento was too late, he couldn't save Trevor at the right time.

"I have done it."

Kento walks slowly, and he can finally live in peace.

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> Accessing Avenger Personal User Database

> Starting Video Recording Program

> Begin Video Recording

The image cuts to reveal Nilros sitting in the living quarters. They take a deep breath as their gaze wanders off to the distance.

[Nilros] "Oh hey. I've really had some time to think and reflect on what has happened over the past few days."

Nilros shakes their head.

[Nilros] "You know there is whispers from the Warrior and Chief that we might be on the verge of taking it to the Elders? I can't believe it is finally happening."

Nilros sighs.

[Nilros] "There is also a lot of talk amongst the tribe about who is going to be chosen for this final assignment. I would like to be part of it, but I understand that there are others that are more experienced and deserve it more than I do. I'm proud of myself for what I've achieved thus far and also to be part of this tribe."

Nilros looks at the monitor.

[Nilros] "I believe there might still be a few sessions left. The Shaman was right to have me partake in this exercise as it has help me get use to this technological world. If nothing else I am grateful for that."

"For now, as always, end recording."

> Ending Video Recording Program

> Thank you for using XCOM OS

Episode 87: Madame Exit-----

Boltos "Yggdrasil" Degrir Log

August 8th, 2036

We've... we've done it. The Elder's control slips already, and humanity has finally seen the truth. But more importantly, my brethren have finally been freed. And I was a part of the team that destroyed their control over us.

The mission itself was simple, four of us were sent to the heart of a city center. 14 and Dynamite supported Poolmother and myself from the back, and we swept through the resistance with ease. There was some concern when Poolmother got hit hard by two MECs, but we managed to pull through. Yet for all the fighting and every moment that we worked as a team, the moment I relished the most was watching Poolmother access the main terminal, and finally end the Elder's control. I've been told that these newly freed kin will wake up soon, each entering a world that is hopefully freed from ADVENT. It'll be a messy world that they wake up to, that's for sure, but I suppose nothing good ever came easily.

For now though, all I can do is wait. The commander is prepping the team for the final strike, this Leviathan. No one knows exactly who will be on this mission, as he has seen fit to keep that a secret. I don't think I'll ever truly understand him. May they return victorious, and the final pages of this bloody chapter in Earth's history be written. This is Boltos, signing off.

END TRANSMISSION

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Robin "Ghost" Holmes, final log.

"Well, this is it. The world's eyes have been opened. Now to kick those alien scumbags off our world. I will have to find someone to dance with. Because a revolution without dancing isn't a revolution at all. I thought I'd feel different. My entire family died for this. My father died for EXALT, my mother, as a target for whatever Blacksite Experiment they were doing down there. Gods speed, sirs. You'll all go, and you'll all win, gods willing. We'll have to do it here. It's now or never. Do or die. Kill or die in trying, for your foe will do the same. We are one sword out of many, and we'll have this revolution. I just wish Tab could be here. She was twice the revolutionary I'll ever be. She actually got out there and fought the enemy. I just sat on the avenger and dusted" *There's a sound of an engine taking off* "Well, that's the team. I guess I better wrap this up. The party hasn't begun yet, and the bar's filthy."

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Kento "Wrath" Jai: Saying Goodbye (Episode 87 Part 1)
Date: August 11, 2036
Time: 1:26 P.M
Place: Avenger, His room.

Kento packs his things, finally going to live in peace, his emotions change him, and he knew he wasn't himself anymore after everything was taken away from him.

Kento reaches his pocket, and remembers... The photo with his friends and his new family, brought him to tears, upon what they have done for him and saw how they die during the war, he wipes his tears with his hands, it was time to go.

He leaves his letters for his friends in Avenger, Amy, Leo, Olivia, Slyvia, Ghost, Trell, Amelia, and many more, assuming he already prepared it. He also left a sniper which was supposed to be his, but he gave it up and left it for Leo.

Kento goes out the room, taking one more look, and says.

"It's been... Fun... Goodbye."

He smiles, and turns around and walks slowly.

During walking, everything he has done changed him, every loved one died for him, and many admired him, yet he still failed to become a hero, and many... or everyone will forget him.

He didn't care, he was happy that he found friends, he cared more about living rather than fighting in war.

His vengeance tore him apart, made him feel tired, finally he can finally live in peace.

Letters:

Dear Olivia,

I suppose you are reading this, I might be a terrible writer, but hey! It's literally me. Anyway, I just wanna thank you for everything, even though we never talk that much, it was fun... Sorry, um I'm having a breakdown but uh, thanks Olivia. I guess this is the end of the road for me here. Nice knowing ya. Take care, my friend.

From Kento

Dear Ghost,

Yo man! I remembered you! Lots of stuff happens ay? I have to write every single letter for people I have met with. Why do I have to do this? I'm stupid! Well, Ghost, it's time to say goodbye, I can't even imagine that I will stay here forever, I just... I don't know why, but the truth hurts. Is it? It's time for me to live in peace... Alone. Take care, my comrade, thanks again for being here with me.

From Kento

Dear Amelia,

You are one of the most, weirdest, insanest, drunkest, coolest people I have ever known! Like literally, sometimes you are just too drunk, like in the christmas party, you were supppppppper drunk, funny girl I suppose, *sigh* I guess this is the end of the day of happiness, just wanna say, thanks for everything, I'm going soon and I just wanna say, keep being cool and funny, take care.

From Kento

Dear Trell,

You saved me, back then when I was badly hurt, you saved my life! You think I don't know you did that? Come on, I really wanna talk to you sometimes, we could have a little small talk about life, but you are always so busy! Anyway, I just wanna say, thank you for saving me, I mean it, everything you have done for XCOM is incredible... Thanks again, Trell.

From Kento

Dear Sylvia

Sylvia, as if we haven't met yet, I remember you ate some of my burritos, I still have it in my room, you can have it! I know this letter might be not kinda emotional, but I just wanna say, meeting you was a pleasure, I might not know you that much, but thanks again, also, some burritos are spicy, so try some. In the Philippines, we like eating spicy foods. Take care.

From Kento

Dear Leo

Leo, Leo, Leo... What can I say? It's been a long trip my friend, I wonder if you already confess to Amy, just be brave man, it's gonna be fine, I promise, by the way, I gave you my sniper, it's from my teacher John Laros, he gave it to me, but I guess it's yours now, I don't need it, Leo, this is the end of me and you meeting again, I don't know if I will come back, but I just wanna say, thank you... For being such a kind friend, and also your pet, I love your pet so much hehe, see you on the other side Leo, take care and have fun there. I know being there without me is kinda sad, but you will meet other people that are like me, so don't worry! Take care of Amy, I haven't returned the favor, which is funny, take care again.

From Kento

Dear Amy,

Hey Amy, it's... Been a while... I wonder if you miss me after all we have been through, I'm sure you do. To be honest, I hate saying goodbye to Leo, to your sisters and others, but I hate saying goodbye to you the most, it's like.. Leaving you like a family, like... a brother, but you know, sometimes reality sucks, and it's god darn true, hehe. Amy, I will... I will never ever forget your angelic smile, your laugh, the way you talk to me, the way you always comfort me, I felt happiness... Just like the old times when I was just a kid, who had a dream to become the hero of XCOM, well, that didn't go well at all LOL, I left something for you on the desk in my room, hopefully you like it.

Amy, I... love you as a friend, as a family, and I will never forget what you have done to me, but this is the time we should separate, I have to live in peace, you have to live in the paradise of happiness, and no matter what, I will always be there for you in the times of danger, even without seeing me, I will be in your heart, as best friend, I will be far away hoping you will have a beautiful life in the future, and no matter what happens, I will be

"For now, end recording. I..."

- > Ending Video Recording Program
- > Thank you for using XCOM OS

Episode 88:

Leviathan-----

****Invoice - Dogs of War mercenary company****

To: XCOM Central Officer John Bradford

Date: 11 August 2036

Mission details:

- Liberate Mount Kinabalu Massif in Borneo
- Destroy 'genetics facility' (determined to be an avatar resurrection plant) in Borneo
- Kill or capture any prominent aliens or alien leaders encountered
- Assist Children of the Earth, Templars, and Nautilus in any other activities

Mission status: successful

Kills:

- 1 Avatar (see note)
- 2 Gatekeepers
- 2 Sectopods
- 3 Andromedons
- 3 Archons
- 5 Mutons
- 7 Vipers
- 5 Sectoids
- 5 ADVENT officers
- 4 ADVENT priests
- 7 MECs
- 47 assorted other ADVENT units

Note: the avatar encountered was severely wounded when encountered, despite having been previously engaged. It is likely that this avatar was an attempt to escape / resurrect from one of the other avatars previously killed by XCOM on operation Leviathan.

Casualties (Dogs of War / Templars / Children of the Earth / Nautilus / Indonesian resistance):

KIA: 0 / 0 / 0 / 1 / 2

WIA: 4 / 2 / 3 / 1 / 8

MIA: 1 / 0 / 0 / 0 / 1

Total cost due to Dogs of War:

400 intel chips for total services rendered, to be paid over time as needed

Memorials:

Rashmi Pusanya (Commander, Nautilus)

Intan Ratna Setiabudi (Corporal, Indonesian Resistance)

Fandi Jiang (Dogs of War - believed to have deserted to look for family in Borneo)

Kon-UI Tashar, translation to Earth date: 13 August 2036

The people of Aetzol, like Earth, had many governments before the invasion that claimed their world, fifteen of your years ago. Each Chosen is a master at something, as you have seen with Earth's three Chosen that you slew. I was a master instructor of psionic arts. I have no desire to continue to rule Aetzol, and ask your aid in restoring its people's freedom, especially if you have any Aetzolian resistance in your ranks, as I believe you do. At your leisure, I will continue to teach students in the psionic arts, be they from any world, but only if they come to me voluntarily. Most of my students heretofore have not been volunteers.

May the Gift lead you to better fates than the Elders who used it to enslave us. Your actions reveal that, in the end, the Elders enslaved themselves.

Leonidas reads Kento's letter, thinking to himself and frowned "you were a good soldier Kento, hope you'll be well after this" with that he puts the letter on his desk

Boltos "Yggdrasil" Degrir Final Log (Leviathan)

So I suppose this is it. The war is over, we've won. I think I'm gonna stick around for a week or two though, there are a few things I can help out with around here on the Avenger. Still... it feels, I dunno weird I guess. I'm already getting calls from HQ about more of our kin arriving, most of them still wearing the ADVENT armor. It's a heartwarming thing to see. For so long our people have been defined by the things that made us, and what they made us do. But now, now they're gone, and we are truly, completely free now. *Boltos can be heard chuckling softly for a few moments*

Of course it won't be easy, I'm not blind to the wounds my kind was made to inflict upon Humanity, and I know people. While most will likely see us as victims once they learn what

we were subjected too, others only have the pain we caused them, and I fear only time will tell just how that pain will manifest. But I can't focus on the far-flung future, let's stay in the present.

I was finally able to talk with my family again. Alice's voice was... well I could tell she was holding back tears when she heard my voice. The rest of them were almost crying as well. And I'd be lying if I said I wasn't either. It just, it felt so good to hear them again, and hopefully see them again as well. Turns out they've been busy too it seems! They moved from the plant nursery to a nearby farm following a near miss with ADVENT a few months back, and have even started taking in some of my freed kin who were out on patrols when the Psionic network went down. They said it was like dealing with me after I first "woke up". They seemed a bit confused when I talked with them, but I was glad to see the effects of our actions so soon. After the conversation mellowed out, and the teasing of my nickname "War King", (seriously how did that become so widespread?), but they were happy I had found friends among the crew. They thought it was good for me to try and be more social.

It was good to hear them, but I do have more work to do here, help some of the crew organize and prep things, a lot of them are gonna be leaving for their families. But I do have two other things to do... the first, is a letter, since I'm not sure if I'll ever see Charles in the next few days, and I doubt they'll listen to this. So that'll be on their bunk, the second is getting something from the bar, make sure it still gets used.

So I guess that's it... the end of my time at XCOM, and likely as a Skirmisher. It's been an interesting time. We had our victories, and our fair share of losses. But... I don't think I'll regret my time here, but now, I think it's time to rest.

This is Boltos “Yggdrasil” Degrir, or “Iggy” as the commander liked to call me, signing off for the last time, may I never have to make another one again.

RECORDING ENDS

Of note, Cutter's hat is now missing from the bar, and the note once tapped to the log it rested on has been changed to read the following:

“You were a great soldier and an even better friend, I’ll be borrowing this for a while, but I’ll bring it back if XCOM is ever needed again. -Boltos

[illegible]

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--- Video initializing ---
--- Audio detection initializing ---
--- Gremlin uplink established ---
--- Secondary uplink established ---
--- Initialization complete ---
--- Recording beings ---
--- Feed date: 08/09/2036 ---

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There's a wave of violent and angry shouts as the camera focuses on its four subjects, none of whom seem to be in the best of places. Three of them, two men and a woman, none of

which were older than 24, are standing over a table centred in the messy workshop with weapons and ammo scattered across what appears to be a map. The fourth, Charlotte, stood with her back to a window and her rifle at her side.

The first of the group picks up their ongoing conversation. His voice carries a little, laced in a faded Mancunian. “Charley, I need you here. We don’t know what’s going on in Ottawa or how bad it’s going to be. For all we know this is a trap.”

“That’s why you need me there, Alex! I’m the best shot this haven has!” She yelled in protest

“And it’s best eyes, which is why you need to be here.” The Englishman’s voice carried much more of an authority with it, as if to end the dispute right there and then despite how obvious this back and forth had been going on. “The twins and I can handle ourselves.”

The other two members of the group exchanged a look with one another, clearly enjoying the show. The girl began to say something but it's suddenly cut off by a large explosion and the sound of gunfire. There's a brief panic in the room as the twins leave the table, weapons in hand, and run out the door to see what they all knew it was.

“Trace ADVENT are here!” An Irish voice yells out before several more shots ring out, these ones much closer. “Quit your lovers quarrel and get out here!”

Charlotte and Alex looked at each other for a moment before joining their comrades outside in the defence. The recording continues for another 4 minutes before an explosion is heard and the camera's image turns to static.

[illegible]

Raptor, I know I should probably be saying this to you in person but, eh screw it, I've never been all that good at this stuff and with everything going on now that we've succeeded, I doubt I'll actually get the chance to say this, so instead, a letter it is. Hardest part was finding the envelope. Anyways, here goes.

So with the Elders dead, I'm willing to guess you may not have a place to go. I'm saying this since, well almost every hybrid that ADVENT once controlled is in basically the same position, and honestly? I've always thought of you as one of us, and I don't doubt that the rest would say the same. But to get to my point. When we first met, we talked about what we planned to do when we won. Now I was pretty drunk during that talk, but I do remember that we ended that chat with you not sure what to do, and I don't want to force anything, rather... give you an option.

In a few days, probably a week, I'm gonna be leaving for home, my old home up in Canada. My family plans on running a farm, maybe even help get some of the small towns up and running, and if you want to, there'd certainly be room for you there. If you have other plans, then I wish you luck in them, but if you want a quieter life after everything that's happened, you're always welcome to join me up north.

I wish you well in any life that you choose for yourself, Boltos.

::Medical cleared Charles after her part in helping create the Commander's Avatar. She watched it walk through the gate with the hand-chosen squad. It seemed like a distant memory, but it reminded her of all the originals and how they would gather before a mission.::

“Good luck, XCOM.”

::Though it was her voice, the message was from a long-dead squad that could no longer carry on the fight. The original Raptor Squadron may have held out when XCOM initially faded, but they had come back and are now beating down the Elders' door. Charles' only regret was that she was not there amongst them, but perhaps that was for the best.::

::What does she do now? The original plan was for XCOM to exterminate her as a weapon of the Elders. However, she had grown as an individual and no longer wished for death::

“An individual?” ::she paused on her way to her quarters. She had always thought and referred to herself in the plural to ensure history did not forget them. However, the future was hers and hers alone. The originals, and even Charles, were not the ones to forge it. It was her choice and her choice alone. She thought about restarting Raptor Squadron and training a new force to help those still in need, or even meeting up with defectors of ADVENT and claiming that title for humanity. Though, she arrived to see a letter on her bed. She read it and folded it into her pocket.::

“Boltos...” ::she smiled:: “Perhaps We.....no I could learn some new skills. I have memories of a world of peace but have never lived it.” ::she turned to head off to find her friend; she needed to know what to bring with her. She has no memories of working on a farm, and it would be her first experience as an individual.::

[illegible]

We won. Whatever you did XCOM, you did it. You broke their leadership and disabled the vast psionic network that spanned the entire globe. ADVENT is on the run, and their soldiers desert their ranks. You did your part, now it's time we do ours. My resistance group is moving in to take a North American City Center as we speak. It was a bit of a trek but we reached our destination without much issue. Other cells, and the Skirmishers in the region will be helping us take it over. In the honor of Shiblon and the fallen, we'll be blasting the Elder monument sky high. It feels right you now. This is their victory too. Thanks for everything you guys have done.

Speaking of the fallen, how many did we lose along the way to this promised day? How many lives gave up the ghost for us to see this new sunrise? I know records keep that you

guys lost 21 soldiers. But how many civilians did we lose in total? I know my wing had lost at least 10 civilians because of the ADVENT raids. That's just one region. For them we mourn, but we celebrate their lives as well. Their lives weren't lost in vain. We won, on a mountain of corpses we stand victorious. Was it all worth it? I'd say so. So would those who are looking down upon us.

I'll say something foolish now. This world, its Past, Present, Future. It's Humanity's to learn, to live, to pilot. Let's make sure it stays that way from now on okay? I'll do my part if you do yours, because we all have a part to play in it. Now if you excuse me, I need to lead this takeover, since no one in this group aside from this fossil finder apparently knows how to lead.

-Alexander "Jurassic" Ebony.

+++V
Flyers written and distributed to all havens and city centers in Skirmisher territory, written in English both and French

HELP WANTED!

IN NEED OF SUPPLIES, TOOLS AND EQUIPMENT, EXPLOSIVES, AND MAN POWER
FOR XCOM MEMORIAL.

LOCATION: NEW MEXICO, COORDINATES 30°32'26"N 103°50'14"W

SPREAD THE WORD

CHARLOTTE "ARCHANGEL" SAINT-MICHEL

+++V
Personal Log for Reaper Nomad:

Entry#48

Date: August 15th, 2036 - Finale

And so ends the 20-year reign of terror by the Elders. XCOM has finished what it started. Many lives have been lost, yes. And indeed, our victory was laid with the corpses of our fallen.

After the celebrations, I had a long talk with Volk. Mainly about my retirement and the future that we're facing.

It may seem surprising, but I've been thinking of retiring and going back to my tribe after the war is over. Those long years of fighting have made me weary. There were times when I wanted to lay down my rifle and settle down. But with the war over, me and my tribe can go back to our old homeland, the United Arab Emirates, and re-establish ourselves.

Volk was understanding about my desire for retirement, so there was no protest on that front. Of course, there's also the thing about the future that we also discussed about.

Let's face it, a lot of ADVENT hybrids and aliens will be living on this planet for years. This is not gonna be easy to live with considering how they terrorized us for twenty years.

Additionally, while many of the city centers are on fire, there are still uses for them in case anyone needs housing or to run things. I'm not a city boy, so I don't know how this works.

Volk and I agree on one thing: A lot of the Resistance, including Reapers, will not be happy about the idea of living with our former enemies. In fact, some of them will take up arms and form militias to fight against it.

It's gonna be a mess and I hope we humans are ready for it. No matter what we try, there will always be an enemy as long as we hold firm to our beliefs.

But that's not the direction where my story is gonna go there. As much as I want to be part of this future, I can't be expected to fix every problem.

As far as Nomad's story goes, he goes back to his tribe and to live his twilight years in the UAE. Happy and satisfied with his part to liberate humanity.

The End.

+++V+++V+++V+++V+++V+++V+++V+++V+++V+++V+++V+++V+++V+++V+++V+++V+++V+++V+++V+++
PERSONAL LOG ENTRY#40

USER: Maryam Ulyah Hamadi

ALIAS: SPARROW

AFFILIATION: NORTH AFRICA BLACK MARKET

DATE: August 14, 2036 - Finale

And thus the embers of resistance burned brighter with ADVENT's fall. Our people are holding off against stragglers still believing in the Elders' lies.

This has been a long struggle. Many people have lost their lives in this fight, including families and friends. They are still mourned even to this day.

In fact, we even celebrated this victory with songs and parties pertaining to our old traditions. Ahmed Yousef was here for the occasion as well. We had quite a good time.

But as with every revolution, the future we're facing is one filled with unknowns. The aliens and ADVENT troops we fought for years? They'll be living with us, whether we like it or not.

Will this future be filled with cooperation and diplomacy? Or more violence and bloodshed?

Regardless of the outcome, we humans deserve to build this future in our hands.

Because if there's one thing for certain in many lifetimes, it's that we always dare to live free.

This is Maryam Hamadi. Signing off.

+++V+++V+++V+++V+++V+++V+++V+++V+++V+++V+++V+++V+++V+++V+++
Personal Log for XCOM Operative Rebecca Trell

Callsign: Ghilan'nain

DATE: August 13, 2036

Log#35 - Finale

It's been a few days since we came out from the depths of hell in Operation Leviathan. But we did it. The Elders are gone. Humanity is rising against ADVENT's tyranny. ADVENT is nothing but ashes.

We had quite a celebration after we accomplished our mission. Many foods and drinks were served for the occasion. I think some of us woke up with hangovers, me included.

That being said, the work is never done. With the Psionic Network collapsed, dozens of ADVENT troops have flocked to the Skirmishers. But there's a significant concern for the future of both humanity and the planet

Sooner or later, the aliens will live with us for many years. Many of us still have scars over how they stole our lives and buried our families and loved ones. I'd be lying if I didn't share the same scar as them.

The future that we're building for? There's a lot of uncertainty and fear about it. Even still, I'm willing to do my part to help ensure cooperation between us humans and the aliens who will live with us.

One thing for certain, though, this future is ours to build. It will not be an easy road, but it is one worth trying.

"You saved us, escaping from a betrayer, all of us are proud of you."

Kento tries to hold his tears, he falls down, as he is happy he saves people during a tough time.

Everyone hugs him, as he is weeping on the ground.

After a big moment, certainly the best moment of his life, he leaves his people, and goes back to his home. Bohol, everyone says goodbye as his hero goes in peace in his life.

Kento goes back to his old home, where he becomes a Marksman, he watches the sun and sits, smiling, crying, or even, happiness.

Then he says.

"I finally... Live in peace.

This is the end of Kento's story.

No matter how hard life is, no matter how much pain brings you to the lowest, there is always hope, there is always happiness, there is always... Life, fighting isn't everything, never has been, living is, sadness can turn into happiness, and pain can be forgotten, which is beautiful.

After the war, Kento lives alone for the rest of his life, and died at the end, in the Philippines, they build a statue of him leading the people, and of course he also has a funeral, his last words were:

"I love everyone, no matter what, deep down in my heart, they are my family, I love them all."

+++ V +++ V +++ V +++ V +++ V +++ V +++ V +++ V +++ V +++ V +++ V +++ V +++ V +++
> Accessing Avenger Personal User Database
> Starting Video Recording Program
> Begin Video Recording

*The image cuts to reveal Nilros in the living quarters. They are standing behind the chair while gripping it.

[Nilros] "It is done! Finally have all we have been through the Chief has managed to liberate us from the Elders."

Nilros shakes their head in disbelief.

[Nilros] "I was starting to think this day would never come. That our goal was slowly and steadily creeping away from us."

Nilros chuckles.

[Nilros] "I don't know who to thank for this. The Wild Mother? The Tech Mother? The Void Mother? All of them?!"

Nilros runs one of their hands over their mask.

[Nilros] "Regardless, we did it. We can finally start anew and rebuild that which was lost to us, but if I am going to do this. I need to start anew myself."

Nilros removes their mask and leans forward to place it on the desk in front of the monitor.

[Nilros] "The Chief...my tribe...they have shown that we don't need to rely on something. The strength we need comes from within and those we surround ourselves with. So let me start this new journey hopefully free from this."

Nilros points at the mask before turning around and walking away. They pause in the doorway before looking back.

"For the last time. End Recording."

> Ending Video Recording Program
> Thank you for using XCOM OS

Epilogues-----

THE LAKELANDS DAILY

By the people, for the people since 2022

One Year Later: The New New World of Haze MacMoray

By Quinn Dawsey, Global Reconstruction Correspondent for LD
15 August, 2037

It goes without saying that the world of last year was a radically different place, both in and out of the Federation. It was barely a year ago that ADVENT had control over much of the populated regions of the world, dominating the planet from their obscene throne in New Providence, puppeting the shambling corpse of the old United States and all the other remnants of the post-1991 global order on the behest of the still-mysterious Elders. All the while, our people and many like us fought tooth and nail against much more recognizable foes - destitution, hunger, environmental decay, and fascistic bandits and warlords. ADVENT may as well have been on another planet with their alien liege-lords for how distant life in the cities were to how the other half lived, especially in the early years. Now, however, as the

last vestiges of the Elderists' 'New World' are being buried along with the pitiful remains of all the other would-be conquerors of history, the question of where we go now has become much more present in common conversation around the world.

Perhaps one of the most influential in looking into what direction we may be going in is Ms. Haze MacMoray, an old-world-educated historian, one of the founding members of Beaver Pines and the Federation, an associate of the XCOM Movement, and now, one of the key members of the nascent 'Mutant Alliance', a global political movement that is a considerable force in the Federation and many of the other post-liberation countries of Earth. I was invited into her home for an interview on her perspective on the events of the past two years and to get her take on what comes next.

I met with Haze at her residence on the outskirts of the Beaver Pines, a relatively small A-frame building that had stood in the area when it was still attached to a parcel of undeveloped forest land held by the State of Michigan. Even now, many of those same pines are present around the house, nearly masking it from the gravel path one has to travel to get here from the main road. Its walls, much like a lot of the slowly vanishing 'un-urban' homes built or modified in the early years post-2015, lay hidden underneath a reinforced steel lattice covered in a dense layer of English Ivy. Long, narrow windows interspace these walls of greenery, hidden along the sloped sides of the abode. What ground isn't covered in native grasses and beds of leaves and pine needles are occupied with small garden plots and a nondescript shed, to which an open door revealed a humble machine shop in which sat a unique relic of a car, a tarp half-laid over it.

Approaching the house itself I was met with Haze, who a year later from participating in instigating a global uprising the likes of which Marx, Engels, and Bakunin couldn't have conceived of, seems to be a much warmer, calmer individual. Over their torso laid a large plaid shawl/poncho affair cast in a rich, dark blue, fastened by large buttons at the right shoulder and leaving a wide, circular collar around her neck, revealing her albino neck and inner shoulders. Beneath, a simple beige tunic and a sturdy pair of jeans, many holes stitched and patched from years of wear, the cuffs tucked cleanly behind a pair of scuffed and well-traveled Doc Martens. A short bob framed her soft, yet angular features, and despite a few more wrinkles being evident on their face, their red eyes still held a cool fire within them. Seeing the welcoming figure at the door it was hard to imagine this person was a freedom fighter and a major diplomatic figure on the world stage.

The space inside the house affirms this a bit more strongly, as I am met by a collection of curiosities of all sorts: historical relics, pieces of folk art from remote parts of the world, preserved and stuffed animals, some not native to Earth, and a veritable wall of books towards the back of the main room. Here, one is reminded that her primary focus prior to everything, and presently as well, from the looks of it, was the preservation of history and the sharing of its lessons. I'm guided over to a set of chairs towards one of the areas of the main room lit best by natural light, where we're both seated. Two cups of tea, made from herbs sourced from out of Haze's garden, have been placed here for us in mismatched cups - mine a glazed and hand-crafted piece of sculpture, and hers, a taller green and white one emblazoned with the insignia of her pre-invasion Alma Mater. From there, the recording drones get into position, and the room is left to the distant birdsong of the northwoods morning outside and the subtle hiss of steam rising from the fresh pot of tea.

What follows is a transcript of the interview between myself and Haze MacMoray. For full audio and video, visit the **LD OpenWeb Archive**.

QD: Thanks for inviting me over, Miss MacMoray. I have to say, scheduling was definitely a debacle on its own considering your whirlwind schedule as of late. I really do appreciate you opening your home to me for this interview on the first day back after your visit to the Global Council.

HM: Oh it's no problem at all. And please, call me Haze. Miss MacMoray was my mother's name.

She laughs after a moment of silence.

HM: I can't believe I spat out a cliché like that right at the beginning of this.

QD: Trust me, you're fine. After everything you've been up to as of late, sounds like you could use some casual levity.

HM: Oh, definitely. Well, all of us do, really. It's been a long couple years after a long couple decades. With any luck we'll be headed to comparatively boring squabbles that don't involve needing to pick up a pulse rifle and clip a fascist across the cranium.

QD: Some people would rather it stay that way, from the sound of it.

HM: Yeah, I can't blame them really. They're wrong, but they don't know they are. A lot of people have known nothing but violence and war, and they're confronted with a huge crisis of identity as the war they've known their whole lives is coming to an end. And that scares the hell out of them. I mean, it wasn't just them, you've got a whole generation of people who're getting everything shaken up, in and out of the big cities. In a lot of ways, it's something people my age are already used to - we saw the world come to an end in spectacular fashion, and we've had decades to come to grips with it, learn how to get past it and 'tend to the garden' in a literal and metaphorical sense. We're lucky in the Federation that we've been able to foster a culture of relatively well-adjusted people, and even then I can't imagine places aren't starting to feel a sense of cultural dread from having the big enemy of ADVENT finally dying.

QD: And do you think XCOM has done enough to stop that 'cultural dread' you mentioned?

HM: I think it might be a mistake to assume that XCOM is going to be the ones who need to stop it. It's a lot bigger than any one group, and it shouldn't ever be vested in one group to handle things on a societal level.

QD: But you have to figure, they do have significant sway right now, like it or not. Don't you think their leadership has some semblance of responsibility to at least steer the reconstruction effort away from conflict?

HM: Coordinate, yes. Steer, no. We've all got responsibility to get people's minds away from undue violence. Sure, you have other voices that say otherwise, even here in the Federation, but that's never been how we've made things happen. You don't get rid of authoritarian tendencies by leaving a vacuum where it used to be. You have to fill it in with something aspirational. Honestly, that's a big part of why I've been focused on the Alliance.

QD: The Mutant Alliance, I assume?

HM: Yep.

QD: It's a bit of an unknown quantity to a lot of folks still, it's a new concept to pretty much everyone. Mind sharing with me what it is that the organization does?

HM: Essentially we're an advocacy group aimed at protecting and securing the rights of the genetically-altered and engineered sapient beings of the world, educating the public about who mutants are and why we're around, as well as doing research into the physiology and psychology among those of us who were created or altered without our consent under the ADVENT regime. We've mostly been focused on the Hybrids and Faceless, but we've also been starting to see the Thin Men come back out of the woodwork.

QD: It's a bit of a personal project of yours then, yes? Helping set up the Alliance. You make no secret of your status as a 'Faceless'.

HM: Correct. It's not really because I am a type of mutant though, it's a bit more than that.

QD: How so?

HM: Sylvia Carvalho, excuse me, *Professor* Sylvia Carvalho now, she's been a good friend of mine since we started working together on the Avenger back in the summer of '35. As brilliant an archaeologist as they come. A thing that came up in some of our conversations on the boat before Liberation Day was her opinion that after we got everything loosened up from ADVENT's grip, that I'd want to use Gene Therapy to become baseline human again. I...guess I never really saw that as a necessary thing to do. Sure, the alteration was done without my consent or knowledge, and I'm inexorably different from baseline humans as a result. At the same time, I'm able to do things I would never have been able to dream of with this body. But that was never the point anyways.

QD: Why's that? Wouldn't you have wanted to reclaim your bodily autonomy and restore yourself?

HM: No. You have to understand that even before everything happened, I was a trans person living in the Old World. We had to consciously hijack our bodies' endocrine systems to deal with the grief of having a mind that didn't match what we were placed in. Even with how nefarious we knew ADVENT was, even back in the early days, we were offered a medical miracle. We'd never need to use artificial hormones ever again or need more corrective procedures, our bodies would simply be made right for us at the genetic level. I pretty much *became* my true self through that procedure. At the most fundamental possible level, I shed away the last vestiges of my assigned gender.

QD: I still don't think I understand why you chose to not undergo a process to become 'baseline' again, as you put it.

HM: That's a little more complicated. The most concise way I know to put it is that, ultimately, it's become an incredibly important part of my life and my journey as an individual. I've had to change my entire outlook on life, death, and the nature of personhood thanks to my process of self-rediscovery. I don't have to ever deal with dissonance between myself and my body. My mind actively can control it. I'm in the middle of the first steps of a whole new way of living that's never been seen before on Earth or anywhere else that I know of. And, if we're being totally honest, it feels nice to be able to reshape your appearance on a lark sometimes.

Haze leans back in her chair, and chuckles subtly before taking a drink of her tea.

HM: Definitely makes trying on new dresses easier too. I can look good in whatever I want now.

QD: Okay, I think that makes a little more sense to me now. Do other people who underwent conversion to Faceless look at it the same way?

HM: Getting reliable figures probably will be years away, but I'd say the mutant community is about half and half on it right now. That could be for all kinds of reasons. A lot of people were never activated until Liberation Day when we broke the system from Paris, and learning what happened to them scared them on an intrinsic level. They felt like they weren't themselves anymore, and I don't need figures to tell me that some people couldn't live with themselves. I know I almost broke early in my journey. Took some real good people being around at the right time to help me level out. More yet, they felt that they were in the wrong body, a lot like how I and other trans people were before the invasion. We've been doing our best to help people get access to the gene therapy clinics to have the 'correction' made. Those who haven't been able to, for whatever reason, mostly in areas being supervised by Shrike or the Reapers where it's been banned, they're starting to experience a level of body dysmorphia nobody has ever seen before.

QD: I trust you're referring to Psionic Fragmentation Disorder.

HM: Yes. Terrible thing, that. They start to dissociate completely from their physical form, pretty much lose any ability to interact with other people on a conscious level. Their identity starts to pretty much atrophy to the point they're essentially non-sapient anymore without significant intervention, and even then there's no guarantee someone can be brought back from total fragmentation. Really that's why protecting existing gene therapy facilities and continuing to improve its accessibility has been such a big deal for the Alliance. There's people who need help and these hardcore xenophobes are letting this become a health crisis.

QD: The Reapers especially are known to be human purists to a lot of people. Do you think they're aware of the harm they're causing, by your logic?

HM: I don't know. What I can say is that they're not really a coherent organization, they're pretty much a bunch of outdoorspeople who knew a thing or two about mutual aid and the preparation of non-native flora and fauna for eating and for other uses. Frankly I'm not sure if Volk really considers the Reapers to still be around in the same way it was last year. They're a hard man to get a hold of. Now, all these are a whole other bunch of controversies to be sure, but based on my experience they're not inherently opposed to mutants being integrated in their communities. They just don't like the idea of gene therapy sticking around in areas they live in. I think they just see it as 'bad alien tech' and assume that there'll be advancements made that make it unnecessary. What I think they don't realize is that we'll wind up just reinventing the wheel just to make the exact same conclusions to problems we have solutions to right this second. Or I could be less generous and say that there's plenty among them who are social darwinists who think it's a good thing that people like me are essentially imploding as people and 'solving themselves'. But, based on what we've seen over the last year I think Shrike is more prone to those instincts.

QD: Let's pivot a bit here, I want to hear more about the education aspect of what you've been doing. It can be in the Alliance, or your continuing work with XCOM, whichever you think is more pertinent in the reconstruction efforts going on.

HM: Well, my keyboard is pretty well worn-down at this point, and I've filled up enough notebooks to take up a shelf over there behind you since March of '35 alone. Thankfully I've been getting help, mostly from Professor Carvalho and a few other friends from my time on the Avenger. We've been really trying to make sure that we can get a cohesive narrative of what happened during the war from as many of the people who were there to see it happen. Naturally it's been a godsend to be with the Alliance too, turns out the hybrids' memories are a lot more clear than we used to think and the aliens who've freed themselves trust us to hear them out more fairly than others.

HM: Really our main goal is to make sure the narrative that gets shared in schools and in the popular consciousness isn't that XCOM swooped in and saved the world, but that the efforts of a whole lot of people were coordinated to bring down the global Elderist superstate. XCOM was just the folks who could coordinate things well, their logistics were top notch. Going back to what we were saying about their responsibility earlier, that's what I mean, XCOM failed when it was a top-down thing that had carte blanche from the world's most powerful nations to do what it thought it needed to do. It won against even more incredible odds when it simply helped people perform their best as they were. We're shooting to have a text mostly wrapped by the end of the year to present at least to a few of the nations that we've seen restabilize so we can have them start using it in their schools. Naturally this is a global effort, we can't take all the credit.

QD: You're something of a diplomat nowadays for the Federation thanks to your ties with XCOM on top of all of this. What's your experience been on that front over the last year?

HM: It depends. Some places I've had connections with for eons, others it's a bit of a learning curve, I'll be honest. I guess you could say it's always been easier for me to do my job with the idea of people rather than the real thing, but I like to think I'm better at it than I was when I started doing all of this.

QD: Seems like you've warmed up to being more friendly with the Reorganized United States as of late, for one thing.

HM: Yeah. I don't think any of us here in the Federation were really enthused about a new government in Washington, same as always. We weren't looking forward to the prospect that they'd be trying to take back the old US borders, maybe decide they were going to integrate Canada and Quebec and figure that all of us were squatters on their territory. Luckily, President Bell seems to be a bit more understanding and has a good head on her shoulders. A lot of new treaties are being drafted between Washington and the indigenous nations that rebuilt on their own since 2015, and it seems that Ottawa and Quebec took the hint too and are sticking with a more decentralized model for the future. And I have to say, it feels nice to know that the people of the Lakelands are going to have a seat at the table for the new Global Council.

QD: You've certainly been a big part of a lot of moments in the history of the Lakelands. Do you think that seat at the table would have your name on it? You've tended to avoid the spotlight for the most part over the years, but has being more public-facing changed that?

HM: I sure hope nobody decides I'm the only person suitable to be their delegate though, I've got enough going on as it is, and frankly, I just want to hang out with my girlfriend and keep traveling once I get my car demilitarized, so to speak. I'll have a lot more legroom without having to worry about where I'll stash my railgun.

QD: I see. I can't imagine people won't try and convince you to though.

HM: That's true, fair enough. I guess I might need to lay in the bed I've made. I'll keep working in the background in the meantime though, my work trying to compile the accounts of the War and the Occupation era and keeping on top of things with the Alliance means any trips I take probably will have to be mostly working vacations if anything. It'll still be nice to check back in on some of the places I went to during the War now that we don't have a looming threat hanging over our heads. I hear New Babylon is really something to see nowadays. But at the same time, it's good to be home. With the one-year anniversary of Liberation Day a lot of the gang from back on the Avenger and some other friends we made along the way was looking for a place to hang out and catch up, figured I'd have them drop by up here and show them what I do when I'm not running around the planet trying to help it get back up on its feet again. We were all going to have a little celebration over by the Resistance Memorial up in town, that way Tab can be there too.

QD: From what I recall you were opposed to having her be publicly memorialized for a while. Sounds like you've had a change of heart there?

HM: Sort of. Really I just knew her well enough that she didn't want people to be sad about her passing. The whole memorial deal felt like it would be going against her wishes. I think having a party by her resting place would sort of, I guess, neutralize that sort of reverent energy a little bit? I know not a lot of people put stock in that kind of stuff, but I do, and she did as well. She's still alive to me, in a sense, and I think it'd be mean to exclude her from any celebration of tearing down the biggest fascist grift in Earth's history.

QD: Do you think you've done right by her?

HM: I don't know. I'm sure I'll find out someday.

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Epilogue: Kento "Wrath" Jai

After th—, Kento lives alone for the rest of his life—In the philippines, they build—
leading—, and of course— his—

"I love everyone, no matter what, deep down in my heart, I lov—

—STOP—

4 Years Later:

May 20, 2040

Place: Bohol, Kento's Place, The Philippines

Time: 8:00 A.M

Kento looks at the sun, smiling, as if everything is going okay, living his life alone, but then
an unknown person comes behind him and says.

"You think you could just let it go?"

Kento remembers his voice, as he is not shocked at all, he then smiles and replies.

"Took you long enough, Worst One."

"You forgot my name? How pitiful."

Kento sighs and says.

"Your name is literally The Worst one.."

"No it's not!" He shouts.

Kento laughs, and says.

"Andrew, Andrew Artfield."

Andrew smiles.

"So you do know."

Andrew stands beside Kento, as he also watches the sun along with Kento.

"You know? Back then, we were just a tool by ADVENT, I'm glad it is done."
Andrew takes a deep breath.

"But you have to move on from that.."

Kento asks, confused.

"What do you mean?"

Andrew looks at Kento.

"You know ADVENT is not really 'dead' yet, considering we were former ADVENT agents."

Kento looks at him very seriously, and says.

"What brings you here? you keep talking about this kind of stuff from the past—"

Andrew cuts him off.

"I'm bringing you back to ADVENT."

Both point the gun at each other, then Andrew says.

"I'm sorry, Kento. But you know, your father and your mother were part of ADVENT."

Kento is shocked.

"My... Mother was one of them?"

Andrew shouts.

"I'm here because I need you to bring back ADVENT."

Kento denies, and says.

"I will not betray my friends again, I promise you that."

Andrew replies.

"But you can't let the past be forgotten, we are the only ones left, I don't know if others are alive, but as long as I have you, we will bring them back on earth."

Kento still denies.

"I will not bring them back... They killed my friends, my family. I will not go back!"

Andrew smiles, and replies.

"I guess you won't even listen, huh?"

Andrew lowers his gun.

"Do you even think that everyone in that ship will remember you? Hah! I don't think so, especially, someone that took care of you, even left 'her' disappointed!"

Kento asks Andrew with a hard, cold voice, that he mention his friend, Amy.

"What's your point?"

Andrew replies.

"The truth hurts, doesn't it? I mean, who cares about you? You barely survived during the war! Nobody cares about you, nobody will ever remember you, you will be just a paper with no one even writing to know you."

Kento points at Andrew as near as possible.

"If you say that one more time, I will kill you."

Andrew whispers to Kento.

"Revenge drives you crazy... Doesn't it?"

Kento points at him for a while, and finally lowers his pistol, then Andrew says.

"You will betray your friends once more, and go back to the old times, and then we will take over this world, you will be powerful, you will destroy everyone who gets in your way. And your friends will try to stop you, you know you could just do it by yourself, but you got softer and softer, because of friends, because of that ship, XCOM."

"I will give you some time, but it's very easy to decide, either stay here and die alone, or start a new world, and find true revenge for yourself, then this world of yours is going to be a beautiful place,"

Andrew pats on his shoulder, and gives him the badge of ADVENT.

"Don't keep me waiting."

Andrew leaves while Kento is looking at him, then he looks at the badge, and it feels that Kento has fallen back to his own self, the evil himself.

Kento grips his badge, and says.

"Revenge... Huh?"

Kento looks at the sun.

“The peace... has finally broken.”

“It was me... who broke it...”

[illegible]

/Encryption Access Level: Blue

/User Login: Esme Caine-Harris

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/Password: ****
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/Access Granted

Well, the day has finally come. The day we all thought would never arrive has finally come to pass. We're free. The head of the hydra has been removed and the stump cauterized. ADVENT is finished. Just in time too. Since operative "Ghost" helped me escape Advent's clutches, I've been jumping around Havens, distributing the information I extracted from EXALT's databases and looking for more information about the mysterious "Waffleman." From what I've been able to gather, he's become a bit of a folk hero for the Resistance, traveling from one end of the globe to the other to help those in need and lend a hand (and waffle) to whomever asks. He gained such notoriety that he was among the first to be invited to join the rebuilt XCOM once their operation got off the ground. And I mean that quite literally. What I didn't expect, however, was to hear that he had completely disappeared shortly thereafter. I suspect he may have...

/Transcription paused.

...

/Transcription started.

XCOM has just released records of those who had fallen in the line of battle. Waffleman's name was among the first on the list.

...

I don't know what I expected.

Did I expect to find him amongst the dead? Certainly.

I did not expect that he would *actually* have been the one I had been searching for all this time.

Rookie Operative Norman "Waffleman" Harris.

...

He's gone. Taken from this world by his own grenade. The pin pulled by his own hand and used to end not just his life, but aid in ending the life of another in the same mission. I don't know if I should be mad, but I know he wouldn't want that. He wouldn't end his own life, much less attempt to take someone else's, without being forced to. That's what the official report says, at least. So why does it still hurt so much? Norm, even after losing Emmett and Tilly... After losing me, spent his life dedicated to making sure no one had to feel his pain, becoming a legend... Only to die by his own hand in the middle of his first mission to actually help save the world. I should be happy that he lived a full life, did so much to help so many people. But I don't.

I feel jaded. Worse still I feel as though I'd been cheated out of the closure I so desperately sought after years of just getting by without truly living. I missed out on the chance to see him one last time, and now I can't even enjoy the thrill of victory over our oppressors because he's not here to enjoy it with me.

...

But I shouldn't stay sad. They wouldn't want me to. Dear sweet Emmett and little Tilly wouldn't want me to go back to what I was during the occupation, and Norm would want me to keep moving forwards. Even if that means moving on without him. Even still... No. No, don't think like that. Think about the people whose lives he's touched. Think about what he and his actions meant to them. Maybe that way, I'll find some actual closure for him. I can probably start with those on the Avenger. XCOM's as good a place as any to start. Maybe

there'll be someone on board who knew him prior to his death... I'm reasonably sure those two Skirmishers who were with "Ghost" probably met him. I also remember overhearing talk of someone trying to open a waffle house in his honor, using his secret recipe. I wonder if...

/End Message.

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TO: Hrox, Apoxa, Haze MacMoray, Isa, and 32 others
FROM: Esmeralda Caine-Harris
CC: [XCOM] Robin "Ghost" Holmes
DATE: [EXPUNGED]
SUBJECT: Invitation for any and all XCOM operatives to the Grand Opening of The Waffleman's Waffle House

You are cordially invited to a closed-door event for all surviving XCOM operatives and crew to both remember those we've lost and celebrate the victories won in their names.

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LF OpenWeb Mail Client
TO: Esmerelda Caine-Harris
FROM: Haze MacMoray
SUB: Re: Invitation for any and all XCOM operatives to the Grand Opening of Waffleman's Waffle House

On behalf of myself and Ms. Isa Jaeger, we are happy to accept the invitation. Just let me know where I need to go, and when. We'll clear our schedules to make it work.

+++V+++V+++V+++V+++V+++V+++V+++V+++V+++V+++V+++V+++V+++V+++V+++
Epilogue 2: Kento "Wrath" Jai (THE FINALE)

The Story of Kento "Wrath" Jai is Over.

Cling

....

....

"I guess this is the end, Andrew."

"Not for me, Joshua."

Joshua and Andrew face each other while Manila has burned down.

Joshua replies.

"I never thought you were the most dangerous person in our country."

Andrew replies.

“And you will know how your master died.”

Joshua says.

“Which means...”

Andrew replies.

“The Sacrificial has finally met their end.”

Joshua picks up his headband from his master.

“Then...”

Joshua wears it.

“I’m still one of the Sacrificial!”

“Hmph.”

Both charged at each other and fought till the end.

Prepare yourselves...

+++V+++V+++V+++V+++V+++V+++V+++V+++V+++V+++V+++V+++V+++
29 August 2039

The two XCOM intelligence analysts entered the conference room in the still-under-construction National Museum of American History.

"Dr. Carvalho, we've heard so much about you. Civilian heroine of the war, expert on the alien occult, and, should I say, obtainer of rare antiquities,"

said one of them. Sylvia gestures to the conference table and sits down with the others, before taking a seat herself.

"Come on in, sit down. I take it one of my discoveries has military applications again?"

she asks as she settles into her seat. One of the intelligence officers leans forward and says softly

"You understand this is strictly confidential."

With a nod, Sylvia replies

"Of course! As you know I'm well acquainted with military secrecy."

The intelligence officer nods, before explaining

"Last night, our Arabian branch detected a communiqué from sympathizers of Sacred Coil in City 31, with repeated references to something called the Case of Corvthon. Do you know what it could be about?"

Tapping her knuckles on the table, Sylvia gets up and flips on a computer screen, before drawing on the screen with her fingers.

"The Case of Corvthon is an artifact described in myths of the Ovsthor faith from about three thousand years ago. Exactly who the Ovsthor were is still something of a mystery, but they appear to be the among the ancestors of modern sectoids. It was a box supposed to hold either their gods or a pact with their gods. I used to describe it as an alien Pandora's Box, although now I think Ark of the Covenant might be a better analogy. The Case itself is made of psionically-reinforced iridium, and last I checked, it is on board the *Avenger*."

"As for why Sacred Coil would want it, there was an Elder, Tiamat, who wanted to use it to enslave and weaponize a creature called hursabat living on the planet, Aetzol - which you may know as the home planet of the XCOM soldier and now legendary hunter, Rojoash of Ekertho. Tiamat's main agent sent to acquire this artifact was a priest named Abi-Rattas, styled as the Prophet of Tiamat. To my knowledge, Abi-Rattas is still at large, although I don't know what he would plan to do with the Case without either Tiamat or any way of getting to Aetzol."

The intelligence officers look at each other and nod after Sylvia's explanation.

"And Tiamat?"

asks the second one. Sitting down again, Sylvia shakes her head.

"I believe Angelis to be the only Elder known by name to have been killed in Operation: Leviathan. I believe it is presumed that Tiamat was killed along with the others, but can't say for sure."

After a pause, she adds

"Given that Tiamat was supposed to have been defeated by Marduk before the rise of Babylon, though, I am going to guess there is more to this Tiamat than meets the eye."

Another pause follows, before the first intelligence officer queries

"Is Marduk another Elder, or something else?"

Sylvia answers

"Marduk was a Babylonian god, along with Tiamat. Marduk was the king of the gods of good. Benevolent Elders of the past such as Nari-Lugaldimmnkia, and most recently, Asaru, have taken names from Marduk."

"So what did this Tiamat want this hursabat for?"

asks one of the intelligence officers.

"It can exert a form of mind-control without psionics. They wanted to weaponize it. I guess now, without any kind of ADVENT network, it's still an option, if they can get ahold of it. Additionally, there's the possibility of the Case itself being a weapon, especially if it is indeed like the Ark of the Covenant."

[illegible]