

To everyone who encouraged me, to those who loved me, and most of all, to those who forgave me:

There are few moments in life that define who we are, as people. Some are great, bringing us fame and glory, whether it's for fifteen minutes or the rest of our life. Some are horrible, disgusting things that we do, whether we meant for it to happen or not. It doesn't matter. Our moment has passed, and our sins will live with us forever.

Just a year ago, I actually believed that. That once our moment had passed, our story was written in permanent ink. I was convinced, whether through my upbringing or experience, that we defined who we were through our actions and our legacy could never be changed.

But you, contrary to almost everyone currently in my life, defied the beliefs that have been driven into me since I was a child.

Just over one year ago was the ten-year anniversary of an event that left me broken and alone. My wife, the absolute best thing that had ever happened to me, was gone in an instant. Of course, the next-best thing to ever happen to me was gone as well, just in a different way. It's ironic, looking back, that the chase for a brilliant legacy is what destroyed the two things that actually made me happy.

The anniversary was a catalyst, just as it had been in the past. Nine years ago, I vividly remember the day, I came into the house in what can only be described as a drunken stupor. My daughter wanted nothing to do with me. I had let my anger and my impatience get the best of me with her too many times. Doctors told me that she no longer wanted me to visit. Then they told me that I was no longer ALLOWED to visit.

I stumbled past my office. Papers and files littered the floor. Stacks of never-read newspapers were stacked up along the walls. The calendar on my desk hadn't been turned over since January the year prior. As soon as I went in to change the date, I realized. October 9, 2002. It was the two-year anniversary, and it was like a million little gears in my head all clicked into place and everything made sense.

I wanted my research back. At CBALtech in the mid-90s I was doing things that were very exciting in the research community. Memory implants, brain-computer interfaces, but on a level that wasn't seen before. I was chasing my legacy. Silva wanted nothing to do with it. He said I was "trying to play god." Of course, I disagreed. I resigned and started my own company with Donald and Hope. But because I did the research on CBALtech's time, they owned it.

It was all in the letters. The letters between Silva and I that started almost five years beforehand regarding the release of the research back to me. I begged him for it. After almost two years, around September of 2000, he suddenly changed his mind. But there was a reason he told me to keep it a secret.

CBALtech was failing while my company took off. He wanted me out of the way, and he wanted it to look like an accident. I don't want to talk about the accident, really. He must have had someone waiting for me, who could follow me. I don't remember much of that day, and I never want to. I never should have brought my family. I should have known better.

Just the first of many sins.

I had a plan, a plan that would make everything better. It would make everything right. Over the next few months, through means that I won't mention in this letter,

CBAHtech was driven into the ground. What was done to him was exactly what he had done to me. I took away the love of his life. His company.

Before all of CBAHtech's servers and data were destroyed, the research was back in my hands, and so was my daughter, taken secretly from the recovery center. No one could know I had her. I made sure of that. She still didn't remember me...

It's a struggle writing this. For weeks, I never left the house. Jane was under constant sedation. She was terrified of me. I couldn't bear to hear the things she said. She knew that I was her father, but she was so lost. She didn't understand.

Days turned into night. I would go days without sleeping. I never knew what time it was. But I was diligently working, finishing the research I had started at CBAHtech years before. What a fairytale this would be. A scientist father who was on the verge of a medical breakthrough, with a daughter who had lost her memory in a horrific accident... If only life was so fair...

After two months, I started with the experiments. Slowly and diligently coding memories, testing implants, making small adjustments. Each one better than the next. She would fall asleep after the procedure, wake up an hour later and seem to make progress. But every time, she'd lose it. I tried everything I could imagine. But everything changed during the 7th experiment. Surely you know the story. If you don't, you will soon.

I couldn't write down what I was seeing. It made it feel too real. What isn't written in my journals is what happened after that experiment. Jane was in a coma for the next 14 hours. I stood by her side, waiting for any sign of life. Her face was emotionless.

And then, a shot of pure happiness, happiness that can never be explained in words, as I saw her mouth, after 14 hours, curl up at the sides into the faintest of smiles. No one else may have seen it if they were there, but I know what I saw...Call it fatherly instinct.

Less than thirty seconds later, Jane was gone. A brain aneurism. Sometimes I convince myself that for those last thirty seconds, a million little gears clicked into place in her head, and she remembered me, even if it was for just a fleeting moment, and knew that I was trying desperately to help her. That I was doing my best.

I'll never know what caused it. Somewhere along the line, I must have made a mistake. And I have to live with that forever.

There's a lot more to the story. I could go into detail about Hope and Donald discovering what I had done. How they betrayed my trust and friendship by blackmailing me into bringing the research back to Veil. My fear, it was debilitating. No one else could know. The things they would think. My decision to bow to their demands kept me safe. But my research never went where I thought it would. Miller was chasing his own legacy. Once we got a government contract to start project-77, everything spiraled downward. But while it was my research that led to those atrocities, I can no longer punish myself. Donald was willing to do anything to make a name for himself. He'd do anything to get where he wanted.

I am the modern Prometheus. But I accepted the punishment for my sins long ago. I was ready to move on.

I left the journal of Cassandra, a test subject from "Project-77," on Cory's desk, not because it was convenient, not because I knew he would uncover my secrets, but because I

knew he had the courage to get others involved. And he did. Cory's success encouraged me to keep going when I wanted to give up.

I must also admit, that the fear of going public with all of this has been paralyzing. I am accepting of the fact that I am weak in many ways. The loss of my wife and child turned me into a very different man. I was terrified of anyone learning the truth. All of that fear took over me. I allowed people that were once friends, specifically, two people that were always behind me and have been there from the beginning, control me. And at some point, I have to take responsibility.

But yet again, when I thought I was alone, you were there to pick me up. I realize that I set this in motion, and Cory took the first step, but you...you made this happen. You achieved what I could not. And I can't thank you enough for that.

You've helped me believe that our stories can be rewritten. I am a redeemed man, at least in my own eyes. I'll never know what my wife and daughter would think, but I'll always hope that they would have forgiven me. Maybe someday, they will.

This is the end of my story. My company, my life's work, will fall. And I couldn't be happier to watch it crumble.

Sincerely,

- Alec