



# THE MISSION LOGS OF COMMANDER FITZ



To stay up-to-date with Commander Fitz and the Kid Command team visit [www.kidcommand.com](http://www.kidcommand.com)



ReCYCLE me!

The Kid Command team of animals began their journey to Earth last April on Earth Day.

The course is set and the Kid Command estimated arrival time is scheduled for this November.

Every month Commander Fitz sends a message to Earth's kids to let them know exciting details from the Kid Command space journey.



This booklet belongs to:

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Check back at [www.kidcommand.com](http://www.kidcommand.com) each month for more messages from Commander Fitz.

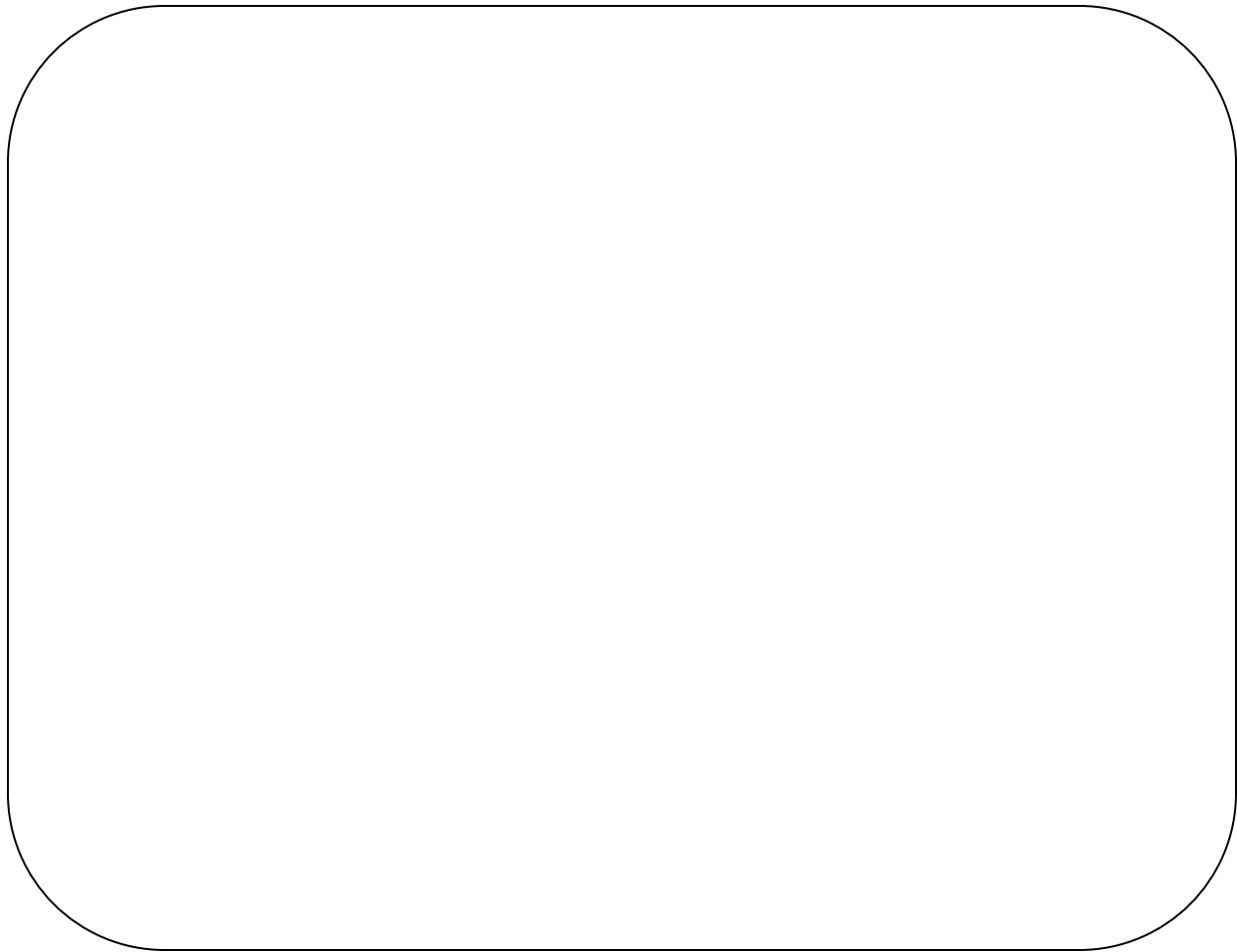
Add them to your booklet to create your on-going Kid Command story.

In the box above the mission log on each page, draw a picture to describe what happened.

Do you know what day in April is Earth Day? -----



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## **THE KID COMMAND TEAM HAS BEGUN ITS JOURNEY ACROSS THE GALAXY...**

Thousands of years ago, kids had an amazing connection to the earth. They could communicate with animals and recognized the important balance between humans and nature.

As the years have evolved, so has this precious connection. Look around you. Kids play outside less, inquire less, and explore less. The extra "sense" that was once unique to children has become more dormant with each generation and is on the verge of becoming lost...forever.

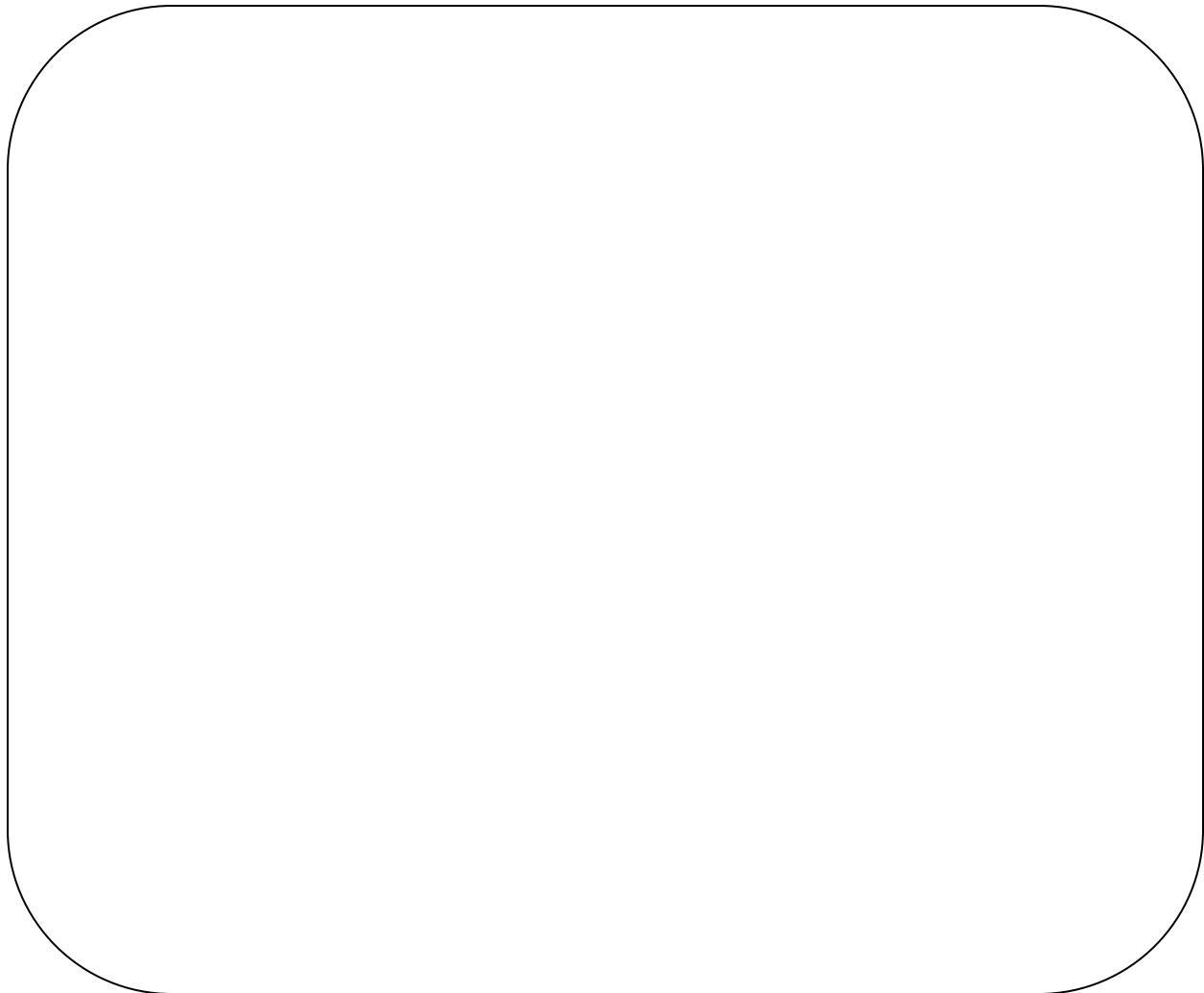
I am Commander Fitz, from Planet Gorf in Galaxy V, not far from your own Milky Way. Our Kid Command team has been working secretly for the past two hundred years in hopes of helping Earth's kids repair the connection. Our tireless work has brought us to this moment...the moment of action.

The course has been set. The mission is clear. My team arrives in November and needs the bravest and most creative kids your planet has to offer to help us outsmart the destructive plot of Ecnar Ongi.

Kids everywhere...Are you ready?



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## **ONE WEEK INTO OUR JOURNEY... A MYSTERIOUS ENCOUNTER.**

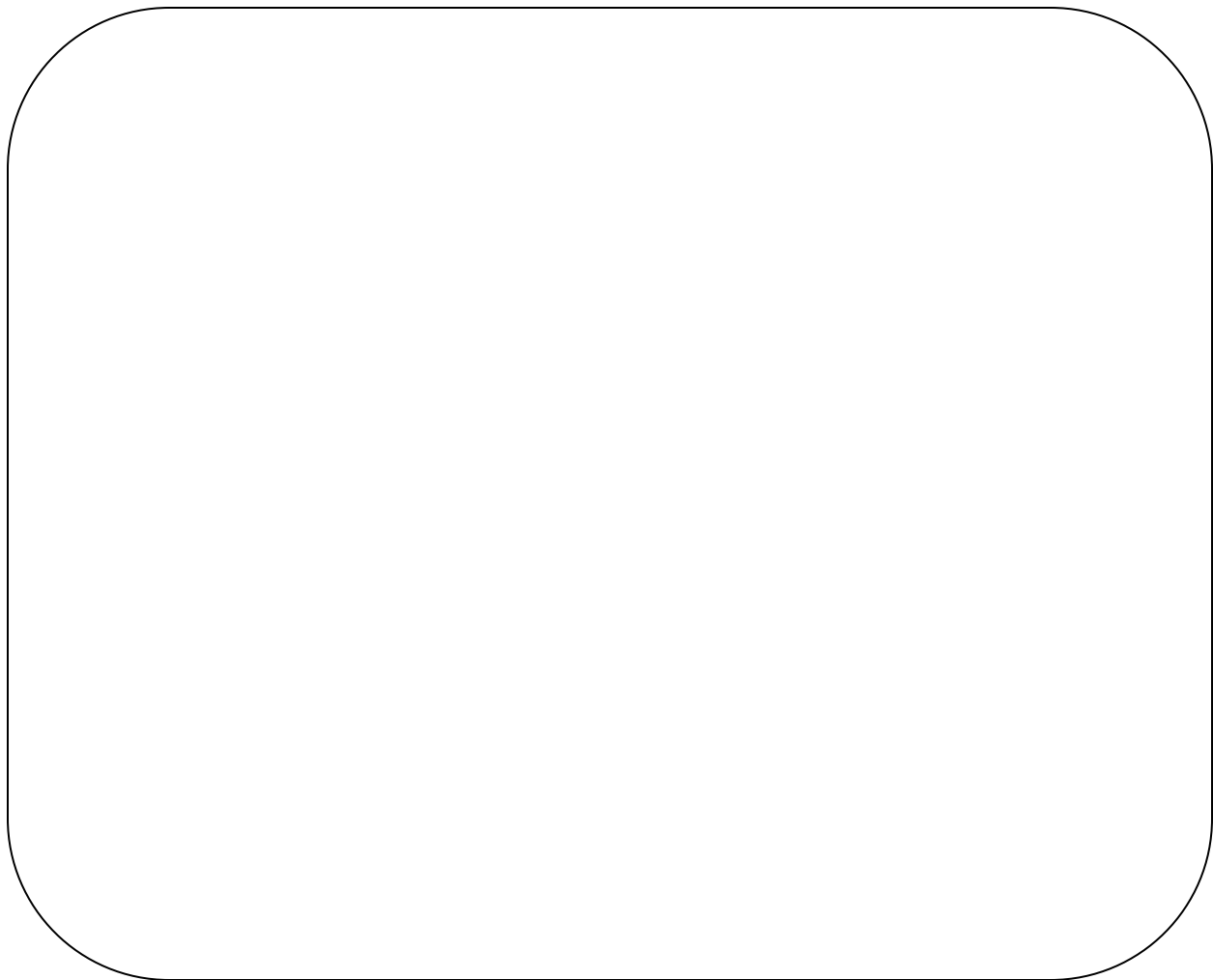
Today, one Earth week into our galactic journey, we came upon a massive heap of what appeared to be rubbish floating in space. From a distance we could not identify it as a space craft. Was it the abandoned island of a rogue space pirate or pollution left behind from camping gypsies? Clearly it was magnetized because as we approached, we discovered it was a big hunk of materials - mainly metal - that appeared to be jammed together by an invisible force.

Our team decided that the thing - whatever it was - looked empty so we planned to attach it to our booster rig and tow it to the nearest Astro-Recycler. But as Paws made an attempt to steer the booster rig's mechanical arm toward the lump of trash, lights flickered on around the outer perimeter of the heap and two metal shields opened up like big eyelids to reveal windows...this was absolutely a space vehicle of some sort!

Kota raised our Gorfian flag from the roof of our craft to send a signal of peace to whatever was inside. We waited anxiously...not knowing if the inhabitants of this odd-looking ship would try to cause us harm and derail our Kid Command mission...



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## FRIEND OR FOE?

### MEETING BIBBS THE BEARDED DRAGON...

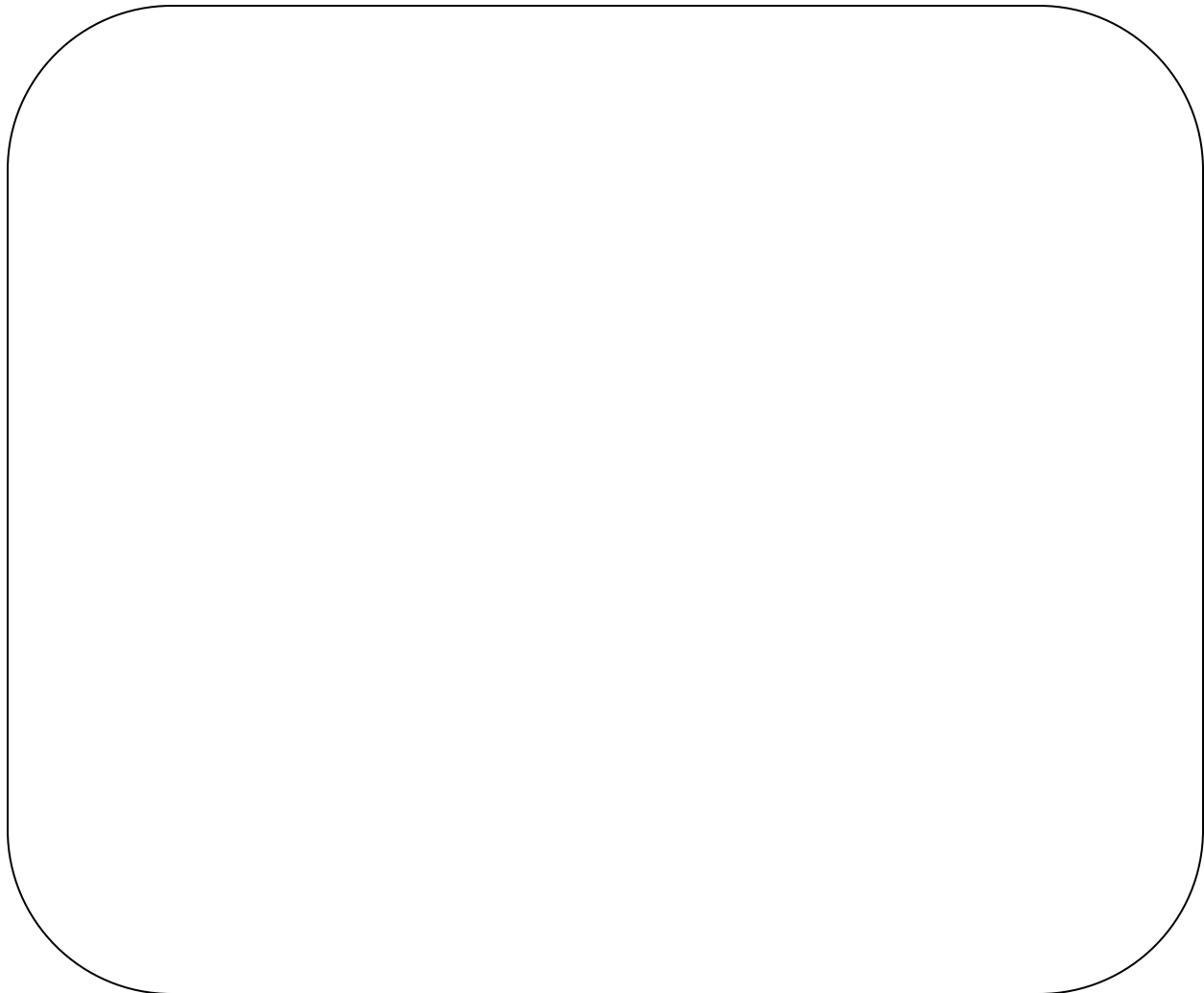
As we bravely raised the Gorfian flag from the top of our craft, I heard little Bella gasp anxiously. The tension on the ship was heavy and for our little butterfly, the weight of our nerves was almost unbearable. We knew our mission would be dangerous, but one is never prepared for that icy blast of fear that feels like frozen sludge in your veins. As a commander that has lived long and seen much, I was prepared for anything...the worst.

But then we all felt it...the strong pull of Nosinu. I cannot describe Nosinu in words that make sense but it is a feeling...an energy...the reason we all embarked on this journey. Those who felt it came along. According to Gorfian proficity, there were to be seventeen chosen ones. I had six crew members aboard my ship. I was certain that whatever was on that craft was one of us. Wise Machui broke the strange silence, "Bibbs. His name is Bibbs and he too has been chosen. He is an artist, an inventor, and a creator of nothing to plenty."

We opened our boarding hatch. A slender, scaly figure entered our ship. He stood before us quietly for a moment, but then gave a sly wink and disappeared. Seconds later he reappeared this time holding a huge plate of Bo Bo Berries as a gift for us. He flared his huge umbrella like head and laughed, "Bibbs the Bearded Dragon is my name and the art of magic is my game."



ReCYCLE me!



## **MY STRANGE DREAM...** **A VISION OF EARTH.**

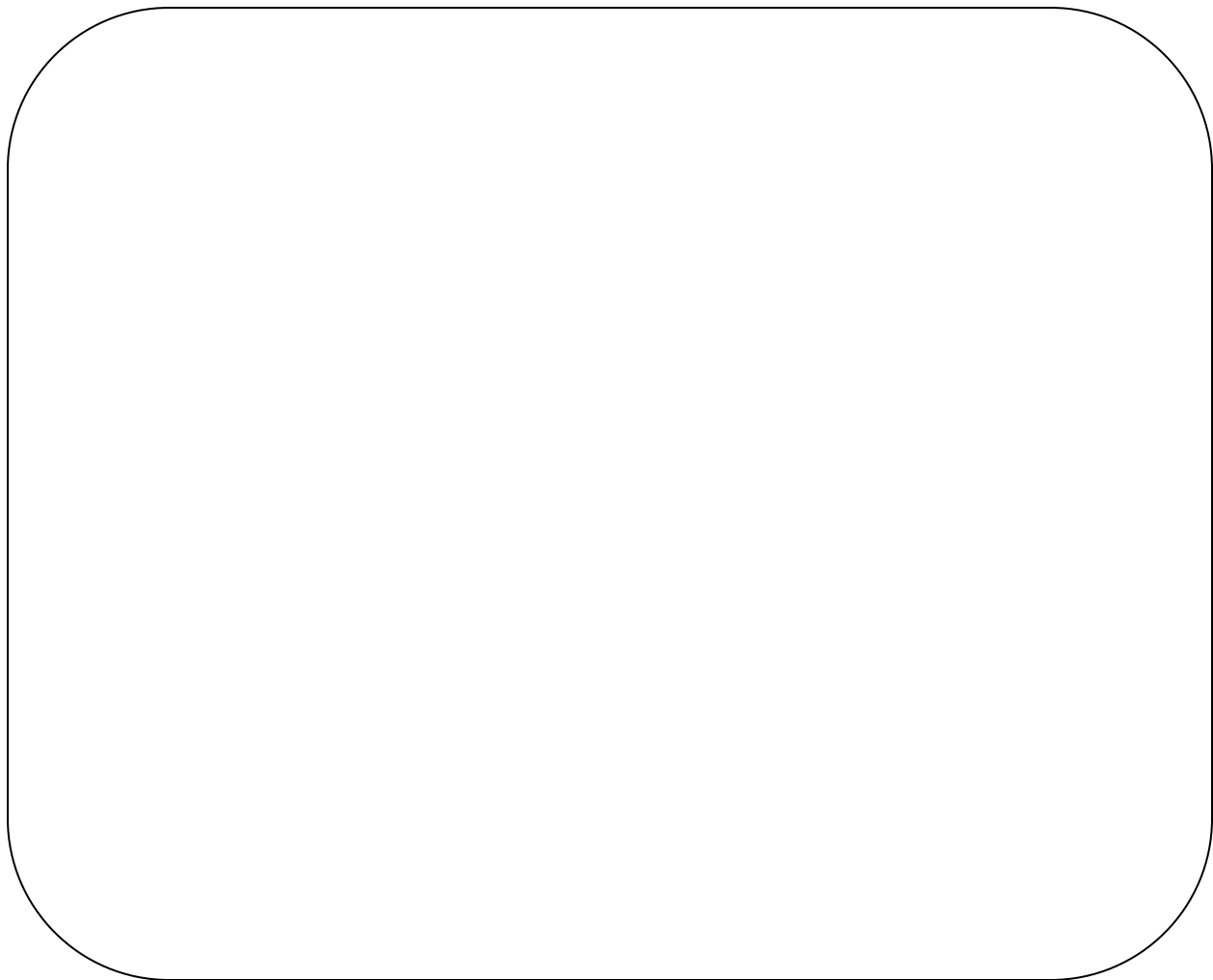
I just had the strangest dream. I dreamt of Earth and the children we have yet to meet. Our team and the Earth children were together in a lush forest that reminded me of the Vascupaz Mountains in region 7 on my home planet of Gorf.

As I searched the horizon I began to see a dark haze of some sort rising up and coming closer. In my dream I felt chilled when I saw this sight. It is imperative that we outsmart the elusive and destructive shadow forces of Ecnar Ongi with this mission. Could this dream be a clue of some sort?

Upon awaking I grabbed my monocle and notebook to journal my dream. But my writing was to wait as I was inexplicably compelled to go to the cockpit of the craft. That is when I saw it...the bright light of the Liquid Portal. I had heard that the portal was like nothing we have in our galaxy; mistaken for generations as a star or mega burst. This was one of the most crucial parts of our journey. A mishap in timing and we would miss the lock-in point and be hurled into a black hole...



**ReCYcle me!**



## **ARRIVING AT OUR PORTAL TO EARTH... LIQUID LOCK DOWN.**

The Liquid Portal was amazing. It was unlike anything I had ever seen. In fact, I'm struggling to find the words to describe it; and there is nothing on planet Earth that I can compare it to. The liquid swirled quickly into a vortex, much like a black hole. But it was not a black hole. It was bright and thick looking- somewhat like the lava that flows from your volcanoes on Earth. It looked like trillions of stars had melted into a frantic sparkly goo that disappeared in the center like water down a bath drain.

Our mission to Earth was dependent upon our entry into the Liquid Portal. I knew nothing of what we would encounter once inside and I was somewhat hesitant to press on at the risk of endangering my crew. But to turn the ship around would mean disaster for planet Earth. The effects of Ecnar Ongi's shadow forces would lead to devastation...not immediately, but certainly in the years ahead.

I hoped our ship could withstand whatever lay ahead within the Liquid Portal. As I locked down our spacecraft's thermal fins and engaged our liquid repellent shield, I noticed the pexdolimer indicator on the control panel had turned from green to red. And then without touching it, the ship's command lever began to turn...



**ReCYCLE me!**

## MISSION CRITICAL...

### THE SHIP IS THROWN OFF COURSE.

I designed the Kid Command space craft so, naturally, I know this trusty ship inside and out. When I saw the pexdolimer indicator turn completely red on my control panel I knew we were in serious trouble. As a pilot, it is normal to encounter a certain level of turbulence and uncertainty in space travel. There is a never-ending supply of strange air pockets and unexplainable phenomenon that can turn a younger and more inexperienced flier away from piloting altogether. I have been piloting in space for more than 92 Earth years so I have been challenged in just about every way possible. I thought I had seen it all...until today.

I ran to the control module and did a quick scan to make sure that nothing had been jostled and disconnected. Pawz took the helm. When I returned, I did not interrupt him as I could see that steering the craft took every bit of strength he had. His eyes were fierce. His grip sent tiny muscle twitches up his arm into his shaking biceps. Our ship also trembled. It wanted to obey Pawz's steering direction, but the force pulling it into the vortex was extreme. At this rate we would most likely be hurtled into the Liquid Portal so violently that our ship was sure to be destroyed and us along with it.

Our only hope at this point was to focus our energy away from fear and instead concentrate on the power of Nosinu. Wise Machui closed his eyes and despite the loud chaos of destruction that enveloped us we clearly heard him start chanting, "I command change...I command change..." We joined him.

Surely you've had the experience of time standing still? Where you become so focused on one single thing, that the rest of the world just falls away? Well, that is what happened, my friends. Time literally stood still. Our space craft became calm. Pawz finally spoke, "Commander, you'd better come and look at this."

I went over to the perimeter scanner and to my astonishment saw the three dimensional shape of a giant orca under our craft as if lifting it onto the correct course into the Liquid Portal. Shortly thereafter, we came face to face with our newest team member, Lumpy.

