

# THE ARCHIVER

R E C H I S O T A N

Issue 10 · December 2007

## Exodus!

Cate Alexander Abandons  
the Cavern

The DRC Scramble for  
Funding

Yeesha Appears!

Bahro Sweep the Cavern

Ahnonay Released to  
Eager Explorers

Myst and K'veer  
Discovered

### Also...

Cavern Couture

An Interview with Cavern Choir  
Founder, Domahreh

Pursuit Into Majesty: Chapter 2

A P R O D U C T I O N O F T H E C A V E R N T O D A Y



## In This Issue

### Special Sections

#### 2 From the Editor

#### 3 Contributors

### Cavern News and Events

#### 5 Exodus

Narym summarizes the events of the first week of November.

#### 7 Ahnonay: Back to the Future

Stellaflora explores the mysteries of one of the most intricate Ages ever released by the DRC.

#### 9 Guild Hall: The Cavern Choir

Stellaflora discusses the Cavern Choir with its founder, Domahreh.

### Community at Large

#### 12 Cavern Couture

Shimmerillion returns to recap the latest trends in Cavern fashion.

#### 13 Creativity Corner

More Golden KI Winners from DPWR.NET, and a KI Toon in honor of Exodus

#### 15 Pursuit Into Majesty: Chapter 2

Jeff Wise's tale of exploration and discovery continues with *More Dangerous Than It Looks*.

### Uru Live 102 - Beyond the GameTap 101

#### 22 K'veer and Myst: Histories Entwined

Narym discusses the history of two of the most iconic locations in the D'ni Universe and how they are connected.

*The Archiver is © 2007 The Cavern Today. All Myst, Riven, D'ni, Uru images and text © Cyan Worlds, Inc. All rights reserved. Myst®, Riven®, D'ni®, Uru®, respective logos ® Cyan Worlds, Inc. No part may be copied or reproduced without express written permission of Cyan Worlds, Inc.*

# From the Editor

*Shorah b'shehmtee*

Myst Online: Uru Live has now officially completed its first full season. For once, this lull in content isn't because the game's financial backing has been pulled (although that is the case in the game's story line). Rather, it gives Cyan the chance to take a break, and make a little headway in terms of Season Two's direction, and it also gives Gametap the chance to evaluate the success of Season 1, and thus decide the amount of funding, support etc. they'll give the game for Season 2. Now, many people have seen this as indicating that Gametap will pull out entirely, much as Ubisoft did with the original Uru Live, but some of the murmurings from Cyan would seem to indicate otherwise. Certainly, MOUL has been something of a crowd puller for Gametap, the game attracting an international audience. Considering the fact that these international players are only receiving MOUL for an equivalent fee when compared to North America, it really demonstrates the unique pull that Myst Online provides Gametap. Many American and Canadian players have also indicated that while they find Gametap's other services enjoyable, its really Uru that keeps them shelling out for the monthly subscription. It would seem somewhat illogical for Gametap to dump a game with this much potential, and with this much of a fan base.

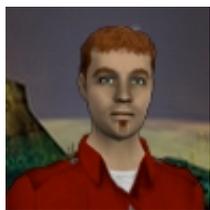
And the future is looking so bright. The fan Guilds are all growing every day, with some even beginning their services to the community in earnest. The Bahro story line is in full swing, and is awaiting a conclusion in season two. And even Cyan itself has grown, with the recent announcement of an enlarged staff membership. It has been stated by GreyDragon that these staff have been employed for "third party work". While this may have nothing to do with Season 2 itself, the indirect influences on MOUL, and on Cyan can only be positive.

So it certainly seems that MOUL will be back for a second season. While Season 1 was far from perfect, Cyan knows this, and are hopefully working towards making a more enthralling, immersive gaming experience, that we know that they have done before, time and time again. All the indicators are looking good. Now, we, the fans, only have to wait, and watch...

~Narym

PS This Issue also marks the end of the first complete Volume of The Archiver. Volume 2 will commence January 2008, with Issue 11, where we'll keep you up to date with developments in Season 2, fan based initiatives, and any Uru related events both in and out of cavern.

## Contributors



### Narym

#### *Editor-in-Chief*

Narym, an explorer from Australia, is a long time fan of everything D'ni. While he was relatively late in actually entering the Cavern itself (he only entered during D'mala), he considers himself to have been a part of the community long before that, and counts said community as one of the greatest parts of Uru. He has interest in the arts and in writing (the regular kind) and so seems to have found his niche with The Cavern Today, and in particular the Archiver.



### Bpgisme

#### *Photographer/Artist*

Bonnie lives with her husband, three kids and a cat on Oak Island, NC. She is a musician, artist, website designer, occasional fiction writer and amateur photographer. She played Cyan's original Myst game on her then in-laws' Mac and has played all the games and read all of the novels since then. When the cavern called to her passion for archeology as well as her love of urban exploration and abandoned architecture, she found herself wandering the ages and never wanting to leave.



### MTigerV

#### *Master Assembler*

MTigerV hails from the swamps of Louisiana, where his long years of trapping and shrimping have given him a sixth sense when it comes to navigating the waterways of the Cavern. A long time D'ni explorer, MTigerV is also a huge LSU fan (all sports) and is constantly trying to get a surface-to-cavern radio re-

lay setup so he can catch games while exploring. MTigerV covers community events and is on a mission to profile every new guild that pops up in the cavern.



### Kiteerah

#### *Journalist*

Kiteerah is an explorer from the Midwest, who came to love everything D'ni after playing Myst as a teen. She came to the Cavern in late 2003 and was a member of Prologue. After visiting the City on various shards, she made D'mala her home. The wonderful URU Community has made her feel as though she is part of a huge and loving family. On the surface she is a mother of 4 who creates web pages and loves to read and write.



### Maratanos

#### *Photographer*

Maratanos is a long-time fan of the Myst series, having played almost all of its variations over the years. He only recently joined the Uru community however. He has been a large contributor over the last year, fitting himself into the community despite being a relative newcomer. He also has a passion for photography, and is now a photographer for the Archiver staff.



### Darken Wolf

#### *Storyteller*

Darken Wolf hails from Southern California. His interest are writing, reading, video games and writing.

## Contributors



### Jeff Wise

#### Reporter

Jeff Wise is an explorer hailing from sunny California, who has long held a love for experiencing new worlds and stories. He has a strong interest in music, writing, and literature; teaching English at the high school level, and occasionally writing music inspired by the Cavern and the Ages of D'ni for The Cavern Today.



### Stellaflora

#### Photographer

Stellaflora comes from the quiet county of Norfolk all the way in England. He has always had a passion for photography which he has brought with him when he felt The Call back in late 2003.



### Shimmerillion

#### Journalist/Photographer/Assembler

Shimmer has loved the Myst 'verse since she was first introduced to the game. She joins The Archiver with a background in theatre, radio, and digital media. Other interests include music, dance, photography, writing, reading, etc.



### Qvist

#### Reporter/German Translator

Qvist is a German explorer and member of The Archiver, working as a reporter and German translator. He has been addicted to the Myst series since 2001, because he is fascinated by the lovely visual details, challenging puzzles and exciting stories. He was unable to experience the fascinating worlds of Uru online any earlier than he did, so he was very happy about the return of Uru Live and joined the Cavern in (second) Prologue November 2006. Since then, he has been all about perpetuating a real community feel, and wants to help bring the Cavern truly to life. When he's not in the Cavern, Qvist studies information engineering.



### Alahmnat

#### Master Assembler

Alahmnat is a former ResEng, former editor-in-chief of The Archiver, and prodigal Assembler. He has a passion for D'ni History, and enjoys sharing that passion with anyone foolish enough to let him start talking.



# Episode 9: Exodus

## Thursday, 1st November

Marie Sutherland answered some questions in Ae'gura, stating a new age, Ahnonay, would be available within the next few days. Soon after this, Cate Alexander linked into a neighborhood, and spoke with Dr Sutherland there. At 11:00 am cavern time, Cate Alexander herself linked to Ae'gura, and gave a shock announcement:

“ I am leaving my post at the DRC and the cavern. I will no longer be a part of the restoration effort. ”

This was followed up later by an official KI message from the DRC, which, in short, stated that Ms Alexander was citing insufficient return on her investment as the basis for her departure, which was further corroborated by Nick White later. Following this statement, it seems that the DRC started to spend much of their time discussing how best to deal with the obvious repercussions of this event.

## Friday, 2nd November

Day two was mainly marked by the opening of Ahnonay. Marie Sutherland, in a conversation with explorers in the city early in the morning, announced that the Age would be opening either the following day, or late that night, which was confirmed in a KI message later that night, saying that the official presentation would indeed be later that day. The Book, released by Dr Sutherland at 5pm Cavern Time, is located in the Watcher's Sanctuary, in the same enclave as the Er'cana book.

## Saturday, 3rd November

Explorers discovered yet another location today, this one accessible from Ahnonay. It is now possible to access public and private instance of a part of the island mansion of K'veer. The Mansion itself has been at the heart of several events in some of the more recent D'ni history.

Also today, many explorers spotted and heard a group of what appeared to be Bahro flying around Kerath's Arch in Ae'gura. Phil Henderson was also encountered in the Beginner's Bevin at this time, stating that “they are coming” and “they are here,” seemingly referring to the impending arrival of the malicious Bahro, which it has been suggested the Bahro at the arch were there to protect us from..



*Bahro flying through Ae'Gura. Photo by Krominof, on the Uru Live forums.*

Another resignation occurred today at around 10 o'clock cavern time; this time it was Dr Ikuro Kodama, another long-time member of the DRC. He stated that, without funding, the Restoration will not continue, and until such a time as funding is restored, there is little he can apparently do to help

with events in the cavern. He also stated that he himself could do little to help with the Bahro crisis, but stated that, once funding is found on the surface, he hopes to return.

## Sunday, 4th November

The following day brought more discussion on the Guild front. Reteltee, the DRC-appointed Guild Advisor, who was chosen from the ranks of the explorers, today gave a speech regarding some research he had conducted into the history of the Guilds.

Some of this research apparently pointed to some threat directed towards D'ni, which the Guild system was able to solve through its liaising with the non-Guild community. He then suggested that this is an example of an effective Guild system in action, and could perhaps could help

against the Bahro, a thought articulated by Dr Richard Watson a month ago.

Also today, Dr Sutherland issued a statement saying that neither she nor Victor Laxman were intending to leave the community, and further information gleaned from explorer JD Barnes suggests that Dr Sutherland thought that having the ex-

plorer community help, in light of recent resignations, is a good idea, but that "the tools and infrastructure to do so do not yet exist."

Today also explorer JWPlatt, with DRC member Victor Laxman himself, discussed the lake light meter, and "Pellet points", as they have been termed. While the lake light meter appears to have been done away with permanently, Mr Laxman appeared to acquiesce to more release of information, more so than the simple monthly recap currently in progress.

### Monday, 5th November

From around 12pm cavern time, reports were made by explorers regarding the presence of Bahro in the K'veer area. It was subsequently soon discovered that a link to Myst Island, the legendary Island

Age was to be found in this area. Following this finding, Bahro sightings increased dramatically, until, at 5:10pm Cavern Time, Yeesha appeared in K'veer, with something of a Bahro honor guard. She explained that that there was a clear division amongst the Bahro (corroborating earlier statements by Dr Watson and Phil Henderson), and while many of them were friendly, there were a significant number who wished revenge for what Yeesha described as "torture". She also stated that the evil Bahro had a leader, who it seems had had a patch of skin from his shoulder by a D'ni man, Esher. She also stated that we must make a home, as destruction is coming.

Today also, the final members of the DRC (excluding Dr Watson, who never officially left the Council) left the cavern. A KI mail was sent to all explorers by Victor Laxman, explaining that he and Dr Sutherland were also leaving the cavern, on what they described as their "mission" to find more funding for the cavern.

### Tuesday, 6th November

The final day of increased activity in the cavern saw the last of the exodus as Douglas Sharper joined the other DRC-affiliated individuals. Sharper, who has received much criticism recently from the community for his somewhat belligerent attitudes to the Bahro threat, left with little indication of when or even if he may return.

---

*Written by Narym*



# AHNONAY

## BACK TO THE FUTURE

*And few will be greater than the grower.  
For the grower will know pain.  
And the wounds will make the least the greatest.  
Few ears in the low places will know the grower.  
But many ears will hear those who claim to be the grower.  
Only the ears of the new ones will hear the true grower.  
Do not be deceived.*

*(Words, § 3, vv 118 - 125)*



*“A grower to move through time”*

(Words, § 2, v 50)

Ahnonay was released by the DRC on Friday, November 2nd, after the announcement that Cate will be leaving the Cavern for good. This Age was written by Kadish shortly before the Fall as proof of his claim to be the legendary Grower, a person spoken of in the prophesies of a D’ni known only as The Watcher. Ahnonay isn’t accessible directly from the Watchers Sanctuary, but via sort of a cathedral, presumably in honor of Kadish. The actual Age of Ahnonay appears to consist mainly of a rocky island surrounded by strong currents that prevents anybody swimming out to the intriguing buildings that can be seen in the distance in all directions. At the center of the Age is a clock like structure that doesn’t tell the time. The indigenous life forms seem to consist entirely of curious crab like creatures with triangular bodies and four legs.

*“The grower will take time... Take it,  
and move it to and fro.”*

(Words, § 1, vv 8, 11)

Kadish’s claims that the time within the Age is flexible seem to be substantiated by later visits. You start out in the Age’s past, full of life and light. However, explorers have found they can access the Ages present and future, before finding their way back to where they started.

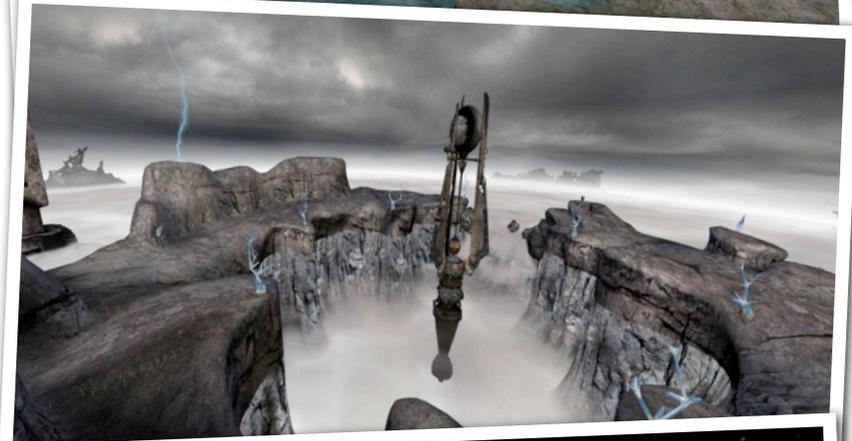
The Present is cold and damp. The water has turned to mist, and the very stone of the island is worn and breaking up. The clock is falling into disrepair, but appears to still function. However, the buildings seen in the distance have

fallen to rubble, and mysterious crystals appear to have grown out of the decaying ground.

The Future is indeed mysterious. The Age has all but gone, all that remains is a lifeless shell of what the island used to be, and the clock has at last succumbed to the effects of time. The presence of air and gravity must be attributed to the unexplained ring that circles the Age, a barrier between us and the coldness of deep space that can be seen above and below.

---

*Written by Stellaflora*





# THE GUILD HALL

## The Cavern Choir

In this installment of Guild Hall we focus on the Cavern Choir, a group of talented individuals who record and broadcast choral music originating from medieval times onwards. Their début concert “A Lover’s Complaint” was held in the community room of A Beginner’s Bevin in March of 2007, which over 130 people attended over two performances. The Cavern Choir’s next concert, “Winter Holidays of Renaissance Europe”, will be preformed this December 16th in GameBoomers Eder Delin (see Cavern Choir site for details). There they will be reciting Conceptus Hodiemus Mariae, a rarely performed song of which no prior recordings could be found. I caught up with Domahreh to ask him a few questions.

**Q: Could you tell our readers a bit about the Cavern Choir, who you are and what you do? (as a group)**

A: OK, so the Choir started up back in June of 2006, as an idea for creating artistic and community-based opportunities in the Cavern. We’re an amateur choir of currently 12 voices, and we perform unaccompanied classical choral repertoire, spanning back into the medieval period up to and including the modern day. What I think is so cool about the group is that our singers are scattered all across the globe – we’ve got voices in the US, in the Netherlands, in Italy, in Denmark. As far as I can tell, we’re the first multi-voiced virtual choir, ever. I think it’s entirely appropriate that this kind of radical experiment in communal

music-making take place in the D’ni Cavern!

**Q: How did the idea of the Cavern Choir come about and who first came up with it?**

A: I came up with the idea of doing this kind of a Choir with the original intention of it being a huge community project – composers, singers, instrumentalists, audio editors, linguists, and other artists – working to create an entirely original D’ni cantata. I’d still love to see that happen someday, but it’s a HUGE undertaking! And the Choir has really turned into its own animal, and a formidable one at that... no one else does what we do.

**Q: How did you all meet each other?**

A: We all met through auditions, basically... and have become good friends since then!

**Q: How do you rehearse for each song? Do you ever get together online to rehearse?**

A: Indeed we do get together to rehearse. After some initial listening materials are prepared and a score with performance markings is circulated, we’ll get together on Teamspeak and go over the music in close detail, walking through dynamics, articulation, pronunciation, phrasing, etc.

**Q: What process do you go through to record/compile the music?**

A: After we rehearse, I’ll work with one singer per voice part, who we call "seeders," and have them re-

cord their performance following the rehearsal instructions as close as possible. I give each initial recording a close listen, point out any errors that need to be corrected, and once those are complete, the rest of the choir records their performance against the "seed" that has been created. Each solo performance is reviewed, corrected, and then all the voices are assembled, mixed, polished, and there you have it!

**Q: What sort of problems do you come across?**

A: The biggest problem is that we can't really practice the way a live choir does. Music is all about timing – and the current technology just doesn't allow us to coordinate our voices in real time. Because of lag, connection speed, and such, there's no way we can sing together during rehearsal, so most of the work that goes on relies on the individual singer on his/her own time – a tall order for all of us! I think the other big problem is that recording, editing, and mixing the individual voice parts can be a time-consuming process... we're limited by the software available to us, and if each recording takes an average of two hours' work from start to finish, that's 2 hours times 12 voices times

6 songs... 144 hours total, and that doesn't count rehearsal time, recording time, and all the other odds and ends along the way! Thankfully, a couple singers are helping me out with the audio editing end of things this time, which will make things much easier.

**Q: Where would you like the Cavern Choir to be at in say the next 6 months?**

A: Hmm. Well, in about 6 months, we'll be performing our summer concert, which I'm very excited about. We've gotten together a couple of explorers who compose music, and have asked them to write original compositions for the Choir for us to perform. I'm very excited to hear what the composers come up with, and I think it's going to be an amazing event! I'm keeping my fingers crossed the Concert Hall will be open by then...

**Q: What languages do you sing in, and do you have any plans on writing any songs in D'ni?**

A: So far, we've sung in Neapolitan Italian, Middle French, English, Latin, Old Castilian, Hebrew, German, and Middle English. And I know two or three of the songs that are getting composed for our summer



concert are set to D'ni texts, so yep, the Choir will sing in D'ni very soon.

**Q: Are there examples of your work available to download or stream on the Internet?**

A: Sure! If you head to our website, <http://linguists.bahro.com/domahreh/cavernchoir/>, you'll find a link to our CCN Soundstage, where our début concert from back in February, A Lover's Complaint, can be heard in its entirety.

**Q: How would anybody interested in joining the Cavern Choir go about doing so?**

A: We hold auditions periodically, often shortly after concerts, which we announce on all the major community forums and listservs, so the best bet is to keep an eye out for those. I also try to keep tabs on explorers who've expressed an interest in the Choir, and will send them a special invitation to audition when the time comes, so if anyone out there is interested, please drop me an email ([dnigrammar@yahoo.com](mailto:dnigrammar@yahoo.com)).

**Q: You have an upcoming performance this December, where would people go if they wish to attend? Also what songs will you be singing?**

A: We'll be holding the concert in the Game-Boomer's Bevin. Actually, it'll be in Eder Delin, which should be seasonally appropriate with the snow coming down as we sing. The concert is entitled "Winter Holidays of Renaissance Europe," and we'll be performing six songs ranging across the European continent, displaying diverse musical styles and traditions, and representing the three major faith traditions for which choral music was written during the Renaissance: Catholicism, Protestantism, and Judaism. You can find a full program listing on our website. I should also mention that you'll need to secure a ticket to attend the concert on Sunday, December 16th starting

at 2pm EST / 6pm GMT. Tickets are available at <http://linguists.bahro.com/domahreh/cavernchoir/tickets.php>; be sure to reserve one before December 12!

**Q: And lastly, do you have any amusing anecdotes?**

A: Well, our début concert had amazing turn out (130 explorers attended two performances), and despite the lag and sudden links to the Desktop Age we got through it, everyone had a great time... but I think the explorers weren't the only ones to enjoy the concert -- we had Bahro singing along with us every now and then, too! They enjoy tagging along and chiming in when we get together in the Cavern for rehearsals too, haha!

The songs to be performed in December's concert are:

- *O magnum mysterium*, Tomás Luis de Victoria (Spanish, 1578-1611).
- *Es nascido*, Francisco Guerrero (Spanish, 1528-1599).
- *In natali Domini*, Michael Praetorius (German, 1571-1621).
- *Conceptus hodiernus Mariae semper virginis*, Antoine Brumel (French, 1460-1512/13).
- *Elohim hashivenu*, Salamone Rossi (Italian, 1570-1630).
- *Blessed be that Maid Marie*, Traditional English, 14th century.

The Cavern Choir comprises of 12 members of the URU community:

- Sopranos: CelticLark, Keshwyn, NomadMolly.
- Altos: hailahh, HannaGertie, Juneec.
- Tenors: Astro, Beatfox, Maurus, AtionSong.
- Baritones: Dadguy, Domahreh, IanAtrus.

---

*Written by Stellaflora*

# CAVERN COUTURE

*Find a way ... Make a home ... Look fabulous!*

What would you wear to meet a bahro? A sleek, tailored doublet – or a tee shirt and some ratty cargo shorts?

What would you wear if you got the chance to actually talk to Yeesha? An embroidered silken haori – or your birk-enstocks from 1992?

A roomful of explorers had the opportunity to hear Yeesha in person – and stood less than 10 feet from a bahro. Luckily, most of them had the sense to dress for the occasion. This journalist is pretty sure she saw Yeesha wink at a particularly handsome gentleman in a red jacket ... whereas the poor bahro actually fled from some of the knee-length shorts decried in our last issue!

Dozens more explorers witnessed the bahro swarming the arch and surveying them from above. And what do you think those bahro were thinking? “We’re risking our lives ... for *birkenstocks*?!”

## WHAT’S IN:

Elegance is called for this month, signaling our respect for the weighty matters afflicting the cavern. Try on the Watcher’s Pouplet or Catherine’s Jacket for a “shaken not stirred” vibe. Match either with an ironed pair of slacks.

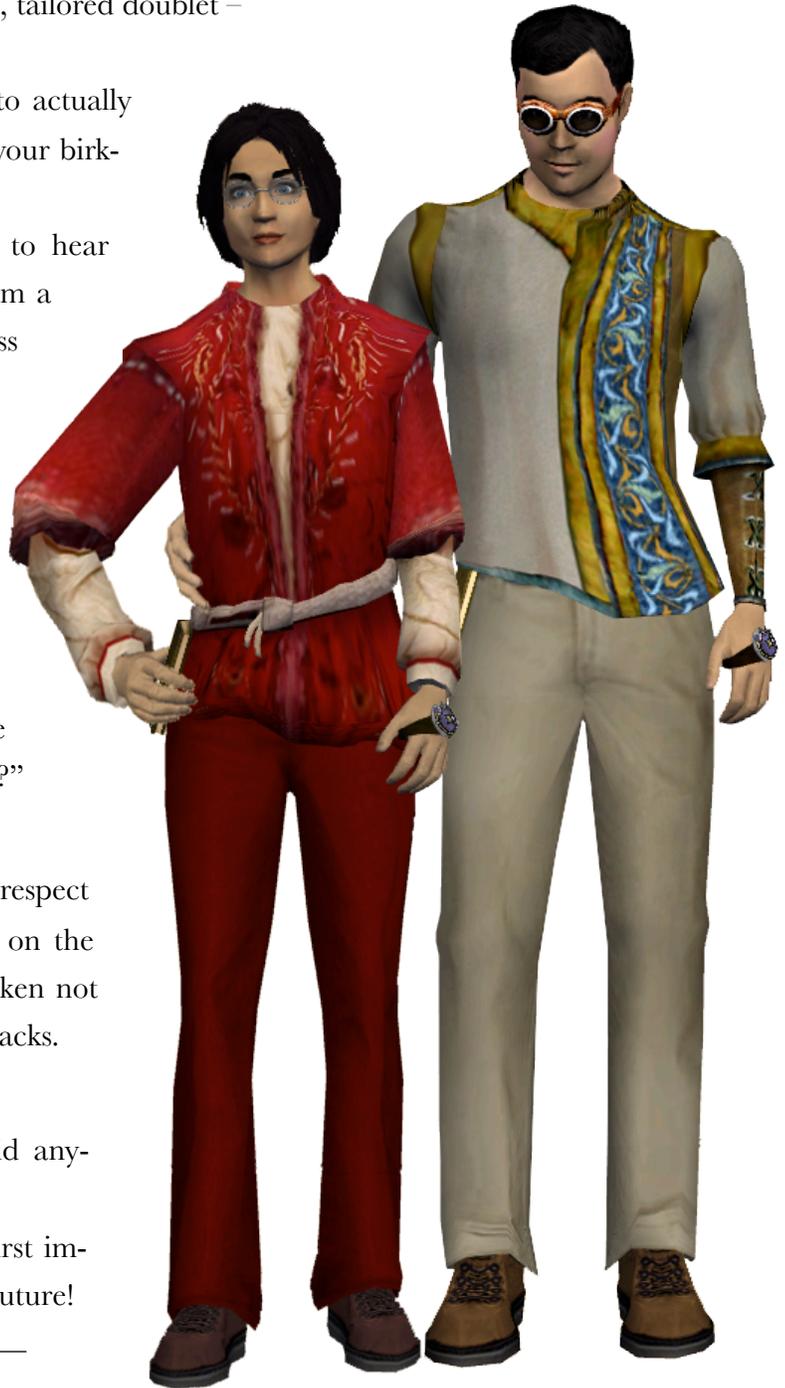
## WHAT’S OUT:

Until we get little black cocktail dresses, avoid anything that shows leg.

Don’t make bahro flee your presence. When first impressions count, rely on *The Archiver* and Cavern Couture!

---

*Written by Shimmerillion*



# CREATIVITY CORNER

## KI Toons

by Thend & ireenquench

KI toons by Thend

12/03/07



Myst Online: Uru Live © Cyanworlds Inc.

# CREATIVITY CORNER

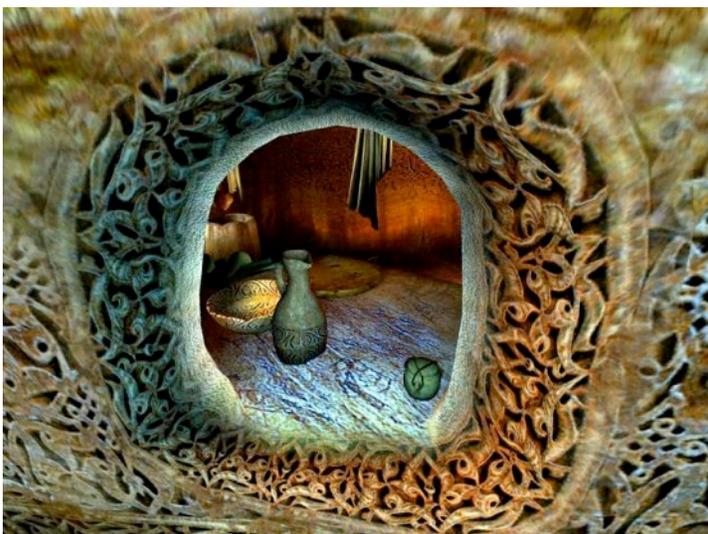
## Golden KI Winners



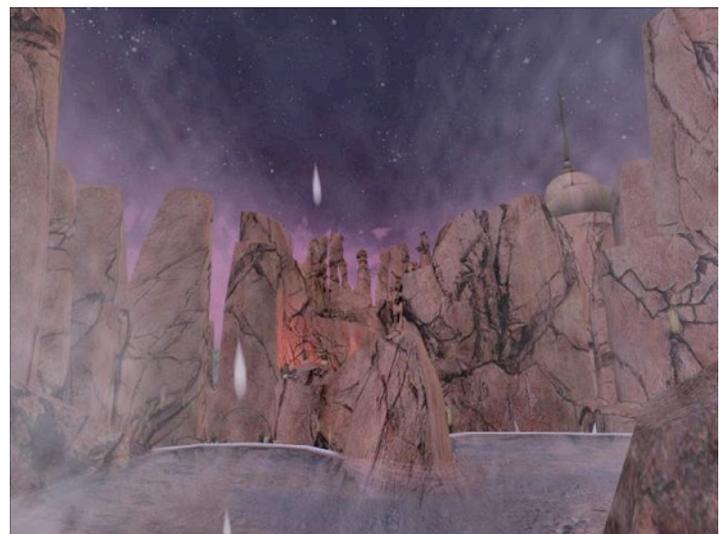
*Time for an Autumn Storm*  
by Stellaflora



*Ripples....*  
by Tinuviel



*A Glimpse of the Past*  
by Rileyroo



*Waterfalls In Gira*  
by Amala-Sandra

PURSUIT INTO MAJESTY



Art by 33

## Chapter 2: More Dangerous Than It Looks

*"The Follower takes his own path. He seeks his own journey; the cage of mind unlocking the senses of his heart. A blanket of fear, strength and resolve." -Korot tso Atinor VII:ix 1-2-*

Brian could still recall the first time he had laid eyes upon the "Fortress Age" of Uru known as Gahreesen. Alan, wishing for Brian to share in his joy, had permitted him to create a character and explore the game for himself. Brian was certainly impressed with how everything looked and felt; the atmosphere more alluring than any other game he had played. Compared to the reality that now surrounded him however...well, it required so little comparison.

Gahreesen had been the first Age to truly make an impression upon him because it was the first Age he really had opportunity to experience in the game. In person, it was so much more impressive...and far more beautiful than the game ever could have been.

The lake's waters rippled and danced with the afternoon sunlight high over his head; the soft dancing of the forest's leaves swaying with the cool wind that blew across Brian's face. The roar of the waterfall echoed within the crater that housed the "fortress" that made up the center of the crater; its tall looming stone walls almost appearing as steel from the distance he looked upon it. The whole structure seemed narrow and dangerous, like some giant spearhead left as a remnant from a long lost and devious monument. While the scene was quite beautiful, and certainly breathtaking, Brian expressed no concern or care for it.

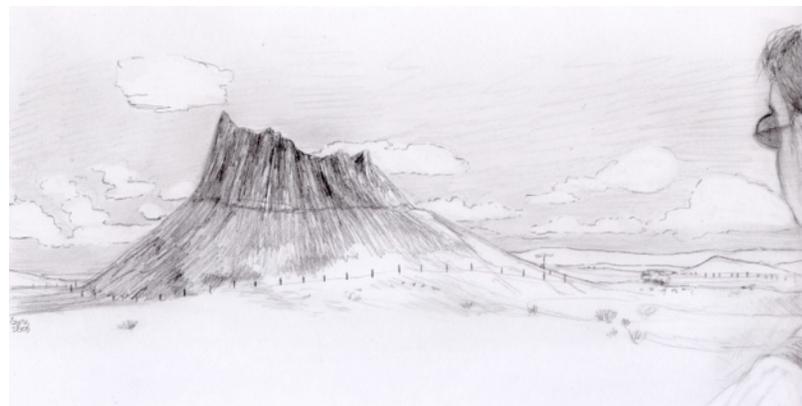
It's rather difficult to appreciate such a thing

when one is clinging to a cliff face by a tree root for dear life.

Things had been moving along so well at first, building an excitement inside Brian that he had not felt in many years. The Cleft, that hidden secret of the New Mexico desert, had been a bit difficult to navigate. After all, Brian was a large man and could barely hold his own body weight in a hanging position let alone climb with it. After some time however, the young writer found himself at the bottom of the mossy scar treading carefully around the blue flowers that blossomed there and added to the cleft's oasis-like appeal.

While Brian had originally intended to explore everything he could, the open tree trunk had caught his attention quickly. Since the "door" on the tree was open, it was clear

that someone had indeed passed through prior to his arrival. Upon entering the strange entrance and crawling through the windy pathways, Brian found the familiar circular room that was suppose to house a linking book; assuming his memories were correct. In the books place, however, was some-



thing he was not expecting, nor had experienced in the game: a shimmering swirl of blue light. It was hypnotic to look at, as the glyph-like sparkles flowed and configured themselves constantly into new kaleidoscopic patterns.

Entranced, Brian took a few steps forward to get a closer look. As bizarre as it seemed, the swirl of light seemed to almost be calling him; and he swore for a moment that he could see his friend's face in the light, if only for a split second. He reached forward to swat at the light, to see how it might respond, but the moment he did so, he felt a

strangely sickening churn in his stomach, and the world around him violently expanded then compressed. He screamed and clenched his eyes shut, feeling flashes of sensations that only lasted an instant: cold, hot, then nothing at all.

When he opened his eye a short moment later, he was shocked to find himself clinging to a small edge of a cliff-face, looking down upon the ominous rotating fortress of Gahreesen. While he still felt the butterflies from the strange uneasiness of his first link, his mind raced with thoughts as to how this was possible without a linking book, and how he might be able to get down from his miniscule perch.

The tiny ledge he had linked to was likely much larger at one point, but now crumbled and split away

from the cliff-face; a tiny nub of what it had no-doubt once been. Brian tried to shift his weight, but lost his footing, sliding down the grainy cliff-face of the crater almost twenty feet before desperately grabbing hold of an exposed tree root, rubbing his hands raw on its thorny texture. Now he hung dangerously hundreds of feet in the air over churning waters below.

It was not the bravest thing to do, but Brian could not contain the shout of utter terror that grew within his stomach, bubbling and spilling forth like bile. His mouth opened to emit what at first started

as a small whimper, but then grew into a shout of utter horror. His face twisted and his hands felt as if flames were devouring his flesh, stripping the skin from muscle, bone and sinew. His eyes clenched tightly,

shouting again, his shoulders emitting a searing pain into his senses. His breathing was rapid... Brian had always felt uneasy from heights; but never had he felt such mind numbing terror. His body was quite heavy, he didn't exercise often, and his lifestyle had come to haunt him at this moment; to mock and torment

him with both fear and pain, both emotions dancing within his body and mind to what he felt would imminently become his requiem.

The body weight he had gained over the years was pulling him down, feeling to him as if some great hand had grabbed hold of his foot, crushing him, desiring to pull him into terrifying oblivion. Brian's feet kicked forward, his already wide black



eyes turning towards the root in his hands. Earth and some dark liquid dripped on him, and his sunglasses, somehow still on his face, caught the particles of dirt and the small droplets of blood that trickled from his wounds.

He began to slow his breathing...his arms were going numb, and he knew he wouldn't be able to hold on much longer. Calming his legs and willing his feet forward, he ran the tips of his square-toed boots around the cliff face. Feeling for a small foothold, eventually he found a hole that permitting an inch or two of his foot in. Bracing his right foot upon a rough uneven notch, he began to distribute his body weight, giving his arms some relief.

The footholds he had found would serve to buy him some time, but he couldn't stay clinging here forever. He leaned forward, panting, trying to calm the intense beating of his heart and sooth what felt like a small fist pounding against his sternum.

He shut his eyes tightly, panting; trying to clear his head; trying with all his might to focus upon the task at hand and not the consequences of failure. It took a moment, but as he began to concentrate again, panic slowly relaxing its grip upon his soul, although the fear had stabbed far too deeply to leave so easily.

One of his hands began to feel around the cliff face; it wasn't as smooth as he had at first feared. He found places to plant his hands, gripping them tightly to the stone. Brian knew he had to move. The only way up was to climb, and if he could just will himself, even with his heavy, soft body, he would be able to make it to the top. Failure wasn't an option. This wasn't some game, there were no continues.

Sluggishly he continued to make his way up. His hands reached upward again and again. His raw palms were bleeding now, burning so horribly from the dirt that clumped into his wounds. Eventually his hands felt a cool, wet sensation, followed by what

must have been a floor of vines and thick grass. The edge was in reach, and the scared young man finally felt relief as his fingers grasped the ground, digging into the earth desperately.

He let out a shout of frustration as he struggled to pull himself up. He panted, bit his lower lip, and then emitted a roar of determination. His arms felt white hot, and his stomach clenched as he used what little strength that hadn't been lost to his fatigue, in order to haul himself to the ground. Brian's clawed foreword and his mouth opened as he panted, turning to sit upon the grass, his body still shivering from his brush with death.

Brian's dark blue jeans were scuffed and strained with brown and reddish splotches upon his knees. His black sweater was also stained by his constant grind against the cliff face. Brian lifted his sunglasses from his face, wincing as he looked upon his dirty hands.

His palms were crimsoned and imbedded with rocks and dirt. The wounds were ugly, but as he continued to inspect them, he found himself relieved they were only painful flesh wounds. Removing his backpack (and quietly thanking lady luck that it didn't come undone while he had hung for dear life), Brian pushed open the forest green material and pulled out a white metal box with a scarlet cross upon its top lid.

Producing rubbing alcohol, cream and some white bandages, he used his canteen and the healing tools to clean and treat the wounds. Brian was no medic, not really an explorer and certainly no survivalist. But he had read, and he had held interest in such matters even if he didn't practice them regularly; besides, such scrapes (no matter how ugly) were easily treatable.

Having snuggled wrapped his flesh with the bandages; he reached into his back pocket and produced his leather, fingerless gloves. He wouldn't make

the same mistake twice and get caught without these on again. They would keep his bandages from getting dirty, and they looked cool to boot.

Taking a slight sip from his canteen, Brian stood up, readjusted his backpack and looked over what he couldn't appreciate beforehand. While he still felt jumpy, and certainly desiring to keep his distance from the crater's edge, he couldn't contain the smile that formed upon his lips.

Brian took a moment to gaze out across the canyon, gazing at the ominous rotating fortress surrounded by cascading waterfalls and swirling, crystal blue waters. As he looked out across the incredible vista, he couldn't help but reflect on how surreal this amazing world was. These worlds that the D'ni had created were so amazing when compared to the quiet suburban life that he assumed would be his prison forever. This was the ultimate vacation. He had the opportunity at last to step into a world like the ones that he could only have written and dream about.

Writers didn't create, they didn't "make up" stories. They simply dictated what they saw, what they felt in their minds and hearts. They entwined and weaved their souls into something, they felt, was far greater than themselves. This was how Brian had kept his sanity in a mundane world that he felt was his prison. Writing was his escape into the worlds he always felt more akin to than the one he lived in.

But never did he imagine that he would really, and truly, escape that bland world. Never did he imagine he would set his foot into something that he could only see when his eyes were shut. The writer swallowed a lump in his throat, his eyes observing the fading sun's light as it danced across the waters and the sparkling surface of the spearhead like building; observing a scene he had only thought possible in the

darkest confines of his room, and the brightest corners of his imagination.

The writer shut his eyes, but only for a moment. He opened them once again, the scene still playing out just as it had begun. His smile grew wider, and he breathed in, for once, air that was both ancient and crisp, his nostrils flared lightly as he took in the wet and sweet scent of the forest around him, his ears twitching as they observed the silence of humanity and the chorus of the natural world.



He lifted up his right hand, wiping away the tear that had fallen from his eye. He smiled...and emitted a small laugh, the fear slowly slinking away. After the terrifying experience he had just endured, he felt now that he could triumph over any obstacle in his path from here on out. Turning from the scene and eyeing the wilderness before him, Brian took his first steps into the realm of the living for the very first time.

---

There was a stone tower here in the jungle beside him. Compared to the architecture of the fortress itself that Brian could see across the canyon-like moat that surrounded it, this perimeter tower was

surprisingly simplistic; made of stone, like the rest, but plain and box-like in its presentation. It was a lot dirtier than the other architecture he had seen as well, leading Brian to believe that maybe this tower was built for some purpose before the main fortress was operational. Either way, like everything else he'd seen, this place had long been abandoned.

At the base of the structure, there appeared to be the remnants of a wooden door. Brian moved closer to inspect it, the hinges seemingly loose and knocked practically off in some parts. The wood itself had strange markings all over it, and one chunk of the door was completely smashed open. Leaning closer, Brian peered at the markings in the growing twilight, quietly estimating that some animal must have attempted to break into the tower at some point in the structure's history. It seemed unusual to him as well that the door would have been constructed of wood rather than the stone he imagined the D'ni had created everything from, reinforcing his theory that this tower had been a temporary structure built while the main fortress down in the canyon was still being constructed.

Brian glanced around, noting that he was quickly losing daylight. He let out a small sigh at this, glancing up at the sky to watch as the stars began to pierce the dark blue fabric of the atmosphere, twinkling like some great city that hung over the land. He had enough light to check the perimeter, but afterward, he felt the tower should work for shelter whe-

The roar was deafening, and the silhouette of something far bigger than a human seemed to grow more and more as it charged from the tree line. He let out a surprised shout, and quickly began to run towards the damaged door of the structure. He slipped inside and slammed his body against what was left of the door in order to brace it from the mysterious beast's impact.

It was happening so fast, almost too fast to think. His mind reeled, trying to figure out what to do. His body went rigid as he heard another animalistic growl from behind the damaged wood. The force of the first impact was almost enough to knock Brian onto the floor, but instincts and fear caused him to spring back against the force, bracing the creaking wood with all that he could.

He didn't know what kind of monster it was, but it was fast and strong, and it had claws. Another chunk of the old door suddenly fell away, and Brian ducked in time to avoid the swipe of its great paw. The would-be adventurer knew that it was not a creature he would be familiar with, but if there was one thing it clearly was, it was hungry or very angry; more than likely both from the sounds of its bellowing growls.

Feeling the pressure leave the door for a moment, Brian took the opportunity to glance around the inside of the structure. Pieces of splintered wood (what he guessed was once furniture) were sprawled among the grass and vines that began to wear into the stone floor. It smelled slightly bitter, he could only guess that some animals must have made this place their home previously, perhaps even the predator that was-

Brian heard the loud roar again and felt another impact as the door emitted a loud snap as a section of it shattered. The blur of something large and angry swiped through the opening, trying to get at Brian. He let out another shout of fear, but this time, he would not let his fear lock down his senses. Lifting his right leg slightly, Brian unsheathed the hunting knife he had brought, its twelve-inch blade glistening from constant care and sharpening. With a roar of his own, Brian turned that fear outward and slammed the tip of the blade wildly at the swiftly moving inhuman limb.

Missing at first and striking the ground, Brian brought the blade up, and this time brought it down in an wide swipe. The thing emitted a yelp of some sorts, followed by another growl as the fear stricken young man swiped again and again at the dark shadow like thing that kept trying to come in. The pressure from the door disappeared again and Brian could make out another growl coming from a different direction of the tower. Either the creature was circling his shelter, or another of the animals had come to join in on the hunt.

“I don’t remember this from any of the games.” He muttered beneath his breath, his eyes glancing around the small abode once again, hoping to find something, anything that could be of use.

There was another door in the room on the other side, and it was in even worse shape than the one his back was against; the cursed thing didn’t even seem to be hinged. He looked across what once must have been a small table, a few shattered things he assumed might have been chairs, and a worn pile of books that sat in the corner.

He blinked. Books, of course! Perhaps he could link out of here? Perhaps, he could find a linking book among the pile? Knowing he didn’t have long, and hearing another growl from behind the door, Brian dashed towards the pile and began to flip open cover after cover.

The linking windows were always on the first few pages of the book, he could recall that much easily. His hands moves swiftly over each cover, the worn and weathered, most of them were hardly in any condition, one even fell apart in his hands. No linking book yet, nothing that could-

There! There at last he saw some light, some flicker of something on the front page. He didn’t have time to inspect where exactly it would take him, nor did he give any second thought when he slammed his hand down upon it.

For before him, the door shattered, and a great row of teeth, claws and rotten smelling spit were upon him. Brian’s eyes shut tightly, and the darkness of the link took him.

---

*Written by Jeff Wise and Darken Wolf*

*Illustrations by Atheni33, Myss Terrie's Bevin (cover image) and Bpgisme (drawings)*



# URU LIVE 102

## K'veer and Myst: Histories Entwined

*This month two new areas were released that each holds a prominent position in recent D'ni history. Both were well known to Atrus, and those close to him, and between these two Ages, much of the stories of Atrus, Catherine, Yeesha, and the legacy of the D'ni can be told.*

### K'veer, Mansion for the D'ni...

K'veer was essentially an Island mansion, located in the Cavern in the middle of the lake. The mansion itself was in the possession of the family of Rakeri, one of the five Great Lords, a Miner, and also the father of Veovis, held by many to be the man most responsible for the fall of D'ni.

The island was made use of by 4 generations of Atrus' family. His grandfather, Aitrus, frequently met with his once-friend Veovis there, in a time when they both still trusted and respected each other greatly. However, it was also where Veovis was arrested for apparent crimes (though it was possible he was framed by A'Gaeris). Aitrus' son, Gehn, the father of the Atrus that we most know, also made use of the island mansion. Once he had discovered D'ni, Gehn made the house his headquarters, and it was also here where much of Gehn's teaching of Atrus was conducted. However, as Gehn's madness, greed, and ignorance

became more obvious to the young Atrus, their relationship became strained, culminating in Gehn's destruction of the Book to Atrus' first Age, Inception, in a fireplace in K'veer. Atrus himself said this was symbolic of the final bridges between the two being burned: "You burned it with those books you burned. You erased it along with those phrases in my book. Little by little you destroyed it."

However, this wasn't to be Atrus' last encounter with K'veer. After his attempted escape from D'ni to return to the Cleft, he was captured by Gehn and imprisoned in a chamber in K'veer, with a Book to Gehn's Fifth Age, the age of Riven. It was in this Age he first met Katran, better known as Catherine; his future wife. It also allowed him the opportunity to plan his escape from Gehn's clutches, and D'ni, which he eventually did, and escaped with Catherine to start a new life.

Atrus was to be again imprisoned in K'veer, this time by his sons, Sirrus and Achenar. The sons, plotting their own plans of power and greed, tricked their father into going to K'veer, apparently because Catherine was to meet him there, after having removed a page from his linking book



back home to Myst Island, effectively trapping him, while tricking their mother to go to Riven. Atrus would thus remain in K'veer for some time, working to stabilise his father's flawed Fifth Age, until the arrival of The Stranger sometime in the 1800's, with the missing page, allowing Atrus to return to Myst Island. This was the last time Atrus seemingly spent any substantial amount of time in the D'ni mansion.

His daughter, well known to explorers, also has spent time in K'veer. Yeesha spent much time in D'ni 'finding herself', and working to free the Bahro from their unjust imprisonment. K'veer was also pivotal in the events to the events portrayed in *Myst V: End of Ages*, which confirmed to have been instigated by Dr Watson as actual events. K'veer housed the final 'bubble', which in turn housed the Golden Tablet, which could be used to either control, or release the Bahro. Here was also the location of the eventual the decision the player character in the game (and possibly Dr Watson as well) had to make the final decision on what to do with the Tablet.

Certainly K'veer has been the site of several key points in D'ni history, and has been a cornerstone in the stories of many of Atrus's family, both past and present.

## Myst, Island for a Family...

However, Myst Island holds arguably an even greater position in the hearts and minds of the community. Cyan's series of games is named after this mysterious Age (pun intended), and it certainly an important Age in an understanding of Atrus and his family.



The Age was not, as believed by many, written by Atrus. Rather, it was jointly written by his wife Catherine, and his grandmother Ti'ana, commonly known by her birth name, Anna. This accounts for the curious blend of the fantastical, and the traditional, in the Age. The Age was written before Atrus and Catherine trapped Gehn on Riven, but the pair

until did not properly occupy it after they fled Riven, trapping Gehn there. Here they lived, and gave birth to their first two children, Sirrus and Achenar, here. They lived there, together with Anna, until Anna's death. It was after this time that life started to turn downward. Atrus, distraught at his grandmother's death, buried himself in his work, which allowed Sirrus and Achenar much greater reign to more or less do what they liked. Eventually, they sabotaged Atrus' Ages in *Myst's Library*, and trapped Atrus on K'veer (see earlier). However, they themselves were trapped in Books set up by Atrus, which is the state the player character finds them in the videogame *Myst*. Upon his

freeing of Atrus, The Stranger was allowed to reside on the island, until Atrus had need of him in the future.

It seems that after Catherine's freeing from Riven, and Gehn's imprisonment, she and Atrus refused to live on Myst Island, with their sons' betrayal still evident, instead residing in a new Age, Chroma'Agana. It appears that Myst subsequently faded from the annals of recent D'ni history, until it resurfaced again more recently, as depicted in Cyan's *Myst V* game. According to this record, Escher, believed to be the sole surviving pure-blooded D'ni, used Myst as his 'base of operations', in his quest to secure the Golden Tablet for himself. Yeesha herself refused to go to Myst, calling it 'cursed', it being a site of much pain to her family. However, it must be said that Myst was still once a place of great joy for Atrus and Catherine, before the betrayal, and before its apparent physical degradation in more recent times.

Thus, it is plain to see the prominence of these two Ages. Both have played integral parts in the stories of Atrus' family. Indeed, both may have been pivotal in the determination of the destinies of the Bahro, the D'ni and the human explorer communities, as evidenced by that fateful decision depicted in *End of Ages*. The two have long been linked. Indeed, since Atrus and Catherine's first days together, there has always been a link between K'veer and Myst, a link that it appears even Yeesha could not bring herself to destroy. A link that continues to this day, that keeps the stories of the two entwined. Two Stories of great depth and weight; of great tragedy, but also of camaraderie, of love, of peace, and finally, of hope.

---

*Written by Narym*

