



-- Rime, I have named it. A desolate age with a beauty that is quite different than I had expected or imagined. The intricate feathers of ice that fall from the sky are awe-inspiring. I feel as though I could sit and watch them for hours. And though it is cold here, like I have never experienced before, I find myself enjoying the change of temperature, for it is unlike any other place that I have ever seen.

Perhaps the oddest thing is the silence. Although the wind blows on occasion - when it ceases, there is a suffocating silence that falls on this place, broken only by the distant cries of unseen creatures.

-- I have visited three times and am sure now that this age will provide the environment I need. I believe the cold temperature is necessary for obtaining the correct resonance. Examining the structure of the Books is ever more perplexing, but I am driven onward by my need to understand. The great tree of possibilities can never be fully grasped, but I must at least try to find one particular branch.

On the subject of enlightenment, I would also like to find the cause of the mysterious lights that shine in the darkness here.

-- Though I never assumed that I would be able to build especially fast here, the speed at which I am progressing is somewhat disappointing. I do think I will bring Sirrus and Achenar as well as some of the machinery from Selenitic.

-- Achenar chose to stay with Catherine, but Sirrus was rather excited to come. He has spent the last few days here with me, helping me with the beginning phases of construction. He too seems to enjoy the ice and cold weather. He is intrigued with the crystals that we have brought with us. He has been a big help (as have others) and I hope to be able to begin my experiments here soon.

-- Tonight Sirrus and I found a wondrous spot to view the lights although it seems they decided to hide from us. After sitting in the cold winds for over two hours, we saw nothing. It was rather disappointing. Sirrus will return to Myst tomorrow. He has been a tremendous aid to me and I'm thankful for his willingness to help. The hard part of the construction is over, although I have decided after tonight, that I would like to add some kind of observation post. I won't be finished as soon as I had hoped, although I am fairly



certain it will be worth the delay in the long run.

-- I have decided to take a break from the construction now that the tunnel is almost complete and I have been able to set up a temporary space where the crystals will not be stimulated. I am quite convinced that with the right diffractive resonance, certain properties of the ink can be simulated. Catherine still finds it absurd and thinks I am crazy to assume I will be able to view ages with stones, but her unusual pessimism has not convinced me to stop trying. I came too close to success on Everdunes.



-- I am fairly certain now that temperature indeed does have an effect on the crystals, but I have realized that temperature alone is not enough. The cold dampens some of the sympathetic harmonics but a more active suppressor is necessary. I have acquired some geodes with a pure protected crystalline interior. Thin slices of the geodes below each crystal provided a stabilizing effect and even amplified the clean frequency slightly. After quite a bit of experimentation with the shapes

and colors, I was able to capture a blurry image within a Book. Though the link would never work, there was clearly an Age on the other side. I can hardly wait to return and tell Catherine. I feel like I should finish the shaft to my observation post while I have the machinery here. Perhaps tomorrow morning . . .

-- The lights were beautiful again last night. They had not shown themselves for so long that I had almost forgotten their beauty . . . I still must find the cause.

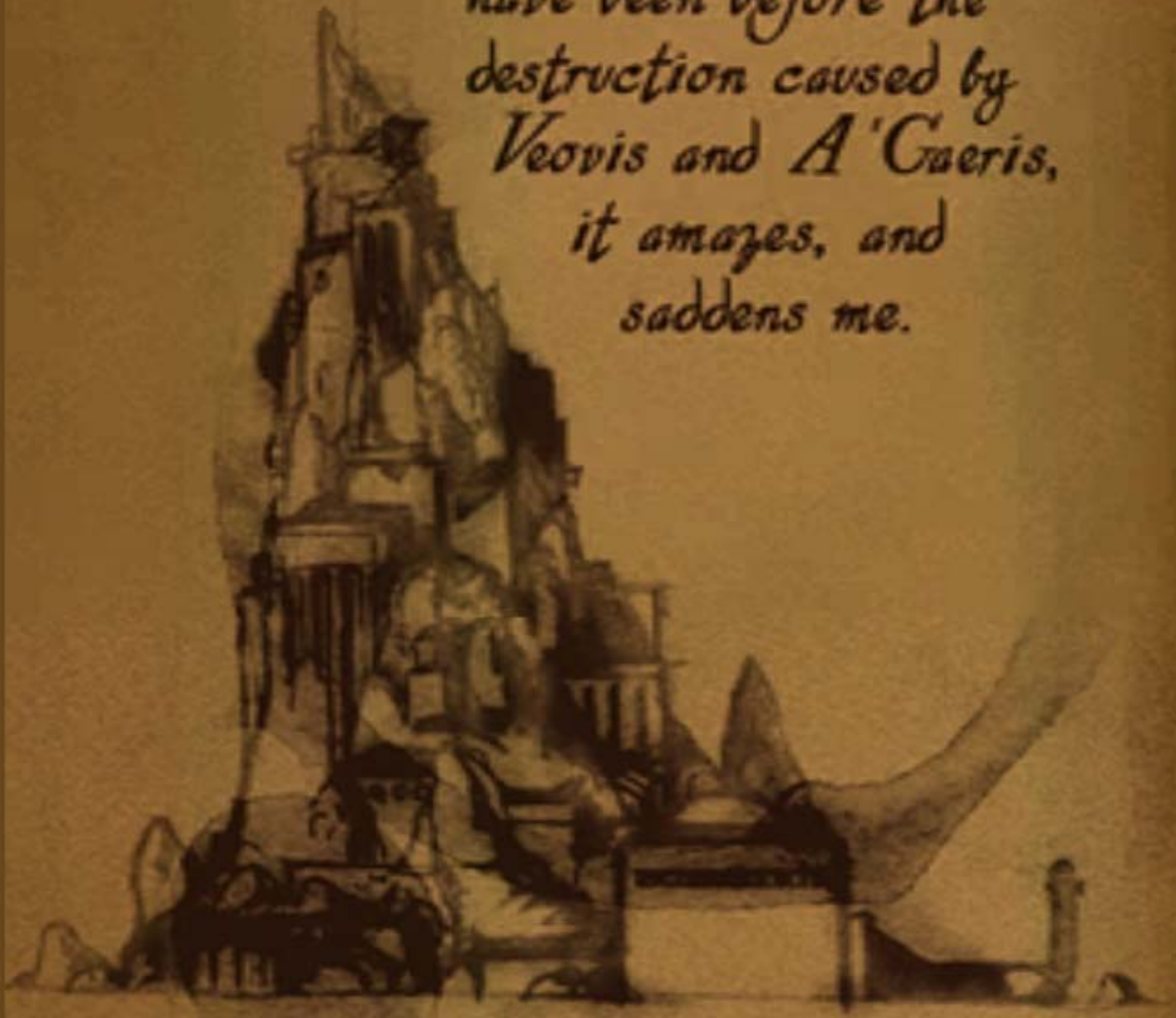
-- I am feeling rather overwhelmed with what remains to be done. The crystals have

not been perfected, the shaft is not finished nor is the observation post or even the lab. I have not seen Catherine for some time, and I long to spend more time with Achenar and Sirrus. Besides all of that, there are, far away, in the back of my mind, the thoughts of my people and our lost city.



I dreamt again
of them
last night.

I have seen the city in its worst condition
and still, its beauty overwhelmed me. Even
now, as I visualize how majestic it must
have been before the
destruction caused by
Veovis and A'Gaeris,
it amazes, and
saddens me.



I am fairly certain that D'ni is not dead as my father believed. I am convinced that there must be some who managed to escape the destruction and even now continue to survive in seperate Ages. Within me is an urging to take the chance and return to D'ni to find these survivors and properly rebuild our city. However, I can do nothing until I am certain of the fate of my father. If my plan failed, if I missed a single Book when attempting to trap him on Riven, then he has been free all along. If that is true then all that stands between him and the Ages I have now written is the link from D'ni to Myst. As much as I wish

to return to D'ni, without knowing the state of my father, I can not risk reestablishing that link.

-- I must observe my father without reestablishing that link. It has taken several years, and there have been many dead ends, but I have partially succeeded. Now that I have managed to view another Age using the crystals, it is only a matter of time until I view Riven. At least I hope.

Catherine will have her ideas about all of these things and I miss her greatly. I will return to Rime later, when my mind has cleared.



