



86.9.29 I start this latest journal with astounding news - Catherine has returned to the Fifth Age! And though it sets my teeth on edge to say it, she has also vanished as quickly as she appeared, stolen from me by the rebels. As my guard tells it, she linked into the Firrur plateau cage - as I'd guessed -

when suddenly he was set upon by a band of rebels who darted him and spirited her away. I suspect the truth of the matter was that he was so dumbfounded at actually witnessing someone link in after all this time that he presented an easy target for whichever rebel had happened by at that moment - the damnable luck of it! He did get

a good enough look at  
her, though, to verify  
that it was indeed  
Catherine. He also claims  
that he inspected all of  
her belongings and found  
no Linking Book on her  
person, a fact which -  
if true - makes the  
question of why she's  
retained here all the more  
puzzling.

While I am sick with

frustration at having lost  
the only quarry that cage  
has ever caught, I am  
also filled with hope -  
she may yet provide me  
with a way back to  
D'ni. It is true that I  
have managed, despite  
overwhelming odds, to break  
free of the confines of the  
Fifth Age and resume my  
mission to save my culture  
from extinction; but I  
fear that unless I am

able to regain access to  
the vast resources that lie  
in the city's ruins, the  
task of reconstructing that  
great civilization will be  
impossible. If Catherine  
did bring a Linking Book  
with her, then I am  
halfway there - if not,  
then she is trapped in the  
Fifth Age and I can  
assume that my emotionally  
crippled son will soon be  
along to rescue her.

Either way, it is crucial  
to my plans that I find  
her soon. Her presence  
here now forces me to  
take the rebels more  
seriously - I should never  
have permitted them to  
survive this long.

86.10.5 Once again the  
'Great Whack' has  
demonstrated its usefulness  
to me. This past week  
the villagers have been



most difficult to manage  
- apparently they have  
learned of Catherine's  
arrival - and their fear  
of this mythic beast has  
been all that has kept  
them in line. Had I  
known how truly useful  
these prodigious creatures  
would prove to be, I  
would have perhaps captured  
more of them while the  
local population was still  
plentiful; although, to be

sure - if these  
disturbances continue, my  
current pets will be in no  
danger of perishing for  
lack of nourishment.

86.10.13 The search for  
Catherine continues -

I now deeply regret my  
mistake of having ever  
taught these primitive  
people anything at all  
about the Books. It

seems that with each  
passing day I more sorely  
realize the extent to which  
they were not ready for  
that knowledge - not  
even in the simplified  
manner in which I had  
presented it to them.

Their minds, adapted only  
to the exceptionally menial  
tasks of village life, were  
incapable of comprehending  
the Art in all its  
complexity, and thus were

unable to extract the  
essential underlying  
principles that are -  
ironically - so elegantly  
simple. It is obvious  
that much of the discord  
that exists between us  
stems from their failure to  
grasp the full meaning of  
the information I gave  
them. If they'd been able  
to gain even the smallest  
glimpse of the future I'd  
planned for them, then

this conflict would not exist.

The minds of children are much more malleable. With the proper instruction, they have developed a more appropriate posture towards the culture that gave them their lives. At times they take to it almost as if they had a bit of D'ni blood in them. Given the natives' inborn limitations, however,

I am quite careful that none gain a level of understanding that would permit them to sin against their future the way that Catherine did. How foolish I was, to think that she could contain such knowledge responsibly, when it was quite clear that my own son could not.

Atlas - still he remains one of the greatest



disappointments of my  
life. I should never have  
left him with my mother  
- by the time I'd  
returned for him, he had  
already been poisoned as to  
all thoughts of the D'ni.  
Perhaps it was the only  
way that she could  
rationalize the fact that  
she had been responsible  
for the collapse of their  
civilization. So much  
destruction, so many great

lives lost - the guilt  
must have been unbearable.  
I do have vague  
recollections of the love  
she had for my father,  
and for our world...  
but ultimately, she was  
an outsider who's ignorance  
of the D'ni became the  
catalyst for their demise.  
If I am able to rebuild  
our culture and in the  
process correct such crucial  
weaknesses, then perhaps



what she did was ultimately necessary, in order that a new era of prosperity might someday come to pass.

87.1.4 These last few weeks I have found myself frequently beset by images from the past. As I stood in the schoolroom today, I was reminded of my own childhood: the years I spent in the

Book-Makers Guild, father's immense pride at each of my small accomplishments there. He was an important man in the D'ni world - but I can't bear to think of him for long; it's too much, I was too young to see such a thing.

87.2.8 I've got her! late last night I received word that Catherine was in

The village attempting  
to persuade the people  
to join her. I lost  
two good men in the  
process, but I would  
have paid a hundred  
times that number  
for such a prize.  
She's been taken to  
the Prison island,  
where I've been  
attempting to gain  
some insight as to  
the reason for her

presence here. I've  
had to fight the all  
but constant impulse  
to put her on the  
gallows; she has  
adopted the most  
infuriating stance of  
only answering my  
questions - when she  
answers them at all  
- in her native  
tongue. Even so,  
she is a poor liar  
- I am now quite

certain that her  
return to River was  
unintentional, and  
that she brought no  
Linking Book with  
her. As far as her  
unwillingness to share  
with me the location  
of the Moiety...  
we shall see -  
without their leader,  
however, they are  
once again powerless  
against me.

If Catherine's  
coming here was  
indeed an accident,  
then Atrus is bound  
to come for her -  
that is a given.  
The question I must  
now consider is -  
how will he do it?  
It is likely that his  
hesitation has been  
due - at least in  
part - to this  
dilemma. One way or



another, though, he'll  
have to bring a  
Linking Book to get  
back to D'ni -  
there is no other  
way.

87.6.20 It's late  
and I cannot sleep.  
I've lost so much  
in my life. My  
people, my father,  
my son, and you my  
wife - Keta, you

were the only true  
kindness I have ever  
known. Watching you  
flicker there in the  
Images - . . . I  
sometimes wonder if  
you were real. If I  
could restore your life  
with my pen, I  
would do so in an  
instant, and leave  
the rest of the world  
to their own wretched  
fate.

87.7.30

Damn these savages!  
I would be well  
advised to leave them  
all in the Fifth  
Age and begin again  
with a clean sheet of  
paper!

A stranger has  
arrived on Riven -  
with a Linking  
Book to D'ni!  
And once again my

useless minion was  
overtaken by the  
rebels. From what  
little I could  
decipher from his  
muddled explanation,  
it apparently occurred  
sometime this  
morning. The cage  
has been damaged,  
but it is no matter  
- everything I need  
is here now. Atrus is

certainly behind this,  
yet how could he be  
so foolish as to send  
someone here with a  
Linking Book? Such  
blatancy is unlike  
him. Could it be  
that he has had a  
change of heart?  
After all these  
years, is he finally  
letting his poor old  
father go? No, he's  
only after one thing

- perhaps he should  
find her.

For now, I need  
only to wait and  
observe.



