



87.5.25 It appears that I
have underestimated him. I did
not think he could be this devious.
He always said Spire was dang-
erous, but I assumed he meant its
people were violent. Violent and
potentially xenophobic - the
perfect combination with which to
orchestrate a coup. But there are
no people here. No prosperous civi-
lization for me to rule. I see now
how his linking panel fooled me.
Congratulations, Father.
This hand goes to you.

87.6.1 I have established a temporary encampment near the vegetal cavern. The food I brought with me should last a month - after that, I will be forced to grow what I eat. The plants here are neither scrumptious nor overly abundant, but I have tasted several and find the nutrition is there.

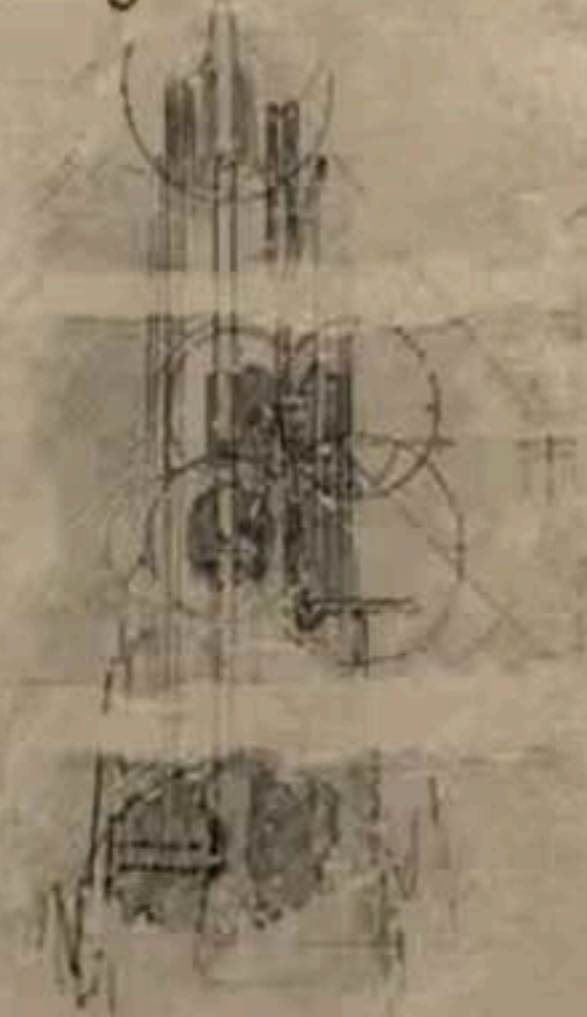


Turning now to
the question of escape...

I believe there may yet be a Myst linking book here. The simplest way for Father to have disposed of it would have been to jump off the palace as he touched it. There are other ways, of course, but I cannot ignore this possibility. I must at least attempt to reach the ground.

87.9.1 This is fast becoming unacceptable. I have slid down every oddly-shaped "wind pipe" in this Age and have yet to see below the second cloud layer. I was fairly certain that at least three of the passages would prove successful,

yet even they dead-ended inside
a magnificent sealed cavern
full of crystals.



The crystals themselves are
curious. Something about their
inner matrix makes them sus-

ceptible to a build-up of negative
charges - when I touched one, I re-
ceived a terrible shock. At the
same time, the faint light that
had been emanating from the
crystal faded, and I heard a very
curious hum which ceased as soon
as the crystal's charge was
expended.

I should like
to study these
crystals more
thoroughly, and
will institute a
plan to mine the
cavern extensively.



88.2.6 Last night, I saw lights flickering in some of the other palaces. It occurred to me that I might not be alone. What if this age is like Stoneship? Father never could explain how Ewenit and Branch just appeared there. He said the Art was always surprising him. Could it be that the lights I saw flickering were made by other people?

What I would give to discover this is true! After all these months of solitude, just to have another person to talk to...

88.5.14 About the floating rocks:
There is a phosphorescent green mineral running through much of this Age which exhibits strong diamagnetic properties. At least, that is the most workable hypothesis I have devised that can explain how the rocks I see outside my garden are able to float.

This has given me an idea. If I can capture one of the larger boulders, I should be able to turn it into a vessel, and thereby sail across the clouds to the nearest palace.



The most difficult
obstacle to achieving
this will be maintaining
the necessary altitude...

I have noticed that these rocks
float higher than the highest point
on that palace. Forcing my ship
to float lower than it prefers
will take some doing.

28.10.2 For the past few
weeks, I have been watching
storms move through the second
cloud layer. They appear as flashes
of light inside the strata. The vio-
lence of these storms does not
reach me in the garden. I encoun-
ter no rain. Barely feel the wind.
I am completely safe here, nestled
between layers.

I do not know how this is possible. How could Father have created a world which exhibits so many scientific impossibilities? He never did explain how to write an age. He never taught Achenar and I the Art.

I wonder now if I should have insisted.

89.4.18 The crystals I mined from the lower cavern are really quite remarkable. There seems to be no limit to the amount of electricity they can store.

Unfortunately, this makes

working with them difficult. So long as a charged crystal is isolated, the energy inside it remains trapped in its matrix. But the moment the crystal even brushes against a grounded object, the stored charge flows out, producing



a most

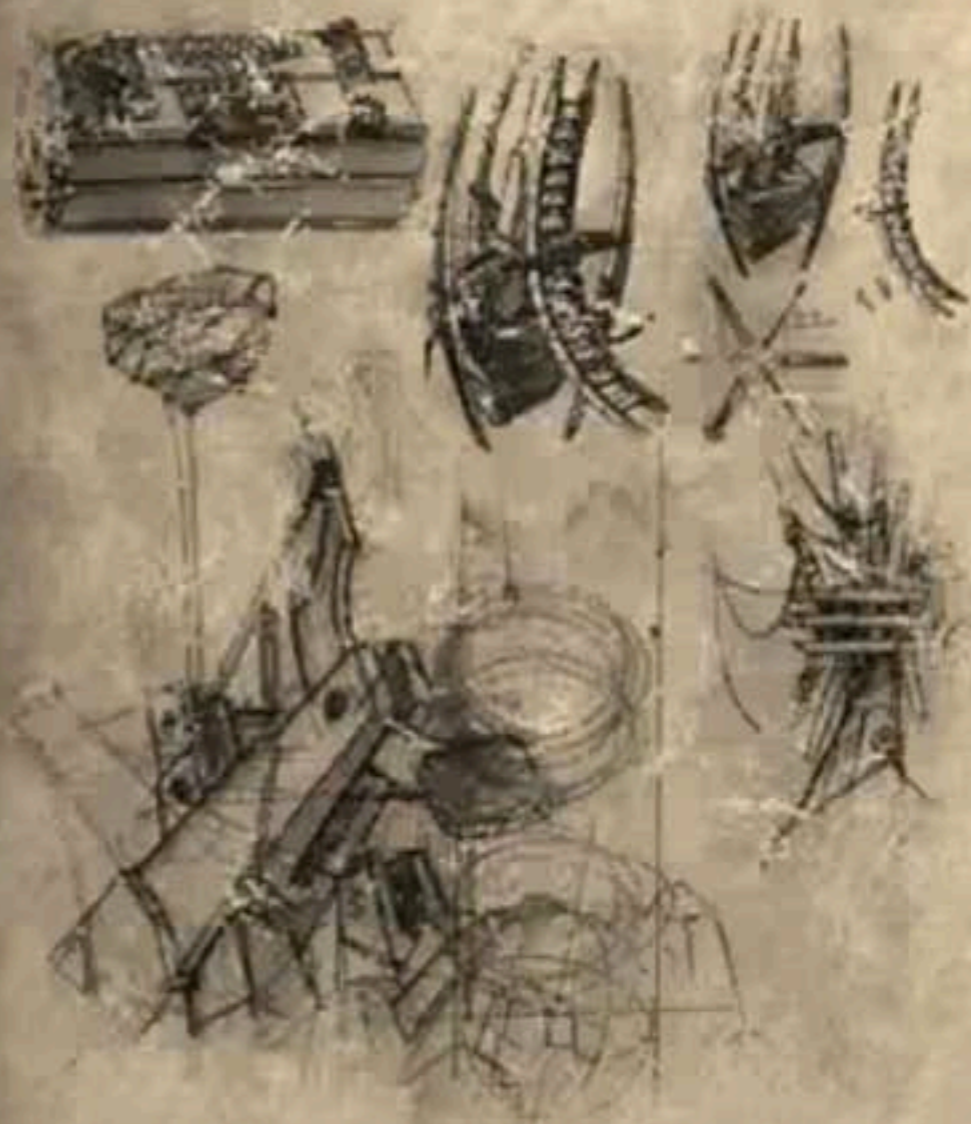
amazing song.

I should like to capitalize on this singing ability, if only as a



pleasant diversion. It might be nice to hear some music in these caverns...

Regardless, I believe the crystals can solve my rock-ship problem. By affixing them to some of the floating rocks, then casting them back into the clouds, I should be able to harness enough of Spire's natural electricity to fuel an electromagnet. The attractive force of the magnet, combined with the smaller magnetic fields of the lightning conductors, should be able to lower the ship and guide it to the nearest palace.



It is definitely worth an attempt.

90.10.22 Another storm is brewing as I write this. I can feel the hairs on my arms starting to rise. I am almost crazed with anticipation, waiting to test the first conductor. My god, is this what Father felt, every time his hand hovered above the panel of a book he'd just written? Did he feel this much excitement as he stood poised to learn if his theories had worked? Why did he never share this with me?

If he had, perhaps things could have been different between us...

The first conductor is glowing.
Here goes nothing.

91.5.25 NO NO NO NO NO!!!
My calculations were perfect!
The ship should not have broken free!

The distance between conductors must be too great. I am going to have to add more to the system. But if I do, the electromagnetic pull will be too strong, and the ship will crash to the floor. So can I counterbalance it? Create a second electromagnet in the roof of the garden?

I am going to have to start
building again. And capture
another rock for a ship. This
mistake has set me back years!

But I am close. So close to
reaching the nearest palace.
And from there, maybe, access-
ing the ground.

I only hope the linking
book still works.

