





Spire, I have called it.

For that is the image I kept
in mind as I wrote the
Book that would link

here. A soaring,
rock-and-crystal
spire rising out of
dense clouds like
the watchtower
of some gem-
studded castle.
Now that I
am here, and

am exploring the Age in person, I
find it to be exactly as I envi-
sioned. Beautiful, yet so very
deceptive.

From the tower formation
upon which I sit, an ocean of
clouds spreads out below me. Rough
stone steps descend toward them,
ending at an empty terrace area.
Created over centuries by the ero-
sive power of wind, these steps are
so evenly matched that I almost
believed they were manmade. Yet

how could they be? For Spire has never had any inhabitants.

Steps are not the only example of how the illusion I sought to create in this Age holds true. Shortly after linking here, I walked through massive archways of stone, searching for a view beneath the clouds.



As I walked, I felt as if the ghosts of a past civilization walked with me. This feeling was only enhanced by the beautiful harmonic sounds heard everywhere I went. I would have liked to determine the source of these sounds, simply for my own edification, but other

concerns must take precedence.

Having found the floral caverns and assured myself of Spire's ability to support human life, I am at last ready to leave. I even feel more comfortable with my decision to use this Age as a prison world if I must. Yet I am sad to leave it, too. There is still so much I could learn about the Art simply by spending more time here and comparing the Age with my original intentions for it.

Unfortunately, once I link away -- dropping my Myst book into the clouds as I leave -- I know I will never be back.

And I truly must go. For I still have another prison Age to investigate.





