When it grew towards sunset, we entered a branch of a river that fell into the Orinoco, called Winicapora; where I was informed of the mountain of crystal, to which in truth for the length of the way, and the evil season of the year, I was not able to march, nor abide any longer upon the journey. We saw it afar off, and it appeared like a white church-tower of an exceeding height. There falleth over it a mighty river which toucheth no part of the side of the mountain, but rusheth over the top of it, and falleth to the ground with so terrible a noise and clamour, as if a thousand great bells were knocked one against another. I think there is not in the world so strange an overfall, nor so wonderful to behold. Barro told me that there were diamonds and other precious stones on it, and that they shined very far off, but what it hath I know not, neither durst he or any of his men ascend to the top of the said mountain.

— Sir Walter Raleigh, *The Discoverie of Guiana* (1596)
23 March 2005

4:39 P.M., CARACAS — THE LABYRINTH TWISTS SLOWLY, BUT I FINALLY RECEIVED MY PERMITS FOR THE INTERIOR TODAY. THE TIMING IS TOO CLOSE; THE ANNULAR ECLIPSE ENDS AT SUNSET, 6:17 P.M. ON 8 APRIL, AND I NEED TO BE THERE AT ZERO POINT. THE MOON WILL CROSS THE FACE OF THE RED SUN, THE MARRIAGE OF RED AND WHITE, OF RUBEDO AND ALBEDO, AND IT WILL BECOME BLACK IN SHADOW, FULFILLING THE NIGREDON, AND AROUND IT WILL SHINE A CIRCLE OF SUNLIGHT, A RING OF GOLD FOR ME TO STEP THROUGH.

THE PATH OF THE ECLIPSE ENDS SOMEWHERE IN THE VENEZUELAN INTERIOR. MY CALCULATIONS HAVE NARROWED IT DOWN SOMEWHAT, BUT I WILL HAVE TO SHOOT THE SUN FROM THE GROUND TO PINPOINT IT PRECISELY. A BLANK SPOT ON THE MAP, EVEN IN 2005, A PLACE SO REMOTE THAT EVEN THE RAF TACTICAL PILOTAGE CHART MARKS AS "RELIEF DATA INCOMPATIBLE." BUT I'M ON THE RIGHT TRACK. IT'S THE SAME SPOT ON SIR WALTER RALEIGH'S MAP WHERE HE DREW THE LAKE OF MANOA, THE LAKE OF GOLD RINGING THE ISLAND OF EL DORADO. I COULD UNFOLD HIS MAP FROM MY JACKET, BUT IT'S NOT WORTH THE RISK — ALTHOUGH NOBODY IN CARACAS IS LIKELY TO RECOGNIZE IT. I DON'T NEED ANOTHER INVESTIGATION TO DELAY ME NOW.

I HAVE IT MEMORIZED ANYWAY, AND I SUPPOSE STEALING IT FROM THE BRITISH LIBRARY WAS GILDING THE LILY. HOWEVER, THERE'S ALWAYS THE CHANCE THAT THE MAP BORES A CONCEALED ENCHANTMENT, TO REVEAL ANCIENT TRUTHS UNDER THIS TROPICAL SUN OR IN THE RAYS OF THE ECLIPSE. BETTER SAFE THAN SORRY, AND I DO LOVE LOOKING AT THE MAP WHEN I CAN. I CALL IT TO MIND NOW; I SEE RALEIGH'S LAKE CRAWLING LIKE A GIANT CENTIPEDE ACROSS THE BOTTOM OF THE ORINOCO BASIN, 32 RIVERS SKITTERING OFF IT LIKE LONG LEGS WITH A ROUND ISLAND AT ITS HEART. HE MADE IT HALFWAY THERE IN 1595, AND SAW A "MOUNTAIN OF CRYSTAL" ON THE HORIZON. I HAVE TO DO BETTER THAN THAT. LIKE RALEIGH, I KNOW WHAT EL DORADO REALLY IS. IT'S THE GREAT WORK, THE OPENING OF THE WAY INTO A GOLDEN WORLD OF ULTIMATE TRUTH AND POWER.

BUT HE DID WELL ENOUGH TO KNOW WHAT HE HAD, AND TO WRITE IT DOWN ON HIS MAP. HE WAS FOLLOWING OTHERS, OF COURSE: THE SPANISH EXPLORER BERREO, AND THE HOROSCOPES AND GEOMANCIES OF JOHN DEE AND THE SHOAL OF NIGHT. ON RALEIGH'S SECOND EXPEDITION, IN 1617, HE HAD THE ALCHEMIST LAWRENCE KEYMIS, WHO HAD ALREADY LED TWO JOURNEYS INTO THE INTERIOR, AND HE HAD THE MYSTERIOUS "JOURNAL," THAT SOMEHOW CONVINCED KING JAMES TO FREE HIM FROM
THE TOWER FOR A SECOND STAB AT EL DORADO.
I HAVE TO GET SOME SLEEP, BUT I CAN'T.
PERHAPS I'LL RUN OVER MY COMPUTATIONS AGAIN.

25 MARCH 2005
10:00 P.M. — LANDED AT CANAIMA HELIPORT, ONLY FOUR HOURS BEHIND SCHEDULE. OF COURSE, RALEIGH TOOK A MONTH TO GET HALF THIS FAR UP-RIVER, SO PERHAPS I SHOULDN'T COMPLAIN. ESTEBAN WAS HERE TO MEET ME; HE INTRODUCED ME TO MARIO, WHO GREW UP IN THE INTERIOR, AND HECTOR AND SIMON HERRERA, WHO GREW UP IN THE SLUMS OF CARACAS.

ESTEBAN AND MARIO AND I HAVE TALKED ABOUT WHERE WE'RE GOING. IT'S A MESA (OR TEPUY, AS THEY ARE CALLED HERE) OVER A MILE TALL, WITH A BAD REPUTATION; THE LOCAL PEMÓN TRIBE CALLS IT AUYÁN TEPUY, THE 'DEVIL'S HOUSE.' THE MAKAWITON, EVIL SPIRIT GUARDIANS, LIVE ATOP IT AND KILL TRESPASSERS, WHICH CONFIRMS WHAT I HEARD IN ALGERIA ABOUT THE GUARDIANS OF THE VIBRATORY BARRIER. THE WHOLE REGION IS CALLED THE RORAIMA PLATEAU, AND ACCORDING TO MY LONELY PLANET IT WAS CONAN DOYLE'S MODEL FOR THE LOST WORLD. I DO NOT EXPECT DINOSAURS ON THIS TRIP. DRAGONS, PERHAPS.

26 MARCH 2005
3:15 P.M. — WE HAVE FINALLY SET OFF DOWN THE CARONI RIVER, WHICH WILL TAKE US MOST OF THE WAY TO THE TEPUY. MORE DELAY; THERE WAS SOME SORT OF COMMOTION AT THE PIER WITH OUR GEAR AND SUPPLIES. A PORTER WAS WHERE HE WAS NOT SUPPOSED TO BE, OR SOMETHING; THE HERRERA BROTHERS HAD TO WADE IN AND SORT THINGS OUT CARACAS-STYLE. THE MALEFACTOR WAS A EUROPEAN, BY THE LOOK OF HIM — PERHAPS SOMETHING FOR THE GUARDIANS TO DEAL WITH? BY MY QUICK ONCE-OVER, EVERYTHING IS STILL HERE, ESPECIALLY THE OILS FOR THE BARRIER. I WILL TAKE A MORE DETAILLED INVENTORY WHEN WE CAMP FOR THE NIGHT.

28 MARCH 2005
9:45 P.M. — SPENT MUCH OF TODAY'S TRAVEL TALKING WITH MARIO ABOUT ANOTHER LOST CITY IN THIS COUNTRY. THE PILOT JIMMIE ANGEL, WHO DISCOVERED ANGEL FALLS IN 1933, WAS ACTUALLY LOOKING FOR A 'RIVER OF GOLD' DISCOVERED BY SOMEONE WHO MAY NOT HAVE EXISTED NAMEd...
McCracken, Raleigh was also following someone else's rumor—I, at least, am following my own calculations, although it could be said that in a sense I'm chasing Raleigh's tail! While caught in a mysterious whirlwind on a prospecting flight over a remote tepuy in the Roraima, Angel was blown over a "city in a lake," with circular walls and what looked like a canal. On a later exploration flight, he had a mysterious plane crash in the interior somewhere, and was summarily ejected from Venezuela upon his return to civilization.

The insects are very aggressive here, but I imagine the huge flocks of toucans keep them under control. The calls of the toucans get louder at sunset for some reason.

30 March 2005

5:12 P.M. — Disaster. About two hours ago, the largest canoe overturned and sank in a whirlpool — more of a maelstrom — an estimated three miles south of an unmarked fork in the Caroni. Compass swings make precise latitude difficult to determine; GPS no help. All the climbing gear is lost, half of the food, the maps, and the Herrera brothers. Worst of all, the sandalwood box from Afghanistan went down with it, and the oils are irreplaceable.

8:30 P.M. — In what he claimed was an attempt to raise our spirits, but which I suspect was meant as a plea to turn back, Esteban insisted on telling the story of Percy Fawcett around the fire tonight. In 1925, as Esteban tells it, Fawcett went into the Brazilian jungle trying to approach his "lost city of Manoa" from the south. On a previous trip, he had seen Indians with "fair skin and white hair," which he believed to be a sign of Atlantean bloodlines. He vanished in May, along with his son and a friend named Raleigh Rimmel. (Does Esteban recognize the importance of these seeming coincidences of names? It is so hard to be sure, and I cannot risk the sight if he is not asleep.) Fawcett left specific instructions that no search party be sent after him until February 1927, which made me wonder if he suspected something about the effects of the Vibratory Barrier on time.
31 March 2005

6:07 A.M. — Sunrise. I think I see the tepuy on the horizon, but the mist is very thick to the east. Mario says the tepuy "veils itself for white men," but I suspect it veils itself for all comers.

8:10 A.M. — Other canoes leaking badly; some sort of contaminant in the water perhaps, as the aluminum is peeling away from the frame somehow. Esteban knows a track through the jungle to the east of here that may serve to get us to the tepuy, although how to climb it? I hesitate to invoke the Walker this far south, and I have no oils.

2:30 P.M. — The trail is found; by my compass it runs just east of SE, but the thing jiggles madly now. All sightings take much longer; I shall be forced to break out the memphite sun stick before too long and trust to dead reckoning.

Again, Raleigh never got this far. On the 1617 trip, he fell desperately ill at the mouth of the Orinoco and had to send Keymis ahead in command; Keymis was given explicit orders to avoid combat with the Spanish — perhaps Raleigh was on a deadline as well — but disobeyed them for reasons that remain a mystery even today. Keymis attacked the Spanish fort of San Thom, and in the battle a Spanish musket ball killed Raleigh's son Wat. Keymis returned to Raleigh's camp and killed himself with a dagger thrust to the heart; Raleigh sailed back to England and execution in the Tower.

I do not have Raleigh's luxury now.

1 April 2005

7:22 P.M. — Good progress on the trail today. I can hear the falls from here, but still cannot see the tepuy. Mario says the Pemon people call the falls Kerepakupai-mer, "the falls from the deepest of all places." He sounds less like someone recounting a laughable native superstition, and more like someone trying to give a coded warning.

The insects are nearly unbearable; all three of us are all over blood and blisters.

2 April 2005

6:34 A.M. — The tepuy looms completely visible this morning, silhouetted against the sunrise due east of here. I can see the falls pouring down, just
AS RALEIGH DESCRIBED THEM, HOWEVER, WE MAY BE NO CLOSER TO THE ZERO POINT THAN BEFORE: NO MATTER HOW MANY DAWN SIGHTINGS I TAKE, IT BECOMES INCREASINGLY APPARENT TO ME THAT THE PATH OF THE ECLIPSE BEGINS ON THE FAR SIDE OF THE TEPUY AND NOT ON TOP OF IT AS I HAD PREVIOUSLY THOUGHT. WHEN I HAVE TIME I MUST RECHECK MY INITIAL FIGURES.

THIS ADDS AT LEAST FIVE MILES TO MY JOURNEY, AND TIME IS RUNNING SHORT. HOWEVER, THE LOSS OF MY CLIMBING EQUIPMENT NOW SEEMS PROVINCIAL, EVEN PROPHECIAL. ESTEBAN AND MARIO SEEM RELIEVED THAT THEY DO NOT HAVE TO BRAVE THE MARAWITON, AND ARE EAGER TO FIND A PATH AROUND THE TEPUY FROM HERE. I JUST REALIZED THAT I HAVEN'T SEEN OR HEARD A TOUCAN ALL DAY.

7:14 P.M.—JUST STUMBLED ONTO THE REMAINS OF THIS MORNING'S COOK FIRE. COMPASSES COMpletely USELESS, GPS SIGNALS OUT. EITHER THE TEPUY HAS A MAGNETIC METEORIC IRON CORE OR I HAVE FINALLY COME TANGENT TO THE VIBRATORY BARRIER. I WILL PERFORM THE DHO-NHA CANTICLE TO DETERMINE WHICH.

3 APRIL 2005

1201 A.M.—IT WAS THE BARRIER. NOW I MUST CROSS THE THRESHOLD IN THE OLD WAY, SINCE THE OILS ARE GONE. RUBEDO IT IS. ESTEBAN AND MARIO WILL MEET THE MARAWITON AFTER ALL.

3:33 A.M.—THEIR SCREAMING MAY HAVE ATTRACTION SOMETHING ELSE; I SEE WHITE FORMS IN THE JUNGLE. I WILL NOT USE LANGUAGE FOR THE NEXT 13 HOURS, FOR OBIous REASONS.

THE CRUSHED INSECT BETWEEN PAGES 22 AND 23 IS AN UNKNOWN SPECIES OF CHILOPODA, POSSESSION 16 LEG PAIRS RATHER THAN THE UNIVERSAL 15. PRELIMINARY GUESS BY MYRINUS AT THE BRITISH MUSEUM INDICATES A SURFICIAL RESEMBLANCE TO SCUTIGER PROAVUS, A JURASSIC SPECIES KNOWN ONLY FROM FOSSIL RECORDS.

5 APRIL 2005

DAWN.—I HAVE REACHED THE BASE OF THE TEPUY UNSCATHED, ALTHOUGH MY SKIN IS BLEACHED WHITE WHEREEVER I CAN SEE IT. THIS IS THE ALBEDO, THEN, NOW I KNOW WHY CONAN DOYLE PUT AN ALBINO INTO THE LOST WORLD: HE LEARNED MORE FROM THE SPIRITS THAN WE THOUGHT.

I WILL NOT WRITE THE WORDS THAT I HEARD, NOT IN SIGHT OF THE TEPUY AT ANY RATE. I HAVE COMMIT—
6 April 2005

The soil here is very marshy; my progress is measured in yards. There is some sort of higher ground visible to the north, basalt or granite stones sticking out of it at any rate.

Sunset. — 600 yards today, from slightly closer and higher. The stones are too regular to be natural features. They resemble the megalithic structures in Brittany and Andalusia, but with a strong admixture of Tiahuanaco or Mycenean style "Cyclopean" architecture. If I could get on top of the tepuy I could see them from above and map them. I suspect a ring formation from this angle and will try to get through the swamp to survey them tomorrow.

Falls maddening, and I saw a mosquito the size of my hand.

Why am I concerning myself withivia on the threshold of Atlantis?

8 April 2005

Noon. — Resting, though I can ill afford it, but I have no choice as my strength is nearly gone. I have found a high side trail leading south around the tepuy past the falls. This means I cannot sketch or map the stones on the north and west side, but time is running short. If I am to work my way around to the east side in time for sunset, imagine coming all this way to miss the eclipse because I was sketching another lost city to join Raleigh and Fawcett and Angel and all the rest. I shall return by the north side if I can, although once I am transfigured I do not imagine I shall care much for tumbled ruins.

Insects even worse here. I shall take strength and marrow from my left arm as I have no choice but to go forward or drop here. My left eye I shall save for later, when Nigredo becomes unavoidable.

After this entry the handwriting becomes distorted, as though the notebook were moving around or resting unevenly on a rounded surface.

Later. — I do not like the damned tepuy. It squats there on the western horizon line; it will block the sunset. I should have...
thought of that before; I don’t know how it slipped my mind. Too much heat and noise. That thing hates me, and I cannot hear anything but the falls, even with the tepuy between me and the cascade.

Have been approaching the site on a curve; Pythagoras was right, but I must avoid the angles.

Final entry in clear English: Sunset. — All is finally in readiness. The moon is crossing the setting sun as I watch. The tepuy is still in the way no; its transparent — a mountain of crystal — I can see through the black sun inside the ring of gold

Excerpts from the executive summary of the report of Sandiford Laboratories to identity redacted by London Censor, 8/18/05:

... Due to the extreme acidification of the paper and ink, hence the complete destruction of the sample during fiber analysis means that results must necessarily be inconclusive. Initial sample results were consistent, however, with paper milled in South Carolina during the 1990s. Although the fibers were too badly compressed and eroded for specific batch matching, the acidification pattern indicates exposure to air for at least 80 years, with the edges of the paper showing almost complete friability, which would have set in by year 100. Past this point, no date can be assigned to the paper. Although only trace amounts of ink remain on the page, spectrographic analysis gives initial results consistent with any one of a number of aniline-based glycol inks used over the last half century in ballpoint pens.

... Binding is calfskin, consistent with tools and methods used in the 16th and 17th centuries. The age of the calfskin can be estimated using C-14 to 420 years 80. The vellum endpaper likewise.

... The inscription on the endpaper “Rawley His Book Found In Guiana” is in iron-based gall ink consistent with the age of the calfskin. The handwriting sample is too short for definitive analysis, but matches known samples of John Dee’s script.
COMING NEXT FOR MAGE

REIGN OF THE EXARCHS

Sample file
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INTRODUCTION: RELICS OF A SHATTERED PAST

There is a temple in ruin stands, Fashion'd by long forgotten hands; Two or three columns, and many a stone, Marble and granite, with grass o'ergrown!
— Lord Byron, Siege of Corinth

Long ago, the mages tell their pupils, there was a Golden Age of sorcery when the Awakened ruled the world in wisdom and glory. The wizards of that era wrought greater spells than modern mages can imagine. At the center of that age, the Dragon Isle, the archmages of Atlantis codified the lore of magic and became like unto gods, with their capital, the Awakened City, as their shining temple.

But that wasn't enough for some of the wizard-princes. They wanted to become gods in truth, and force the entire cosmos to kneel before them. The war between these arrogant Exarchs and the Oracles who opposed them broke reality itself and sank Atlantis beneath the waves. The few surviving mages found their magic broken as well, fading into a shadow of its former power. The Atlantean survivors and their heirs tried to create new kingdoms of the Wise, where magic could flourish. Some of their more successful attempts led to Egypt, Sumer, Maya and other civilizations at the dawn of history — but there was never another City of the Awakened. The Temple of Magic lay in ruins. Only scraps and shards of Atlantean magic endured to remind latter-day mages of the Golden Age.

Still — some of those scraps and shards are pretty impressive. What's more, not all of them have been found, or they were found and lost again. In hidden places around the world, Atlantean palaces, fortresses, shrines and tombs await discovery. They still contain artifacts of wizardry no modern mages can duplicate, and occult lore forgotten for thousands of years. Eager willworkers follow slender clues to ancient ruins, dreaming of adventure, glory and reclaimed magic of the Golden Age. If they are not powerful, cunning, learned and wise, however, they may find terror and death instead. The Atlanteans guarded their secrets well, with a ruthless determination that suggests all was not well in the Golden Age.

The lost power and glory of Atlantis haunts the background of Mage: The Awakening. Characters may know the mystically-potent High Speech of Atlantis, belong to sorcerous orders that trace their heritage back to the fabled isle, or even own magical artifacts of the lost land. Many mages want to discover more relics of Atlantis in hopes of increasing their own sorcerous power and knowledge. Secrets of the Ruined Temple is a guide and resource for players and Storytellers who want to make the search for Atlantean secrets an important aspect of their character or chronicle.

What's in This Book

Secrets of the Ruined Temple takes an approach that some players might find odd. You won't find a complete guide to Atlantis, with all the mysteries neatly explained. No, this book deepens the mystery of Atlantis, by propounding multiple possibilities and a whole lot of new questions. The purpose of this book is to help you imagine your own version of Atlantis, and work the clues to that version into your chronicle.

Chapter One, Atlantean Apocrypha, takes the legend of Atlantis presented in Mage: The Awakening and twists it...
through dozens of variations. Any of them might be true in your chronicle, or none, or maybe more than one. Maybe there was more than one Empire of the Awakened — or maybe the Fall of Atlantis broke time itself, leaving shards of many possible Atlanteans scattered through time and space — not to mention a dozen other legendary lost lands. Decide for yourself what’s true, what’s delusion and what’s a cunning fraud perpetuated by mages determined to hide the truth.

Chapter Two, Beneath the Sediment, offers a toolkit for designing scenarios about seeking and exploring Atlantean ruins. Players can find motives for members of each magical society to join such expeditions, methods to search for magical ruins and a few warnings about the hazards the characters may face. After all, their characters aren’t the first mages to hunt the relics of Atlantis as “Seekers” or “archaeomancers.” Storytellers, for their part, will find suggestions to help them design Atlantean ruins, make them suitably challenging to find — and even more challenging to explore.

Chapter Three, Gatekeepers and Treasures, provides a diverse selection of magical guardians for Atlantean ruins. If the characters can overcome these gatekeepers, the characters may win potent artifacts of Atlantean magic. The conclusion of this chapter describes several such treasures — some awe-inspiring, some deadly and some just plain strange.

Chapter Four, The Living Temple, brings Atlantean exploration into a strange, new setting: the Astral Plane. Long after falling, Atlantis still casts shadows into the collective unconscious of humanity. Daring mages can explore the many planes of dream and myth for Atlantean secrets.

The Appendix, High Speech and Atlantean Runes, takes a new look at two relics of Atlantis known to many mages: the magical words and glyphs they use to increase the power of spells. This Appendix lays out the mysteries surrounding the speech and writing of Atlantis, describes how some willworkers try to solve those mysteries and suggests some new ways characters might use High Speech and runes.

How To Use This Book

You could build an entire chronicle around the search for Atlantean secrets. After all, both treasure-hunting and serious archaeology have inspired plenty of adventures in real life. Modern archaeology, of course, isn’t nearly as hazardous as it used to be. Real archaeologists spend more time wielding camel’s-hair brushes than pistols and bullwhips, and they value ancient garbage dumps as much as any royal tomb — the dumps give more information about how people really lived.

Mages, however, probably can’t get university funding to search for Atlantean ruins, or government soldiers to protect them from bandits and looters. Mages may find themselves facing the same perils of climate, disease, snakes, getting lost and unfriendly locals as the conquistadors who died in droves searching for lost cities of gold. The search for Atlantean relics can lead mages to terror and danger, proving that the World Of Darkness doesn’t need the supernatural to be horrifying.

A Ruined Temple chronicle or story arc starts with a simple structure. The characters find a clue to some minor Atlantean ruin. For instance, the characters might acquire an earlier Seeker’s journal, or notice a mis-identified Atlantean antiquity in a museum. At this minor site, they find clues that lead them someplace more important. As the characters progress from clue to clue, ruin to ruin, they retrieve greater treasures of knowledge and magic. Naturally, they also face greater dangers, ranging from eldritch curses to murderous insurgents. At the chronicle’s climax, the characters may not only discover some awesome artifact of Atlantean wizardry, they may solve some mysteries about the fabled land itself. To add complications, the characters face rival mages who want to beat the characters to the prize, Consilium leaders the characters must cajole into supporting their efforts (or at least not opposing them) and whatever personal crises with friends, family and lovers old or new the Storyteller thinks would be appropriate.

Secrets of the Ruined Temple provides enough Atlantean mysteries, sorcerous wards, supernatural guardians and thrilling locations for a short chronicle. More importantly, this book offers guidance to help you design your own Atlantean ruins, so you can continue your archaemantic chronicle as long as you want. If you prefer merely to run the occasional story of Atlantean treasure-hunting, you have plenty of options to draw upon.

Players can use this book as well. Even if the chronicle doesn’t focus on the search for relics of Atlantis, your character might have an interest in this, and her interest might become important in a story. For instance, if another mage seems to have acquired an Atlantean artifact, an archaeomancer could find himself called upon to verify its authenticity — and be caught up in plots and counter-plots to possess it.

Lost Atlantis might also shadow a character’s past. For instance, a character might own an Atlantean Artifact, Enhanced Item or Imbued Item — whose powers and origin she might not entirely understand, and that other mages want to take from her. A character’s Mentor could be an archaeomancer (successful or otherwise) — or so could an old enemy. Merits such as Destiny or Dream could even hint that a mage spent a past life in Atlantis — or as one of the Dragon Isle’s enemies. Mysterious Atlantean forces might reach out of time to affect a mage’s life. Mage: The Awakening mentions the Ananke, spirits tasked by long-dead Atlantean archmasters to meddle in the lives of their remote descendants; players and Storytellers can devise other entanglements with the remote past as well. A mage might even have Awakened because of an experience with an Atlantean artifact or ruin.

Themes

Archaeological stories can have many different themes. When the ancient ruins are Atlantean, though, “A Greater Past” is a natural choice. Mages who find ruins from the Atlantean Age encounter magic that surpasses anything possible for modern willworkers. It may be faded now, but characters can see what power their forebears wielded — and that they never will.