

ASSASSIN'S CREED: CODEX TEMPORIS  
HISTORIA SUMMATIM



An endless war; one shrouded in shadow, disguised in doctrine, bathed in blood, and steeped in the supposedly-supernatural. Yet at the center of it all, entrenched in their eternal struggle were two dichotomous factions – both of whom sought to discern the weight with which Order and Freedom should be held upon the human race. This is the full story of the **Assassin-Templar** Conflict, told in near-chronological order to better encompass the entire picture hidden from the world for thousands of years.

## CREATION

**VALKA THE SEER** SUMMARIZES: Silence, you children of **gods**...And heed **my** tale of time's beginning. All was dark. There was no sand, there was no sea. No earth nor sky, no grass nor wind. Til fire met ice in the gasping void. And from this scream came the giant **Ymir**, **first** of all beings... Proud **Ymir**, cruelly killed. Yet from **his bones** and **blood** and **brains** the **world** was **made**...The **world** you walk and war upon...

### JOTUNHEIM CREATION STORY NOTES I-V

**I.** Before there was earth or sky, there was the **Ginnungagap**. **Muspelheim** lay to one side, the **realm** of fire. **Niflheim** lay to the other, **land** of eternal ice. In between, only silence and the dark.

**II.** At last, **frost** and **fire** met, and in the hissing scalding mist, **Ymir** was born, **father** of the **Jotnar**. **He** was as vast as **creation**, and from the **sweat** of **his armpits**, **giants** were born.

**III.** At last the **cow Audhumla** was revealed beneath the ice. **Ymir** fed from **her udders** as **she** fed from the salt of the frozen **realm**. As **she** licked, the ice melted, and **Buri** emerged: the **first** of the cursed **Aesir**.

**IV.** **Buri** begat **Bor**, and **Bor** married **Bestla** of the **Jotnar**, and **they** had **three children**, named **Odin**, **Vili**, and **Ve**. These foul **murderers** turned on **their progenitor** and slew **Ymir** in **his** sleep, and begun thereafter to **rend him** to **pieces**.

**V.** From **Ymir's blood** came the **oceans**. **His skin** and **muscles** became the **soil**, and **his hair** the **plants** that grew there. The **clouds** are **his brains**, the **sky his skull**, held aloft by **four dwarves**.

## LITAMIOTVITR (ASGARDIAN CAIRN)

While Havi stacked cairn stones peacefully in another time, a memory of the creation of the nine realms, the work Havi shared with his brothers, resurfaced in his mind from this present moment.

“AESIR VILI”: Our work is done and daylight remains. We have earned a drink for our troubles, I think. What say you, brothers?

“AESIR VE”: A drink, aye! To drown our creation in praise. A world fashioned anew from old flesh!

VILI: Do you recall the size of old Ymir when we began our work? A corpse as tall as the day is long! Spanning the abyss, Ginnungagap.

VE: O yes, O yes. His pliant flesh, by which we made the fertile soils of the earth.

VILI: And from his blood came oceans and the seas. I remember well.

VE: For hills and mountains, we piled his bones.

VILI: From his beard came trees, from his hair the grass.

VE: His domed skull we opened for the blue heavens above. Crowded by clouds of brain matter.

VILI: A new world from an old life ended! Skal, brothers! I raise my horn to you both.

VE: Brother Odin, you are silent. Is something wrong? Is our work not worthy of praise?

Odin laughed, quietly at first, but it quickly grew into a mad one...

In the beginning, there was the race known in their language as the Isu. Eventually called the Precursors, or simply Those Who Came Before, the Isu were a proud and profoundly intelligent people, separated into factions not only by locale, but also war and allegiances. Skulls found in the long-distant future location of Boskop, South Africa were compared to the modern human, and tell of their 30% larger brains, height advantage of around 20 inches, extremely long life-spans, and Triple-Helix DNA. They also had access to an enigmatic sixth sense over other species: the knowledge of Time itself and its projected futures, to an extent. These evolutionary leaps ahead allowed the Isu to build unfathomable technologies beyond modern comprehension, and grand metropolises that shimmered with ingenuity, cementing themselves as Earth's dominant species for millennia. Their eventual inheritors, however, would be brought to life by their own hand, as was the uprising that would spell their downfall.

## 75,383 BCE / 1923 IE

A couple hundred years before the Dawn of Humanity, at some point before 1923 Isu Era, the Isu were in the throes of a civil war, mythologically known as the Aesir-Vanir War. It's unknown what initially sparked the internal conflict, but it lasted many decades. Two Isu decidedly allied themselves to turn the tides: the battle master Hephaestus and the genius scientist Consus. Together, they built many Pieces of Eden to arm their combatants. Swords, Spears, and Staves of Eden, each imbued with incredible power, were handed out to the soldiers, and Hephaestus constructed his mythical Hammer of Hephaistos to lead the charge.

Unfortunately, after the inclusion of these Pieces of Eden, the losses on either side were so great that the scientist Consus swore to divert his efforts to the injured he felt he caused. He created the Shrouds of Eden, cloths capable of healing Isu - and, eventually, Humans - no matter the severity of the wounds, even possible to reverse death itself! But the technology woven within was difficult and couldn't be replicated in pace to satiate the wounded.

The first of these Shrouds was constructed with another purpose in mind, though: Consus had conscripted his consciousness into what we'll call Shroud of Eden 1, essentially ensuring his own immortality, albeit a very limited existence from within the cloth. This Consus-ness would be heard from multiple times in the future, both through and without the Shroud of Eden 1, as it turns out. The Isu Historian of Technology records this story in an Isu Codex found in Poseidon's cyclical "purgatory" realm of Atlantis:

### Consus' Shroud of Eden

Location: The Consus Archive

Historian of Technology

Cycle 9.338

While Hephaistos was a master of forging instruments of war, his apprentice, Consus, proved himself equally capable of creating instruments of life. It was during the War of Unification where the scientist met bloodshed with innovation.

In the face of an ever-rising death toll, he worked obsessively to create a device which could restore bodies devastated by war to their previously-healthy state. He eventually succeeded in creating a prototype, and as he approached the end of his natural life, he uploaded his consciousness into the new device.

Unable to communicate with the outside world, however, **he** and the **prototype** disappeared into obscurity for centuries. Many failed attempts were made by fellow **Isu scientists** to replicate **Consus' invention**.

During the previous cycle, rumors surfaced about the discovery of **Consus' original prototype**, but evidence of this discovery has yet to be revealed.

When the **war** was over, and the **injured** that could be patched up had been **healed**, the **Isu** from **both sides** reconjoined stronger than ever in **their** truce, likely sealed into law by the marriage of **Odin** to **Freyja**, underscored by thenceforth calling the senseless **conflict** the **War of Unification**. But **another faction** didn't share these sentiments, especially after the **Aesir invention** of a new species entirely under **Project Anthropos**. The **Jotnar** continued **their** fight into the **Aesir-Jotun War**, yet another **conflict** that distracted the **Isu** from **their** shared cataclysmic fate.

## JOTUNHEIM CREATION STORY NOTE VI

**VI. The Aesir**, being vain and desirous of inferiors to worship **them**, **created** the first humans, **Ask** and **Embla**, from two trees. Afraid of the wrath of the **Jotnar**, **they built** a **fence** around **Midgard** to keep **us** out, and left **them there** to thrive, **penned** like chickens with the **foxes** at bay.

But before we get into the tumultuous events of the **Aesir-Jotun War**, let's hit bedrock first on the entire story of **Project Anthropos** and Human **Creation**, beginning with a **handwritten decree** for their inception, distributed throughout the **realms** from the **Isu High Council**:

DAY 24, 2161 IE

PRE\_TRSLT\_CANTEBURY.ODT <V. 1 BY **AHENRY**>

**Announced on this day 24 2161 IE**

announce(d) this(on) day 24("18") 2161("871")

𐌲𐌺𐌽𐌹𐌸𐌰 𐌱𐌰𐌽𐌹𐌸𐌰 𐌲𐌰𐌸𐌰 𐌰𐌸𐌰 𐌰𐌸𐌰

**"gunsto tozmæ ôrhrae iu u[hex7]i"**

**A message from The Council**

The(title)from Council from message

𐌲𐌺𐌽𐌹𐌸𐌰 𐌱𐌰𐌽𐌹𐌸𐌰 𐌲𐌰𐌸𐌰 𐌰𐌸𐌰 𐌰𐌸𐌰

**"hæzmos gomtaæzrhúos zblæs"**

For the labor **we** cannot do **ourselves**,

we not able are ourselves do to labor  
ዋሃቺ ዋ ርዕጎላባዎህ ሃቶ ሆላ ል ጎልቲሮዎህ

**“unsum un marhràchid sya gwar ur rhàbmunôd”**

**we** require animals of great strength but limited sense,

we strength of great(ly) but limit(ed) sense ly animal(s)gen. require(we)  
ዋሃቺ ርጅዕሃሃ ርዋጎህ ዞዋጸ ዙዞሞ ርዋጎህ ማረጎሮህ ሃረጎሮህ ልላጎሮህ

**“unsum mulosàs munnrh tunu gwichdo munzlo?h zumchmunrch aærhomsî”**

freedom of action but not of thought.

action of but not thought of freedom  
ጎልዎሃሃሃ ዞዋጸ ዋ ርዋሮዋሃ ጎልጎላሃ

**“zataæsàs tunu un munmunàs pausos”**

To guarantee full control over their behavior,

their behavior over control manual full guarantee to  
ዞላላ ዞዋጎልዎሃላላ ጎዋ ተገልዎሃጎሃጎሃ ሃላጎህ ልጎጎዋ ል

**“dràæ tunrhàtæsàæ chun blataenosul sarhul azrhun ur”**

they must be credulous in matters of imagination.

they imagination(in)“matters of” credulous(they are) require that  
ዞላ ጎህ ሃጎጎላሃላላ ጎህ ልዞሃላላ ጎሃጎሃሮህ ልላጎሃላላ

**“doæ rhulzbæsàæ zo adhayznosmid aærhôdichur”**

They must be suspicious in matters of fact.

they fact in “matters of” suspect(they are) require that  
ዞላ ጎሃሃላላ ጎህ ጸጎሃጎሃጎሃጎሃ ልላጎሃላላ

**“doæ rhnæsàæ zo ubospaknosmid aærhôdichur”**

They must see patterns where there are none.

they pattern s not(is) where see they require that  
ዞላ ልራራራራ ራሃ ልጎ ጎልቲሮህ ልላጎሃላላ

**“doæ yurmurvíur unid az rhagwundi aærhôdichur”**

They must doubt correlations that go against their desires.

they their desire s against go they correlation(s) doubt(they will)  
ዞላ ዞላፔ ገገጎሃሃላላ ጎሃላ ጎሃላላ ርዋላላ ሆላላ ሆላላ

require that

ልላጎሃላላ

**“doæ doæm loltæsrrur chundæ zdôundi munsurrul gchundi aærhôdichur”**



The “talent” spoken of in the decree was another brilliant Isu scientist named Phanes, and the research and development required for such an undertaking took many years. But as annihilation crept closer to the oblivious Isu with their extremely long lives, this was a blink of an eye.

The advancement of Pieces of Eden throughout those years brought the Isu to a new zenith: they could finally create life, and on a massive scale! Isu scientists under Phanes’ direction took the Earth’s trees, somehow - later to be hoaxed by Abstergo to presume the native primates of the time - and experimented on them to Design the perfect subservient species, starting with the male, Ask, and the female, Embla.

Phanes records his efforts in the near-future, saying

### Encrypted message from "Phanes", I of IV

Location: Archive of Hebe

- HYBRID DNA DETECTED -

If you are reading this, it means we were discovered and I have been dead for several years. But, if you are reading this, you should know we succeeded in creating a miracle. And that miracle, my precious one, is you.

You must have many questions. I wish I could answer them. Unfortunately, by abandoning Project Anthropos, I lost access to our technology - specifically the blueprints of the lost work done by the scientist Consus. I knowingly gave up any chance of consciousness preservation, and it was the best decision I've ever made. Your existence is evidence of this.

- FILE END -

### Encrypted message from "Phanes", II of IV

Location: Archive of Hebe

- HYBRID DNA DETECTED -

I'll do my best to explain how and why you exist, but I must be brief. They can trace my brain signatures. Concentrating for extended periods of time alerts them to my location.

My name is irrelevant, but you can call me Phanes. I was the first scientist to successfully create a human being. The other Isu have already wiped my name from the records. Our aim was to create a species in our own image. They were to be resilient, self-aware, and ultimately, subservient. I had succeeded on all fronts except subservience.

The Isu authority in Eden, the city from which I come, threatened to terminate the project and destroy the lives we created. I could not let this happen.

Footsteps approach. I must hide.

- FILE END -

The creatures they designed in their own image were called Humans, but these new pets needed to be domesticated. Each one of the original batch went through a sort of tutorial simulation that attuned their behavior to the world the Isu wanted their Humans to know. This simulation, called the Primordial Memory, brought with it a slew of basic skills for the first Humans to learn, and many proverbial archetypes to encounter.

Darkness surrounded the Human at the start, until a pinpoint of light grew closer. The Light - which was spoken through by Minerva - began to resonate in the mind of the Human. She explicated the nature of The Path's three trials that must be surmounted (those of Fear, Devotion, and Faith) and vowed that should the Human find their way through each of these, The Light would be waiting for the Human at The Summit.

Thrusting the Human out of the darkness and into a bright and unfamiliar land, the Human would walk out of a stone portal akin to Stonehenge and into The Forest, an ever-vast tree-line with trees ever-tall. This instilled exploration and curiosity upon the unformed consciousness. As the Human progressed, a hulking mass called The Serpent would shed its scales and slither by, seemingly ever-long, instilling the notions of fear, mortality, and the fight-or-flight problem-solving behaviors. Overcoming the Fear beset by The Serpent and allowing it to swallow the Human whole, this completed the trial and transformed the beast. Its body withered, and pointed the Human down The Path: a long red stone trail cutting through The Forest. Continuing along this walkway of what once were The Serpent's scales, the Human would wander along The Path for an indeterminable distance, all the while subliminally absorbing the behavior of obedience.

Eventually, an immense beast called The Dog would show itself, beckoning the Human further onwards, beyond the canopies of The Forest. The Dog would lead the Human to its dying owner, known as The Male Wanderer. This Wanderer would speak fondly of his beloved Dog, who loyally protected and companioned The Wanderer throughout their years spent along The Path. The frail man at death's door would ask a favor of the Human, hopeful that the newcomer would be Devoted enough to find a new owner for the soon-to-be-orphaned Dog. If and when the Human agreed, The

Male Wanderer would breathe his last, and the clouds would cast down a light snow in solidarity. The Dog would be grief-stricken, unable to leave her deceased master's side. However if the Human could muster as much Devotion to The Dog as it had for its master, staying alongside it, braving the cold as it bereaved its owner, The Dog would relent to save the Human from the elements, ultimately carrying the Human away if needed as the weather cleared.

Once The Dog's trial was met, the Human would continue down The Path until confronted with The Crossroads, where The Path diverged around a stone carving of a pig. Here the Human could wait with The Dog as potential owners passed by, and in this search the first critical thoughts could take root to inform the Human's decision. The first of these strangers was The Rich Man, who claimed he had use for such a creature to guard his treasures, but he was not the right choice, and condemned the Human for his denial. The second was The Shepherd, who claimed to need a beast like The Dog to keep his herds safe, and tried in vain to guilt the Human at their denial, but he wasn't the correct choice either. That would come in the third passerby, who was The Female Wanderer. Much like the previous owner of The Dog, this Wanderer could carry on the tradition of walking The Dog along The Path! Although The Female Wanderer would initially show disinterest towards The Dog, only focused on being where she deemed she needed to be, if the Human persisted and convinced The Female Wanderer that The Dog belonged with her, only then would the trial of Devotion be completed.

After this triumph of spirit, the Human could choose whichever branch of The Crossroads to travel down. Regardless of the choice or the time taken, the underlying lesson the Human retained was decisiveness in their - perhaps illusory - free will. Once the pig at the fork was out of sight through the trees, the sun would douse and night would fall. The Path stretched on, and the scenery transitioned from rolling hills to jagged canyons and outcrops, as the Human inched closer to The Summit. On the horizon, The Light would beacon from the top of a mountain in the far distance, but the trek to the source would seemingly breeze by, where the Human subnaturally learned determination.

Now at the base of The Summit, the Human would finally come to the end of The Path, where a burned-in painting of a giant humanoid on a rock cap-stoned its arduous journey. This rock giant stood pointing between two new paths up the mountain: One was a dangerously steep staircase, each stair being only a few inches out of the rock wall, with a rope hanging down to the bottom. The other was a winding trail about a foot wide, snaking back and forth to the top, this without any

railing or rope. This was the trial of Faith: would the Human put Faith in the rope that it could keep from snapping while they climbed straight up, or was Faith in the Human's self to stay steady along the winding precipice the smarter play? The latter of putting Faith in oneself was more becoming, but wouldn't be without its own foreboding. As the Human shimmied across the switchbacks, the giant on the rock slipped out of view, and the ground disappeared with it, leaving only a yawning Abyss. Fatigue would befall the Human, and the Abyss would seize the resting opportunity to cast doubt upon the Human's psyche. It coaxed the Human to give up, to jump, to distrust The Light's very existence, but the Human pushed these thoughts from their mind and, through Faith, pressed on.

The Human, now having grasped the concept of confidence, could see the cliff side come to a close, and The Path was once again laid out at the plateau. It trailed a short distance this time, across the glacial mountaintop to a ridge adorned with a pearlescent dome structure. The doorway to this dome emanated with The Light. The Human crossed the icy bridge and entered the dome, greeted by advanced masonry with golden, almost luminous veins lining the walls. A corridor led further inward, where Minerva - no longer shrouded in The Light - presented herself and warned the Human of the folly of her race, to not forget the mistakes of the past, and to learn from them to better shape the future.

With this last piece of knowledge bestowing instinct and morality upon the Human, Minerva brought the Human's consciousness back into their body, now ready to face the real world as a fully-grown being in service of the Isu. This Primordial Memory simulation held another secret within, though, hidden by The Light herself: a warning to a future children's collective called an Ascendance Event, where Minerva could cast a protective mental shield upon a select special few human descendants, aiding their efforts in the far-flung future to stop the Trident of Eden from becoming whole once more.

But the humans that originally ran through this simulation weren't near as autonomous as the modern humans that stumbled upon the program, as we see here in another High Council decree, and further recorded Isu history:



## I suspect theft from inside

I theft inside from suspect I

፲፭ ፲፳፭፻፱ ፲፱፻፳ ሳኑ ጸፋግገጠቅጠ፤

“**hum rhlabmuná hundur apo ubospakomi**”

75,111 - 75,010 BCE / 2195 - 2296 IE

This was considered the true Dawn of Humanity, where in the following hundred years after Human **Creation**, there would eventually be too many **Hybrids** to round up or discern from, becoming a mixed race of humans with the **blood** of their “**gods**” running through their veins. But that’s ahead of the story.

As the **Jotnar** wrote into **their** history, Humans were a fresh source of great division among the **Isu** from the moment they were first **immaculately conceived**. Originally intended to be **bred** as cattle, the humans were enslaved by the **Isu**, and were kept in line by a **neurotransmitter receptor** in their brains that left them powerless against the **Apples of Eden**, which in broad terms were compelling, awe-inspiring **relics** that opened humans to all suggestions or demands, no matter how outlandish. These new **control devices** were **invented** by **Idunn**, yet another brilliant **scientist**, whose **work** would be further **iterated** into **three Crowns** by **Diaprepes**, **designed** for **his father**, **uncle**, and **estranged aunt**. These developments on human **experimentation** and evolution were **recorded** in Cycles 9-18 of **Atlantean Codices** that read:

## Letter from Diaprepes

Location: Doma of Diaprepes

I have fashioned the **devices** as **crowns** so that each **ruler** of the **three Sister Realms** could use **them** to control others. **Persephone**, **Hades**, and **father** would be unstoppable!

## Diaprepes’ Musings

Location: Atlantis Latomia

Diaprepes, **personal log**

"The **bio-augmentations** of **Hades**, **Persephone**, and **Poseidon** proved unstable, but when coupled with **control devices** implanted in **their crowns**, **they** gained the power to not just control thought, but the actions of others."

### Diaprepes: Archon of Invention

Location: Tower in Poseidon's Woods southwest of the Palace of Poseidon

Dikastes Basileus Poseidon

Cycle 18.251

Persephone, Hades and I quite literally owe the crowns upon our heads to my most inventive son, Diaprepes. With them, he says we may control the thoughts and movements of not just humans, but Isu themselves. Though I hope we never need to.

The humans were thriving well on their own despite being under-thumb, and were quickly developing skills beyond their intended design; those of artistry, music, and culture, to name a few, spurred on by an artisan Isu named Gadiros, another one of Poseidon's sons:

### Gadiros: Archon of Culture

Location: Tower in Poseidon's Woods southeast of the Palace of Poseidon

Dikastes Basileus Poseidon

Cycle 18.244

Gadiros, master of the arts, is my most beloved son. Tirelessly filling imaginations with a continuous stream of entertainment, his cultural knowledge and experience grants him an uncanny level of perception of Atlantis. In our darkest days, Gadiros reassures us, distracts us, and raises us above the harshness of this reality.

His events have created a common ground between Isu and humans in the mutual enjoyment of his work - though I wonder if the humans can fully grasp his talent. Without the influence of Gadiros, our city could not shine as brightly.

### Musings on Gadiros

Location: Doma of Gadiros

Isu General

"In the opulence of this Doma, our dear Archon, Gadiros, learned a new way to skin a human, so to speak: The weak do not need fear to be obedient. Awe alone would do. And who better than Gadiros to deliver?"

## Musings on the Arena

Location: Arena south of Tower of Judgment

Arena Champion, personal log

"My body is broken. Tonight shall be my last fight. As the fighters in the Arena overrun me, as they tear my flesh from bone... what they will not know is that I do this for them.

Gadiros will leave his Arena sated, as will the legions of humans cheering for blood. I give my life for them. One life for the safety of many. Goodbye, Atlantis..."

## Isu Foreman's Musings

Location: Adamant Metallon

"The humans did the strangest thing when we placed the Metallon's mining machines with them. They began to sing. Sing! It has made harvesting ore almost pleasant."

Most Isu didn't believe the humans were capable of anything so refined, with many of them content over the last century to simply keeping their humans as servants. But some of them saw the potential in the fledgling race, with a handful even cross-breeding with them, creating the first Human-Isu Hybrids. These Hybrids were exponentially less susceptible to the Apples' powers, and were the catalyst needed for the humans to break free of their Precursor oppressors. They would also live on as the progenitors of many of those destined to side with the Assassins.

While Hybrids were extremely disdained by the Isu public, one such empath to the Human condition was their original creator, Phanes himself. He loved and even married his Unnamed Wife, and they bore a daughter in secret they named Eve. We hear the conclusion of his tragic tale in more Isu Codices hidden in Atlantis:

## Encrypted message from "Phanes", III of IV

Location: Horus Repository

- HYBRID DNA DETECTED -

I should be safe for a few moments.

Yes, humans weren't obeying Isu and the project was under threat of termination. Fortunately at this time, new technologies were in development incorporating the incredible properties of a metal known as adamant. I implanted neural controls which we could then manipulate with our new adamant-powered devices.

I very quickly became the most highly-regarded scientist in all of Eden.

But this came to an end when I fell in love with a human woman. She was brilliant, beautiful... So I did the unthinkable. I surgically removed her neural control and we escaped.

- FILE END -

### Encrypted message from "Phanes", IV of IV

Location: Horus Repository

- HYBRID DNA DETECTED -

We were driven from Eden, hoping to find refuge in Atlantis.

Despite having to constantly look over our shoulders, I never felt more alive than during my time with my love. Especially when we discovered she was pregnant. I never in my wildest calculations imagined this to be possible. She had a little girl growing inside her, and she was to be named Eve.

We both knew the offspring of human and Isu parents would immediately be confiscated and experimented on. Our situation became even more dangerous. You were to be protected at all costs. Of all the humans I helped create, you, Eve, were the most exquisite. The most precious. To look into your eyes is to find... They've located me, I must -

- FILE END -

Eve would go on to be a very strong-willed woman, bonding with another Human-Isu Hybrid named Adam. Both being unaffected by the accursed Apples of Eden, they hatched a plan to smuggle an Apple of their own out of their proverbial prison: a major metropolis called the Garden of Eden.

The heist went off without a hitch; Eve held their prize, and Adam asked what the device was. Eve told Adam to touch the Apple and he would know — then the entire building they cased was put on lockdown as they were hunted. Adam & Eve shattered a wall of glass leading outside and clambered up the scaffolding adorning the structure, scaling floor after floor. They passed over a window to the factory within, catching sight of an Isu frantically waving another Apple to quell the subjugates toiling inside. The duo crested the rooftop and ran to the opposite edge, overlooking the valley of the Garden of Eden below. Eve flashed the Apple to Adam, confirming she kept it close as the pair dove off into the next phase of their uprising.

Adam & Eve rallied a sizable rebellion with their Apple of Eden 1, showing the oppressed that the human race was a force to be reckoned with. Eve was a rousing speaker, and was recorded by a panel of the humans' brightest to be voted their de

facto leader in this usurpation. This recording would become known as the **Prophecy Disk**, and would be broken into **three parts** to be lost and scattered to time. That is, until another strong-willed oppressed woman would inherit the recording itself disguised as a locket of sorts, then-called the **Heart of the Brotherhood**, sparking her search for the other **two pieces** and the truth within for her own people's liberation.

This fledgling **rebellion** naturally didn't sit well with some of the **Illuminate caste**, as we see **recorded** in **Atlantis**:

### **Musings on Juno's Expulsion**

Location: **Repository of Iris**

Historian of Nobility

Cycle 9.332

"Only once the human threat was truly feared did **Juno** speak out against them. But behind the veil of **her** speech, hatred hid.

Mistrust of humans grew, and out of fear, **Poseidon** forbade **Juno, her husband**, and **their few Isu followers** from entering **his** shining **city**.

Though exile would not be enough, as **they** went from the **Sister Realms** back to **Feyan**, and to **Saturn's** open **arms**."

All throughout the **Garden of Eden**, the tension between **creator** and **creation** was reaching its boiling-point. **Saturn**, the **King** of **Feyan** in charge of the **city**, called a **council** of **Isu** to advise the **ruler** on how to quickly quash the rebellious humans, where **Aita, Juno, Jupiter**, and **Minerva** were in attendance. At the height of a dispute between **advisors**, a **human servant** of **Saturn's** decided to steal the **ruler's Scythe of Eden**. The **assailant** gave no time for reaction, swiftly stabbing **Saturn** in the **head** with a dagger, before wielding the mystical **Scythe**, now crackling with energy. **Juno** reeled, anguished at having witnessed **her father** mercilessly slain in front of **her**. Enraged, **she** powered **her Koh-I-Noor Diamond** - an extremely powerful Piece of Eden known to only be wielded by women, apart from one future boy's proclivity - in retaliation and obliterated not just the Unn. Human Dissenter, but every human present in a powerful beam of energy, leaving only her bladed birthright, which climactically clattered to the throne room floor.

Thus began the Isu-Human War in the Garden of Eden.

### Barriers erected in Atlantis

Location: Garden of Kymopoleia

All experiment chambers are barred from human access. Security gateways have been erected, ensuring only Isu can pass through their doors.

### Melitta's Musings

Location: Garden of Triton

Melitta, personal log

"More than respite, these gardens would become the grounds from which they'd cultivate a new world - one in which every element would fall under their control.

Only too late would they discover their hubris."

### Musings on Ampheres

Location: Doma of Ampheres

Historian of Nobility

Cycle 9.333

"Ampheres was the fire, certainly, but then his daughter was his hearth. So long as she stood at his side, this Doma would be a place of warmth, and even love."

### Musings on Evaimon

Location: Doma of Evaimon

Historian of Nobility

Cycle 9.334

"Mounted upon Evaimon's wall was the head of a beast in mid-howl. He called it a wolf, though I'd seen nothing like it. A new creation, perhaps?"

## CYCLE 10

### Duty of the Dikastes

Location: Palace of Poseidon

Poseidon, the Trident King, has decreed these rules be followed without discretion throughout Atlantis.

- I. Rulings made by the Dikastes must be followed.
- II. The Dikastes will act as impartial judge, and has authority over all except the Dikastes Basileus.
- III. Isu experimentation is prohibited on all humans, and the Dikastes will see to its adherence.
- IV. Matters of Isu and human concern must be considered without bias.
- V: All judgments made by the Dikastes will directly influence the cycle's success.

### The Father of Atlantis, II of II

Location: Repository of Iris

Dikastes Basileus Poseidon

Cycle 10.92

I will enforce the ban on human experimentation in every coming cycle. But I fear I cannot do this on my own. I need to search for one to lighten the weight of judgment from my shoulders.

Of course, I want to find one of my sons worthy. But wanting it does not make it so. Perhaps Atlas could bear this responsibility in time, but this role must be filled long before he is ready.

### Atlas Sleeps Alone Tonight

Location: Doma of Atlas

Atlas' Herald

Cycle 10.146

Atlas is a figure almost as respected as the king. It is in his halls that our grand city hosts travelers from afar.

Atlas is the master diplomat, juggling the needs of his father, his many brothers, and their many agendas. Should a dispute erupt between them, Atlas is the one who breaks the stalemate and reaches an amicable conclusion for all.

So how, then, has he managed to live his life alone? Is there no bride good enough to stand by his side?

## CYCLE 16

### The Failed Experiment, I of IV

Location: Doma of Elasippos

Assistant to Aita

Cycle 16.11

I'm **writing** down all that transpired lest it be forgotten. I've given the full **report** to **Aita**. Looking back, I may carry some of the blame, but it only came to pass because of **him**.

Not long ago, **Aita** showed **me** an underground area I never knew existed. As **he** opened the hidden entrance, what first struck **me** was the stench. It spewed from the enclosure, and even in the fresh air it overwhelmed **me**. As **we** descended and **my eyes** adjusted to the darkness, I saw one larger room and eight smaller ones - all completely enclosed and separate. **Aita** showed **me** that within each was a **human**. Four **male**. Four **female**.

**They** had spent their entire lives here. **He** explained that the only way to perform **his tests** was to have **specimens** who know nothing of the outside world. **They** would ultimately and suddenly be shown all **they** never knew existed. I respected the foresight required for such an **experiment**, but I now see how flawed it was.

### The Failed Experiment, II of IV

Location: Archive of Hephaistos

Assistant to Aita

Cycle 16.11

**Aita** introduced **me** to one **specimen** **he** deemed ready to be shown the outside world. **His** name was **Otus**. Though **he** stood taller than **me**, **his** mind was that of a child's. As **we** opened **his** door, **he** backed away from **us** like a frightened animal. Whether it was out of fear or uncertainty, I wasn't sure at the time. I now know it was out of fear, and it was justified.

**Aita** asked **me** to purchase **adamant** from a **merchant** and to take **Otus**, who would both observe and be observed.

As **we** stepped outside, **Aita** departed and I began **my** study of the **man** in front of **me**. If **he** was overwhelmed, **he** showed no trace of it. Perhaps **he** simply couldn't understand all **he** was seeing. I asked **him** questions, but got no response. At the time, I wasn't sure if **he** understood language at all. **Aita** had told **me** very little about **him**, and I came to wonder if I was being tested as well.

No matter the questions I had about Otus, I gained all the answers before long, including one I never asked for, and one I wish I had never received.

### The Failed Experiment, III of IV

Location: Archive of Hephaistos

Assistant to Aita

Cycle 16.11

I heard Otus's voice for the first time on the way to the adamant merchant. It was quiet and unsure, and I wondered how often he'd used it. By the time we reached the market, he seemed almost at ease.

Unfortunately, his lack of interaction with others became abundantly clear when he insulted the merchant to his face. Having never been dealt a consequence, it was a lesson the merchant taught him quickly. Before I knew it, Otus was bleeding profusely from his nose, but thankfully the merchant stopped after the first punch.

Otus was curious about why he was attacked, and after my explanation, he told me this was not the first time he had been hit. Apparently, Aita would let him and the seven other experiments out into the large open room. Otus often ended up bruised and bloodied from those moments of freedom.

He expressed his interest in understanding violence and its uses, so I decided to take him to the Arena. This mistake would nearly cost me my life.

### The Failed Experiment, IV of IV

Location: Archive of Hephaistos

Assistant to Aita

Cycle 16.11

As Otus and I left the Arena, he was no longer Aita's quiet specimen. He had changed, and almost too quickly.

He was energized by what he saw and plagued me with questions about violence. He wanted to know when it was appropriate, why it was necessary, and what he had done to make the others hit him. I did my best to answer, but he jumped from question to question, hardly giving me enough time to respond.

He said again and again how strong he wanted to feel, so that none would ever hurt him again. That he knew now what he had to do.

I led him back to the underground entrance, but he began to protest, shouting "No!" what must have been one hundred times.

I awoke long after the sun had gone down, sore and bloodied at the bottom of the stairs. In the main room was a scene I won't soon forget. **Seven** twisted and mangled **bodies** were strewn across the floor, most of **them** hardly recognizable though the beatings **their** faces took. Streaks of blood led from every room to the middle of the floor. **Otus** had dragged each **experiment** out from their cage, **one** by **one**, after **he'd** killed **them**. Then **he** fled, of course, and I assume **he** only left **me** because **he** thought I died like the rest of **them**.

**Aita** was furious when I told **him** what **Otus** had done, but **he** can only blame himself. **Aita** will never see **his own** faults. In fact, **he'll** simply start from the beginning and **try** again.

Mini-Theory: We know the Hekatonchires was an amalgamation of at least 3 human subjects (mythology states 50 heads, 100 hands, but this “boss” only has 3 sets). Do we think it's possible Otus was the base to be built upon? He wanted to be the strongest, and it's an interesting note from Aita's Assistant that the chamber had an overwhelming stench, and Poseidon needed to end the cycles to “remove the stench” of the Hekatonchires as well! Thoughts?

(Sidebar: I find it cheeky the writers went with Cycle 16 for when the Truth of Aita's insane Subject - eh? ;) - came to light)

### **Aita: The Great Mind**

Location: Horus Repository

**Dikastes Basileus Poseidon**

Cycle 16.111

Before I banned **him** from **Atlantis**, **Aita** was **one** of the greatest **minds** of the **Illuminat** caste, second only perhaps to **his** brilliant **partner**, **Juno**. **Aita** was a force for good in numerous schools of scientific development, including biological research, planetary exploration, and energy efficiency. Beginning **his** journey by helping to develop the **Wings of Hermes**, **Aita** ensured the **security gateways** made life safer for all.

As **he** worked under the school of **Consus**, **Aita** was pivotal in developing new and advanced **medical technology** still used today. However, due to **his** refusal to stop human **experimentation**, **Aita** was banished back to **Feyan**.

To **my** knowledge, **his** genius has produced no new **revelation** since, though if directed properly, **his** great **mind** will continue to **innovate** - for better or for worse.

# CYCLE 18

## A Tale of Brothers

Location: The Consus Archive

Cycle 18.192. Archivist's note: This is my personal account of the familial relationships connected to the Dikastes Basileus. For the official statement, reference Codex statement 905.107.

For those who exist past this cycle's destruction, take these words as a warning.

My official document will read that Hades, brother to Poseidon, is a mastermind of leadership. On the contrary. His immaturity should bar him from any realm above his underworld. Matters unique to the Isu don't concern him, for in his realm, the quality of blood his subordinates have are inconsequential. The word "progress" means as much to him as the dirt on his sandal. Other than a love of games of chance, Poseidon and Hades are opposites.

However, they do share common ground on one subject: Zeus. Their other brother, golden child atop Mount Olympos, has been a taboo topic for more cycles than have been recorded. If the brothers had it their way, their brood would have stopped at two. One myth tells of a time Zeus came to Atlantis personally to reprimand his brother. As soon as he left, Poseidon destroyed the cycle just to get his stench out of the air. That is truly bad blood.

## Atlas: Heir to the Trident Throne

Location: Northern Tower in Poseidon's Woods west of the Palace of Poseidon  
Dikastes Basileus Poseidon

Cycle 18.243

Of my ten sons, only Atlas appears to have perfected the art of compromise. He is not just a master of politics, but in warfare and culture.

Being the future leader of Atlantis requires a broad range of skills, and Atlas has learned from his siblings and their specialities. He trained with his war-loving brother Ampheres, studied the arts with Gadiros, and even spent time learning the work of Consus with the contemptuous Juno as a boy.

### **Ampheres: Archon of Defense**

Location: Tower in Poseidon's Woods north of Basilike Garrison

Dikastes Basileus Poseidon

Cycle 18.245

Ampheres, my boldest son, is the noble defender of Atlantis. In him I trust the Atlantean military to ensure peace and safety of all citizens. The Sister Realms have faced many dangers throughout our rich history, but Ampheres has met them all. Though I must admit to hearing reports of my son growing callous, and perhaps extreme in his methods.

But I won't hear it. I've seen his compassion. Ever the noble soldier, he has vowed to never to let another soul suffer the same losses he has.

### **Azaes: Archon of Welfare**

Location: Tower in Poseidon's Woods northwest of the Palace of Poseidon

Dikastes Basileus Poseidon

Cycle 18.246

Atlantis has not always been the tranquil paradise it is today. Our Sister Realms have endured dark cycles - human unrest, environmental desecration, hostility from Eden - and my citizens live in comfort and peace thanks to Azaes. My youngest son displayed compassion and love for humanity from his first breath. Growing into a trusted Archon, Azaes introduced policies to improve the lives of humans through science - which seem quite radical to my old mind.

This cycle has seen improvement in both productivity and human happiness. I could not be more proud of him.

### **Azaes' Musings**

Location: Doma of Azaes

Azaes, personal log

"Every cycle worse than the last. The city is changing. Beautiful. Shining. But crumbling at its core. The people grow sick. The plants die. What are we missing?

And worst of all: What's next?"

### **Mneseas' Musings**

Location: Fortified Doma of Mneseas

Mneseas

"Poseidon's hubris has cursed us, as have the cycles of this city. There are those who would bring true greatness to the Isu, and they are at the gates."

### Musings on Mneseas

Location: Basilike Garrison

Isu General, personal log

"Our garrisons would prove insufficient. Humans grow bolder. Then, an insidious plan formed in Mneseas's mind: Weaponize the humans against themselves. Surely he wasn't cunning enough to come up with such a plan."

### Mneseas: The Lost Archon

Location: Tower in Poseidon's Woods south of the Palace of Poseidon

Dikastes Basileus Poseidon

Cycle 18.247

It has broken my old heart that my son Mneseas has such contempt for me. Still, I leave the doors to my palace open to him, should he ever choose to return.

### Mestor: Archon of Ports

Location: Tower in Poseidon's Woods west of the Palace of Poseidon, southern of the two

Dikastes Basileus Poseidon

Cycle 18.248

There is no city like ours on this great planet. Her many ports need a watchful eye, lest they be breached by cities who don't believe in our egalitarian approach. My son Mestor shall be that eye.

### Mestor's Musings

Location: Fortified Doma of Mestor

Mestor, personal log

"Reports among the merchant vessels have come in from our two Sister Realms.

It is grim. Persephone and Hades have both ceased contact.

It won't be long before the laws of my xenophobic father force Atlantis into utter irrelevance. Someone must do something."

### Elasippos: Archon of Affairs

Location: Tower in Poseidon's Woods south of Basilike Garrison

Dikastes Basileus Poseidon

Cycle 18.249

It is not unknown to me that Elasippos sympathizes more with Aita and Juno since I sent them back to Feyan and forbade them from entering Atlantis. Time will tell if my allowing this will be a mistake.

### Evaimon: Archon of the Hunt

Location: Tower in Poseidon's Woods north of the Palace of Poseidon

Dikastes Basileus Poseidon

Cycle 18.250

I've heard tales that a terrible wolf-like creature is terrorizing our city. I should like my son Evaimon to find and slay this beast, and present me its head for the good of all.

### Neokles' Musings

Location: Garden of Benthesisikyme

Neokles, personal log

"In its original form, here was meant to be a sanctuary for wolves. But they, like so many things, struck fear in the hearts of humans, and so Poseidon cast them from the city."

How interesting...wolves striking fear and being banished?...sounds familiar! Another Mini-Theory: Could this be when Fenrir gets cast out of Jotunheim, forcing Loki to stash him away in Asgard? I think Jotunheim would therefore cover more than just the city of Atlantis, but I can't be certain on where its borders lie...

This wouldn't entirely line up with the story told in the Asgard/Jotunheim arcs either, with Odyssey recording Aita and Juno's banishment before the wolves, then Valhalla saying Fenrir got smuggled into Asgard before Juno betrayed her peers, but could serve to bring these two accounts together!

### Letter from Diaprepes

Location: Doma of Diaprepes

I have fashioned the devices as crowns so that each ruler of the three Sister Realms could use them to control others. Persephone, Hades, and father would be unstoppable!

### Diaprepes' Musings

Location: Atlantis Latomia

Diaprepes, personal log

"The bio-augmentations of Hades, Persephone, and Poseidon proved unstable, but when coupled with control devices implanted in their crowns, they gained the power to not just control thought, but the actions of others."

### Diaprepes: Archon of Invention

Location: Tower in Poseidon's Woods southwest of the Palace of Poseidon

Dikastes Basileus Poseidon

Cycle 18.251

Persephone, Hades and I quite literally owe the crowns upon our heads to my most inventive son, Diaprepes. With them, he says we may control the thoughts and movements of not just humans, but Isu themselves. Though I hope we never need to.

### Autochthonos: Archon of Agriculture

Location: Southern Tower in Poseidon's Woods east of the Palace of Poseidon

Dikastes Basileus Poseidon

Cycle 18.252

Working with a strange little man named Neokles, young Autochthonos has sworn to use the fertile lands of Atlantis to feed not only my citizens, but the citizens of other Isu cities. My son is a dreamer and may have his head in the dirt. Time will tell

## CYCLES 40 - 43

### I.A.O.P. Cycle 40.238

Location: Insight of the Titan

Report from the **Solar Dynamics Observatory of Atlantis**

- Cycle 40.238: Unusual electromagnetic activity detected on the sun's photosphere.
- Cycle 41.267: Sudden appearance of small, dark spots scattered across the sun's surface.
- Cycle 42.149: Sunspots have increased in size, and are gravitating toward each other.
- Cycle 43.331: Sunspot trajectory projections indicate imminent cluster formations.

## CYCLE 44

### The Father of Atlantis, I of II

Location: Repository of Iris

Dikastes Basileus Poseidon

Cycle 44.91

The burden of judgment has always been a heavy one, but I find the weight getting harder to bear with each passing cycle.

I have outlawed **experimentation** on humans for its innate cruelty, and it is the first of **my** laws that will carry through every coming cycle. I see now that lust for power corrupts the pursuit of **genetic engineering** in **Atlantis**. Either the **Isu** wield **technology** to control the humans or the humans end up trying use **technology** to surpass the **Isu** - as foolish as that is.

In both cases, the results are catastrophic. Thankfully, I know **Atlas** safely confiscated every **DNA manipulator**.

### I.A.O.P. Cycle 40.238

Location: Insight of the Titan

Report from the **Solar Dynamics Observatory of Atlantis**

- Cycle 44.160: Proximity of magnetically charged sunspots will result in coronal loops, reconnection event and plasma release to occur within the next 300-500 cycles.

## I.A.O.P. Cycle 44.160

Location: Insight of Blessings

Report from the Embassies of Atlantis

Cycle 44.160: After presenting the Solar Dynamics Observatory's predictions on plasma release at the summit of the three Sister Realms, Hermes, Persephone's High Scientist and Engineer, stormed off. Tension between the Sister Realms is high, but of all Persephone's retinue, surely Hermes would listen to reason. Our delegation was left appealing to Hades himself. The mad king seemed almost pleased at the thought of annihilation.

So we're left with one king lusting for carnage, a queen who accepts no truth but her own, and the Trident King, who locks himself away in his tower. It would seem solar instability is the least of our worries.

## CYCLES 52 - 54

### I.A.O.P. Cycle 52.031

Location: Insight of War

Report from the Genetic Splicing Facility

- Cycle 52.031: Test subjects fail to metabolize genetic modifiers through nutrients.
- Cycle 52.154: Test subjects lost. Rehabilitation and replacement to proceed.
- Cycle 53.115: Test subjects responding well to certain DNA combinations.
- Cycle 53.201: Test subjects hostile. Security systems compromised. One subject missing.
- Cycle 54.010: Genetic Splicing Facility terminated on orders of Dikastes Basileus. All records to be destroyed.

## CYCLE 54

**Project Olympos. Clearance Required.**

Location: Rebel farm southeast of the Fortified Doma of Autochthonos

Project Olympos Results 54.304

I. Human will proving difficult.

II. Current genetic combinations unstable.

III. Access Restricted. Project Olympos identification required to continue.

### Autochthonos' Musings

Location: Fortified Doma of Autochthonos

Autochthonos, personal log

"What I know of Project Olympos is this: They need food. Lots of it. I'm happy to reap their share and provide them whatever they need, for I know, in their work, they will cast a light across the cycles to come. But food is growing scarce. Who, or what, could eat this much?"

## UNKNOWN CYCLE / ALETHEIA'S SIMULATION

### Persephone on the Great Dikastes

Location: The Tinia Archive

Another day in paradise. No blade of grass out of place. No flower petal off shade. Not a single cloud in sight. Most importantly, not a trace of my "husband". I could almost forget I'm trapped. I've gilded each bar of my cage and filled it with only the most worthy of souls. Except... that one. Is it an intruder? Not in Elysium.

You don't belong here.

### Hades on the Great Dikastes

Location: The Tinia Archive

Ros... can't be dead. That dog was the last thing my queen and I truly shared. Oh, Ros. You were most loyal to her but... I loved you, too. How dare the Keeper value human life over yours?

But I have no time to mourn. It's time to face your killer. And I'll be hanged if she sees me cry.

75,010 - 75,000 BCE / 2296 - 2306 IE

Around this time, the **Capitoline Triad** consisting of **Juno**, **Jupiter**, and **Minerva**, three brilliant **Isu** scientists each in their own rites, took over the **Grand Temple**, located in what would be Turin, New York. Likely the first underground **Isu** temple ever built, the **Central Vault** as it was sometimes referred to was connected to all other **Isu** vaults and temples across the globe, which made it the prime meeting-place for a private think-tank for these great minds. Here **Minerva** ran calculations of possible futures on the **Antikythera Mechanism**, learning of the curious future lineages of **Altaïr**, **Ezio**, **Edward**, and **Connor** to **Desmond**, as well as the more pertinent inevitability, called a Node, of a looming solar flare headed straight for Earth in only ten years time, with a repeat Node occurrence set for December 21st, 2012. The **Triad** got to work taking in apposite data from all other **Isu** temples, searching for anything that might prove useful in stopping the first disaster ahead.

Amid the chaos already sweeping the surface of the globe with the Isu-Human War, none but the **Triad** seemed aware of the threat from above, much less capable of changing its course. The **Triad** shared the doomsday news to a number of the ruling class **Isu**, some of whom did have the forethought to create planes outside of Earth's landscape as limited safe-havens to their likings, including **Amun's** Fields of Aaru, **Poseidon's** Atlantis, **Hades's** Underworld, and by extension, his slave-wife **Persephone's** Elysium. But it was ultimately left up to only **Juno**, **Jupiter**, and **Minerva** to find their world's saving grace.

A small lab in Atlantis was set up by **Azaes**, one of **Poseidon's** sons, in which he began his own work on his **Prototype Shroud of Eden**, though it wasn't completed and was left untested. **Juno**, alongside her husband **Aita**, began experimenting in secret on humans in the Atlantean Experimentation Chamber in an attempt to bring an end to the Isu-Human War and leave more **Isu** available to find a solution. In this, they transformed humans into horrific monsters of legend using **Pieces of Eden**, called **Prizes** for each macabre monstrosity, and set them loose to terrorize humans on Earth. But these experimental affronts to nature tainted the Atlantean plane **Poseidon** had created with their abominations. **Poseidon** solemnly tasked his right-hand Dikastes, **Aletheia**, with migrating as many **Isu** as were willing to leave Atlantis, and to submerge its plane with that of the Earth, effectively removing its existence. **Juno** and **Aita** were also angrily cast out by **Poseidon**, who informed **Jupiter** and **Minerva** of **Juno's** misdeeds, leaving them no choice but to imprison her in The Gray, a sort of consciousness-heaven, where she could still prove useful in experimenting

and finding the quaesitum they so desperately needed. [Aita](#), meanwhile, ran off to continue running his own mad science experiments for a time.

The [Capitoline Triad](#) had come up with six different solutions, called Methods, to test shielding the Earth from the brink of disaster: Method 1 consisted of four tall [Towers](#) to be built at key points around the globe, which if fully implemented could collect the energy of the solar flare, then dispel it away from the planet. While resources weren't an issue, time wasn't on their side and the [First Pillar](#) was partially built before being abandoned. However [Juno](#) saw to an automated system that continued progress on the [First Pillar](#) after Method 1 was dropped.

Method 2 brought about the invention of the [Rings of Eden](#), a wearable [Piece of Eden](#) that projected an invisible force-field around the wearer, and could deflect metals assailing them such as arrows or bullets, but more importantly shielded from the radiation of the solar flare. This was a promising solution if it could be scaled up to surround the globe, but the resource allocation for such an undertaking couldn't be realized in time. Even a backup plan to attempt to save as many wearers as possible only saw a handful of [Rings](#) being crafted and dispersed, including one that would eventually be misnomered as [Shard of Eden 2](#), to be discovered during a future revolution of its own time.

Method 3 involved [Apples](#) and the sheer willpower Humans possess. Hotly debated by the [Isu](#), it was theorized that should all of Humanity focus its efforts on a single idea or desire, their thoughts have the capacity to affect real-world change by becoming truly manifest. Something even the [Isu](#) had only been known to realize in simulations or planes of their own designs, this dormant power would never be mentioned to the [Isu's](#) subjects even if they believed its truth. Because of this, the [Triad](#) planned to use [Apples of Eden](#) to force all humans to focus on a single thought, "Make us safe", in the hopes that whatever manifested would theoretically be enough. To do this, the [Triad](#) attempted to beam the [Apples'](#) power over sections of the globe via multiple satellites. 12 of these [Apples](#) were sent into orbit, but the difficulty in sending more of these satellites and pointing them precisely proved too time-consuming. One of these satellites would eventually crash into the Moon after millennia of being abandoned, detected by [NASA](#) as [Apple of Eden 13](#) and retrieved for a nefariously similar plan.

Method 4 was meant to augment [Isu](#) physiology to weather the solar flare unharmed. The [Triad](#) proposed they could achieve this by transmogrifying their internal organs into steel counterparts, survivable against the impending hostile planet to come. [Aita](#), ever-willing to aid in the machinations of his lover [Juno](#),

volunteered to be the first - and only - test subject for such a cause without hesitation. The process, however, almost instantly degenerated his mind, instead quickly constricting **Aita's** body towards catatonia. **Juno**, seeing her love wither away so soon after her father, desperately searched the other vaults for answers, as they were the only places she could project to while still trapped within The Gray.

**Juno** stumbled upon **Consus**, trapped within **Shroud of Eden 1** after his **Consus-ness** had been pulled into its folds. She communed with **Consus** on how he had conscripted his own DNA, giving **Juno** many ideas to come. She left **Consus** there to suffer within his **Shroud**, and stole **Azaes's Prototype Shroud** to aid **Aita**. **Juno** tried in vain the best she could, taking her **Ankh of Isis** - **Isis** being another name of **Juno's** - known for its rejuvenating powers, along with her **Koh-I-Noor** for its own overwhelming power and known boon to other **Pieces**, as well as the previously stolen **Prototype Shroud of Eden**. She attempted anything and everything to heal her beloved **Aita**, also known as **Osiris** in the tales told surrounding the **Ankh**. It would all be for naught, only serving to stave the inevitable, much like the Methods the **Triad** had already wasted so much time on.

**Aita** was able to muster a few words of goodbye, and begged **Juno** for death, to which she relented...for a time. **Juno** granted and facilitated **Aita's** death, only after conscripting his DNA within the human genome itself, allowing for the possibility of his reincarnation many times over across the millennia as different **Sages**. This was the first twisting of **Consus's** techniques, an ace pulled from **Juno's** sleeve, and certainly would not be her last.

Method 5 posited the possibility of new host vessels that could stand the radiation, which after the flare could house the consciousness of an **Isu** once held somewhere like The Gray. However the technology required for transfer of the host couldn't be fully realized without the use and erasure of a living vessel's own consciousness, thus nullifying the process for the collateral damage needed to see it through. This process, too, would not be easily forgotten by **Juno**.

By this point, the **Triad** were grasping at straws, but soon something would finally show real promise. **Minerva** continued running calculations and divinations on her **Antikythera Mechanism**, and began to notice a pattern of equations, numbers that carried with them the code to existence, that if brought to heel could be used to bend the very laws of Time itself to the **Triad's** will. Method 6 would have seen the **Triad** travel back in time to prevent the disaster before it happened, perhaps seeing each of the other Methods come to fruition with more preparation. But the dangers

of such an endeavor proved too great to contend, and so this too was quietly shelved as the unseen inevitability ticked terrifyingly closer.

But **Minerva** couldn't keep the numbers and equations quietly to herself, and set to creating one final untested solution: **The Eye**. A pedestal only able to be unlocked by someone with the right genetic material, and able to manipulate the Unifying Theory of existence, **The Eye** was indeed able to save them all from what was only a short time yet to come. **Juno** found a way to alter **The Eye's** code, still allowing for the planet to go unscathed, but instead also ensuring she would be released from The Gray, the now-free inheritor and ruler over all who survived. **Minerva**, deeply saddened and angered by the further betrayal from **Juno**, with much regret decided not to use **The Eye** as it was first encoded to her touch. She deemed it then that it was safer for the world to succumb as it would to the solar flare, rather than leave it to be ruled with no compassion for humans by **Juno**. This left **Juno** to her punishment forever, trapped inside The Gray within the **Grand Temple** for many thousands of years. **Minerva** did write in a failsafe, though, coded to a curious descendant's DNA as well. After leaving messages tied to **Apples** and **Isu** temples for a future savior to witness that would lead him to **The Eye** in time for the repeat disaster, **Minerva** and **Jupiter** solemnly allowed the solar flare to hit the Earth without recourse.

This was the last hope for **Isu** and human-kind alike in stopping the Great Toba Catastrophe, and yet for all **Juno**, **Jupiter**, and **Minerva** had done, the **Capitoline Triad** had completely and utterly failed.

75,000 BCE/ 2306 IE

The Great Toba Catastrophe

## CYCLE 905 – THE FINAL CYCLE?

### A Tale of **Brothers**

Location: [The Consus Archive](#)

Cycle 18.192. **Archivist's** note: This is **my personal account** of the **familial relationships** connected to the **Dikastes Basileus**. For the **official statement**, reference **Codex statement 905.107**.

## POST-TOBA-CATASTROPHE, DAY 91

Retransmission. Segment 1. Acquiring Contemporaneity.

It has been ninety-one days since the Great Catastrophe. The messenger speaks. How real is the ground you walk on? How real is the machine you toy with, the music you hear, the lover you kiss, or the foe you hate? Your foot taps the ground. Does that make it real? Your enemies bleed deep red. Does that make them real? The confusion growing within you due to my words... does it make you real? What if reality wasn't what you thought it was? What if this was all a construction? A masterfully crafted simulation? You know such things exist. You've been in the Animus before. In fact, aren't you in one right now? You know just how real a simulation can feel even when it has long vanished. You've experienced the Bleeding Effect. Layers upon layers of reality, each blurring into the next. Which is real, and which is not? What if none are real? What if everything you know is false? We ran thousands of simulations, searching for the right version, searching for Desmond. Each one of them felt real. Very real. But there's no way of truly knowing, is there? Not for sure. Anything can be simulated, and finding the answer could mean erasure. From the build. From the code. From everything. So much to ponder and so little computational capacity. Take your time. This question has haunted humanity since its creation. It is a worry, a thought wormed deep in the collective mind. Two-thousand years ago, Zhuang Zhu fell asleep. He dreamed he was a butterfly, and woke up unable to decide if he was a man dreaming of a butterfly, or a butterfly dreaming of a man. In Plato's cave, prisoners were chained and forced to watch shadows dancing on a wall. Freedom was denied to them until they accepted the intangible as reality. It's everywhere. Ask this professor at Oxford University, or this cosmologist at MIT. And you. What would you choose, if you truly knew? Would you even want to understand? A dream within a dream, where even the truth is sometimes a lie? In any case, simulations are not meaningless. They have purpose. The question isn't whether or not you are in a simulation. What matters is how much of your free will is actually yours. No matter how true you are. Your Turing test would do nothing to determine whether you are conscience or code. Eliza, the natural language processing computer program... She managed to pass the Test, did she not? And she was very much machine. So... in Eliza's own words... How does that make you feel? Are you sure?

## POST-TOBA-CATASTROPHE, DAY 93

Retransmission. Segment 2. Acquiring Contemporaneity.

It has been ninety-three days since the Great Catastrophe. The messenger speaks. Hello World. Language is the key to our mutual understanding. Yours and mine. Alone. We listened to your times. We learned. And today, we'll exchange words from the age of post-truth. They mean nothing to him. Human language carries knowledge and wit. Lies and broken promises. Through language, you share fear, excitement, hope. It is the syntax with which you articulate what surrounds you. A structure to express and share your understanding of the world. It conveys abstraction, change, and uncertainty. Human language is flexible. It can even become mathematics. It solves and predicts; weighs and decodes. It can count objects using basic numbers in one breath, and solve quadratic equations using imaginary ones in the next. You've engineered dialogs with thinking machines, in an attempt to add new vocabulary. To expand your understanding of reality. But your mastery of the code is rudimentary at best. No surprise. You were designed to have boundaries, after all. And one cannot speak of that which one cannot conceive. The Code. Equations that define life. They are nestled deep within every star, and every mote of dust. Every second that passes is a word, a symbol. All part of an intricate yet simple language existing within the framework of time itself. It is the one rule which applies to us all. Immutable, inescapable. The Code is a bridge, a single point of cohesion between your civilization and... mine. It is a language that can be read, that tells of what was, what is and what will be. A language that We Who Came Before can read, though you cannot... Time is more than the hour of the day, the readings of an atomic clock, something to lose, something to run out of. Time is a set of rules, not unlike the language you so dearly use to converse with your powerful machines. Time is a system that defines what comes to be. That is how we understand it. The Code is Time, and Time is Code. As you scratch the surface and uncover the truth, ask yourself if there is something more? Something else. No need to be puzzled. You've seen time written before. You are surrounded by it as we speak. To your untrained mind, time might just look like paths and nodes. To us, it is not unlike a chalkboard covered in calculus. It reveals a window through which stretches the map to infinity. [...] (Time) See? As I speak of it in its true form, your mind is incapable of making sense of it. Were you to read, you'd learn about the other simulations. You'd learn about the genesis of who you came to be. You'd learn about space and its fluidity. Simply put, time is the language which

existence is made of. All our existences. Yours. Mine. And all those you dare not imagine.

## POST-TOBA-CATASTROPHE, DAY 95

Retransmission. Segment 3. Acquiring Contemporaneity.

It has been 95 days since the Great Catastrophe. The messenger speaks.

You must be wondering why I have reached out to you. It was written, you see. That you would come. To this particular chamber, at this very moment in time. The walls told us of your coming, when we once were. Look at them. Are they not fascinating? [...] (Break the code. Break the Node.) These walls tell of a tragic story. A story we transcribed on our structures, on our artifacts. A story we could not alter. A mystery, defying us, in plain sight. We tried. Our scholars and scientists. Poets and Physicists. Bright minds. Rebellious hearts. They all tried so hard to bring about change. They... We all failed. None could change what we discovered, the stories written into the walls of these rooms. By whom, we never knew. We know they tell of the future that is, the future that was, and the future that is yet to come. The [...] (Stories). We failed at modifying a line. We failed at adding a single dot. It was clear. We were to be messengers at best. But messengers to whom? To you. We removed our ability to read those stories from your original template. "A doorway that is also a puzzle. We must find the solution". Those were Brutus' words when he visited the Vault under the Colosseum, more than 2000 years ago. He drew the vault, sketched it to the best of his abilities. But he could not see. Just as you are blind. You may read your watch. You may read hourglasses and calendars. But you cannot grasp beyond that simplistic surface. For now, the true reading of time still escapes you. And so today, the curtain is pulled and the [...] (Story) is shown, tragic and complete. Those walls, you might never read. Events yet unfold as written. But something, anything, must change. You do not understand what is at stake. The reader has no power. He is but an observer. But the author... the author invents the future. The author owns the future. A future where [...] (Stories) are avoided. A future where a loved one can be revived by the drafting of a new chapter. A future where humankind is more than it is today. A future where, just perhaps, we can all still exist, together.

## POST-TOBA-CATASTROPHE, DAY 99

Retransmission. Segment 4. Acquiring Contemporaneity.

It has been ninety-nine days since the Great Catastrophe. The messenger speaks. On the 21st day of December 2012, Desmond activated the global aurora borealis device and protected the earth from the sun's deadly coronal mass ejection. On the 21st day of December 2012, humanity carried on without a care in the world. People went to work, people went to school, and people went to the well for water. On the night of December 21st 2012, as the sun set on their days, humankind went to bed. Then, on the morning of December 22nd 2012, humankind was graced with yet another morning. They never knew that on the previous day, the world almost ended. We thought that would have been enough. And it was until it wasn't. Time is unyielding. It always corrects itself. The language of time works in many ways. Two of which you can understand... as you are now. Linear continuity is a simulation that allows for variations. Within the linear continuity, there are nodes. Choke points. Moments where algorithms converge the flows of superposed possibilities to a single moment where only one absolute truth is possible. Paths are fluid, continuous. Nodes are static, changeless. And the wave function collapses the paths into nodes which branch out. Again, and again, and again. And so I wonder. Can you feel the wave collapsing, trying to course correct Desmond's act of defiance? The incoming node needs the world to end. The algorithms have been carving the flow of possibilities towards that end for over one hundred years now. [...] (Collapse the wave) A labyrinth of trenches, filled with mud and mustard gas. Families cowering in fear as V2's vaporize their dwellings. Fire born from the bellows of the Los Alamos Laboratory, fueling global catastrophes. The Serpukhov-15 incident of 1983. The Doomsday clock, tucked away in an office of the University of Chicago. Its needle moving as the years go. The node is near. Perhaps you knew. Perhaps you felt it too. That the world is closing in on you.

## POST-TOBA-CATASTROPHE, DAY 105

Retransmission. Segment 5. Acquiring Contemporaneity.

It has been 105 days since the Great Catastrophe. The messenger speaks.

The color blue. We believe everyone sees it as we do. Ocean. Sky. International Klein Blue. What's to say yours and mine are of the same hue? Do you truly see it as I do?

Frequencies so high only a few can hear their cue. A heightened response to the taste of food. Colors invisible to the human eye save for a few. A high voice, perceived as living glass. Perceptions shape reality. Color-blindness. Tinnitus.

Supertasting. Tetrachromacy. Synesthesia. Reality is a mathematical model which gets solved over and over again by the observer. Your thoughts are computations. And they render this world for you to call your own. Not all processors are alike. Different brains produce different realities. The variations go from the subtle to the drastic.

Your mind defines how much you can taste. How much you can feel. How much you can understand. Perception defines perspective. Where one sees a skull, the other sees a woman in a mirror. Where one hears silence, the other will hear entrancing voices. You experience what your brain allows you to perceive. We designed you and made sure to engineer your senses so you could perceive just what we needed you to. Neither more nor less. There are parts of Time we preferred you to remained blind to. It was a necessity. We have six senses, you have five. Can you guess the one missing? [...]

(Overload your mind's capacity) For centuries, humanity has fought for freedom.

The real cage is not around you. It is in you. Your mind will not allow you to wander in uncharted territories. A Faraday cage, for the mind. A concealed strait jacket. Events such as Upsweep and Julia fuel internet conspiracies. Sounds unknown, heard only once. A cabinet of curiosities for the Modern Age. And yet, they were messages, just like this one, waiting for their observer, their compatible processor. Human

visionaries developed a vague awareness of their limits. They wrote obscure research papers, popular science fiction novels, some asking us to stop the world. But that's all they ever were. Fictions. How could they not be? Reality is what the observer allows it to be.

The Doppler Effect. The Möbius strip. Deja-vus. Cicada 3301. UVB-76. Eureka effects. Ambigrams and Anamorphosis. P versus NP. Is Schrödinger's cat dead or alive?

It all depends on what you perceive, on what the cage is not hiding for you to see.

Think. Think. Let your mind be free. Explore the borders of your reality.

## POST-TOBA-CATASTROPHE, DAY 109

Retransmission. Segment 6. Acquiring Contemporaneity.

It has been 109 days since the Great Catastrophe. The messenger speaks.

Wake up. Not from a dreamless sleep or an absence of light. But from a reality that will soon cease to be. Wake up. The next chapter is unstoppable. And yet. The greatest revolutions sometimes originate from the confines of impossibility, do they not? Change your mind. Subvert your perception. Stop this world. Bend it into something new. Destiny is not without irony. Here I am, imploring a lesser version of myself... to do what I could never do. In this timeless moment, you and I are a bridge. Both of us from different eras, meeting halfway at the narrowing of the hourglass in this ocean of sand. It is not enough to tell time. You must learn Time. [...] (Reality is a simulation. Break the code.) And in so doing, escape the inescapable. Fill in the blanks: the ones hiding between words, between worlds. Find the spaces that we could not erase, the variables that ended up erasing us. If you do not, they will erase you as well. Time told of a story that ended with us, and now it tells of a story that ends with you. Once upon a time, a new story will begin. After the functions which run our days have scattered into an array of random numbers. We found solace in Order, we thought it would help us rule the world. We were wrong. Order never served us. It has kept us within the code, within the boundaries. We were tricked into thinking we were the ones writing the rules when they were in fact guiding us to our conclusion. You need to transgress. You, of all people, understand the value of disobeying. Take an unexpected turn, away from the path that is drawn straight ahead of you. The Animus was humankind's first unconscious attempt to explain what it could not see. Understanding genetic memories, an eye into history. But the Animus bears a fatal flaw. It follows the rules from those who embrace Order just as we did. It allows you to witness – but not alter. Your Animus is different. As is the mind that imagined it. It could escape the code. It could do that leap, and make possible a decision that defies the order of things that are. Wake up. Be the chaos that comes to be. Gods are just like you and me. Remember. Nothing is real. Everything is permitted.

A great deal of time passes...

431 - 429 BCE

Odyssey

429 - 422 BCE

Legacy of the First Blade

422 BCE - ???

**Aletheia** spoke to **Kassandra** telepathically, telling the Keeper to return to her. **Kassandra**, worried by the sudden command, swiftly obeyed, traveling back beneath the Forge of Hephaistos to the floating pyramid structure at the Gateway to the Lost City. **Aletheia** told **Kassandra** that it was time to fulfill the most important part of her task as Keeper of the **Staff of Hermes**, for which **Kassandra** wholeheartedly accepted whatever plans **Aletheia** might have in store.

**Aletheia** knew that **Kassandra** must first attune herself with such a powerful **artifact**, else it would eventually corrupt her psyche, just like her father before her. In order to bar the same fate from befalling **Kassandra**, **Aletheia** built simulations out of her own memories as Dikastes, giving **Kassandra** access to realms long since destroyed and the knowledge lost within them. While similar chronologically to **Aletheia's** experiences, these simulations were fleshed out with familiar faces of **Kassandra's** history, allowing for closure for certain relationships previously cut short, as well as making it easier for **Kassandra's** mind to critically grasp.

**Kassandra** made an incision in her palm, dripping the Keeper's blood upon the Great Seal, and the stone doors slowly slid apart as **Kassandra** crossed their threshold, descending even deeper within the **Isu** vault. **Aletheia** exposted to **Kassandra** that the Keeper's blood is shared with **Those Who Came Before**, and the blood that is shared must also be offered for the Great Seal to open. **Kassandra** brushed off the pomp and circumstance. **Aletheia** welcomed the Keeper to the Throne Room of Atlantis, and explained that what lied in the room were remnants of **Isu** tech, adapted by **Aletheia** in order for **Kassandra** to begin her journey. **Aletheia** allowed the Keeper time to absorb this and ask her questions.

**Kassandra** asked if her father, **Pythagoras**, ever knew the throne room existed just below the Gateway above, which **Aletheia** answered she wouldn't show it to him. She spoke of how the room was built by the **Isu**, that the thrones were once just thrones, but now contained her simulations, which she would willingly show to **Kassandra**.

**Kassandra** asked if the room before them was meant for the Heir of Memories, why it was so easy for her to enter. **Aletheia** said she had paid in blood; blood that looked

much like the *Isu's* if seen closely enough. *Kassandra* said her *mater* had always told her of the power within her blood.

Determined, *Kassandra* then asked what was left for her to do. *Aletheia* warned *Kassandra* that *Pythagoras* had used the *Staff* selfishly for knowledge, that he was weak where *Kassandra* was strong. *Aletheia* foretold that *Kassandra* would endure lifetimes, until the Heir of Memories alleviated her from the burden of the *Staff*, but the only way to learn to carry the *Staff's* weight, was to find the strength to wield it. *Kassandra* could find that strength in Elysium, while the Underworld awaits.

*Kassandra*, confused, argued she was alive, and wouldn't have a way back from the Underworld. *Aletheia* again reassured her that the portals were just simulations, made by her for *Kassandra*. *Aletheia* continued that in Elysium, *Kassandra* would find power sources, called Keeper's Insights, that would affect both *Kassandra* and the Heir of Memories, and that moving through the Underworld would be essential to finding all of these sources.

*Kassandra* hesitantly stated that *Aletheia* was asking for blind trust, to which *Aletheia* cooled her by reminding *Kassandra* that she pledged herself to *Aletheia* and their common cause, that *Aletheia* was always on her side, and that she wouldn't let *The Ones Who Came Before* control *Kassandra's* fate. With that, *Aletheia* tasked *Kassandra* to find the strength within herself to show the *Staff* her worth, and to step into the first portal when she was ready.

## 2018 CE

*Layla* watched as *Kassandra* accepted her trials beset by *Aletheia*, then pulled out of the *HR-8.5 Beta* to test her coms, hoping for word from *Victoria*. *Alannah Ryan* announced she was only just able to get hacker-free coms back online. *Layla* inquired about *Kiyoshi's* condition, to which *Alannah* assured *Layla* he wouldn't want her to worry, but *Layla* damned *Sigma Team* for what they did to those aboard the *Altair II*. *Alannah* told *Layla* it was in fact *Juhani Otso Berg*, *The Black Cross* himself that was tracking their signal, privy to everything they had uncovered, likely thanks to an Erudito mole. *Alannah* weighed that if *Berg* hadn't found *Layla* yet, they still had time, so *Layla* agreed to see what the Great Seal was all about.

*Layla* asked once more about *Victoria's* whereabouts, but *Alannah* coyly said she'll see. *Layla* then stepped towards the Great Seal, which slowly parted at her approach. Crossing the threshold, *Layla* descended into the same chamber *Kassandra* once found herself in so long ago: the Throne Room of Atlantis, with *Aletheia* resplendently projected at its center.

**Aletheia** greeted **Layla**, stating they finally found each other. **Layla** was thrilled to finally meet her in the flesh - er, hologram, to which **Aletheia** said she always knew their paths would cross one way or another. **Aletheia** also sensed they weren't alone. **Victoria** had quietly walked into the room, startling **Layla**. **Bibeau** explained the danger of **Layla** doing this alone, that she wanted to keep an eye on things personally, so she had to come back. **Victoria** then turned her inquiry to the woman in the hologram. **Layla** gushed that they were in the presence of a real **Isu**, the very same that previously came through as a voice from the **Staff of Hermes**! **Aletheia** touted that she'd had quite a long time to learn human speech patterns, so she shouldn't still sound like the "talking stick" they heard before.

**Dr. Bibeau** doubted **Aletheia's** motives, but **Layla** fired back that she was the key to finding out more about the **Staff**. **Aletheia** chimed in that it was known to her that the Heir of Memories, **Layla**, would always embark alongside the Keeper, **Kassandra**, but that **Bibeau** was not in the foreseen plans, that her trust was the one in question. **Dr. Bibeau** began to rattle off her credentials, but **Layla** interrupted to say she'd stay out of the way. **Aletheia** claimed no matter, the journey was **Layla's** and **Kassandra's**, and **Layla** needed to build the strength to withstand the **Staff's** corruption.

With that, **Aletheia** unleashed beams of energy into three of the stone slabs at the edges of the circle, opening three doorways to **Aletheia's** - and historically, **Kassandra's** - simulations beyond. **Aletheia** told **Layla** that as **Kassandra** finds power to fuel both her and the **Staff**, so too would **Layla** feel the same connection. **Victoria** protested that **Layla** shouldn't be exposed to more **First Civ** tech, that there was no telling what further exposure would do.

**Layla** thought better, and said it wouldn't be her. She would relive **Kassandra's** trials through the **Animus**. **Aletheia** agreed that **Layla's** journey starts at the same place the Keeper's did, and that the **Animus** would show her **Kassandra's** way through the simulations. **Victoria** gave **Layla** one last assurance that she'd be there to monitor her, begrudgingly along with **Aletheia**, who she still distrusted. **Victoria** asked **Layla** once more if she was ready, and **Layla** put on her goggles, eager to dive back into **Kassandra's** memories.