

# Damaged Journal 1

Sage Doctor Percival Armitage

Expedition #34

The Origins of Adonis

Cyprus

I have arrived in Paphos, Cyprus, and a new investigation begins. If Adonis had any connection to the mysteries of Osiris, it was certainly here. It was somewhere near Paphos that Adonis was born and raised. I think Agia Solomoni will reveal some evidence. Could it be the Temple of Solomon? It seems almost too obvious, given its name, but we know that Solomon belonged to the Order and engineered many of their temples. I daresay it is worth a gander even if I do not find evidence of Adonis. The local rumours claim this site to be an ancient place of hiding, which is consistent with Adonis' story.

Moses Motombe is settling in to his room. I think he will be ready to bring to the next level in a few years. I know he has little to offer us but he is loyal and willing to do whatever is needed to protect our interests. Come the day we will need people of his calibre.

Tomorrow I shall meet Ms. Tatapolis and see what Agia Solomoni has to offer. I do not suppose I really actually need a local guide for this. I speak the language and this site is in a city. But protocols being what they are, I shall bring her along. If she turns out to be useful, I will feel out her interest in what we have to offer.



I explored the open areas of Agia Solomoni today. It is clearly ancient, carved out of the stone, and shows no signs of Solomon's architectural expertise. The name is perhaps merely coincidental. That said, this site is far older than Solomon's work. This really could hold some ancient secrets. The lower chambers are blocked by modern gratings. Moses thinks he can find a way past the grates, so we will return tonight and explore the lower chambers.

Ms. Tatapolis is polite and knows the area. She expressed reservations about our plan to return to the site at night, but she ultimately agreed. Like so many outsiders she has no idea what secrets the ancient world holds. Perhaps she will get her first glimpse tonight.



*Inscription on a wall in Cypriot:*

*"Prepared and set aside for Adonis. May his flesh return to us."*

✱ F 𐤅 𐤍

*Adonis*

𐤑 𐤍 𐤅 𐤅

*Persephone*

✱ V 𐤅 𐤑 𐤍

*Aphrodite, Astarte*

*Carved and coloured fresco in an empty tomb. Images with Cypriot captions. Captions read:*

*"Adonis' mother Myrrha hid under a tree. Aphrodite took Adonis from the tree and gave him to Persephone to raise. He grew up with Persephone at the Tophet under the Crossed Mountains. When Adonis came of age, Zeus declared that he should spend part of the year with Aphrodite and the rest with Persephone in the Underworld."*

*Adonis discovered a great talent for hunting, but fell to a boar. Persephone and Aphrodite could not save him here, so Aphrodite took him across the sea for resurrection through fire."*



An astounding find! This exceeded my hopes. I found a tomb made for Adonis, yet unoccupied. It may very well have been commissioned by Persephone herself. I have taken the liberty to photograph the fresco and I have noted a translation of the text above. This fresco supports our theory: The ancient Tophets really could resurrect the dead. And there may actually be one on this island.

I am going to make use of our native guide to locate the Tophet under the Crossed Mountains. Ms. Tatapolis assumes this has something to do with Mount Olympus, but I have persuaded her that I am not looking for the palace of Zeus. She has agreed to help me search for the Crossed Mountains.

I am now in the town of Stavros — "Cross" — the perfect place to begin my search. We will head into the mountains tomorrow. If I can find the Tophet I will call in immediately so we can bring in a research team to study it. If this one is intact, perhaps we can get it working!



## Damaged Journal 2

*I am surely onto something. We headed south from Stavros to the Ezousa River, then North-East along the river. Along the way I discovered some remnants of ancient stonework. There was definitely something here, something about which archaeologists and historians have no knowledge. Come the day I truly hope this is the journey that marks the culmination of our search.*

*The river route is difficult. I shall ask Ms. Tatapolis to look for an easier trail on our way back. I believe we are close to the Tophet.*



I have found the temple. I am certain this is the place where Adonis grew up with Persephone. This is the Underworld of myth — or at least one such place. I am excited to enter and touch the stones that Adonis himself surely touched, and perhaps to find the secrets of Persephone and Hades.

I want to enter immediately — for the Underworld has neither night nor day. Ms. Tatapolis has insisted that we rest the night and prepare ourselves for delving into the darkness on the morrow. I have conceded to her request, given the circumstances.

I must report the death of Moses Motombe in our expedition. He fell in our climb from the Ezousa River up to the Tophet. Ms. Tatapolis suspects that he had a prior hand injury that impaired his climbing ability. He had assured me that he was fine to continue. It is tragic that one of not even fifty years should die so shortly before what could have been the discovery of his lifetime.

If there is truly a working Tophet here, I shall try to bring Mr. Motombe back. He can be the herald of the next age!



I am alone. Ms. Tatapolis fell as we tried to cross a broken bridge. Thankfully I was already across before she fell. The walls leading here painted a picture of the ritual: A dying or dead loved one carried here by friends and family, to be resurrected by the ritual of fire.

I believe this path will lead to the Tophet itself. I shall continue as far as I can. Although I am not confident that I will be able to return without the assistance of Ms. Tatapolis, I will make such notes as I can, so that if I do not make it, at least those who follow will have the benefit of my learnings here.



I have found the Tophet! It is here as I knew it would be. What I wouldn't give to have seen it in its original splendour. The Tophet is similar to the other I heard described – a stone brazier over a crystal vat. This one is in the centre of an open plaza with bench seating for spectators.

I also had the good fortune of finding Ms. Tatapolis in the water at the bottom of the complex. These ruins are partially flooded, and when she fell from the bridge she landed in the water not far from the Tophet itself. Her legs are broken and it was all I could do to drag her up to it. She is drying out and warming up by a small fire now. She is in a great deal of pain and does not understand the import of this place.

Meanwhile I have been studying the Tophet and the fresco on the wall. I believe the general idea is to burn the body in the brazier and somehow the Tophet recreates it anew – revived, healed, and possibly even younger. Perhaps that is too much to hope for but if it can resurrect in a new body, I don't see any reason why it would not restore someone to a youthful healthy condition. We know many ancient figures lived for centuries. Perhaps this is how.



Cypriot letters incorporated into wall fresco. Positioning is random. Purpose is unclear.



I have studied the wall a bit more. There are some Cypriot glyphs worked into the design but I have not yet determined their purpose. They may spell out a secret word or something of the like. The wall shows the Tophet fire presided over by Osiris and seven priestesses. The fire certainly seems to be the key to resurrection, as we suspected.

Ms. Tatapolis claims to be in a great deal of pain. I know I will not be able to get her out of here. I will be lucky enough to get myself out. I am trying to convince her that the Tophet can heal her, but she will have none of it. I think I have no choice but to try. I hope I can gather enough to build a fire big enough to do the trick. She will die if I do nothing, so really this is her best chance. She grows weaker every hour, especially since my meagre supplies will not sustain us both for long. I will have to try something I will look for things to burn, just in case.



# Greek Journal 1 (In Greek)

As contracted: A journal of our progress. I hope you like Greek!

I met with Mr. Armitage this morning. He insisted that we visit Agia Solomoni. As I informed him, this was a crowded tourist site with nothing of academic or historic interest besides the site itself. Its only value is the tree: Hang a cloth from it to heal your sickness. If you really want to live forever as Mr. Armitage claims, then you should visit the Myrrha Tree. When I had the flu last winter, it was quite bad. I visited the tree and tied a cloth, and just three days later I was fine.

As I predicted, we found nothing of interest. Mr. Armitage wants to go back tonight to poke around when no one is looking. I informed him that there will be nothing more, just darker and more dangerous, and illegal. He insisted that my pay was contingent on taking him where he wants when wants, so I will take him. Consider this my protest.

Again I protest. Armitage convinced his thug Motombe to break into the lower chambers of Agia Solomoni. These areas are blocked off to protect tourists from the ancient stonework and to protect the ancient stonework from tourists. I do not know what kind of organization you run, but if you respect old things then you should take better care of historic sites.

Despite my objections, they broke into the lower chambers and then had the nerve to ask me to help them find their way through it. I warned them not to touch anything, but Motombe has that big gun strapped across his back, and doesn't notice when it drags along cracked stonework. He ends up half buried under rocks, and I think his hand is broken but he claims it is just bruised.

We found a wall marked with ancient writing. Armitage produced a rock hammer from his satchel and proceeded to chip apart the stone until he and his hired muscle could move it aside. They invaded and defiled an ancient tomb. The only saving grace was that there was no one to disturb.

The tomb's beautiful frescoes should be cataloged, photographed, and protected. Instead, your Sage Percy carelessly brushes at the images so he can get a better look, while Motombe tosses his garbage in the corner of a room that hasn't seen a human in thousands of years. Sage Percy believes that Adonis, Persephone, and Aphrodite were real people and that this was the tomb of Adonis. As far as I can tell it is the tomb of no one.

There is no body here.



Day two. Mr. Armitage has once again ignored my advice. He believes that the ancients could resurrect the dead and that they did so in an ancient temple of the gods. But instead of going to Mount Olympus, the home of the very gods he is chasing, he wants to hike the Ezousa River to look for a temple in mountains that have no ruins whatsoever. But he is the boss and I am here to serve his every whim, no matter how foolish, so we will go for a hike tomorrow.



## Greek Journal 2 (In Greek)

Day three. I may have mis-judged Mr. Armitage's knowledge of history and geography. As we hike along the Ezousa River I see signs of cut stone. We may actually find ancient ruins yet. The river is wild and difficult, but I understand these mountains and I will find a path the Sage can travel.

Now I just need to convince him to wear the climbing harness, so that when he slips on the wet rocks and can stop him from washing away to Paphos.



Damn that old fool for leading us out here. His inane obsession has gotten a man killed. We could have taken a longer path to this lost temple, but the esteemed Sage insisted on climbing the gorge. We never should have tried this climb with Motombe's broken hand. He couldn't keep his grip and he fell into the gorge. I don't even see his body. If he's even alive, he has washed away and your Sage will not allow me to go back to search for him.

He says your Order values life, yet see how little he values it himself. I do not think he will give another thought to the fate of Moses Motombe. Will he even inform the man's wife of his passing? If he cannot, I will try. I think he was writing her a letter last night. When we are heading home, I will try to find it.

For now I simply must play nice with the senile fool and earn my keep. I don't care enough about your stupid Order to continue working with him beyond that. If I didn't need the money, I'd happily leave him here to find his own way home.



## Greek Journal 3 (In Greek)

Day four. We have reached the temple as Sage Percy claimed we would. Unfortunately our friend Moses Motombe fell in a climb and has passed away. I will try to locate him so that you can retrieve his body. I believe he has a wife who should be told of his passing.

This ruin looks like it was once a large and important area, but I have never heard even a rumor of an old city in these mountains. It is quite a find. I know I am under contract but I would ask that when you are done with this site that you let me reveal this location to an archaeologist I know. I will say that I found it while hiking, and leave your organization out of this.

We have camped at the entrance to the temple and we will enter it tomorrow. I will make sure Sage Percy finds what he seeks and returns safely.



# Lost Letter 1

*Dearest Neema,*

*I wish I could be in your arms now. I wish my work did not take me always so far away from you and the girls. I am in the Greek Island Cyprus, assisting Mr. Armitage once again. Our guide Miss Olive is native to this island and has led us to an old temple in the city Paphos, Solomon Temple.*

*This temple is built mostly underground. You can't even see it from the street unless you know where to look. There's nothing dangerous here, just tourists and security guards. The only shooting was an Indian man shooting pictures of everyone. We are going to go back to the temple tonight.*

*Mr. Armitage wants to see the places tourists are not allowed, as usual. I will write more tomorrow.*



## Lost Letter 2

Dearest Neema,

We had a little scare this morning, in a temple basement. Part of the wall was not very stable and I hurt my hand getting Mr. Armitage out of the way but I am fine and there is nothing to worry about. That's why my writing is not so good today.

I had another letter ready to send to you, but I lost it when the wall fell. I am in Cyprus, an island of Greece. We explored a place called Solomon Temple. There are some very old caves where people lived and prayed underground.

There were many pictures on the wall that Mr. Armitage wanted to study. It is the story of a Greek hero called Adonis. The story gave Mr. Armitage an idea of where Adonis grew up. We are going there now. It is an old temple in the mountains so I won't be able to send this letter for a few days.

Right now we are in a small town called Stavros. We will begin our trip tomorrow. The view is very nice here. Many trees, and so much green. Not like home. I wish I could have you here with me.

I planned to send this letter from Stavros, but their post was not open when we left. I will send it when we get back from the Tophet temple in the mountains. Currently we are camped beside a river. Tomorrow we will climb up to the plateau above, where Miss Olive thinks we will find the old temple.

We are far from any city. There are no other people around except Mr. Armitage and Miss Olive. She does not like him very much I think. She speaks to him respectfully but when he is not around she complains to me.

Miss Olive has not worked with him before as I have. He tries to tell her about the Order to win her cooperation, but she has even less interest in it than I have. Mr. Armitage thinks he will live forever, but I will be surprised if he survives this hike.

I will write more tomorrow. I need to rest my hand. We have quite a climb tomorrow.