You shouldn't have found this. But if you did, DO NOT read it. Hide it. This lorebook contains information that could compromise our greatest ally and open the door for Lorcana's destruction.

What even is this? Yeah, it's a lorebook, but what's it doing in MY room? The last time the Great Illuminary led me anywhere, I had just stepped into Lorcana, and it lit up the floor to steer me here. Now it's led me back and I've found a compartment I had no idea existed IN MY OWN ROOM. Was it the Illuminary itself that opened the drawer, or was it the ghost they say haunts this place? Either way, this room has a history, and I'm getting to the bottom of it.

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She's gone. To be fair, she's gone fairly often, but this time I'm afraid it's serious. Now, I'm usually not one to buy into conspiracy theories, but it's more than a little convenient that the week after she hears rumors of a secret plot to destabilize the Great Illuminary, she hasn't come back. And if I don't do something, she might be gone for good. Might. That's the worst part—the not knowing. I think I could handle it if I knew for sure one way or the other—that she's either coming back, or that I've lost her forever. At least I wouldn't be constantly imagining all the terrible things she could be experiencing. Like having her bones picked clean by a wyvern. Or being trapped inside a castle set aflame by angry villagers. Or getting crushed under a two-ton Ionic column inside an Olympian palace.

I take it back. I don't think I could handle losing her, after all. If I'm being honest, my heart couldn't take this sort of thing a second time, not without shattering. I guess hope is still a fragile thing—even in a place like this. So now I'm torn. Archazia has always been strict about me staying out of her workstation without permission—to say nothing of rifling through her materials. But she's never been gone this long without at least sending her faithful Archimedes to let me know. Even if she's been peacefully floating down rivers and spurting water out of her mouth like a fountain, she knows that I can't help but conjure up images of, say, river currents pulling her inescapably toward enormous waterfalls. I'm afraid the only way to stay sane is to take my chances and break into her workstation. So, if these are my last words, at least you'll know how things ended for me.

Who?

This got dark pretty quickly.

I know her! She's an Illumineer from the olden times who sometimes trains us heroes to defeat power-hungry villains. If only she hadn't left her island before we did—I could've asked her about this book.

Now I have a dilemma on my hands. When I arrived at the door outside of Archazia's workstation a little while ago, Natalya was there. Her Magic Carpet glimmer—a fine specimen of a Persian rug—was tiptoeing backward, away from the bluish glow of Archazia's oval-shaped doorway. When I cleared my throat, the carpet went completely stiff for a moment, then dropped flat against the floor. Natalya stared daggers at her companion, then looked up to see me acting "normal" as I hurried up the hallway, and grinned. "Ah, my favorite archivist," she said in her smooth, even voice.

I was relieved, but also speechless. Natalya is like a living royal portrait. Her violet outfit and matching boots are perfectly tailored, her high blond ponytail only adds to her already formidable height, and the staff-like inkcaster she's always holding looks like a bird-headed scepter capable of ruling kingdoms. It's no wonder she's admired—and feared—by so many. And that's why it's always so surprising when she stops to talk to me before she leaves on one of her harrowing adventures. Or afterwards, when she deposits the artifacts she's discovered. I'm still not sure how she always finds me as I wander the labyrinthine paths in the Hall of Lore. Part of me balks at calling a massive complex that is equal parts exhaustive library and staggering museum a "hall," but another part of me thrills at the thought that this is the greatest such "hall" in the wonderful world of Lorcana.

In any case, Natalya is the only one who ever really acknowledges me there—Barnaby doesn't count, that unimaginative excuse for an archivist—and she even asks

Okay, she sounds awesome.

This place is big. Like, airplane hangar meets skyscraper big. And there's only so many hours in the day to adventure. I'm usually so focused on dropping off my finds that I barely talk to the nice folks who stick around and take care of this amazing place. Is that rude?

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me what I'm working on during her visits. So I was relieved to see her waiting by Archazia's door, but with all this talk of a conspiracy, I was hesitant to reveal anything, even to her. During my uncomfortably long pause, Natalya pulled a pocket watch from her large hip pouch. I easily identified the glimmer as a White Rabbit model, which keeps excellent time and only needs to be wound every 30 to 35 hours, depending on the humidity and elevation, of course. After telling her so, I added, "You must be late," which earned me a terse chuckle.

She put the watch back and said, "I must ask Archazia something sensitive. I do not suppose you have seen her?"

"No...I haven't," I said and looked at the door with a dramatically furrowed brow, hoping to throw her off my trail. "Have you?"

She shook her head. "These are dangerous times," she said. "I hope she is well." And with that, she bowed her head slightly, then sauntered away between the gently tapering pillars that lined the hallway.

After a moment, her Magic Carpet arched one of its ends off the ground like a head. It turned this way and that, startled when it noticed Natalya several paces away, and shot into the air to catch up with her.

Just what I needed—more conspiracy talk. Did Archazia confide in Natalya, too? Or did Natalya find out through some other way? Could she be involved somehow? I'm pretty sure she isn't. But I couldn't afford to take any chances with Archazia missing, so I pretended to fumble through my pockets until Natalya and Magic Carpet had rounded the corner. Then I had to keep up the act as a certain purple-cloaked Winnie the Pooh glimmer floated down the hallway, scraping the inside of a honey jar with his sorcerer's staff and humming cheerfully. When the coast was finally clear, I rummaged through my pockets for something that might be helpful, pulled out a Dinglehopper I was only somewhat surprised to find, and quietly popped the door open. I promise I didn't bend anything that wasn't already bent and I'll return the glimmer as soon as I finish my report on "Magical Utensils and Their Many Uses." The room's pale blue light intensified as I shut the door behind me, and I had only taken a couple of steps before I looked to the far corner of the room and saw a weathered owl slumped on a tall metal perch beside Archazia's inscribing station. The fact that Archazia hadn't taken him with her was a telltale sign that something strange was happening. I padded silently across the room, around a thicket of stacked books, between a handful of levitating scrolls that hung half-unrolled in the air, and stopped in my tracks every time her Archimedes snored or mumbled about arithmetic in his sleep.

Not far from the slumbering owl sat several work benches. I steeled myself, then cleared my throat—loudly, since he can sleep rather soundly. The owl sputtered awake and looked as if he'd just been woken by a nasty pike with an underbite. He finally stopped his flapping and peered down at me in that irritable way he's perfected.

They keep forks in their pockets? That's not weird at all.

So, is this person a super spy who's pretending to be all clumsy? Or are they ACTUALLY uncoordinated and maybe a little incompetent? Either way, I'm here for the ride.

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"What is it this time?" he said with a slight rasp to his voice. "I've told you everything I know about sugar spoons. Now, off with you." Then he settled back onto his perch and closed his eyes.

"I'm sorry, Archimedes," I said, "but did Archazia happen to say anything...significant to you before she left?"

The owl blinked open a single eye and fixed it on me. "You mean, before she dashed out unexpectedly?" He harrumphed. "Only that you might come knocking. Though, I don't recall hearing a knock." He opened his other eye and gave me a stern look. "How did you get inside?"

I skirted his question and asked, "Anything else?"

He stared at me for another moment and then closed both eyes as he puffed up his feathers and snuggled into his perch. "She left you something under the compass. Now be quiet and let me sleep."

So I tiptoed silently toward a nearby work bench, where a variety of welding tools lay beside a glimmer of the bronze compass that had belonged to John Smith. As I studied the odd spherical container that Archazia had constructed for the item, I caught myself tracing the curve of the tarnished copper compass I keep hidden safely beneath my shirt. It has never worked in Lorcana, but that isn't its point. I found a small piece of paper beneath John's compass that was crowded with Archazia's handwriting, sketches of several items, and a story star glyph with "hidden" next to it. My mouth went dry. Yes, it's easy for me to think up doomsday scenarios, but story stars really do hold the potential to destroy Lorcana and everyone in it, depending on what fragment of which story it contains. When my heart slowed enough for me to examine the rest of the note, I saw that the items sketched onto the page were very familiar—except for the drawing with concentric rings and a spindle at the end labeled "waypoint finder." I'd seen it in one of the records that Archazia had me track down in the archives. But my attention snagged on the phrases "vast network" and "incredible potential—must preserve at all costs." Of course Archazia would get mixed up in something with near-cosmic consequences. But who else was involved? When I had finished examining the mysterious writings, I noticed a second paper—this one folded in half—that peeked out from beneath the bronze compass. Archazia had written on this, too. When I read the phrase "something sinister," a shiver slithered up my spine and I immediately thought of the plot she had mentioned before she left—something about Ursula and sowing discord. At the time, I had tried to get more information out of her, but when a loud "Hyuk!" signaled a glimmer approaching, she had said, "Never you mind—it's one less thing you should be worried about," and changed the subject. I figured it was a theory that needed more evidence. Now, I imagine that threat may have been more than just a theory. What if a handful of Illumineers introduced a carefully chosen group of villains into the Great Illuminary? That could destabilize the fragile balance we've kept and allow an enterprising schemer like Ursula to consolidate power. And if a potentially dangerous story star was involved? I can think of at least six dozen ways that might end, and not one of them is "happily ever after."

We tried using a glimmer of John's compass once, but it was not helpful AT ALL for navigating the Inklands. Maybe Archazia was trying to turn this one into something useful?

Must be what was tucked into the front cover. I'm REALLY hoping this jumble of notes and sketches makes sense later.

Sounds like an annoying superpower. At least they're self-aware. I can respect that.

I have no idea what this is.

PLEASE don't let this be another battle with Ursula. I've still got PTSD from our last encounter.

What is this? A job title? A lame insult?

Probably the most annoying part of the Inklands is they shift from time to time. So unless someone made this map recently (recently for them, anyway) it'd be pretty useless.

Maybe this guy's a plagiarist. Which is extra sad in a realm of imagination.

From the first line of Archazia's message—she knows I can't do "calm"—it was clear that she expected me to get into her workstation without her, so now I don't feel nearly as guilty about breaking and entering. What I do feel guilty about is having waited an entire week to do so. For some reason, she trusted me to go after her if things went wrong. But why didn't she ask a wayfarer like Natalya to go? It's times like these I have a hard time trusting Archazia's strange logic. On the other hand, she's never let me down, so I really don't have a choice but to figure this out, and fast. If one of these mysterious conspirators has thrown her off a ledge and into a stampede of wildebeests because I waited too long, I will never forgive myself.

So I carefully opened the note to read the rest of my instructions, only to find that it wasn't a note—it was a map. A sketch of the Great Illuminary was in one corner, while a series of landmarks dotted the page and finally stopped at a strange device. I looked back to the previous paper with its notes about artifacts, a possibly related device, and the "hidden" story star. I'd had less to work with before while sleuthing something out in the archives, but up until now, the most that had been at stake for my research was ensuring that Barnaby didn't propose an exhibition on my chosen topic before I did—he has an uncanny way of guessing what I'm working on. And if I'm being honest, it wouldn't surprise me in the least if he was somehow involved with the conspiracy—especially if the conspiracy was tied to artifacts, as Archazia's note suggests. Archimedes grumbled from his perch across the room, and I froze—I didn't want to make him any grumpier, if that was even possible. I stood completely still until I heard him mumble something like "locomotive," and then I hurried out of the room. I closed the door silently, let out a long breath, and then stared at the papers that Archazia had left me. Figuring out where she had gone was the tricky part. Now comes the truly difficult part—preparing this lorebook for the expedition.

Here we go...

Like my Grandpa's decorative spoon collection. Just a couple of weirdos.

Day 1 – The Great Illuminary

Now that this might have something to do with an adventure, I really should follow standard record-keeping practices and provide the context for anything I might discover. And while I understand I only have so many pages for my account, I hope I can still describe everything as accurately as possible—especially for an archivist. So, after returning the Dinglehopper to a row of similar utensils in my room and racking my brain for what types of story stars I should request for inscribing into my lorebook, I scribbled a short list of story titles with a specific moment in each, and walked quickly down the hallway to find a magic broom I knew I could trust. At least I didn't have to worry about which story stars I'd have access to—as Archazia's apprentice, I can request just about anything from the vault. But if someone less trustworthy got their hands on a story star with destructive potential, they could easily bring forth something monstrous like a gigantic, winged creature the size of a mountain. Or a colossal beanstalk that could drain Lorcana of its magical ink. In the hallway, I passed a trio of Illumineers speaking in hushed tones, who grew suddenly quiet when they saw me—as if I needed another reason to feel paranoid—then dodged a cheery Mickey Mouse on someone else's errand. When I finally found a magic broom wearing purple cleaning gloves, I discretely slipped my list of story stars into the glimmer's hand and pretended I wasn't hurrying back to my room.

These guys are still puttering around, so someone from the olden times must've given them a pretty big task.

While I wait, I'm going to jot down what I remember about preparing lorebooks for adventures. Yes, Lorcana is teeming with glimmers of wondrous people, creatures, places, and things, and each of them originated from someone's lorebook. But it's been a long time since Archazia walked me through the steps of inscribing and inkcasting—steps she claimed were intuitive for most Illumineers. Fingers crossed I don't accidentally blow up my room's inscribing station:

INSCRIBING – Copying an image from a story star onto the page. Committing to a possibility.

1. Look into the story star's light
2. Find a single image from its story fragment
3. Prepare your magical ink; let it flow into the lorebook
4. Lower your inkcaster to copy the image onto the lorebook page

INKCASTING – Conveying an image from the page into Lorcana. Bringing a possibility to life.

1. Open to an inscribed image of something you want to summon into Lorcana
2. Concentrate on the image; feel its reality
3. Use an inkcaster (with a supply of magical ink) and flick it upward to call forth the image from the page

I should probably place this book on the lectern now, so it's all ready. But where's my inkcaster?

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This sounds a lot like hoarding.

Okay, this isn't as paranoid as I thought. These things do kind of look like large, overachieving magnifying glasses. And they do channel the bright light from story stars and focus it on a lorebook page. This person probably lit things on fire that way as a kid.

Inscribing and inkcasting are far more intense than I had imagined. So, while I'm waiting for my broom friend to start on my next list of story stars, I feel like I need to work through what just happened, so I don't make another hazardous mistake. As I was rummaging through one of my artifact sorting hubs—some call them "piles"—I heard a whirring sound from somewhere above me and dug faster until I finally found my inkcaster. It really is remarkable: a sleek bronze tool that's almost pen-like, with sweeping decorative lines, and only a little longer than a Dinglehopper. I'd never actually used it for inkcasting anything myself—there was always more than enough to study, with the wayfarers constantly bringing back artifacts and their tales. I hurried to the lectern in the center of my room and flipped open my lorebook to the next blank page. The whirring sound grew louder from the metallic contraption that extended from the ceiling, with its bronze rings, clear tubes, and hexagonal crystals. It rotated to redirect a stream of story star light from elsewhere in the Great Illuminary into my room, and I barely had time to cover my eyes before a brilliant beam of rainbow-hued light struck the page. I sincerely hoped this lorebook wasn't flammable. When my eyes finally adjusted to the brightness, I concentrated on the light that was still splashing against the page. Suddenly, the edges of my vision went all shimmery and I was overwhelmed with bright colors, deafening sounds, and pungent smells. I gripped the lectern to steady myself, and when the sensory storm settled, I saw in vivid detail a glistening silver-bladed dagger



The even signs of wear on the handle suggest that it was used for a variety of purposes. See also the Stolen Scimitar, which can only chop and intimidate. The dagger here has done so much more—an indication of a supremely creative owner.

All this from just looking at Peter Pan's dagger? Impressive. And just a TEENSY bit obsessive.

hanging in the air. The faded deck of a pirate ship swirled into being around the dagger, and I was hit with the aroma of briny ocean air and sour-smelling mop water. The dagger danced in the air above the deck, and with a sharp clanging noise, it fended off attacks from a long, thin rapier that had suddenly come into focus. I could make out the blurry forms of those wielding the blades, but it was the dagger itself I was interested in, so I fought to stay focused on it. The image skipped once, twice, then stuttered to a stop as the dagger shone. That's when the inkcaster in my hand started tingling—like I was holding a sparkling firework, only it didn't scorch my hand—sort of a bright tickling feeling. I glanced down and saw that my inkcaster had sprouted a large, rainbow-colored feather at the end closest to me, made of light and some kind of magic. As I slowly raised the tool above my head, I heard a low scraping sound as the stone column beside me rose to release a supply of ruby-colored magical ink. This was followed by a sloshing sound as the ink filled the channel that carried it along the floor to my lorebook, which began glowing a deep red from the ink that flowed into its spine and then spreading across its cover. When I brought my hand back down, the tingling quickly faded. So did the beam of light from the story star. When I looked at my open lorebook, there it was—a magical replica of Peter Pan's dagger in all its Neverland glory, trailing reddish wisps from the magical ink I had used to inscribe it onto the page.

I wouldn't have pegged them for a Ruby ink user (mostly because of their skittishness), but I guess they're also pretty confident in their knowledge.

It's nice to know I'm not the only freak of nature. It usually takes Illumineers a lot longer to learn how to inscribe. Must be why Archazia took them under her wing.

When a whirring sounded above me for a second time, I turned the page so quickly, I almost tore it from the book. Soon I was peering into a stream of light from a different story star and was once again assaulted by a hurricane of sights, sounds, and smells. I sorted them out more quickly this time, and as soon as I did, a blast of blinding bright green flame barreled toward me. I flinched, but an angular shield swirled into existence to split the fire and sent it into tangled thickets of briars nearby, which immediately hissed and popped. I was marveling at the sweet, smoky smell when I saw the fire light glint across a blurry figure's mighty sword and finally shook myself from my amazement. I held out my inkcaster again, and after straining to keep both objects in focus, I brought it down twice in rapid succession with a pair of red-tinted bursts before the light from the story star faded. I looked down at my lorebook and admired the images of a shield and a sword that I had inscribed there. I felt just a shade better about my task now that I had proper questing weapons—at least, according to the snippets of conversation between wayfarers that I'd eavesdropped on. And these weapons are ready for me to inkcast at a moment's notice. Actually using these weapons, however, may prove to be more of a challenge.

In any case, I finally felt like I had grasped the idea of inscribing objects. But I didn't need to inscribe artifacts like these—my room was overflowing with them. From what I'd pieced together from Natalya and her colleagues, the most daring quests almost always involved a steed of some kind. This worried me. I can handle things, of course.

Don't even joke about tearing out lorebook pages. It's quite possibly the worst thing that could happen, if there's a glimmer on it.

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But when it comes to things that can look back at me, it's an entirely different story. I was sure that any animal would scurry away if I approached—it was Archazia who was good with animals, not me.

So when the next beam of story star light arrived, I readied myself to inscribe something living from my list into the lorebook: Maximus. I exhaled as a scene unfurled before me that was so vivid it almost hurt. I smelled rain on the cool air, and between the piercing blue sky and the shockingly green grass, I saw an ornate saddle speeding across my shimmering vision. With considerable effort, the horse beneath the saddle finally swirled into focus. I quickly lowered my inkcaster and then stared at the image I'd just inscribed onto the page. Something about the way the horse leaned forward filled me with a sense of urgency—every moment that I delayed, it gave the conspirators another minute to make their move. If they had, say, lured Archazia into some kind of elaborate, human-sized mouse trap, and a metal bar was poised to snap her in two, I needed to embark on my quest now. I could feel the edges of my inkcaster digging into my palm, I was gripping it so tightly. I imagined there was a lot that could go wrong here—could I accidentally injure the horse in the process? Destroy my lorebook? Bring down the entire Illuminary?! At this point, I heard Archazia's oft-repeated chastisement: "To live fearfully is no life at all; living through discovery—now that is a life worth living." But what if "discovery" brought a charging horse into your room and got you flattened? If she was wrong, I suppose I wouldn't be coming to find her,

I might have had a flicker of doubt when I first inkcast after I'd arrived in Lorcana. This place felt right, but I had no idea what would happen when I used my inkcaster. I just decided a lot more quickly that the risk was worth it.



I didn't do this consciously—the shift in color from the original shield's blue to red here may be from the Ruby ink. The design on the shield is historically inaccurate; it looks much more like it was forged in Lorcana. How did I do this?



This design is exactly the way I saw it: a straightforward questing sword. Its pristine blade suggests the weapon was either ceremonial or had never been used before in battle.

and she'd only have herself to blame. But if she was right? I straightened my shoulders and looked at my inkcaster, only to see the rainbow-hued feather at its end fade and finally disappear. Scowling, I waved the inkcaster in circles. Nothing. I wiggled it between my fingers. Still nothing. I finally put it between my teeth and bit, but no luck. It was like the inkcaster was resisting me —maybe even getting back at me for leaving it buried under the glimmer of a gumbo pot; though to be fair, the gumbo pot had seen a fair amount of excitement. But still—I'm an archivist. What was my inkcaster expecting? I was about to throw the stubborn thing across the room when I remembered another one of Archazia's maxims: "Creation cannot be coerced; it must be cultivated." So, I breathed in deeply. And as I let the air out slowly, I imagined that, instead of holding an inkcaster in my hand, I was holding out a bright red apple— Maximus's favorite treat, if the stories were to be trusted. The inkcaster in my hand grew heavier and the shimmering, translucent feather reappeared. Then, instead of tingling in my hand like before, the inkcaster started humming. No, that's not right. It felt more like a tune—a sweeping one that hung just out of my memory's reach. The tune grew louder and rose to something like a crescendo. I pinched my eyes shut, but when I tried to bring the magical image off the page like Archazia had taught me, I felt like I was pushing against the current of a fast-moving stream. I gritted my teeth, and with all my imaginative might, I pushed and pushed until something gave way and I was finally able to flick it upward. Seeing the majestic horse I

I've never thought of inkcasters as having a personality, but I guess mine kind of does—I feel like I'm on good terms with him. And I just called my inkcaster a "him," so there's that.

That's sort of how I feel, too. It's like somebody's slowly turning the volume up on a song that's inside my head.

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had just inkcast leap through the air above me, I dropped to the floor and covered my head. A split second later, the horse landed, trailing jagged, ruby-colored streaks of light. I must have made some noise—perhaps a gurgle—because the horse turned sharply, then skidded several yards on the polished floor before his feet flew out from beneath him and he landed on his haunches with a loud THUD. My legs wobbled with exhaustion as I stood, but I had done it—like a real wayfarer. I had harnessed the light of a story star, wielded magical ink, and brought a glimmer into existence. With this steed beneath me, I could charge into danger to save Archazia. Things were finally looking up for me.

"Maximus!" I yelled sharply in celebration. The horse stared at me with wide, wild eyes. Then he spotted the exit, scrambled to his feet, and dashed out of my room. His empty silhouette on the lorebook page just stared back at me. So much for acting like a real wayfarer. But even though my steed had left me to join the thousands of glimmers that call the Great Illuminary their home, I couldn't help but grin. I'm beginning to understand what preparing for an adventure must feel like—not the crippling doubt, but the thrill of inkcasting a glimmer. And while I'm not anywhere close to becoming a wayfarer myself, I can finally start planning glimmers for a journey to find my mentor, my friend, and my partner in protecting the Great Illuminary's magical artifacts. Even if it means my untimely demise, I'm going after Archazia.

A special role, like "archivist"? This one sounds like someone who goes on adventures to recover story stars, which is pretty much what I do. Did these old timey Illumineers choose their role, or were they assigned? Did the title just come with the role, or did they have to earn it? And could you ever change roles, or were you stuck?

THEY are going to try and rescue Archazia?! I've got to see how badly this ends.



I remember noticing a golden sun on the breast collar of this glimmer's saddle, despite all the commotion. Thinking about it now, this could suggest a supremely confident royalty. But it could just as easily suggest overconfidence in another time and place. As always, context is critical.

Okay, so they have even more natural talent than I gave them credit for. "Unintentionally" making adjustments to a glimmer's appearance is super impressive.

It seems like this person is the one who needs reassuring. Hopefully someone can come to their rescue.

So now I know why I prefer studying objects to inkcasting. If Archazia wasn't in danger from falling out of some secluded tower in the woods, or whatever life-threatening peril she's in, I'd go right back to my artifacts. Here's what happened: I knew I still needed a way to travel into the Inklands. As I scribbled out the previous entry and added short notes to the four images, I kept coming back to the Shield of Virtue and how I'd unintentionally changed its appearance when inscribing it onto the page. If I could make similar changes to my steed, maybe it wouldn't run away. At the very least, I could try to fashion a safer saddle. And just in case I wasn't quite brave enough to gallop into danger by myself, I decided to leave the Great Illuminary with one more companion whose courage could make up the difference. After thinking this through, I handed off a short list of story stars to the same purple-gloved broom that had helped me earlier. I quickly returned to my room and made a hasty barrier from a few empty wooden crates. Of course, crashing unexpectedly into a pile of crates might lead to different problems, but at least it'd be easier for me to try and reassure this new glimmer that I wasn't a threat. A sudden swirling beam of rainbow-colored story star light startled me from my thoughts, and I frantically searched my pockets. Then, with my inkcaster back in hand, I softened my gaze. As another vivid scene bloomed before me, I was surprised that I didn't feel as overwhelmed—yes, it was just as awe-inspiring as the other scenes, but I found my mental footing more quickly this time. Within this wind-swept story moment, I strained until the white and blue figure I was following had stopped slicing through the warm Mediterranean air. When I finally managed to hold the winged image in my mind's eye, I raised my magical feathered inkcaster above my head, and tried imagining what a safer version of this creature would look like. I quickly brought my hand down to send the image onto the page, and as soon as the inkcasting humming-song rose inside my head, I took a deep breath and pushed through the resistance until I could flick my inkcaster upward. Then I raised my weakened arms to cover my head in case this steed came out kicking.

I heard a soft whinnying and lowered my arms just in time to see a sparkling white Pegasus glimmer flap his blue-tipped wings once to slow his graceful descent to the floor. He craned his neck to view his new saddle: a padded seat with plenty of pouches, straps, and loops for holding a variety of objects, all atop a rich burgundy covering with decorative tassels. I was hoping for something that would protect me at least as much as it would my artifacts, but this was beyond incredible. When Pegasus turned and caught my eye, I grinned and rubbed the back of my head nervously. I waited for this beautiful creature to bolt from my room, but he didn't—he trotted over to me and lowered his head. I stretched out my hand slowly and stopped short, worried I'd scare him off. Instead, Pegasus stepped forward so that my fingers rested on his warm, velvety forehead.

"Hello there," I said. "It's nice to finally meet you." He rubbed his head against my hand, then looked around the room. "It's more storage than room," I said. "But it's mine."

I feel the same way about my room. Which I guess is the same room, since I found the lorebook here? This is still weird for me.

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Pegasus tilted his head at my inkcaster and I told him that, yes, I was responsible for his new and improved saddle, that I needed his help finding someone, that he was the best travel companion I could think of, and would he mind coming with me? He nodded so quickly that his tall blue mane wobbled. Then he looked up at the whirring contraption above us, which was quickly gathering light. I said it was okay—I just needed to bring someone else along for encouragement. Pegasus took a step back just as a beam of light from the next story star splashed onto the page.

This time, after acclimating myself to another impossibly real story fragment—this one of a cunning boy darting between shadow-cloaked rocks—I eased up on my expectations, and as I was about to inscribe this new glimmer into my lorebook, I simply thought the word "adventure." I was still tired from inkcasting Pegasus, so I leaned against the lectern. I brought my inkcaster down quickly to inscribe this new image, then immediately strained against the invisible resistance to flick my inkcaster upward. I looked up through a sparkling, emerald-colored mist to see a reddish-haired boy standing before me: a bright red feather in his cap and dressed in several shades of green, wearing a gorgeous cape with gold trim and a dark burgundy underside that perfectly matched what Pegasus was wearing. Peter Pan's cape clasp was curious—it had symbols from the world of Lorcana, but it also preserved his affinity for the woods with a leaf-like framing element.

So the other ink the author uses is Emerald? I guess I can see that in the fluid, seemingly random connections they've been making between ideas. So if I was to describe the author's personality using their ink types (Ruby + Emerald), it'd be something like "boldly random, but brilliant."

This is some SERIOUS attention to detail.

120338_RBV_Lorcana_Lorebook_EN_KL5_final_v2_korr.indd 26-27

There's a page missing.
That's weird.

As he stared at his silhouette in the lorebook, I heard a staccato clopping sound and looked over to see a winged horse with a metal bucket stuck on his head. Peter laughed. He swooped over and pulled at the bucket. It didn't budge, so Peter planted two feet on Pegasus's chest and tugged once, twice, three times until the bucket came loose and toppled to the floor with a CLANG and a golden scepter bounced out. Pegasus stood erect, blue mane in a messy halo and a half-eaten apple in his mouth. Peter hovered in the air, laughing even harder now.

When the boy finally stopped, he looked me up and down. "I don't know where you two are going," he said, "but if it's anywhere outside of this room, it'll be a disaster." He grinned. "Count me in."

I began to explain the situation with Archazia to Peter, but he quickly flew over to the scepter that had fallen out of the bucket. "Are you listening?" I sighed.

"Sure I am," said Peter, as he used his foot to flick the scepter along the floor to Pegasus, who sat on his haunches and munched on his apple. "Someone's been captured, and we have to rescue them," he said absently. "Easy."

Pegasus brought a hoof down to stop the rolling scepter, then rolled it back to Peter. I tried giving Peter a list of the reasons why it would not be easy, but when Peter rolled the scepter back to Pegasus, I stopped.

"Be careful with that," I said. "It's a scepter of Arendelle." The two cocked their heads to the side at the same time. "Trust me—it's important."

Just then, the contraption above us whirred to life, and I welcomed the distraction. It was clear that even

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though this Peter Pan was distractable, he'd give us the encouragement we needed on our quest. But how would he respond to the dangers we were about to face? I needed to test Peter's mettle against a skilled foe—and someone who might also come in handy if things got entirely out of hand. And since Archazia's map showed lots of water, a seafaring someone could prove useful.

"Okay, Peter," I said. "You're going to want to see this."

With a leap, Peter was by my side, twirling the scepter. In my haste to turn the page before the next story star light arrived, I accidentally flipped an extra page or two and couldn't turn them back before the beam of light struck. I didn't like it, but I was going to have to be okay with imprecision. I took a deep breath, then peered into the next story fragment I'd requested. Now that I knew what I was looking for, the impossibly vivid scene quickly resolved to show an aggravated Captain Hook locking blades with his youthful nemesis. The high-pitched clashing of their weapons was deafening, but I fought to keep my focus on Hook, and just as the pirate made a violent thrust forward, I froze the image. His rapier and outfit changed subtly—far more subtly than I'd hoped, but for once in my life, I wasn't about to second guess myself. I lowered my inkcaster to inscribe the image onto the page, and when the humming-song sounded inside my head a moment later, I pushed through the resistance and flicked my wrist to bring Captain Hook off the page.

"Impudent child!" Captain Hook cried as he lunged at the surprised Peter by my side.

Peter raised the scepter in his hand just in time to deflect Hook's blade, which was still trailing ruby-colored wisps of magical ink. As the boy stumbled backward, Pegasus gulped down the rest of his apple and stood. Hook struck again, keeping Peter off balance. With a guttural yell, Hook put his entire weight behind his rapier and struck once more, this time with a frightening ferocity. The blow knocked Peter backward with a tremendous force, but Pegasus leapt forward, caught the boy with his mighty wing, and in one smooth motion, flung the boy back at Hook with the scepter raised like a club. Captain Hook blinked in astonishment, and an instant later, there was a loud POOF and a flash of jagged, sparkling red light where the pirate had once stood. Then, nothing.

I blinked. Technically speaking, I knew what happened when a glimmer was banished. But I stumbled forward to look at the book's page anyway and let out a loud sigh when I saw Hook's image on it. Then I slumped onto the floor. I'll be sure to pace myself better the next time I inkcast.

"Thanks, um..." Peter struggled as he looked at the winged horse.

"Pegasus," I whispered.

"Really? Well, thanks, Pegasus!" Peter twirled the scepter in his hand. "You know, we make a pretty good team." Then, looking at me, he said, "So, let's go adventuring already."

I shook my head. "This could be dangerous. Do you have any idea how many different ways there are to disappear in the Inklands?" Peter arched an eyebrow. I continued. "The Inklands are everything outside of this place, where we're

OOF. I sure hope he's not talking about Captain Hook...

Story of my life.

I usually don't pay that much attention to the things people are holding in story star images. But I also don't have mountains of things in my room. Probably trauma from Grandpa's claustrophobic shop.

The first time one of my glimmers was banished, it surprised me, too. Judging by his picture, this Hook was clearly shaken, but fine. Sure, his time in Lorcana was short. But his memories are still here, so he can at least say he's left his mark on the world of Lorcana.

More than they know. And I hope they never find out.



This isn't how I imagined my first banished glimmer page, especially not the look on my face. But I am intrigued by the two-toned feather on this Hook's hat. Does its unique coloring reflect my preoccupation with the conspiracy to overthrow the Great Illuminary?

This is the author?!
Looks just as terrified as I imagined.

going to find my friend. And if I'm going to avoid being a casualty of yet another adventure in Lorcana," I grabbed a nearby piece of paper and a pen. "I'm going to need more glimmers. Lots of glimmers."

I tried to ignore Peter tap-tap-tapping on the floor while I made my list of story stars, again when I added all my notes to the previous section, and once more as I hurriedly inscribed my full list of glimmers into this lorebook. After Peter asked for at least the hundredth time why it was taking me so long, I finally let out an exasperated sigh and said, "Because I'm not getting stuck in the Inklands without the glimmers I might need, okay? And if I don't put them into the right order, they won't make any sense." Honestly, people's lack of organization baffles me.

Peter just stared blankly with his hat's oversized feather dangling in front of his face. He sent up a puff of air to blow the feather away and then went back to tapping. I know my inkcaster only holds enough ink to bring a handful or two of these glimmers off the page while I'm outside the Great Illuminary, but having so many of them in my lorebook makes it feel like the Hall of Lore with its countless treasures, like my inscribing station strewn with loose artifacts, and, if I'm being honest, it also reminds me of my last bedroom back home—not that I'd ever want to return. It also makes me feel at least somewhat prepared for my quite-possibly-fatal journey.

I looked up and winced when I saw my Pegasus snoring with his head on a rather large red and yellow rocket

If he's this obsessive about just arranging the glimmers in his lorebook, it's going to be one bumpy ride for him out in the Inklands.

Sounds like he's still working through some stuff in his past. Welcome to the club.