

# TIME MACHINE 8

This book is a time machine.  
Travel back 2,400 years to ancient Greece.





**This book is  
your passport  
into time.**



**Can you survive  
in the  
Age of Atlantis?  
Turn the page to  
find out.**

# TIME MACHINE® 8

## **The Mystery of Atlantis**

**by Jim Gasperini**

**illustrated by Kenneth Smith**



**A Byron Preiss Book**

Copyright @ 2001, 1984 by Byron Preiss Visual Publications

“Time Machine” is a registered trademark of  
Byron Preiss Visual Publications, Inc. Registered in the  
U.S. Patent and Trademark office.

Cover painting by Richard Hescox.  
Cover design by Alex Jay.

An [ipicturebooks.com](http://www.ipicturebooks.com) ebook

[ipicturebooks.com](http://www.ipicturebooks.com)  
24 West 25th St., 11th fl.  
Y, NY 10010

The [ipicturebooks](http://www.ipicturebooks.com) World Wide Web Site Address is:  
<http://www.ipicturebooks.com>

Original ISBN: 0-553-25073-6  
eISBN: 1-59019-075-0

# ATTENTION TIME TRAVELER!

This book is your time machine. Do not read it through from beginning to end. In a moment you will receive a mission, a special task that will take you to another time period. As you face the dangers of history, the Time Machine often will give you options of where to go or what to do.

This book also contains a Data Bank to tell you about the age you are going to visit. You can use this Data Bank to travel more safely through time. Or you can take your chances without reading it. It is up to you to decide.

In the back of this book is a Data File. It contains hints to help you if you are not sure what choice to make. The following symbol appears next to any choices for which there is a hint in the Data File.



To complete your mission as quickly as possible, you may wish to use the Data Bank and the Data File together.

There is one correct end to this Time Machine mission. You must reach it or risk being stranded in time!

# **THE FOUR RULES OF TIME TRAVEL**

As you begin your mission, you must observe the following rules. Time Travelers who do not follow these rules risk being stranded in time.

1. You must not kill any person or animal.
2. You must not try to change history. Do not leave anything from the future in the past.
3. You must not take anybody when you jump in time. Avoid disappearing in a way that scares people or makes them suspicious.
4. You must follow instructions given to you by the Time Machine. You must choose from the options given to you by the Time Machine.

# YOUR MISSION

**Your mission is to find the lost land of Atlantis and discover what caused its strange disappearance.**

Around the year 400 B.C., the Greek philosopher Plato wrote about a mysterious ancient civilization called Atlantis. It was a large island, he said, with splendid palaces and cities. From their island kingdom the Atlanteans ruled many other islands and cities throughout the world.

Long before his time, according to Plato, a sudden disaster struck, and Atlantis sank into the sea.

Ever since Plato wrote the story down, people have wondered exactly where Atlantis was. Hundreds of books have been written about it. Explorers have gone looking for traces of the vanished land. Ships have sailed off in search of it—and some of them have never been seen again.

Some say Plato made the story up. Others think the story was completely true. Still others wonder if it's only partly true.

Your search begins in ancient Greece, where Plato may be able to tell you how to find lost Atlantis.



To activate the Time Machine, [click here](#)



**TIME TRAVEL  
ACTIVATED.  
Stand by for Equipment.**



**[Click Here](#)**

# EQUIPMENT

You will be dressed for your mission in clothes suitable to Greece in the time of Plato: a one-piece garment called a *chiton*, and sandals.



To begin your mission now, [click here](#).



To learn more about the time to which you will be traveling, [click here](#).

# DATA BANK

1) Plato, a citizen of Athens, was a student of the philosopher Socrates.

2) Though Athens was a democracy, only male citizens could vote. Women, people from other cities who lived in Athens, and slaves could not vote.

3) Most Athenian slaves were treated decently. The police of Athens were slaves, mostly from a place called Scythia. Slaves who worked in the mines, though, and slaves who manned the galley ships worked very hard and often died quickly.

4) Homer, the greatest poet of ancient Greece, probably lived sometime around 850 B.C. He may have lived on the island of Chios. One of his epic poems, the *Iliad*, is about a long war between the Greeks and the inhabitants of a great city named Troy.

5) The first people to live in the area of Greece were wandering hunters. Settled towns were not built there until about 6000 B.C.

6) The ancient Greeks used different names for many places we know today. For example, the cliffs of Gibraltar, where the Mediterranean Sea meets the Atlantic Ocean, were known as the Pillars of Hercules.

7) The ancient Greeks believed in many gods and goddesses. Poseidon was the god of the sea as well as the earthquake god. The city of Athens worshiped Athena, the goddess of wisdom, who was very similar to the Egyptian goddess Neith.

8) People believed they could communicate with the gods at

## Ancient Greece



shrines known as oracles. People could also be oracles. The most famous oracle was at Delphi, where it was believed that priests of the god Apollo could answer any question.

9) One of the best-known “experts” on Atlantis was Ignatius Donnelly. He wrote a book on Atlantis in 1882. Though interesting, many of his theories have been disproved by scientists and historians.

10) Donnelly believed that Atlantis was a land bridge between Europe and America. Scientists today also believe that the two continents were once connected, but it is now thought that they split apart millions of years before the first people walked the planet.

11) The Atlantic Ocean has been slowly growing wider for millions of years. The sea floor spreads from a fault down the middle, where volcanic forces have given birth to a ridge of underwater mountains.

**DATA BANK COMPLETED.**  
**CLICK HERE TO BEGIN**  
**YOUR MISSION.**



Don't forget, when you see this symbol,  
you can click it for a hint.



**Y**ou're standing on a bumpy field in the middle of a cloud of dust. You're in Greece, 400 B.C.

From all around you comes the sound of galloping horses. Somewhere nearby, people are shouting. Is there a battle going on?

The dust clears. "Get out of the arena, fool!" someone screams. Four horses thunder toward you, pulling a man in a chariot. More teams come pounding up behind the first. You're in the middle of a racetrack!

You run for your life. More horses pulling chariots rush past you from the other direction. You dodge them all somehow and run up to a crowd of screaming spectators.

"Faster, Hieron! For the glory of Crete!" yells a man with red hair.

He looks at you and laughs. "Were you practicing for the footraces out there? The way you were running, I'd say you have a good chance!"

He turns back to the race. "Hieron, watch out!" You turn to watch too. Two chariots racing in opposite directions run straight into each other. The drivers go flying and the horses fall in a jumble. A third team can't stop in time and lands on top of the pile.

"Hieron, Hieron," moans your neighbor. "Will there be no prize for Crete in these Olympic Games?"

"So these are the Olympic Games?" you ask.

The red-haired man stares at you and feels your head with his hand. "Did a horse kick you in the head out there? Of course these are the Olympics!"









The other drivers rein in their teams until the wreckage is cleared away, then shout their horses on. A trumpet blows.

“That trumpet signals the last half-lap,” says your friend. “Lichas of Sparta is winning.”

“No,” someone else says, “Polites of Athens is pulling ahead. Faster, Polites!”

The Spartan horses pass the finishing post first.

“Well done, Lichas!” shouts the red-haired spectator. “Hieron would have won, though, if not for that accident.”

Lichas leads his chariot to a raised stand where old men dressed in purple sit. One of the men ties a band of wool around Lichas’ forehead, and the crowd cheers.

“Is that the only prize he gets?” you ask.

“Only that, and the glory,” says the man from Crete. “What more does he need? The man who owns the horses will get a crown of olive branches. Also, he will be allowed to set up a statue of himself here in sacred Olympia. Enjoy the rest of the games.”

You wander through the crowds of spectators while the athletes prepare for another race. You’re looking for Plato, to ask him about Atlantis. Plato might have come here to watch the games, but how could you find him among all these people? A month from now he’d be more likely to be at home.

You leave the racetrack and find a deserted spot to jump in time. Should you look for Plato in Athens or in Sparta?



**Jump ahead 1 month to Sparta.**

**[Click here.](#)**



**Jump ahead 1 month to Athens.**

**[Click here.](#)**



I'm not a Scythian," you tell the policeman. "I'm a visitor here, from a lot farther away than that."

"Good, you do not lie," he smiles. "And you are not Cretan either, I think, because I have heard that all Cretans are liars. All right, let me guess again. Hmmm . . ." He studies you for a minute.

"Watch out!" someone yells. "Runaway horse!" You jump out of the way just in time as a frightened horse races past up the hill. Melons bounce out of the cart bumping along behind it and smash on the stone steps.

"Wait right here, you," the policeman says, and races after it.

You take off in the other direction, down the hill. That horse came along just in time!

At the bottom, you enter a maze of twisty, narrow streets crowded with donkey carts, farmers herding pigs, and girls carrying pitchers on their heads. You go looking for the market square. Althea told you that's where you might find Plato, and Plato can tell you about Atlantis.



**Click here.**



**Y**ou're in Sparta, Greece, 400 B.C. The sun has not yet come over the hills, but the Spartans are already awake. A group of them, all about twelve years old, stumble out of a long white building and begin doing exercises in the dim light of dawn.

"You!" calls a young man who seems to be in command. "Lazy one, you there doing nothing. Join rank, now." He hits you on the back of the knees with a stick. You join the line and march back and forth to his commands.

"Faster, you slugs!" he sneers. "I've never seen a worse bunch of weak-kneed cowards. Right! Left! March!"

After an hour of marching, an old woman brings out breakfast in a pot. She gives out bowls of sticky black mush, which everyone eats with their fingers. You try a taste, but it's awful.

"I've eaten this every day for five years," mutters the boy next to you, "ever since I left my mother. I still don't like it."

"It's not very good," you agree.

"So?" laughs another boy. "What do you want to eat? Honey cakes and goat milk? Do you want to grow up soft, like an Athenian?"

"Athenians aren't so soft," says the first Spartan. "They held off our armies for years."

"Traitor!" mutters the second.

"Face of a dog!"

The second boy hits the first one over the head with a bowl. The first one sticks his finger in the other's eye. They jump on each

other and roll around in the dust.

“Fight! Fight!” The others form a circle, laughing. You wonder if the leader is going to break up the fight, but he just looks on with a smile. Some of the others start fighting too. It looks as if they’re fighting just for the fun of it, though they really play rough. The first two boys already have blood streaming down their faces.

A Spartan kid stares at you. “You’re not from our pack,” he says. “What are you doing here?”

“I’m looking for a man named Plato,” you say.

“Plato . . . Isn’t he one of those windbag philosophers they think so much of in Athens? You won’t find any time wasters like him here in Sparta! What would your great thinker think of *this*?”

He aims a punch at your head, but you see it coming and dodge. You punch him in the stomach. His stomach is hard as a rock, but he’s winded for a moment.

You’re not here to play games with Spartans—especially since their favorite game seems to be fighting. You turn and run around the building out of sight. Before the Spartan can find you, you jump ahead a day in time.



**Jump ahead 1 day to Athens. [Click here.](#)**



**Y**ou're in Athens, late in the summer of the year 400 B.C. You stand on a hill covered with marble temples, looking down over the city. This must be the famous hill of the Acropolis. A huge metal statue of a woman towers over you. At least thirty feet tall, she wears a helmet and carries a long pointed spear.

You hear the sound of singing in the city below. A huge crowd of people moves up the hill toward you. In the center of the crowd is a wagon made to look like a ship, with a big, decorated sail.

"Make way!" people shout as the crowd reaches you. You're crushed up against the base of the statue by a group of soldiers. You can hardly breathe! You scramble up on the base of the statue to keep from being squashed.

You enjoy yourself looking down at the celebration for a while. But how are you going to get out of here so you can find Plato?

A chain of dancing people weaves through the crowd below you like a long, twisting snake. At its end is a girl with short dark hair. She sees you, smiles, and reaches out as she dances by.

You jump down and take her hand. Here's a way out! You're pulled along through the crowd at the end of the chain.

"Take someone's hand!" the girl shouts back at you. "Bring everyone into the Dance of the Labyrinth."

A man takes your free hand, and another man takes his. In a minute you can't see either end of the dancing chain as you snake along through the crowd.

Soon you find yourself at the edge of the crowd. You break loose



from the chain. The girl drops out, too, and sits with you on the steps of a beautiful building with red, gold, and blue columns. You watch a group of women remove the sail from the big wheeled ship and take it inside the temple.

"My name is Althea," the girl tells you.

"What's all the excitement about?" you ask.

Althea laughs. "Have you just stepped off a boat? Today we celebrate the union of all Athens by Theseus."

"Who was Theseus?" you ask.

She waves her finger as if scolding you. "Are you joking? Theseus? The hero who fought the Minotaur and rescued the Athenian captives from the Labyrinth?"

"I'm sure I don't know nearly as much about him as you do."

"I can't understand you," she says. "Can you really not know? Tell me, how many captives did the Athenians have to send to the island of King Minos long ago?"

"I don't know."

"Guess."

"Uh, seven?"

"Close! Seven boys and seven girls. Now, what was the name of the horrible monster, half man and half bull, that lived in the Labyrinth and used to eat the captives up when they got lost in all its maze of corridors?"

"Didn't you just say—the Minotaur?"

"Right! So why do we do the Dance of the Labyrinth today, twisting all about like that?"

"Because that's what the Labyrinth was like?"

"I thought so. You know all about Theseus. You just want to fool with me!"

"No! I mean, it's not *me* who's fooling with—"

Althea jumps up. "That's all right. I'm going to go watch them sacrifice the bulls. Want to come?"

"Uh, no, thanks," you tell her. That sounds a bit too bloody for you right at the moment. "I'm supposed to be looking for a man named Plato."

“Plato? I know him. Good luck finding him in all this crowd. You’d be better off looking for him tomorrow at the market square.” She waves as she walks off. “If you want to find me, I sell flowers there. See you tomorrow!”

The crowds press your way again. Althea is probably right about not finding Plato in all this confusion. You manage to escape from the celebrators and walk off behind one of the temples, where you can be alone to jump ahead in time.



**Jump ahead 1 day. [Click here.](#)**





I'm from Scythia," you tell the Athenian policeman.

"You are, are you?" he says with a crafty smile. "Well, so am I. Most of us Athenian policeman are slaves from Scythia. Tell me, what does a Scythian warrior tie to the bridle of his horse?"

"Uh—flowers?" you guess.

The Scythian's face darkens. He grabs you by the hair and sneers, "Flowers, hah! He ties the scalps of his enemies to his reins. Good thing for you I have no horse! You are no Scythian. You are a slave, and if your master doesn't claim you, you will be sold to a new one in the slave market! Come with me."



**Go with the policeman. [Click here.](#)**



**Y**ou wander through the winding streets of Athens. At last you come out into a wide space in the shape of a square, lined with little shops and market stalls.

“Buy my figs! Buy my figs!” a fat man shouts over and over. “Sausage for sale!” shouts another trader. Everyone seems to be talking and waving his arms at once.

Flower sellers sit in one corner of the square. You see your friend Althea there, weaving flowers into a circle of ivy. “Myrtle and lilies,” she shouts.

“Hello, Althea,” you say.

“Hail again to you.” She smiles. “Have you found Plato yet?”

“Not yet. How’s business?”

“Not good so far, but maybe you will bring me luck. Look there!” She nods toward a white-haired man approaching her booth. “That’s Criton,” she whispers. “One of my best customers. Rich as the king of Syracuse.”

“Hail, pretty seller of flowers,” Criton says, picking up one of her wreaths. “I will need twenty of your best for my dinner party tonight.”

“You honor me, Criton. For you I will make a special price: nine drachmas only will I ask.”

“What! Your flowers are very pretty, but I cannot pay more than four drachmas.”

“Seven drachmas is as low as I can go. Why do you think I sit here in the hot sun?”

Criton sighs. “All right, my dear. But I hear you are a good flute



player. My dinner is for philosophers—Socrates and his friends—but we will want a flute girl or two. You must come and play for us tonight.” He turns and calls to a boy nearby. “Sosias! Come here, slave. I need some money.”

Sosias comes running up. Neither he nor Criton carries any bags, and Greek clothes have no pockets. Where do they keep their money?

Sosias spits a few coins into his hand and wipes them on his robe. There’s your answer! They carry their money in their mouths.

Althea loads Sosias up with flowers, and he and Criton walk off.

“Did you hear that?” Althea asks. “I’m going to be a flute girl at Criton’s tonight. If you’d like to come along, meet me here at sunset.” She turns back to her flowers. “Myrtle and lilies for sale! Myrtle and hyacinth!”

You spend the rest of the day walking the hot, dusty streets, looking for Plato. He’s not at the market, and no matter how many times you ask directions to his house you keep getting lost. How can people get around in a city with no house numbers and no maps?

You find your way back to the market by sunset. Althea is the only one there; everyone else has gone home. She wears flowers in her hair and carries a double flute.

“Hail, my friend,” she says. “I’ve been invited to two parties. Which should we go to first? Criton will have good food, but it might be a little dull—a lot of old men sitting around talking. Cleinias is a lot more fun. He’ll probably even have some jugglers. I’ll leave it up to you.”



**Go with Althea to Criton’s dinner party.**

**[Click here.](#)**



**Go with Althea to Cleinias’ party.**

**[Click here.](#)**



**Y**ou're in the same spot on the hill above Athens, a day later. As you step out from behind the building a man carrying a thick stick blocks your path.

"Hail, my young friend," he says. "May I ask what you were doing behind the Temple of Artemis?"

"Nothing much," you say.

He grunts. "Are you an Athenian?"

"No, I'm not," you reply. "Why do you ask?"

"It is my business to ask. I'm a policeman looking for runaway slaves. What is your name, and what is your father's name?"

You tell him.

"Those names are strange to me. But I, Dromon, can tell where anyone is from just by looking at his face." He peers at you craftily. "I would guess you are from . . . Scythia. Tell me, am I right?"

Here's a problem. You can't tell him where you're really from. Maybe it would be best to pretend to be from Scythia.



**Tell him you're from someplace else.**

**[Click here.](#)**



**Tell the policeman you're Scythian.**

**[Click here.](#)**





I'd rather be a house slave, if I must," you say. The slave trader rubs his hands with pleasure and counts the money that buys you.

"Come with me, now," your new master tells you. You follow him through the market square as he orders fish for dinner and discusses politics with friends.

"You made a good choice," he tells you as you walk. "The life of a gentleman's slave is not so bad. If you behave I will not beat you."

A trumpet blows, and suddenly the market square is quiet. "Citizens of Athens!" a man with a very loud voice shouts. "An assembly is called." Throughout the square people drop what they are doing.

"What's going on?" your master asks a friend.

"Just a regular assembly. Had you forgotten? I believe we're to vote on what generals we should appoint to guard the harbor, a new tax, that sort of thing."

"Bother," your master grumbles. "They always seem to come when I'm busiest."

You follow the crowd down a side street to the entrance of a large, open field that is rapidly filling up with men—but no women. You see a group of slaves waiting outside for their masters. A clerk sits at the gate, checking off names.

"Hold it!" the clerk says. He points at you. "Who is this?"

Your master looks surprised. "Oh! I had forgotten my new slave." He takes your arm and points back the way you came. "Go to the street of the potters, turn left at the Temple of Theseus, and



ask people there for the house of Cleandros. Tell my wife that you're a new slave and that she's to put you to work. Run quickly, now, and don't dawdle. If you go anywhere else, I'll sell you to the salt mines!" He turns and goes in.

Well, he can't scare you with his threats. You're here to find out about Atlantis, and your first step is still to find Plato. Now if only you can find your way back to the market square . . .



**Click here.**





**Y**ou're waiting in a corner of the marketplace of Athens. Two men have come to inspect the merchandise: you!

Dromon the policeman questioned you for hours, but you can't prove who you are. He watches you constantly, so you've had no chance to escape in time. Now Dromon has turned you over to a seller of slaves. When are you going to get a chance to get back on the trail of Atlantis?

"Not bad looking," says a tall man. "I could use a new house slave. I'll pay one hundred twenty drachmas."

"Well, one hundred twenty drachmas is about the right price," says a man with a long nose. "But I was here first, Cleandros, and I'd like to buy several new galley slaves."

The slave trader rubs his hands together and smiles. "Gentlemen, I am so happy to please you! But if either of you will care to raise your bid . . ."

"The price is already high enough."

"Not one drachma more, I say."

The trader looks worried. "Oh dear, oh dear. What am I to do? You are both such good customers." He looks at you, and smiles. "I know. Why don't *you* decide? Which would you rather be?"





Be a galley slave. [Click here.](#)



Be a house slave. [Click here.](#)



**Y**ou're pouring wine for the guests at Criton's dinner party. A dozen men lie on couches set in a circle. Slaves set smoked eel and bread soaked in olive oil on small tables in front of them. Your friend Althea is playing her double flute in the background.

Plato, a friend of Socrates, is one of the guests! You wonder if you'll get a chance to talk to him here.

"This ideal city you have been describing, Socrates," Criton says, "where men may live with justice. Did it ever exist?"

Socrates, a short, bald man, rolls his eyes and smiles. "Perhaps it once did, on an island far away. Or perhaps it exists only in our dreams."

Here's your chance. "Perhaps it existed on Atlantis," you say.

All the men laugh with surprise, except Criton, whose look of astonishment changes quickly to anger. "Silence, you!" he says. "You have no business speaking here."

"Who knows?" Socrates laughs. "The youngster may be right. You're the expert, Plato. Tell us about your fabulous island."

Plato is an athletic-looking man, much younger than the others here. "What can I say that I haven't said before? Perhaps you have not heard of the strange bulls of Atlantis. The bulls lived wild in a huge temple of the sea god Poseidon. Can you imagine catching a wild bull with your bare hands? That's what the Atlanteans did once a year."

"Yes, yes, we've heard that too," Criton says. "But how can you be the only one to know about it? Why didn't the great poets, like

Homer, sing of this Atlantis?”

“The story is part of my family history, first told by my ancestor Solon.”

“The great Solon!” says Socrates. “Surely we must believe whatever it is said that he said.”

“I do not say we *must* believe it,” Plato continues. “It was already a story when Solon heard it. He was visiting Saïs, a city in Egypt. The priests at the temple of the goddess Neith told him how in a single day and night Atlantis sank into the earth, and all her people were destroyed.”

Criton is still frowning at you. He stands up and claps his hands. “It is time for us to be alone. Leave us, please, all slaves and entertainers. You, flute girl!” Althea stops playing and comes forward. Criton tosses her a little sack. “Thank you very much, but we have had enough music. You may go to the women’s rooms and play for them, if you wish, but begone!”

You want to ask Plato where and when, but Criton is getting up and coming your way, an angry scowl on his face. Althea winks at you and motions to follow her outside.



Go with Althea. **Click here.**





**Y**ou're sitting on the bottom deck of an Athenian galley, a kind of warship. It's hot and smelly, and you've never felt more exhausted.

"Stroke! Stroke! Stroke!" the oar master shouts over and over again. You push your oar down, swing, and pull back again for the ten-thousandth time.

*Skreeenk!* The oars make a sound you've come to hate as they scrape against the little hole that leads to the sea outside. It's dark in here. You can barely see the long row of backs of the other galley slaves as they push, swing, and pull their oars at the exact time you do.

You feel as if you're being turned into a machine. In fact, in this time before the invention of most machines, human beings *are* the machines.

"All right, you weaklings," the oar master growls. "You may rest." The rowers stop pulling and slump across their oars. The ship pitches back and forth. You're getting seasick.

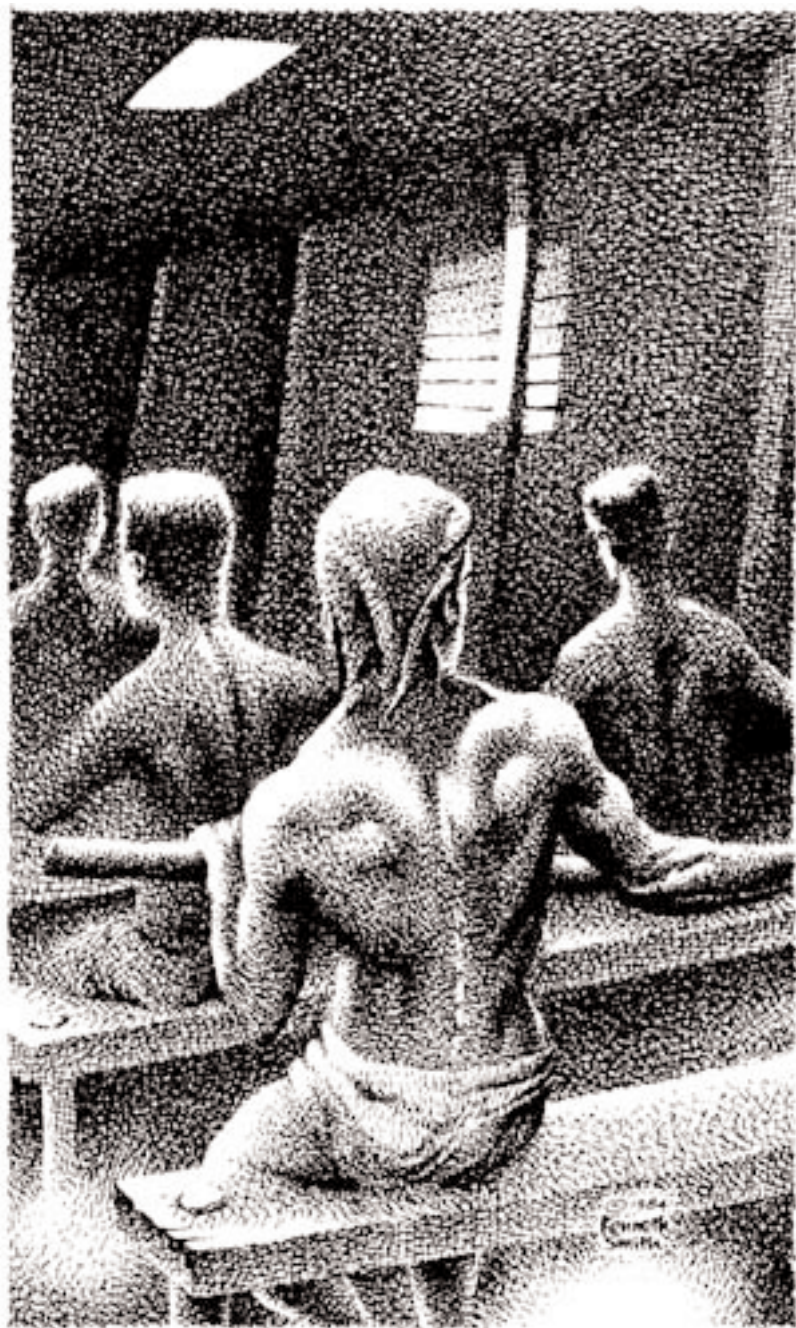
"Nothing can be any worse than this," mutters the rower in front of you. "I'd rather be eating black gruel in a Spartan mine."

You look around you to see if anyone's looking. No, they're all too tired to raise their heads. You'd rather be in Sparta, too!



**Jump back in time a few days to the city of Sparta. [Click here.](#)**









**A**lthea takes you through the dark streets of Athens to the house of her friend Cleinias. You can hear shouts and music from the street.

“Welcome, all!” says a man when you get inside. This must be Cleinias. Six men lie on couches, singing and drinking from giant cups. “Here is our flute girl, to help us praise the god of wine.” He staggers to his feet as the others cheer.

“Out into the street,” Cleinias shouts. “Let’s invite all the city to our party!” Everyone follows him out into the darkened street, singing.

“Do you know Aristophanes’ play *The Frogs*?” asks one of Cleinias’ friends.

“Of course! Althea, play while we sing.

Brekeke-kex, ko-ax, ko-ax,  
Ko-ax, ko-ax, ko-ax!  
Oh we are the musical Frogs!  
We live in the marshes and bogs!”

The group of them get down in the dusty, deserted street and hop about, laughing and croaking.

“Broak-ax! Broaaak-ax!”

Althea looks at you and rolls her eyes. You smile back at her. It doesn’t look as if this party is going to get you anywhere.

“Look at poor Hermes,” Cleinias says, lying on his back in the street. He points at a small statue of a god in front of his door. “He



doesn't know that beards are out of fashion. Poor Hermes needs a shave!" He picks up a rock.

"Shave him!" shout his friends.

Althea stops playing her flute. "Uh, Cleinias, maybe you shouldn't do that," she says. She pulls your sleeve and whispers, "Maybe it's time to get out of here."

Cleinias hits the statue's stone beard with the rock. The statue falls to the street with a crash.

"Stop right there." The loud voice of a stranger silences the party. The same policeman you met on the hill points his stick at the statue. "Put that back on its base," he commands. "You should be ashamed, you drunkards. I should arrest you all."

Then he sees you. "You again! Come with me. If you can't explain what you're doing here, I'll make sure you end up in the galleys this time."



**Go with the policeman. [Click here.](#)**



**L**ook at this!" Althea says when you're outside in the streets of Athens. She shows you the little sack Criton tossed her. It's full of rough coins with owls stamped on them. "Here," she says, giving you a couple of coins. "I'm going to save the rest for a trip to Delphi."

"Thanks," you say. "Why Delphi?"

She puts her hands on her hips. "Will you stop pretending to be so stupid? I'm going to Delphi to ask a question of the oracle, of course."

"What are you going to ask?"

She blushes. "They say you can ask any question. I want to ask about a certain . . . someone, whom I haven't met yet. What he will look like, that sort of thing."

You decide to tease her. "And who would that be?"

"Who knows? They say that an oracle told Ariadne, the daughter of King Minos, exactly what Theseus would look like before she ever heard of him. When he came to Crete she fell in love with him instantly and showed him how to kill the Minotaur and escape from the Labyrinth."

"Well," you say, "I hope you find *your* hero someday."

Maybe you should go to Delphi yourself, you think. You weren't able to get much information about Atlantis from Plato before Criton kicked you out.

"I'm going to another party, at Cleinias' house," Althea says. "Come along if you like."



Go to a party with Althea. **Click here.**



Say goodbye to Althea and jump to Delphi. **Click here.**



**I**t's 590 B.C You're in a dark room somewhere in Saïs, Egypt.

You can hear the shouts and cries of a busy market outside. There must be a door here. . . . You see a crack of light and move toward it.

Crash! You knock something over with your elbow. You jump away, but step up to your knee in a jar of something oily.

The door slides open. The face of an angry shopkeeper peers in.

"What are you doing here? Thief! Oh, no! My finest jugs of olive oil, all smashed!"

Better get out of here. "Sorry," you say. You push past him and start to run, but your foot is stuck in the jar.

"Give me that jar, thief! You'll pay for this!" He grabs hold of the jar. You fall flat in the dust, but your foot is still stuck!

Just as the shopkeeper grabs for your leg, you twist your foot and kick free. You jump to your feet and disappear down a crowded street.

Now you can look for Solon. It was through him that the story of Atlantis came down to Plato in the first place. He probably knows more than Plato ever did, so tracing the story through him would make sense.

You spend the morning asking Greek traders if they've seen an Athenian named Solon.

"Solon? Wasn't he just here a few months ago?" one trader says.

"Maybe," says his friend, "but the last time *I* saw him was four years ago, in Athens."

It doesn't look as if Solon is here now. Maybe, you think, you should jump back four years to Athens and look for him then.



**Jump back 4 years to Athens. [Click here.](#)**



**Stay here in Saïs. [Click here.](#)**



**Y**ou're in a rocky mountain valley. In the gorge between two giant bare rocks you see the brightly painted temples of Delphi.

You walk up to the biggest of the temples. An old man in a long robe meets you at the door.

"Welcome, pilgrim," he says. "I am the priest of Apollo. Have you a gift for the god?" He points at a pile of golden bowls, shields, and coins left by others. You look through your pockets. All you have is the few coins Althea gave you. You put them next to a gold statuette.

The priest frowns at you as he bends down to look at your gift, peering as if it's hard to see so small an offering. He raises one eyebrow and stares at you.

"Well," he finally says, "have you a question worthy of great Apollo?"

"I am looking for lost Atlantis," you say. "How should I go about finding it?"

"Humph," the priest grunts. "Come." He leads you inside. In the center of the temple sits a three-legged stool made of gold. Cracks in the rock beneath the stool lead deep into the ground, and strange vapors seep up from them. The priest puts a wreath of laurel leaves on your head and sits with you at the side of the room.

A woman comes in, chewing on some sort of leaf. She sits on the golden stool, rests her hands on her knees, and breathes in the volcanic vapors.

"What is she doing?" you ask.



“Shhh!” says the priest. “She is our Pythia. It is through her that the god speaks. Do not disturb her trance.”

The woman rocks back and forth, breathing deeply. She screws up her face and twitches her head in fast, jerky motions. Suddenly she opens her mouth and howls.

“Wind in my sail, wind in my tale!” she shrieks. The temple echoes with her howl. “Talos, metal giant, walks into the sea, throwing stones. Leaks his blood into the sea! Giant seas, giant winds. The wind blows in a man’s ear—a lifetime later it blows out. Poof! Poof! Where has it gone?” She pauses.

How could you ever figure *that* out? you wonder.

The Pythia continues in a lower voice. “How many men’s breath will turn a wind into a storm? How many songs make a storm into a sigh? To find the true wind, follow it back, back, from throat to throat, from sea to sea, to the first hot howling of memory.”

The woman stops rocking and opens her eyes. She looks around with surprise, gets up, and goes out. The old priest motions for you to follow him outside.

“What kind of an answer was that?” you ask. “It made no sense at all.”

“The sayings of the Pythia are often very hard to understand,” the priest says with disdain. “That is why we priests are trained to interpret them. Here is your answer.” He turns and looks out into the valley.

“You are looking for something only dimly remembered by the minds of men. A story is like a wind, blowing from teller to teller. You must expect that the story will change a little each time it blows through another man’s voice. The best way to find the truth is to find the earliest teller of the tale you can. If a poet like Homer wrote about this story, you should look for someone who knows the stories of Homer, then listen very carefully to what he says.”

“Thank you,” you say. “Is that all?”

The priest raises his eyebrow again. “All? I should say that great Apollo has been very generous!” He turns on his heels and goes back inside.



Well, time to jump in time. “Find the earliest teller of the tale. . . .” That might mean looking for Plato’s ancestor Solon, who learned of Atlantis in Egypt. Or, as the priest suggested, you could find someone who knows Homer’s stories. In fact, you could jump back in time to look for Homer himself.



**Jump back 190 years to look for Solon in Egypt. [Click here.](#)**



**Jump back 450 years to look for Homer. [Click here.](#)**



**Y**ou're in Athens, 594 B.C. You can see the hill of the Acropolis, but the great marble temples you saw here on your first visit have not yet been built.

In the distance you hear the sound of a crowd coming your way. You step to the side as an angry group of men push past, carrying clubs and spears.

"Down with the aristocrats!" some of them shout. "Free citizens should not be treated like slaves!"

A man with a deep scar across his forehead stops in front of you. "And who might this be?" he sneers. "A rich man's child on the way to the gymnasium?" He grabs your arm and twists it behind your back. It hurts! "You come with us. If the rich decide to fight us, we'll have need of hostages."

"Let me go," you tell him. "I'm just a stranger here!"

"Hah!" he grunts, and pushes you on before him.

A tall man steps up on a wall ahead of you. "My friends!" he calls. "Listen to me."

"Who's that?" the man holding you asks.

"It's Solon," someone else replies. "He's a fair man. Let's listen to him." The crowd quiets down.

"Fellow citizens, I know your sorrows. For too long now the rich have prospered while the poor have been forced into slavery in order to live."

"That's right!" shouts the man with the scar. Your arm is starting to ache.

"Civil war, though, is not the answer. As you know, I have just

been elected to lead you. We will have new laws, which will protect the rights of all citizens.”

“And none too soon!” The man loosens his grip on your arm.

“The first act of the new laws,” Solon continues, “will be to abolish all debt that would make a free citizen into a slave.”

The crowd goes wild with cheering. The man with the scar lets go of your arm, and you slip away.

“Make Solon king!” the crowd chants. “Solon for tyrant!”

Solon smiles and shakes his head.

“No, my friends. I will not be tyrant. Swear allegiance only to yourselves and your laws. The only king worthy to be crowned is ‘King Demos’—King Everybody. That king—you!—will speak again tomorrow at the next assembly.”

Solon turns and walks away, and the crowd breaks up, still cheering. You run after him.

“Hail, Solon,” you say. “Excuse me. What sort of kings did they have in Atlantis?”

“I’m not sure what you mean, my young friend,” Solon says. “Atlantis. Is that a city?”

“Uh, yes,” you say. “Someone told me that when you went to Egypt . . .”

“I? I’m sorry, you have confused me with someone else. I have never been to Egypt. Perhaps someday I will go, but . . .”

You excuse yourself and walk away. Well, of course. He hasn’t been to Egypt yet, so how would he know of Atlantis?

Perhaps you’d be better off trying to find Homer and asking him about Atlantis. Or you could try Egypt again. Perhaps there is someone there who could help you.



**Jump back to 844 B.C. to look for Homer.**

**[Click here.](#)**



**Jump ahead 4 years to Saïs, Egypt.**

**[Click here.](#)**







It's 9400 B.C. You're standing on the rocky hill of the Acropolis, but where is Athens? All you can see for miles around is forest, here and there broken by the rocky top of a hill, and far in the distance the sea.

The city of Athens hasn't been built yet, it seems. So if there is an Atlantis at this time, they have nothing to fear from the Athenians! Perhaps you should jump "far to the west," out to the Atlantic Ocean, to see if Atlantis is there anyway.

Smoke is rising from somewhere on the other side of the hill. Maybe there is an Athens after all. You head in that direction.

You hear what sounds like someone scrambling over the rocks not far away.

"Hello?" you call. "Are you an Athenian?" There's no answer.

Suddenly you're rammed from behind. You go tumbling down the hill.

"Baaaa!" It's a mountain goat! The goat lowers its horns and charges you. You jump to your feet and run the rest of the way down the hill, into a clearing in the forest.

A group of people sit roasting an animal over a fire. Two men jump up when they see you and wave spears in your direction. They're coming after you!

You take off back the way you came. A wooden spear sticks in a tree just next to you. These people have a lot to learn about Greek hospitality!







**Jump in time to the area of the Atlantic Ocean. [Click here.](#)**



**Y**ou are in Saïs, Egypt. The oracle at Delphi said to trace the story back from teller to teller . . . but if you can't find Solon, why not look for the person who told the story to him? You came to Saïs, after all, because this is where Solon heard about Atlantis from the priests of the goddess Neith.

You ask around and are directed to the Temple of Neith. It's a huge stone building covered with Egyptian picture writing, or hieroglyphs. You walk in and stop to examine a statue. It seems to have a woman's body, but the head is that of a bird.

You jump when something bumps you from behind.

"Oh!" says a bald man wearing only a half-tunic and carrying a long scroll. "You startled me."

The more you look at him, the stranger he looks. Not only is his head shaved, but so are his arms, chest, and legs. Even his eyebrows and eyelashes have been shaved off!

"Well, what do you want?" he says. "I'm the soothsayer here. Do you need a dream interpreted? Do you want to prevent blindness with a charm, cure a disease, harm an enemy? What?"

"I'd like to find out what you know about a place called Atlantis. It was an island, I think, very powerful, and they had a ritual about bulls, and—"

"I knew it! As if I had nothing better to do." He throws down his scroll. "Well, all right. Come with me."

You follow the soothsayer as he inspects hieroglyphs on the walls of the temple.

"Bulls, you say? An island . . . That sounds like the people the



© 1900  
P. M. Smith

old Egyptians used to trade with, out in the Great Green Sea. We called them the Keftiu. Ah, here we are: the records of King Thutmose the Third.”

“What does it say?”

“The usual. Praise for the pharaoh and so forth.” He reads from the lines of stone birds, keys, beetles, and triangles. “ ‘I am King Thutmose, king of kings. No king is as great a king as King Thutmose. Other kings bring gifts to me. They bow down to me, and I step on them. Like a great bull stepping on a frog, I crush them in the mud.’ ”

“He sounds like a nice guy.”

“They’re all like that. Hmmm. That’s strange. Around the time of Ramses the Second, the Keftiu seem to disappear. I wonder what happened to them?”

A bell sounds somewhere in the temple. The soothsayer turns and starts to go.

“Where did these Keftiu live?” you ask.

“I already told you. In the Great Green Sea. Far off to the west. Now, I really have spent much more time with you than you possibly deserve. I must go.” He disappears into the temple.

You stand examining the hieroglyphs, but the stone pictures mean nothing to you. You wander out into the street.

Now what? you wonder. You’ve traced the story back about as far as you can. If the Great Green Sea is likely to be the Atlantic Ocean, you could jump back to different periods of time and see if there was ever a giant island there.

On the other hand, Plato would have an idea of how far back to go. This time you could look for him later in his life, when he might be easier to find.

A hairy hand grabs your arm. “Oh ho, look who’s here,” a deep voice bellows in your ear. It’s the shopkeeper whose storeroom you arrived in! “My friend whose foot needs my best oil. My favorite young thief!”

You twist out of his grip and run back up the stone steps to the temple. You hear footsteps pounding after you and the grunting

breath of the shopkeeper. “Stop, thief!” he yells.

You dash around a column. You have a few moments to jump safely in time. Hurry!



**Jump back in time to the Atlantic Ocean.**

**[Click here.](#)**



**Jump ahead in time to Athens, 385 B.C.**

**[Click here.](#)**



**Y**ou're standing at the bottom of the Acropolis of Athens once again. It's 1470 B.C. The city is much smaller this far back in time. In fact the entire city fits up on the hill of the Acropolis, guarded by high walls.

You go up to the gate. A guard blocks your path, pointing a sharp spear at your chest.

"Halt!" he says. "No one without a shaved head may enter Athens today." Under his helmet, you can see, his hair has been completely cut.

"Why not?" you ask.

"Our king has ordered that the whole city should mourn. Today we send fourteen young Athenians to be sacrificed in the bull games of King Minos. Theseus himself has volunteered to die in Minos' temple."

Theseus! This sounds like the story the Athenian girl Althea told you, more than 1,000 years after this time. Except instead of "bull games" she spoke of the monstrous Minotaur, half man and half bull.

You're here to ask the Athenians about Atlantis, though. You don't want to shave your head, so you walk around the hill, looking for another way in. You try climbing the rocky walls of the city, but they're too steep. Soon you're back at the gate again.

"Have you ever heard of a place called Atlantis?" you ask the guard.

He stares at you for a moment. "Is this a time for geography lessons? Pah!" He sets his jaw in a sad scowl. "I have been all over the

world,” he says after a minute, “from the Hellespont to the Pillars of Hercules. Never have I heard of a place named Atlantis. Now leave me in peace, for I mourn my son.”

No one ever seems to have heard of Atlantis! You decide to look for any city that seems even remotely similar to Atlantis. Troy, you know, was destroyed, as Atlantis was supposed to have been. You could jump in time there.

You hear the distant beating of drums. The city gate opens. A long train of sad-looking people, all with heads shaved, moves slowly down along the road toward the sea. In the middle walk seven girls and seven boys, followed by a group of older women moaning and wailing.

Leading the victims is a powerfully built young man with curly dark hair. People bow down to him as he passes. That must be Theseus, the son of the king, you think. He must be very brave to volunteer to be sacrificed. You wonder if it would get you anywhere to volunteer to go with him.

You follow the sad procession to the Athenian harbor. A ship with a huge black sail sits waiting to take the victims to the land of King Minos.



**Jump ahead about 300 years to Troy.**

**Click here.**



**Volunteer to go with Theseus. Click here.**



**Y**ou're on a beach on the Greek island of Chios. It's 844 B.C. Down the beach you can see fishermen pulling their boats up on the sand. You walk over and ask them where you might find Homer.

"Homer? You will find him right here, in Chios. Tonight will be a great festival, and he will sing."

One of the fishermen's wives has come down to greet her husband. She looks you up and down. "Will you join our feast tonight?" she asks.

"Yes, thank you, if I'm invited."

"You are welcome. But you must work for your supper! Follow me."

She puts a heavy, dripping basket on your head. You stagger after her, struggling to balance the basket. You're not sure what's inside it, but from the smell of the water dripping down your face you guess it's some kind of fish.

The woman puts her knees down on a rock at the top of a hill. As you try to do the same, the slippery thing flips over. A basketful of octopuses dumps out all over you.

The fisherman's wife laughs so hard she cries.

You pick the dangling tentacles of a slippery, eight-inch octopus out of your hair and try to smile. "Sorry," you say, dropping it back into the basket.

"No harm done," she manages to say. "We have to soften them for cooking anyway. Like this." She picks up an octopus and throws it hard against a rock.



You look at the slippery pile of octopuses, milky white with streaks of red and blue. Some of their tentacles are still feebly curling, the little suckers puckering in and out. You close your eyes and pick one up. Its flesh feels rubbery and slick. You quickly drop it on the ground.

“Come on,” the woman says. “Throw it harder!”

You pick it up again and throw it. At first you pretend you’re throwing a wet baseball against the rock, but after a while you get used to the way it feels. You throw the rubbery things over and over until their flesh is soft enough for cooking.

The great feast is held outdoors around a hillside. After dinner an old bearded man sitting near you stands up and touches your shoulder.

“Will you lead me to the center of the arena, please?” The old man is blind. As you lead him to the center of the open-air theater, the crowd grows silent.

The old man thanks you and stands still until the last whisper of conversation dies away. Suddenly he thrusts his lyre at the sky and begins to chant.

“Sing in me, Muse, and through me tell the story of that man skilled in all ways of contending the wanderer, harried for years on end, after he plundered the stronghold on the proud height of Troy.”

You sit down and listen as he chants the story of the hero Odysseus, stroking a stringed instrument to emphasize the rhythm of his poetry. The people of Chios sit silently, almost hypnotized by what is both their history and their chief form of entertainment.

“For Troy must perish, as ordained, that day she harbored the great horse of timber; hidden the flower of Akhaia lay, and bore slaughter and death upon the men of Troy.”

The poet recites for what seems like hours. How can he remember so much? He’s not saying anything about Atlantis, though. You wonder if you should give up on finding anything useful here and go look for Plato’s ancestor Solon in Egypt.

Finally the old man breaks off, but his story’s not nearly finished. The people getting up to go home talk of coming back for the



next few nights to hear the rest of it.

You guide old Homer back toward the town. He's exhausted, but you decide to ask him about Atlantis anyway.

"I know of no place called Atlantis," he says, "but you say the city was destroyed? Troy was destroyed. Not in a single day, but after nine long years of blood and grief. Yet in a sense the disaster did happen overnight, when the foolish Trojans let themselves be tricked into letting the giant wooden horse through their gates.

"Perhaps this Atlantis is a name other peoples gave to Troy. I do not know. I am so tired. . . . Here, this is where I live. I can tell by the sound of the bells above my door. Thank you, and good night."



**Jump back to Troy in 1183 B.C.**

**[Click here.](#)**



**Jump ahead to Saïs, Egypt, in 590 B.C.**

**[Click here.](#)**



**T**he fourteen young Athenians say farewell to their parents and prepare to board the black-sailed ship. You step forward.

“I volunteer,” you shout. “I will go instead of one of the others.”

The crowd of Athenians looks at you with disbelief. An old soldier takes your hand.

“Do you know what you are saying, my brave young friend?” he asks. “You go to almost certain death. You may be gored by a bull!”

“I know. I’ll go anyway.”

The soldier shrugs and turns to the crowd. “In the drawing of the lots, whose name was last to be called?”

A woman rushes up to one of the victims. “You are saved, my child!” She thanks you over and over again.

You board the ship with Theseus and the other victims.



**Click here.**



**Y**ou're outside the walls of Troy. It's 1183 B.C. A giant wooden horse stands towering above a group of people on the beach between the town and the sea. It must be the famous Trojan horse!

"The long war with the Greeks is over," the Trojans shout. "The enemy has gone home! Bring their gift into the city."

As some people shout, "No, no!" others tear down part of the wall and tie ropes around the statue's neck.

"Help us pull," someone calls to you. As you grab one of the long ropes, the wheeled platform goes over a stone. The giant horse totters. It's about to fall over on the crowd!

"Pull! You there, on the side!" You pull as hard as you can. Others grab hold of your rope, and you manage to keep the statue steady. You wheel it into a public square.

The Trojans dance through the streets of their city, laughing and drinking wine. Women weave strands of flowers to decorate the horse. You wander through the city, looking for a hint that this might really be Atlantis. You might look for a Temple of Poseidon with bulls in it, like the one Plato told you about.

"Drink, my young friend," a beaming soldier tells you. He thrusts a huge bowl of wine at you and drinks from a pitcher himself.

You take the bowl and smile. "Tell me," you ask, "have you ever heard of a place called Atlantis?"

The soldier laughs. "Atlantis? Is that where giant Atlas stands, to hold up the entire world? Tonight I could take his place. Look how strong I am!"





Before you can jump away, he grabs you and holds you high above his head.

“Look, Dymas!” he calls to a laughing friend. “Atlas, holding up the world. Ho ho!” He walks over to a fountain, still carrying you. “Now look. Atlas drops the world into the sea!” You drop into the fountain with a splash. The soldiers walk off, laughing.

An older man helps you out of the fountain and gives you a rag to dry off. You thank him.

“These soldiers like their fun a little too much,” he says. “What if the Greeks come back? Who will protect us if the young men are all drunk?”

That thought is saddening. According to Homer, the Greeks do destroy Troy, but you can’t warn anybody. You can still ask about Atlantis, though.

“By the way,” you say, “where is the temple where they keep the bulls?”

“Bulls in a temple?” The old man looks at you strangely. “What an idea! A temple is a holy place. Bulls belong in the fields. Where do you come from, anyway? Are you a Greek spy?”

“Oh, no,” you say quickly. “Thank you very much for your help.”

Before you can walk away, he grabs your arm. “Just who are you?” he demands. “What is your father’s name?”

You break free and run off. Over your shoulder, you see him stop the drunken soldiers, but you turn a corner before they can follow you.

Well, so far Troy doesn’t seem very much like Atlantis. Is this even an island? Will it sink into the sea? Perhaps you should jump to the twentieth century A.D. to see. On the other hand, you could hide around here and wait to see if the city gets destroyed.



**Jump to the twentieth century.**

**Click here.**



**Hide in Troy. Click here.**





**W**ell, this looks like the Atlantic Ocean, all right. But there's no Atlantis here—just a lot of rather cold water! You tread water for a few minutes. Maybe you should try jumping back and forth in time.

You try 7000 B.C.

5000 B.C.

1000 B.C.

Still no island. Sometimes the water's warmer, sometimes a storm is coming on, but it's always . . . wet.

14,000 B.C.

20,000 B.C.

A.D. 300.

750 B.C.

A.D. 1970.

"Hey!" a voice shouts. A ship towing a strange-looking submarine floats by a few dozen yards away from you. "Look there. Someone's floating in the water! Man overboard!"

Sailors lower a lifeboat and row quickly out to "rescue" you. As they bring you aboard the ship, they ask all sorts of questions about where you've come from.

"I can't tell you," you say. "But where are *you* from? What are you doing here?"

"Welcome aboard the *Alvin*," the captain says. "This is an American research vessel. We're exploring the mid-Atlantic ridge, a range of underwater mountains directly beneath us here."

"Was the Atlantic once dry land?" you ask. "Could those moun-

tains be the remains of a sunken island?”

“You mean like Atlantis?” He smiles. “No. The underwater mountains are volcanic, formed as part of the spreading of the sea floor. As far as we can tell, there was never a large island that sank in the Atlantic, not since the continents split apart millions of years ago.

“But now I must insist that you tell us who you are and what vessel you were on when you fell overboard.”

“I’m terribly tired,” you tell him. “Let me sleep first, please.”

They find an empty cabin for you to take a nap. As soon as the door is closed, you jump in time back to ancient Greece.



**Click here.**



**Y**ou're in a fenced-in area just outside Athens. It's 385 B.C. All around you are old olive trees with bent, twisted trunks. The branches are heavy with big green olives. You start to pick a few to see how they taste.

"What are you doing there?" a voice screams at you. An old woman dressed in black runs up to the fence and shakes her cane at you. "You! Do you know whose trees these are? Get out of there, now! You should be ashamed."

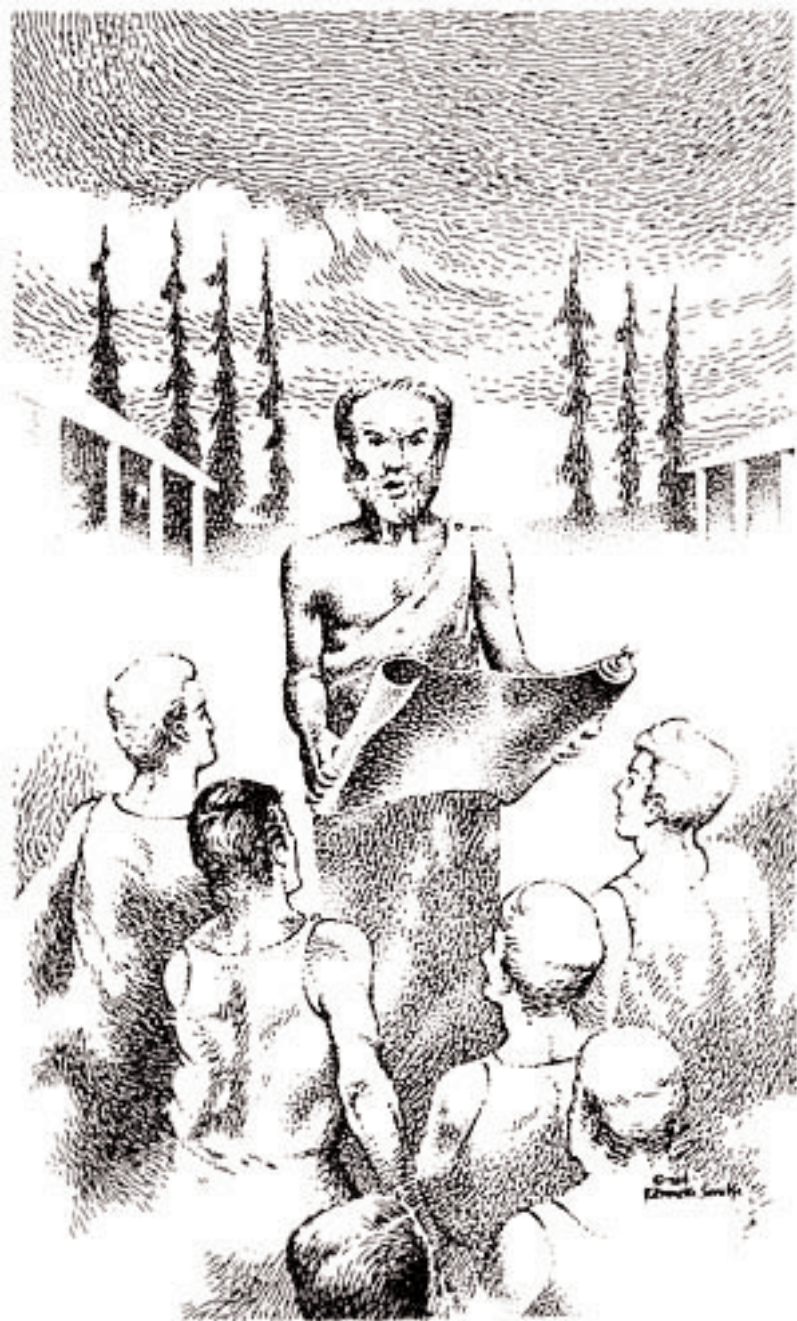
She chases after you with her cane. "Impure! Monster!" You run off down a dusty road lined with olive trees. When you've finally left her behind, you stop and ask directions from a man going the other way.

"Looking for Plato? You're on the right road," he tells you. "Just a few more paces on you'll come to the walls of the Academy. Go on in when you find the gate. He's usually there teaching."

You find the Academy soon enough and enter a very pretty garden lined with fruit trees. Plato stands in the garden. He's a bit balder than when you saw him last, fifteen years ago. A dozen young students sprawl around him in the grass. You sit with them and wait for a chance to ask a question about Atlantis. Plato doesn't lecture much but asks question after question instead, until his students are so twisted up in the contradictions of their own thinking that they laugh with confusion.

After an hour of discussion, Plato sends his students off to exercise at the gymnasium. He motions you to stay.

"I noticed a new face in our discussion today," he says. "Does the



new face have a voice?”

You introduce yourself.

“You are welcome to join our talks,” he says, “but you must not always stay on the edge and say nothing. What would you like us to talk about next time?”

“I have heard you speak of Atlantis,” you say, “but I would like to know where it was, and when, and what happened to it.”

Plato looks sharply at you, as if remembering something. For a moment you think he might recognize you from so many years ago. Then he seems to decide, “No, it couldn’t be.” He shakes his head a little.

“Many people seem to want to find Atlantis. It would be better if they tried to find the good in their own lives!” He smiles. “As far as I can tell, though, Atlantis was destroyed about nine thousand years ago. The Athenians of that day rose up in revolt and destroyed the Atlanteans’ ships. Afterward there were violent earthquakes and floods, and the island of Atlantis disappeared in the depths of the sea.”

“What sea was that?”

“According to the Egyptian priests who spoke to my ancestor Solon, Atlantis was far off to the west. I would guess, then, that it must have been out beyond the Pillars of Hercules.”

He gets up. “Now I must be going to the gymnasium. A strong mind wastes away in a weak body.”

You stay behind as he leaves the garden. Now, that was easy enough! You decide to jump back in time and ask the ancient Athenians about Atlantis.

But should you jump back 9,000 years? It seems like a very long time. Maybe it would be better to jump back only about 1,000 years.



**Jump back about 9,000 years. [Click here.](#)**



**Jump back about 1,000 years. [Click here.](#)**



**Y**ou're at the site of Troy, almost 3,100 years after its destruction. It's A.D. 1917.

You can barely recognize the area. The sea is far away now, across a flat plain. The hill Troy is built on still has roughly the same shape, but all that's left are the stones of ruined walls.

Three soldiers sit eating on a dusty wall not far away. The sun is setting out over the plain.

"Pssst!" A woman glides up to you. She's wrapped in a black robe, with only her eyes showing over a veil. She points at the soldiers, as if to warn you about something, and motions you to follow her.

When you're out of sight of the soldiers, she turns.

"What are you doing out here?" she asks. "Soon the sun will set, and anyone outside may be shot. Don't you know there's a war going on?"

"Uh, sorry, I'm a bit confused. Who is fighting?"

"My poor child, what has happened to you? Our brave Turkish soldiers are fighting for our sultan, with the Germans, against the English and the French."

"Thank you very much," you say, "and goodbye." You leave her muttering and shaking her head.

So you're in Turkey . . . part of the great continent of Asia. Asia is not about to sink into the sea, as Atlantis was supposed to have done. It looks less and less as though Troy and Atlantis are the same place.

You've gotten off on the wrong track. Perhaps you should go

back to ancient Greece and look for some advice.



**Jump back in time to ancient Greece.**

**[Click here.](#)**





**Y**ou're sitting on one of the high walls surrounding Troy, hiding in a shadow. It's the middle of the night. Not far away sits the giant horse the Greeks gave the Trojans. Every once in a while a guard strolls past your hiding place, but otherwise the city is asleep.

You're dozing off yourself when a noise brings you awake. As you watch, the belly of the horse opens. It's a secret door! Greek soldiers in full armor creep silently out into the streets of Troy. They disappear in different directions, and all is silence once again.

Where have they gone? You wait, listening for any sound, but you hear nothing.

You're about to stand up and look around when you hear a muffled cry behind you. You peer over the wall you've been sitting against. Two Greek soldiers are throwing the body of a Trojan guard off the outside wall.

"Any more Trojans up here?" one of the soldiers whispers. "There—what's that?" You pull yourself back farther into the shadows.

"Nothing. That's the last of them. Now to open the gates. The fleet will soon arrive, and Troy will be ours at last."

In a few minutes thousands of Greek soldiers come marching up the beach.

A man runs screaming through the streets of Troy. "Wake up!" he cries. "Treachery. Our enemies have returned. To arms!"

Sleepy faces appear in windows, on the tops of walls. The looks of astonishment quickly change to rage and fear as the Trojans real-

ize how the Greeks have tricked them. They rush to defend their city, but all is confusion. Houses go up in flames. Women and children run screaming through the streets.

You hear metal scrape against stone. Greek soldiers, swords dripping with blood, are coming your way!

“You, there! Halt! Don’t move!” one of them cries.

You race down a set of stone steps. Arrows flash through the dim light of dawn. A soldier chases after you, his chain armor rattling. You have to find a place to jump in time where you can’t be seen—but the streets are full of screaming people!

Soldiers climbing a wooden ladder come crashing down when the defenders push the ladder over. You trip over a falling soldier and go flying into the dust. All around you is terror, confusion, and death.

You pick yourself up and dash through an open door. You’re in a stable full of horses neighing with fright. You dodge as a horse kicks out, struggling to break free. Then you leap into a pile of hay and jump in time.



**Jump to the twentieth century. [Click here.](#)**







**T**he ship sails swiftly through the green waters of the Mediterranean Sea.

“You are brave beyond your years,” the king’s son, Theseus, says to you. “You are not even an Athenian. Why did you volunteer for this voyage to doom?”

“I’m curious,” you say, “about the land of this King Minos. Is it an island we’re going to? Is it far to the west of Athens?”

“Curious!” Theseus laughs. “Curious you must be, but also very brave. I will always make a place for you in any ship of mine.”

He points out toward the horizon. “Yes, the land of the Minoans is an island, the largest one for many leagues. But it is more to the south of Athens than to the west.”

The ship approaches a small island lined with steep cliffs. The cone of a smoking volcano rises from its center.

“What island is this that sits steaming in the sea?” asks Theseus.

“It is called Thíra,” says Phaeax, the pilot. “When Poseidon the Earth Shaker is angry, this island bleeds molten rock and hisses poison steam.”

“This is a sign,” says Theseus. “Great Poseidon will help us. Bring me a white goat, and prepare an altar. We must sacrifice to the god.”

Sailors set up a little altar in the bow of the ship and make a fire in a spot protected from the wind. Phaeax brings a goat forward and lets it go while Theseus waits with a knife.

You hear one of the Athenian girls whispering to another, “Will it go willingly to the knife? The omen is bad if it hangs back!”



“Silence, all!” shouts Theseus. As the boat rocks in the sea before the steaming volcano, everyone watches the goat. A clump of clover sits behind the altar. They’re tricking it! The goat looks around, smells the clover, and walks forward.

As the goat bows its head over the altar, Theseus stabs it in the neck with his knife. A boy holds a bowl to catch its blood as it dies. A girl snips a lock of its hair and tosses it into the fire.

You have to look away as Theseus cuts up the animal. Do they really think killing a goat could affect a volcano? It seems so strange and useless, but for everyone here it must be the normal thing to do.

Phaeax gives each of the captives a cup of wine. One by one they throw it onto the fire. Theseus stands on the bow of the ship, shouting into the wind.

“O Earth Shaker, great Poseidon, hear our prayer!” he cries. “Receive this, our offering. Protect us, great lord of the sea!” The volcano is still smoking.

Before the volcanic tip of Thíra disappears over the horizon, another island can be seen straight ahead. A ship comes out to meet you. In its bow stands a fierce-looking soldier waving a double-headed ax.

“We have reached our goal,” says Phaeax. “You are now prisoners of the dreaded King Minos!”



**[Click here.](#)**



**Y**ou're back in the fields outside the Minoan Labyrinth, on the island of Crete, in 1470 B.C.

"Watch out!" shouts a familiar voice. It's Theseus, running as fast as he can, with the giant bull right behind him.

The bull comes straight for you. With two thousand pounds of angry beef at your heels, you're amazed at how fast you can run.

"This way!" you hear Ariadne shout. You run straight between the two olive trees where the net is strung. This time everyone jumps from the trees fast enough to catch the bull firmly in the net.

Guards lead you away to your quarters in the Labyrinth—all except Theseus, you notice. Ariadne leads him away with her.

"Catching him was the easy part," says one of the Athenians. "We had better practice our acrobatics. In the bullring, we won't be allowed to run away from the bull. We will have to leap over him!"



**Click here.**





**Y**ou're outside the palace of King Minos in 1480 B.C. You find a stone staircase and walk up into the building.

The palace seems to go on forever. You wander down branching corridors, across terraces, through gardens, up stairs and down, on and on. An entire city must live in this endlessly branching building. It's like a maze.

Everywhere you see the same symbols: a double-sided ax, a snake, and a bull's horns. One giant stone sculpture of a bull's horns towers over a wide courtyard. The walls are covered with frescoes, which are paintings in plaster. Many of them show young men and women doing strange acrobatic tricks with bulls.

You stop and take a closer look at the frescoes. Two boys pull ropes attached to the giant horns of a bull three times their size. A girl leaps onto the air, doing a flip off the bull's sharp horns. It looks graceful and skillful—and incredibly dangerous.

So this is what Theseus and the other Athenian captives are supposed to do! On the next wall the fresco shows a grim scene. A boy has tried to vault over the bull, but the bull has caught him with his horns. A girl lies trampled under the bull's charging feet. You wonder if any of you will survive.

You feel a hand on your shoulder. A man wearing several necklaces examines the frescoes with you.

"Interesting, I agree," he says, "but shouldn't you be in school at this hour? Why don't you go to the room of the music instructors?"

"Yes," you say, "I will." You walk off. You've come back four

thousand years, and you're being bugged for cutting class!

"Wait," he calls. "That's the wrong way."

You stop and head down a different corridor.

"You there," he says with suspicion, "that's still the wrong way." He's following you!

You take off down a stone staircase and head for a way out.

But it's not a way out. You're on a porch lined with columns, fifty feet above the ground. You backtrack down another way.

You realize you're lost. This is the Labyrinth, after all. You duck through an open door into someone's apartment and sneak around a corner to a side room. You sit down on a small stool and catch your breath.

What kind of room is this? In front of you sits a round table just inches off the floor. Four deep grooves run from the outer edge of the table to the center. In a hollow in the center sits some sort of cake and a cup of milk.

The ends of earthen pipes stick out of the walls. Out of one of these, as you watch, comes a long, black snake. It slithers down to the table, slides along the table groove, and begins lapping up the milk.

Another snake glides out of the wall behind you. You stiffen as it slides across your shoulder. Could it be poisonous? You don't move a muscle, just in case.

The snake twists about as if to look you in the eye. Its little tongue darts in and out, just inches from your nose. Then it glides down your body and heads for the center of the room.

You look around. You're surrounded by snakes!



**Escape in time. [Click here.](#)**



**Stay in the Labyrinth. [Click here.](#)**





**Y**ou're in a large open courtyard of the Labyrinth. A gate opens and a tall woman strides into the yard. She wears necklaces made of snakeskin, and stuffed snakes are wound through her hair. In each hand she carries a live cobra. The coils of the cobras twist around her wrists as far as her elbows. The courtyard falls so silent you can hear the snakes hissing in her hands.

"Earth Shaker, hear us!" she cries, walking three times around the group of captives. "Accept our sacrifices, O great bull. Toss them as you will on the horns of this little bull, but do not toss us on your own. Do not toss your giant head and make the mountains tremble!"

She stops and looks at you. "Have the captives cast their lots?"

Theseus stands up. "We have," he says.

Just before you were brought in, you determined by drawing straws which of you would be first to face the bull.

"But," continues Theseus, "as the son of a king, I demand the right to be first."

The snake priestess frowns. "Do not worry, your turn will come. Take your places!"

You move to one side of a gate in the fence. Guards give you the end of a long rope. Until it's your turn to face the bull, your job will be to hold the bull's head with the rope and keep it from swerving aside. This makes the bull-leap a little less dangerous but not by much.

A boy named Aristomenes is the first Athenian to face the bull. He stands facing the gate. You can see sweat dripping down his face as he tries to calm himself.

"Now!" the snake priestess shouts. The gate opens, and the furi-

ous bull charges out. He leaps and pulls at the ropes stretched out on either side of his head. You pull with all your strength, but you can barely manage to hold onto the rope, he's so strong.

Aristomenes stretches up on his toes and runs forward. The bull charges toward him. Just as they are about to collide, Aristomenes leaps high into the air, reaching out to try and grab the horns—but he's too late. The bull twists and jabs upward with his left horn. It catches Aristomenes just below the shoulder. He screams as the bull throws him flying in the dust.

The next Athenian to try the leap distracts the bull while guards run out to carry off the badly wounded Aristomenes.

A girl named Chloe is next. She looks around with scorn at the watching Minoans and runs forward. This time the bull makes a sudden leap, and Chloe runs straight into his head. She falls to the ground, stunned. You pull your rope as hard as you can as the bull tries to trample her with his hooves. It takes all your strength to hold him back.

It looks more and more as if jumping over this bull will be impossible. You think about escaping in time, but how can you do so in the middle of so many people?

Now it's time for Theseus to take his turn. With a loud yell he runs forward. The bull plants his feet to gather his strength and thrusts upward—but Theseus isn't there. He stops for a moment, confusing the bull, and then springs for the thrusting horns.

He's got them! He does a flip high in the air and lands on the back of the bull. As he leaps off, the Minoans jump with excitement.

"He's done it!" they shout, lifting Theseus into the air. Guards prod the bull back out the gate with spears. The rest of the captives are led out after it.

"What will happen to us now?" you ask.

"You?" a guard answers. "You're slaves. You'll be sold to new masters in the morning."



**Click here.**











**Y**ou're sitting in an olive tree outside the great palace of the Minoan king. Other Athenian captives sit on other branches. They are holding a big, heavy net between two trees.

"Watch out!" one of the others calls. You hear a cracking sound from the branch beneath your feet. It snaps off! You grab hold of the branch above you and dangle in the air.

"Are you all right?" calls a voice from below. It's Ariadne, the daughter of King Minos, who has been teaching you how to catch wild bulls with these nets.

"Fine," you say, scrambling up on the higher branch. "But aren't we doing this the hard way? Why don't you use spears to catch the bulls?"

"It is forbidden," says Ariadne, a beautiful young woman with dark, wavy hair. She looks shocked by the idea. "The bulls for our ceremony must be caught without weapons of any kind."

You take hold of the net again, remembering what Plato said about the Temple of Poseidon in Atlantis. They, too, caught bulls without using weapons. . . .

Theseus and the remaining captives run back and forth off in the fields, trying to chase a bull your way. Minoan guards stand watch over all of you.

"Here they come," says Ariadne. "You in the trees, prepare to drop the nets at my signal."

The huge bull comes charging up the field, tossing his long, sharp horns from side to side. Suddenly he stops, whirls, and

charges straight for the daughter of the king! The guards are too far away to protect her. She turns and runs, but the bull is faster.

*"Tauros, tauros!"* shouts a voice. It's Theseus, running straight in front of the bull. The bull turns and chases him instead, following as he runs between the two trees.

"Now!" Ariadne calls. You drop the net on the bull and jump to the ground. The bull drags the net along the grass, tossing its horns to throw it off. You and the captives try to hold him down with the net, but you're too late.

As the bull pulls, the rope of the net catches around your wrist. The bull pulls you off your feet and drags you through the field until it breaks free of the net entirely.

Theseus helps you up and leads you back to the group. "Once again," he tells you, "your bravery speaks in bold deeds."

"You talk of bravery, Athenian!" Ariadne says. "Your deeds are bold as well."

"I wanted some practice," Theseus says darkly. "Are we not all to face this very bull for the pleasure of your lords and ladies?"

Ariadne lowers her eyes. Then she seems to get angry. "Captives! Prepare the nets again," she shouts.

You set out to capture the bull again. This time you're one of the ones chasing the bull, and in a few minutes you find yourself in a spot where no one can see you.

Ever since you arrived with the Athenians, you've been carefully guarded. You'd have a better chance of exploring this place by pretending to be a Minoan than by staying a captive. Why not jump back in time a few years?

Other people have written about Atlantis besides Plato, though. Could you be on the wrong track entirely? You could jump to the nineteenth century A.D. to hunt for suggestions.





Stay here and jump back 10 years in time. **Click here.**



Jump to the nineteenth century A.D. to learn more about Atlantis. **Click here.**



**Y**ou remain motionless as a snake slides over you on its way to the table. The table and the whole room seem made for these snakes. If the Minoans can live so closely with the snakes, they can't be that poisonous.

You hear someone coming and push farther back into the little room. A young girl comes in, carrying a plate of cheese.

"Here's your cheese, Grandfather," she says as she puts it in the center of the table. She picks up one of the snakes and pats it. "You always liked cheese best, didn't you?"

She sees you and jumps back. "Oh! you startled me," she says. "What are you doing here?"

"I—uh—got lost."

"It's easy to do, if you don't know the Labyrinth. Where are you from?"

"I'm . . . from far away."

"Where?"

"Well . . . I was in Athens recently."

"Athens!" She looks sad. "Where those poor, poor captives come from who have to fight the bulls every nine years. It must be a very sad place."

She brightens. "Have you ever been to Egypt?"

"Well, yes, briefly."

"Oh, you're so lucky! I've never been farther east than Mallia, and Egypt is ever so much farther east. I love it when the Egyptians come to visit my father."

"Is he a snake, too?" you ask, staring at the snake she calls





Grandfather, which has wrapped itself around her shoulders.

She laughs. “No, silly! He’s the king.”

This must be Ariadne! Ten years later this same girl will be teaching you how to catch the bull.

“When you came in,” you ask, “why did you call that snake Grandfather?”

“I’m not really sure if this one is Grandfather, but he’s the cutest one.” She hugs the snake as if it were a teddy bear. It twists about and wraps its tail around her arm.

“This is the shrine of our ancestors. We put food out for the spirits of the dead ones in our family, who visit us in the form of snakes.”

“Oh,” you answer. What else *can* you say, you wonder, to something like that?

You hear someone coming. “You should probably go,” Ariadne says. “They don’t like strangers talking to the daughter of the king.”

“Thank you for warning me,” you say. As you get up to leave, the same man who was chasing you comes into the room.

“You again!” he shouts. “What are you doing in the chambers of the king?”

You race down a corridor lined with marble columns, but the man is right behind you. He shouts the alarm to some others up ahead, and they rush to cut you off. You run down a staircase instead, into a dark little room full of giant pots larger than you are. You decide to jump far into the future to see if this place ever sank into the sea.

“You’re trapped down there,” you hear them say as they tromp down the stairs. “There’s no way out!”

But for you there is.



**Stay here but jump far to the future.**

**Click here.**





**Y**ou're on the edge of a jungle in southern Mexico, A.D. 382. Groups of Indians drag giant blocks of stone toward a partially built pyramid. Guards stand watch over the sweating, straining workers.

As you watch, you wonder about Donnelly's idea that someone must have taught both the Egyptians and the Mayans. Couldn't the two peoples have started building pyramids on their own?

No harm asking some questions, though. You walk up to two workers resting against a huge block of stone.

"Hello," you say. "Why are you building this pyramid?"

They look at each other, then back at you.

"You mock us, stranger. Why do we work like dogs? To keep from being killed, of course. The Mayans are our masters, and we do what they say."

"Why do the Mayans build them?"

"This is to be an altar for their gods."

"Who taught them to build pyramids?"

Snap! You feel the crack of a whip across your back. A Mayan guard stands right behind you.

"The people of Maya are taught by no one," he says. "We are the teachers. We teach all tribes, including yours, whatever it is. Get to work, slave!"

You help drag the stone. It sits on a little sled, which you lift and pull. Why don't they roll the stones on some kind of wheel? You look around. It looks as if they haven't invented the wheel yet here.

That settles it. You saw the Greeks using wheels a thousand years

before this time. If there was a land bridge between Europe and America, and if the people from Atlantis taught the Mayans how to build pyramids, how could they have neglected to teach them something as simple as the wheel?

When the guard's back is turned, you drop your end of the sled and run for the jungle.

You might want to check Donnelly's other idea about a land bridge, though, to find out what caused the similarity of words on both sides of the Atlantic. Or you could jump back over the Atlantic to the time of the Minoans.



**Jump back in time to the Labyrinth.**  
**[Click here.](#)**



**Jump ahead in time to the Caribbean.**  
**[Click here.](#)**



**Y**ou're by the ocean near Havana, Cuba, in 1582. Palm trees sway in a fierce, driving wind.

A priest stands shaking his head, the cross around his neck blown behind him by the wind. A group of Indians are kneeling facing the churning sea, bowing low to the ground, and chanting.

"What's going on?" you shout against the howl of the wind.

The priest looks at you with surprise, then yells back. "They are worshipping one of their false gods. Hurakan, they call him, the god of storms."

So the Indians do use a word like hurricane!

"Find shelter, quickly," the priest shouts. "Storms here are much worse than the *tempestad* in Spain. The Indian name is a good one. Soon the wind and rain will be so strong you might really believe there is a god called Hurakan!"

You thank him and stagger away. Well, so much for *that* part of Donnelly's argument. The European word was borrowed from the Indians, so of course it's similar!

You could still check out the Mayan pyramids. Or perhaps it's time to get back to the other side of the Atlantic.

The rain starts suddenly. It feels like buckets of water slamming into you. You stumble, thrown to the ground by the force of the wind.

Crr-ack! A palm tree right next to you snaps in two. Time to blow on out of here.



**Jump back in time to ancient Mexico.**

**[Click here.](#)**



**Jump back to the Labyrinth. [Click here.](#)**



**Y**ou're in a muddy street lined with trees. In the distance you see what looks like half of the Washington Monument. It is the Washington Monument, but they haven't finished building it yet. You're in Washington, D.C., 1882.

A poster on a wall reads:

LECTURE TO-DAY  
THE HONORABLE IGNATIUS DONNELLY,  
CONGRESSMAN FROM MINNESOTA,  
WILL SPEAK ON

ATLANTIS:  
THE ANTEDILUVIAN WORLD.

THE PUBLIC IS INVITED TO ATTEND.

You ask directions to the lecture hall, then go in and sit down. Rows of men in top hats and women in bonnets sit listening to Congressman Donnelly, who is nearing the end of his speech.

"I ask you to think, ladies and gentlemen. On one side of the Atlantic the Egyptians build pyramids. On the other the Mayans construct very similar structures. Who taught them to build pyramids? It must have been a people that lived in between!

"One English word for tropical storm is 'hurricane.' In Spanish, it is *huracán*. What do we find in the language of the American Indians, on the other side of the wide ocean? The very same word!

How could this be? The only answer, as I have been suggesting all afternoon, is that there once was a land bridge between the two sides of the Atlantic. When it sank into the sea, the world sank into a barbarism that lasted thousands of years. Echoes of its passing still reach us, though. It was our Garden of Eden, our Golden Age, our Mount Olympos. In a word, our Atlantis!”

He bows, and the audience claps politely. You follow the crowd out to the street and find an empty alleyway.

Does Donnelly know what he’s talking about? Who knows? You haven’t looked for any clues to Atlantis on *this* side of the ocean, though.



**Jump back 300 years to the Caribbean to ask about hurricanes. [Click here.](#)**



**Jump back 1,500 years to ancient Mexico to visit the Mayan pyramid builders. [Click here.](#)**



**Y**ou're waiting with the remaining Athenian captives in a locked room in the Minoan Labyrinth.

"We're lucky we didn't have to face the bull," one of the Athenians says. "Theseus has saved us. But my father didn't raise me to be a slave. I wish there were some way to escape."

"Escape?" replies another. "Hah! Even if we found a way out of this room, how could we ever find our way out of this maze of a palace they call the Labyrinth?"

The door opens and Theseus enters. "Quickly," he says, "and silently, follow me." You file out into the dark corridor past a woman holding an oil lamp.

It's Ariadne, the daughter of the king! What is she doing here?

Ariadne leads you up, down, around, and through the maze of passages of the Labyrinth. Soon you're out in the open under a starry sky, walking down the long road to the sea.

Theseus and Ariadne walk apart from the others, hand in hand. So that's why she helped you escape—the king's daughter fell in love with the Athenian captive!

As the first light of dawn appears, you reach the coast. You sneak aboard an empty ship and shove out to sea. You're heading out of the harbor when you see men rushing down to the coast from the direction of the palace.

"This is madness," one of the Athenians mutters. "Soon the ships of the king will be after us. Where could we ever go to escape the anger of great Minos?"

Suddenly you hear the sound of a tremendous explosion. A black







cloud rises on the northern horizon. You hear another explosion.

To the south, in the distance, the king's ships begin to follow you. Then, as you watch, something strange happens. You can't see the ships anymore; you can't even see the island of Crete. It's as if the sea has risen up to block your view.

The sea seems to fall with a crash. Where the ships were, and the harbor town, all you can see now is rubble. The forests all along the coast have been smashed to splinters. A tidal wave must have hit! It passed right under your ship, rising up when it got closer to shore to smash everything along the Cretan coast.

"The ships of the king are destroyed!" Theseus cries. He puts his arms around Ariadne. "No one will stop us now."

But your ship is not out of danger yet. As you sail to the north, the sky seems to grow black. You have to cover your heads as stones and ashes start to fall from the sky. Where is all this coming from?

A strange glow appears on the horizon. It can't be the sun—it should be late morning by now, though the sky is so black it's hard to tell.

"The smoking mountain of Thíra!" Theseus says. He's right. You see molten rock pouring down the sides of the erupting volcano. Tons of ash and smoke stream off into the ever-darkening sky.

"Turn the sails," Theseus commands. "We must escape this black cloud. Sail to the west."

You sail through the ashy cloud. Bobbing volcanic rocks cover the surface of the water. The waters are no longer green, but gray.

Suppose the Great Green Sea was actually the Mediterranean? You look at Ariadne. She once told you she wanted to go *east* from Crete to visit Egypt. When Plato heard that Atlantis was far to the west, he naturally thought that meant west of *Athens*! But of course, the Egyptians meant west of *Egypt*—which could easily mean Minoan Crete. Crete didn't sink into the sea, but to anyone who heard about that tidal wave it must have seemed as if it had.

The ship breaks out of the black cloud at last. Everyone cheers at the sight of blue sky and bright sun.

Theseus and Ariadne embrace. It looks as if they've found what

they're looking for, for the time being—and so have you! Lost Atlantis is not lost anymore.

You wonder, though, what effect the volcano had on the palace of the Minoans. You decide to jump all the way back to the Labyrinth to see. You take a last look at Theseus and Ariadne and find an empty corner of the ship.



**Jump ahead 1 day to visit the Labyrinth.**

**[Click here.](#)**





**Y**ou're still surrounded by the same giant jars at the bottom of the same stone steps. But there's no palace above you anymore, just clear blue sky. It's A.D. 1910.

You walk up the steps and look about. Only the stone foundations of the palace remain, and most of that is buried in the earth. Strings tied to wooden stakes are stretched over the entire area, dividing it into squares like a giant checkerboard.

"You! You must leave, please. It is forbidden!" A man in dusty white clothes and a straw hat beckons you to come out. "Please, walk only on the stones. Do not disturb the dust with your feet. It is very important."

You pick your way carefully to where he stands. "I am sorry to command you, but we must be careful not to mix the different layers of dirt," he says.

"I understand," you tell him. "What is this place?"

"This is the great palace of Knossos. It is Minoan, from many years ago."

"So it didn't sink in the sea?"

He puts his hand on his hip and stares at you. "The sea? The sea is many miles from here. We do not know what happened to the palace. Maybe there was a disease, and everybody died. My country is full of ruins. That is why you came to Greece, is it not?"

"What island is this?"

The Greek man takes you by the arm and leads you toward a nearby tree. "You must sit in the shade. Too much sun with no hat is no good. This is Crete, of course! Here, have some water—you'll



feel better.” He walks off, muttering about “crazy tourists.”

You think about what you’ve found so far. How could ancient Crete be Atlantis, if it never sank into the sea? Anyway, it’s south of Athens, not “far to the west.” Yet it had seemed so close. . . .

You could go back to get a closer look at those bull games, if you wished. On the other hand, an expert on Atlantis might clear things up.

A man wearing shorts and a long white moustache comes out from one of the trenches.

“See here, my young friend. We can’t have just anyone snooping about in our dig. It’s—”

He stops talking and stares at you. “Where did you get those necklaces?” he demands. “They’re Minoan, or I’m a she-goat! You stole them from our dig, didn’t you?”

Here you go again! There’s no way you can explain it to him. You take off into the woods, followed by cries of “Stop, thief!”

You’re alone, but only for a moment. Time to go!



**Jump back 28 years to consult an Atlantis expert. [Click here.](#)**



**Jump back 3,400 years and stay right here. [Click here.](#)**





**Y**ou're standing on a broken column. The magnificent palace of Knossos lies in ruins all around you. Earthquakes set off by the volcano on Thíra must have destroyed it. That was no ordinary volcano!

You walk through the ruins. A soft gray dust falls like rain from the sky, covering everything in sight. Coughing people pick through the wreckage of their once-luxurious homes. Here and there a fire still burns; the earthquake must have knocked over oil lamps and set the palace afire.

It will take a long time for the Minoans to recover from a disaster like this. And perhaps they never will. With its ships destroyed, its palaces burned, and its fields covered with volcanic dust, the strong civilization of ancient Crete will be very quickly overpowered by soldiers from over the sea.

A thousand years from now, Althea will only know of the Minoans through the story of Theseus and the Minotaur. When Solon meets the Egyptians, he may not know they're talking about Crete. By the time *his* story gets to Plato, it will be changed into the story of Atlantis. A story is like a wind, the oracle at Delphi said, and a wind may change.

It's like your story. Are your footprints really in the dust of Knossos? If they are, they'll quickly blow away, and you'll find yourself back in the twentieth century.

**MISSION COMPLETED**

# DATA FILE

Page 4: Philosophers think best at home.

Page 15: Parties are friendly affairs.

Page 16: He may know some places better than you do.

Page 22: They don't mean washing dishes. . . .

Page 32: Fun is fun.

Page 34: "Find the earliest teller of the tale," said the oracle.

Page 38: Who told what to whom?

Page 40: Plato's friends had all read Homer.

Page 48: How far back in time will you find land in the Atlantic Ocean?

Page 54: Where was Troy?

Page 63: Will you want to find a city back then?

Page 74: Who was this table set for?

Page 83: What could you learn in the nineteenth century?

Page 100: If Ariadne ever gets to Egypt, which direction will she go on her way back?

## About the Contributors

JIM GASPERINI reviewed interactive computer fiction for *Electronic Fun*, and published the history of a medieval French artisan's guild in *Museum*. He has been a videotape editor, a busker, a traveling book salesman, and a literary agent, and made his operatic debut in the 1983 Metropolitan Opera production of *Don Carlo* as Arquebusier (spear carrier). He resides in New York. He is the author of Time Machine 1, *Secret of the Knights*, and Time Machine 4, *Sail with Pirates*.

KENNETH SMITH is a respected illustrator, author and professor of philosophy, which he has taught for many years at Louisiana State University. His most famous work is *Phantasmagoria*, a magnificently illustrated series of fables. He recently completed illustrations for Caedmon's *The Bat Family*. He lives in Dallas, Texas, with his wife, Angela, and their children.