

THE WARRIORS CREED

We will wait. And watch. And protect.

And serve as first warning on the eve of humanity's destruction.

Then, and only then, Atlantis will rise.

*For we are the Warriors of Poseidon, and the mark of the Trident we bear
serves as witness to our sacred duty to safeguard mankind.*



The trademarked symbol of the Warriors of Poseidon, branded to the skin of each warrior at his ceremony of dedication to the service of Poseidon, offers testimony to his vow to protect humankind. The circle represents all the peoples of the world. Intersecting it is the pyramid of knowledge deeded to them by the ancients. The silhouette of Poseidon's Trident bisects them both.

THE HISTORY

Capitol city of Atlantis, 9600 BC

It was the time before the Cataclysm, forced upon Atlanteans by the greed of humanity. In Poseidon's Temple, in the soul of the seven isles of Atlantis, a group of warriors met with the sea god's high priest. He divided them into seven groups of seven and assigned each a sacred duty and an object of power - a magic-imbued gemstone. Some were to sink to the bottom of the world, shielded from prying eyes and envious lusts by the waters that nurtured them. Others were to join the lands of humans at assigned locations - all high grounds that would protect the lineage in the event of severe flooding.

All would wait. And watch. And protect.

And serve as first warning on the eve of humanity's destruction.

Then, and only then, Atlantis would rise. For they were the Warriors of Poseidon, and the mark of the Trident they bore served as witness to their sacred duty to safeguard mankind.

Whether they liked it or not.

THE WARRIORS

CONLAN, HIGH PRINCE OF ATLANTIS

Read Conlan's story in *Atlantis Rising*. Tortured for years by Anubisa, the evil goddess of vampires, Conlan believes his soul is blackened beyond redemption. But a human empath might just redeem his heart.

VEN, CONLAN'S BROTHER, TITLED THE KING'S VENGEANCE

Chief protector of his brother, the high prince, and leader of Conlan's elite guard, the Seven. Read Ven's story in *Atlantis Awakening*.

ALARIC, HIGH PRIEST TO POSEIDON

Feared by all, Alaric's power is unmatched in the history of Atlantis. Doomed to remain alone for all of the centuries of his existence or lose his power and his position, Alaric is chief counsel to Prince Conlan.

JUSTICE

Member of the Seven, never seen without the sword that hangs in its sheath on his back or his waist-length braid of blue hair. A fierce loner and one who possibly has his own agenda. *Atlantis Unleashed*

BRENNAN

Cursed to live his life without emotion, Brennan sees no point to his continued existence but for his duty. Soon, even duty may not be enough. *Atlantis Redeemed*

BASTIEN

Thought of as an amiable giant, the nearly seven-foot tall warrior hides his bleak despair under a mask of calm good humor. Forced to commit unspeakable acts in the name of protecting humanity, he is drawn beyond hope of resisting to a half-breed shape-shifter who may be his bitterest enemy. Read Bastien's story in *Wild Hearts in Atlantis*, in the anthology *Wild Thing*

DENAL

Youngest of the Seven, his charm turns to grim resolve when a vampire attack literally changes his life forever.

ALEXIOS

Captured by Anubisa in the same battle during which she imprisoned Conlan, this warrior bears the scars of her torture on his once-beautiful face and body. And he carries even worse scars on his soul . . . *Atlantis Unmasked*

CHRISTOPHE

His fierce ability to channel the magic of Atlantis made him a candidate for Poseidon's priesthood. But his renegade personality turned him from Temple acolyte to warrior. Now he's a deadly wild card in the battle to save the world from the dark forces that assail it. *Atlantis Betrayed*

Read the Perennial Appeal of Lost Civilizations

– by Alyssa Day

What is it about a lost civilization? Is it the possibility of the riches and glory of long-buried treasure – King Solomon’s mines, the fabled treasure of the Knights Templar, any Egyptian tomb breathlessly opened by an archaeologist? Is it the voyeuristic appeal of peeking into a community long-dead, long-gone, unknown to anybody alive today? Or is it both of those things and more: the idea of, to borrow a phrase, truly going where no one has gone before – to walk streets that haven’t been walked in thousands of years?

All of these reasons, and more, were behind my decision to write about the lost continent of Atlantis. I’m famous (infamous?) in my family for having a long history of what you might call . . . impractical . . . goals. When I was six, I announced over the course of the year that I was going to grow up to: become a werewolf, write books, and discover Atlantis.

So far, I’ve achieved two out of three.

To me, creating a world in my head, peopling it with fascinating characters, developing rules that make it work in harmony (or cause fascinating conflict when broken!) is the most exciting way to “discover” a new world – or a lost civilization. It’s funny, but when writing this I realized that the creation of MySpace must have been a lot like my process for creating a novel, if you go by the above criteria! (And won’t the cyber-archaeologists have fun, eleven thousand years from now, wondering what to make of the ceremonial caste system in MySpace? “Were the citizens with the most Friends cyber royalty?” “Hmmm . . .”)

But leaving the bewilderment of future scientists aside, I guess I’d add that any creation of fiction, especially once based on such a large body of myth as is Atlantis, works best if the underpinnings are grounded firmly in established fact. Supernatural warriors sworn to Poseidon’s service? Great! Battling vampires and shapeshifters? Fine, fine, but let me know that the author has at least read the Plato that started it all. Show me the historical characters who really existed throughout the timeline of the creation. Don’t expect me, as a reader, to suspend disbelief too far.

As I said while watching one of the many movies based on Dracula, “Hey, I’ll believe in vampires, but don’t expect me to believe they had WonderBras back then in Romania.”

So I work hard in my fiction to show something you might not expect: the truth. The truth of human emotion. The truth of what I believe might have been behind the lost continent of Atlantis – that it sent ambassadors out to the wide world before it was destroyed in whatever cataclysm drove it beneath the sea. That culture and knowledge and learning saved from that ancient civilization may be the basis of eerily similar rituals and symbols found scattered in diverse cultures throughout the world. That maybe, just maybe, somewhere deep beneath the sea lies an immense treasure waiting to be discovered. A civilization waiting to be unearthed. Like that other famous adventurer in fiction once said to a lost boy who refused to grow up: “I believe. I believe. I believe.”

Best wishes in your own adventures,

ALYSSA