

THE  
ATLAS  
OF THE  
KNOWN LANDS OF  
SOSARIA

Ultima Online  
THE EIGHTH AGE



**B**ehold! These are the lifetime works of an old man close to his retirement reward, a well-traveled mapmaker, a maker of friends, and a knower of useful things such as secret fishing holes, dragon-filled caves, houses of ill-repute, and other delights Sosaria has to offer.

My life's journey started in Britannia, the city that serves as the heart of the world. From there I traveled every inch of the continent, exploring a great many uncharted lands. These eyes have seen many things, both wondrous and terrible. I watched the assassination of a king by a mage most foul, walls of flame devouring the monarch of all the known world. His resurrection was also rather impressive.

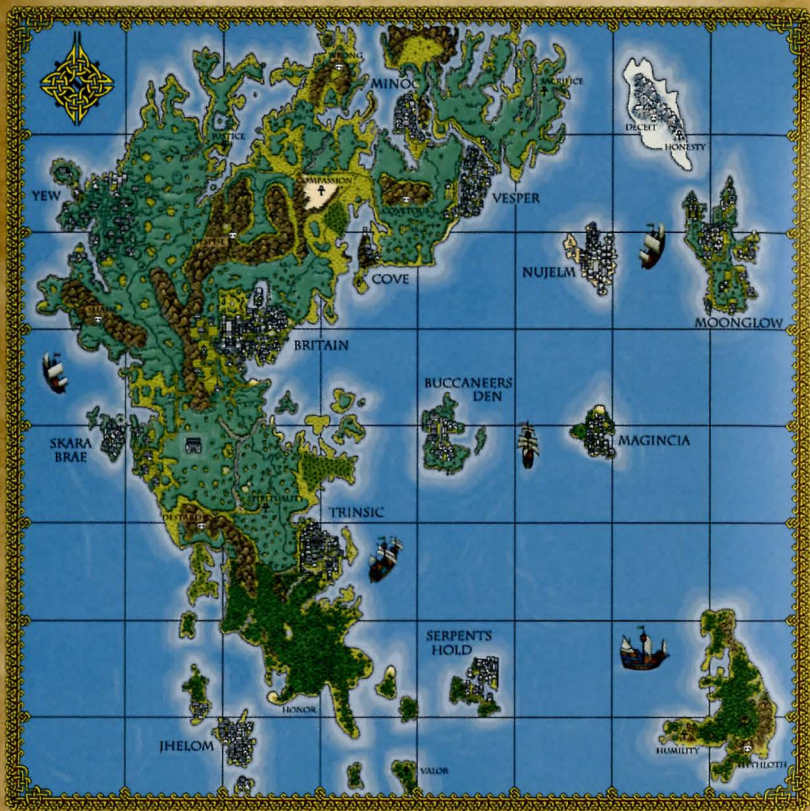
I watched Trinsic fall, burned to the ground by an invasion force spawned by evil itself. I watched as an uprising of citizens stormed the heart of Blackthorn's Castle and crushed its dark master to dust. I've lived with primitive tribes, seen the dead raised, and watched entire armies put to death with a single spell.

This atlas represents my life's work, but it is incomplete. It is all I know, yet it is not enough. As I sail into the sunset, I leave Sosaria to you, dear reader. In this, its Eighth Age, you must travel its waters, step into its Moon Gates, and walk into glowing portals that could take you anywhere. This atlas is yours to finish, the adventure yours to complete.

Godspeed, my friend. I've done my best. I can rest happily. You, however, have work to do.

*Sir Arthois Pilot*  
Mapmaker of Sosaria

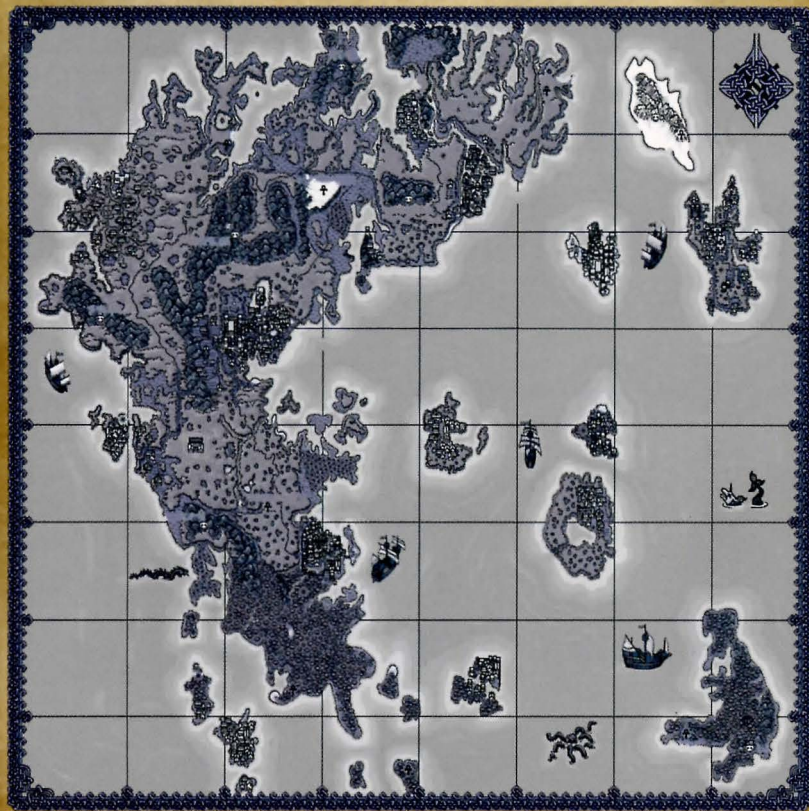
# T rammel



## The Light Side

The mystery of the twin facets still confounds me. Ah, Trammel, such a friendly, welcoming place, where peace reigns. And oh, dear Felucca, you call me like a siren, a place that knows few rules.

# F elucca



## The Dark Side

The Lost Lands of **T**rammel  
The Light Side



The Lost Lands of **F**elucca  
The Dark Side



I was among the first to travel to The Lost Lands, among the first to grow awestruck at its beauty, and unfortunately, among the first to witness a cyclops discovering what would become his favorite snack, the citizens of Sosaria.

# Ilsbenar

With our ship lost in a raging storm, the crew on the brink of starvation and death seemingly ready to board us, we crashed onto the welcoming shores of Ilsbenar. Without a way to get back, we lived among the primitive Juka, learning to live off the land and embrace nature. Then, luckily, we discovered a Moongate and returned to blessed Britannia. We've never been able to return via ship, but we often travel there through Moongates to visit our old Jukan friends.



**M**alas



If Hlsbenar is the stuff of dreams, the land of Malas is a nightmare made real. It was there I learned that death is not an end, but a grisly beginning, a force to be reckoned with and even controlled. It was there that fear became a friend, and the holy light of the Paladins became the star I followed.

# Tokuno Islands



When I was a boy, my parents told bedtime tales that haunted my dreams. They told stories of noble warriors and stealthy assassins, a culture of beauty and bravery, and a place where death came swiftly but life was lived at a higher level. I was an old man when I stepped foot on that land, the land of Tokuno. Its wonders dwarfed even my boyish imagination.



This page is blank, but perhaps soon to be filled. I've heard tales of a city in the trees and a people rumored to have long since left these lands. Are the stories true? Are the protectors of Sosaria returning? Will these ancient eyes examine the storied city of Heartwood? Only time will tell.

