

# Metroid Prime Chozo Lore FAQ

by Koran Rag

Updated to v1.2 on May 27, 2004

METROID PRIME  
Chozo Lore FAQ

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Original work.

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I. Introduction  
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NOTE: An online and HTML version of this guide is available at  
<http://koranrag.walagata.com/metroidprime/chozore.html>

## II. Purpose of this Guide

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The purpose of this guide is to help you track down every last Chozo Lore entry to help complete your Log Book. A 100% Log Book will unlock the first 2 Art Gallerys (50% for the first gallery). Also, this guide is for the lazy ones out there who don't want to scan all of the lore (or if you missed a few) but still want to read it :)

## III. Ancient Chozo History

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The Chozo...over millenia, this bird-like race of creatures made incredible technological and scientific leaps. Traveling at will through space, they built many marvels across the universe-technological wonders of unfathomable complexity and cities unmatched in beauty. They shared their knowledge with more primitive cultures and learned to respect and care for life in all its forms.

Even as thier society reached its technological peak, however, the Chozo felt their spirituality wane. Their culture was steeped in prophecy and lore, and they foresaw the decline of the Chozo coinciding with the rise of evil. Horrified by the increasing violence in the universe, they began to withdraw into themselves, forgoing technology in favor of simplicity. Tallon IV was one of several refuges they built-a colony bereft of technology, built of natural materials and wedded to the land and its creatures.

The years passed, and in time a great meteor crashed into Tallon IV, sending a massive spume of matter into the atmosphere and impregnating the land with a cancerous element known as Phazon. This element immediately sank into the earth and water, poisoning life wherever it bloomed. Most plants and animals died, while others mutated into hideous forms.

The Chozo called upon all of their knowledge and technology to control the power of the Phazon, but their efforts were doomed to fail. All they could do was build a temple over the crater at the impact site, separate the Phazon core, and seal it away. Believing that someday a savior would return to the planet, the Chozo left for an unknown destination, leaving behind nothing but engraved accounts of their time on Tallon IV.

## IV. Logs' Locations

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| NAME:             | WORLD:           | AREA:           |
|-------------------|------------------|-----------------|
| Infestation       | Chozo Ruins      | Crossway        |
| Binding           | Tallon Overworld | Artifact Temple |
| Cradle            | Chozo Ruins      | Furnace         |
| Beginnings        | Chozo Ruins      | Vault           |
| Cipher            | Phendrana Drifts | Ice Ruins West  |
| Worm              | Chozo Ruins      | Crossway        |
| Fountain          | Chozo Ruins      | Ruins Entrance  |
| Exodus            | Chozo Ruins      | Ruined Nursery  |
| Hatchling's Shell | Chozo Ruins      | Crossway        |

|               |                  |                  |
|---------------|------------------|------------------|
| Hatchling     | Chozo Ruins      | Ruined Fountain  |
| Meteor Strike | Chozo Ruins      | Watery Hall      |
| Contain       | Chozo Ruins      | Sun Tower        |
| The Turned    | Phendrana Drifts | Phendrana Canyon |
| Hope          | Chozo Ruins      | Hall of Elders   |
| Statuary      | Tallon Overworld | Artifact Temple  |
| Newborn       | Chozo Ruins      | Magma Pool       |

## V. Chozo Lore Entries

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### => Infestation

A second plague has come upon the land, dousing the last flickering hopes of our race. Drawn by the very force we Chozo hoped to contain, a host of marauding creatures descended from space and invaded our temple, the Cradle. They try in vain to destroy it, but its power remains beyond them for now. They possess some of the twelve Artifacts we call the Cipher, yet do not comprehend their function. Ignorant creatures, they are blinded by delusions of harnessing the Great Poison for their own designs. They walk about as masters of the planet, assimilating the ruins of our sanctuary into their experiments. We can but watch and wait for our doom.

### => Binding

The congregation of Artifacts that hold the Great Poison at bay still hold strong. Fearful of the potential within the Artifact Temple, the invaders known as Space Pirates tried to destroy it, only to fail in every attempt. We scattered the Artifacts across the planet for their protection, and only a few have fallen into invader hands. Failing to understand them, they now seek to unmake them. Again, they fail. They are right to fear these things. Great power sleeps inside them. Prophecy calls for their union, come the day that the unholy Worm is met by the great Defender. We can only hope the Artifacts are not destroyed by the invader, for then all will be lost. So, we do what we can to preserve the Artifacts, and to guide the Newborn to them. Time wanes with our souls, yet hope remains.

### => Cradle

The cries of this dying land pulled us from our dreaming state, and now we Chozo walk as ghosts while the Great Poison sinks into the trees and waters, devouring all life. Some creatures survive, but their forms grow as twisted and evil as the force that fell from the sky. The heart of the planet will succumb soon, and so will we, even in our ghostly states. Already many Chozo have faded and passed into the unknown. The Great Poison is unlike anything we have glimpsed in this or any dimension. It eats relentlessly, worming out life wherever it blooms and corrupting what it cannot kill. It will be our undoing. Our last hope lies in the Cradle, the temple we hope might contain this abomination. It is almost complete, hovering over the impact site, the dark heart of the spreading evil. If we can finish before the last of our kind drifts into madness or death, there is a chance for this world. If we fail, we are doomed with it.

### => Beginnings

Our sanctuary grows by the day. We Chozo know much of technology, but we have chosen to leave it behind on this journey. Our home here on Tallon IV will be a place of simplicity: structures hewn from the stone, bridges woven with branches, hallways caressed by pure waters. We build around the ancient and noble trees, drawing from their strength and giving them our own in return. All that is wild will flow around us here: our race will be just one more group of creatures in the knit of nature. It is our hope that such a state will bring with it greater wisdom, a greater understanding of the nature of the universe. Once our city here is complete, we will peer inward and discover the truth.

=> Cipher

None know if our temple, the Cradle, will prove powerful enough to contain this evil forever. How can we Chozo hope for it to remain intact when that which it guards writhes in the darkness, growing always stronger? The fate of this world rests with the gathering of Artifacts we call Cipher, but even it is not all-powerful. It is strong, yes: an enchanted whole made of twelve links. Still, it is finite in its reach, and we who guard it are slowly succumbing. When our vigilance crumbles away into madness, the Cipher will be exposed and the fate of Tallon IV will be beyond our influence.

=> Worm

The prophecies tell of the coming of the Worm. Born from parasites, nurtured in a poisoned womb, the Worm grows, devouring from within, until the world begins to rot. The words of the seers have come to pass, for there, in the depths of the world, the ravenous Worm lurks and feeds. From the stars it came, blighting Tallon with its Great Poison. We can but watch as the Worm grows, watch and wait. For the prophecies also speak of a great Defender, the one who delivers the world from evil. The final days draw near. Is the Newborn the Defender of which the seers spoke? We shall do all that we can to aid her, for she bears our legacy as she bears the ancient armor and weapons of our people.

=> Fountain

At the highest point of our city lies the fountain, a wellspring of pure water that flows throughout our civilization. It is the jewel of the Chozo, the life-giver, and yet its waters speak of a clouded future. As we come to understand the paths of time and space more clearly, we have begun to glimpse rough tatters of past and future, glittering behind reality like soft lights behind a curtain. We have seen the fountain in these glimpses, pouring darkness instead of water, and we cannot guess what the visions mean.

=> Exodus

We Chozo are departing now, after so many years in peaceful seclusion here on Tallon IV. When we came, this place was a refuge for our spirits, a civilization built from native materials, bereft of the trappings of our technology. We were linked to the land here, kindred to the plants and animals, far away from the machines we had become so dependent on. And so we leave it now, pristine, a testament to the mortal forms we no longer need. We have drawn the veils of time and space aside, and are withdrawing beyond the illusion. But we will never forget this, the most sacred of our homes. And we will remain ever watchful.

=> Hatchling's Shell

The hatchling walks among us. Are these dreams? Memories? Foretellings? Time and reality swirl together like estuary waters, and we Chozo know not what to believe. She appears as ghostlike as the Chozo, but at times the mists clear. We see her wounded eyes, and remember the child we found so long ago. What has she become, this Newborn? Clad in Chozo armor, wielding weapons our hands once held, does she dream of the Chozo as we once were? Does she long for her parents, lost to the same creatures that even now defile our sacred home? Does she still live?

=> Hatchling

As we struggle with the Great Poison, something stirs at the edges of our vision. It is the Hatchling Samus. We feel her, across the void, as she hunts the corrupted. Will our fates again be one? As our pride shatters, will prophecy become real? When all strength wanes from the Chozo, will it be the Hatchling who fulfills our legacy? True sight eludes us, for the Poison gnaws at all vision, leaving seers blind and filled with despair. Truth's blessing may come too late.

#### => Meteor Strike

We have returned to Tallon IV, borne here against our will by a great cataclysm from the reaches of space. A meteor came, casting a dark shadow of debris over the land with the violence of its impact. Though we perceived this from beyond space and time, it was but a curiosity: a brief flare in the universe. But the meteor brought with it corruption. A Great Poison burst forth into the land, clawing at life with such violence that we were ripped from our peaceful state and find ourselves wandering as shadows of the mortal forms we left behind, searching for why we are here.

#### => Contain

The world of living things feels strange to us, we who have existed so long on the edges of time and space. It is clear now that we Chozo can never return to our dimension, not while the Great Poison reaches ever further into the planet. It is so powerful, this creeping evil, that our wills are crumbling and our minds beginning to fail. And so, before it is too late, we now make our last stand. We have begun to build a temple to contain this darkness: at its heart we will place a Cipher, a mystical lock powered by twelve Artifacts and filled with as much power as we Chozo can harness in our ethereal states. Even when we are done, it may be too late.

#### => The Turned

Many Chozo have gone beyond now, and this is a mercy. Those of us who remain suffer in dimensional flux, drifting helplessly across time and space, guided by unseen and inexorable currents. The Chozo who cling to sanity fight the tide, but our minds are weakening. Soon we will all be like the Turned, Chozo who have been corrupted by the Great Poison. The Turned still hold to their Chozo forms, but their minds are black with fell intentions. Gone is their respect for life. They honor only destruction, and seek to disrupt the Artifacts holding the Great Poison at bay. All life taunts them, and they do not rest. Before long, they will be all that remain of the Chozo here.

#### => Hope

More and more, our tormented minds turn to the Newborn. As the world continues to shift into brutal, disconnected images, she remains inarguably real: a fearless figure delving deeper into this blighted world, unmindful of the terrors that await her. Was she this way before? When we Chozo found her, a fledgling orphaned on a savaged planet, did a warriors pulse already beat in her veins, filling her with righteous fury? Our hopes lie with her. We leave these messages for her, that she may find our Artifacts and deliver the world from its evils. Wraiths we may be, but our reach is still long indeed. We shall fight these invaders, and the Poison they would master, until the end.

#### => Statuary

As we have done for millenia, we Chozo work constantly on our statuary. The statues are our sentinels: blind but ever watchful, they are and have always been, repositories for our most precious secrets and strongest powers. The crafting of each is a long and sacred process, performed only by those Chozo who have lifetimes of experience in such things. We have left these relics on planets across the solar system. Some are merely reminders: silent emblems of the Chozo that serve as icons of peace in lands that know only war. Others wield subtle strength, exerting their influence in ways beyond the understanding of mortal creatures. Still others are guardians of our secret ways, and these can be as terrible as they are beautiful. Those who respect and honor these relics will know the friendship of the Chozo. Those who deface or destroy them will know our wrath, unfettered and raw.

#### => Newborn

The power of our temple has been enough to halt the spread of the poison on

