Just a reminder, I am not good at the whole writing thing, but here is what I can come up with for Arcus’ history. Also, don’t forget about the nice little plot hole that exists with Arcus because of the fact that in the final book of the Mirrodin the only living things on the planet were a elf, a goblin, and the undead head of a zombie controller. Although I suppose that Arcus could have left before everything happened in the final book of the block.

Arcus’ History:

Arcus lived in a small town which sat upon the side of a mountain. The side of the mountain had a cliff which overlooked the Mephidross swamps. On occasion, when the swamp was calm, Arcus would walk down a trail which lead to the swamp and scavenge what he could from the Mephidross. He would then bring whatever piece of artifice he found that had stopped working to his house in the village. There he could study it and experiment on it, trying to get it to work again. It took quite a while, but after months of working he finally figured out how the different parts and gears worked together to make the creatures and devices he found work. Using this new found knowledge he was able to repair a Leaden Myr, well it was mostly repaired. The Myr had lost all memory that it may have had before the repair, and as such considered Arcus to be it’s master.

Arcus, with the help of the Myr, was able to repair a few more of the creatures he had found. After a bit of this he decided to leave the town in search of other artifacts that he might be able to learn from. He traveled the land of Mirrodin, learning what he could. He then decided to settle down and try to make a business out of it, that way he would be able to use his skills to help others while still being able to learn from each new item that would be brought to him. The idea didn’t last long though because as he traveled towards the largest city in the area he was attacked by a Molder Slug. His artifact creatures did their best to defend their master, but it wasn’t enough. Arcus was trapped in a corner. He was too scared to run, and he knew nothing about fighting. All of a sudden he felt as though his life was passing before his eyes, he thought of his home near the Mephidross and all of the artifacts he had worked on. He thought of his favorite creatures he had found, the Myr, and he wished that there were enough of them to help him out of the mess he was in now. Suddenly the powers of his memories of the Mephidross called to him power unknown to himself, and the unconscious thoughts about the Myr had set off a summoning spell from him without even knowing it. The Myr he summoned was a Leaden Myr, his first creature he was able to repair, unfortunately the Myr appeared about 12 feet above the Molder Slug’s head, the Myr itself wasn’t big enough to hurt the Slug, but after the momentum from the fall it had gained enough speed to knock the Slug out for just enough time for himself to get away.

He then ran until he found an inn. It wasn’t much, but at least he wouldn’t have to worry about creatures attacking him there. He sat downstairs at the bar having some water when suddenly somebody tapped his shoulder and said “Hello there, you put on a nice little show out there today, it probably took a lot out of you. Mind if I have a seat?” it was a older man, or so it seemed to Arcus who replied “I would welcome the company. I assume you saw what happened out there then?” The man sat down and said “Yes, I was out just surveying the land, seeing what was out there when I saw that Slug, luckily it didn’t see me. Although it seems like you were able to handle it well enough.” Arcus stared at the man for a moment and said “No, it wasn’t me, although I haven’t a clue where that Myr that saved me came from. By chance were you able to see how it got there?” At this the old man laughed a little and said “Well well, I guess that must have been your first time then. You summoned the creature and it came to you.” Arcus was shocked by this knowledge and said “That can’t be, only mages and magic users can summon, I am nothing more than a simple artificer. I couldn’t have summoned it.” The old man then said “Well, it wasn’t me, and it defiantly wasn’t that Slug, so the only other person that could have done it was you. If you want I could help train you a little with your abilities, that way you won‘t end up summing up another Myr 10 feet above your own hear. The name I go by is Conan Fowl, I am a summoner, I tend to specialize in artifacts.” At hearing this Arcus was speechless. Partly because he had just found out that he had the ability to summon, and partly because he discovered that the old man sitting next to him was a mage as well. He said to the Conan “I think I need a little while to take all this in if that is ok with you.” Conan then replied “I can understand that. I will be here at the inn for the next few days. If you decide to take me up on the offer just say so and I will do what I can to help you.” Arcus said “Thank you, I will think about it and have a answer for you in the morning.” Arcus then went to his room and thought hard about the question put forth towards himself by this man called Conan. After a night of hardly any actual sleep Arcus came down and found the old mage sitting at the bar. Arcus joined him and said “Ok, I will accept your offer, but, if I may ask, why are you doing this? To the best of my knowledge you have nothing to gain from it, so why help me?” Conan said “The answer is a simple one, you are in need of help learning to harness your gift and I am a person qualified to help you do it. I may not have much in the way to gain from this, but I do get to pass on knowledge to another, and all I ask of you is to pass on the knowledge I give to you.” Arcus responded “That is a promise.”

Arcus went to Conan’s house, it was just outside of the Mephidross, just like his home town had been, only this one was level with it as opposed to being on a large cliff overlooking it. There Arcus trained with Conan, learning a handful of useful artifact spells. Then one day Conan came to Arcus with a stranger and said “Today I have somebody I wish for you to meet. He is a Planeswalker looking for students to join a newly built school for summoners. They will be much better qualified to teach you, and you may be able to teach other students the way of artifacts as well.” Arcus said “That would be nice, but I don’t wish to leave here, you have been so kind to me and I haven’t been able to pay you back for anything you have done for me.” Conan interrupted saying “You have done enough, just keep your promise about passing on what I have taught you and that will be enough payment for me. Now go and learn what you can.” Arcus nodded and said “I shall then. Goodbye Conan, you have been a good teacher for me.” Arcus then turned towards the man and said “Ok, I am ready to go whenever you are.” and without a word from the stranger Arcus was planeswalked to the plane of Arcanis (with how things go, most likely he was a few feet above the ground whenever he landed).