

# **THE ANDBER WARS**

## ***BOOK 1: ATTACK OF THE KNIGHTS***

**from the author of 'The Revealing of the Competition' and**

**'Limetown: The Plan'**

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## **Prologue: Three Months Later**

“The Andber Knights. These three words made past generations at Stratsford Island shake in their graves,” the Keeper said. The Keeper, Marty Woodworth, Carlos Tetrizzini and Ally Shuffle were all in an enclosed bunker in the woods on Stratsford Island. Stratsford Island was a training facility for tweens who had been gifted with the power of an elemental Apple Cider magical power. Every time a new group is sent to Stratsford Island, it has been at least a century since the last group. All people on Stratsford Island were to be narrowed down to six until three are victorious in a final competition for the other kids powers. When Marty, Carlos and Ally won, they decided to recreate the island into a positive force, because the last person to run it, Mr. Stratsford, was a power-hungry villain who nearly found the secret to immortality. The other two who had won the competition with him when it was their turn were named Coach Dale and the mysterious Keeper. The Keeper had decided to run into the woods and form a group with his fellow classmates who had gone into the woods too to

turn Stratsford Island into a place where there is no competition, but trains the children for their true mission. Marty was able to defeat Stratsford because of his long undetermined ability (which was revealed to be able to make good choices) and because Stratsford never developed his full potential because of his still-non-aging classmates who never gave up their power. The Keeper apparently had the answers Marty, Carlos and Ally were looking for. So they had retrieved the Keeper from the woods with the help of their friend Nicole who had joined the Keeper's organization.

As long as you are on Stratsford Island, you cannot age, but you can change form, and the Keeper chose to take the form of a shaggy nineteen year old, even though he's actually only twelve-years old. The Keeper has just begun to tell the trio and Nicole about what Stratsford Island actually is, what it's for, and who the long awaited dangerous enemy of them is.

## Chapter 1

The group had decided to meet out in the woods that day. It was about noontime, and Marty, Carlos and Ally had decided that with Nicole, Coach and Nurse, the Keeper would tell them the most information separately.

“The Andber Knights. These three words would make past generations at Stratsford Island shake in their graves,” the Keeper said. “These three words are a saying that make grown men shiver and shake, give military officers nightmares, and sometimes, even made James Stratsford himself leave a nightlight on.” The Keeper paused for a second. As Marty, Carlos and Ally sat around the marble table in the Bunker, the Keeper had wanted to tell them something. The Andber Knights. Who were they anyway, Marty wondered. If Stratsford himself was scared of them, then they must be dangerous, or he’s had personal encounters with them. Or both.

“The Andber Knights are no laughing matter,” the Keeper continued. “They are an army of warriors who will stop at nothing to find the elixir of life.”

“But why don’t they give up?” Ally asked. “Marty already destroyed the elixir of life.”

“Oh yes!” the Keeper said. “I must apologize, as I grow older, I tend to forget more and more things. There is a second elixir of life.”

“What!” Carlos exclaimed.

“No problem!” Marty said. “Why don’t we just Human Engine them?”

“Oh! That’s the other thing,” the Keeper said. “The Andber Knights want to be immortal because they’re not human.” The trio shot him confused glances. “At least they aren’t anymore. The Andber Knights are an army of Ghost Warriors, and they can only be destroyed when we destroy their bases, each filled with an elixir that slows down their aging before they actually become immortal.”

“Okay,” Carlos said. “That’s kinda a lot to take in. I have two questions. One, what does this have to do with us, and two where exactly are these bases?”

“Well, for the first one, if you want to know, the competition winners on Stratsford Island were originally

supposed to be trained to *fight* against the Andber Knights. But somewhere in history that got lost. On the Wall of Destiny in the Prophetic Cave, there is a place where a psychic foresaw a day where the competition winners would put an end to the Andber Knights, and considering you three are the winners of your time, and James Stratsford is now an Andber Knight, I thought that the three of you would be the three to take care of the Andber Knights. To answer your second question, we know where some of the bases are, but there are still others that we need to locate.”

“Okay,” Marty said. “Then when do we go to destroy the first base, and how do we identify the base itself?”

“We’ll give you a briefing when you get there, and you go right now!”

At the end of the Keeper’s last word, he was raised up above them, and the floor beneath the trio vanished, leaving them with nothing but their screaming voices.

## Chapter 2

When he awoke, Marty was lying on an Arabian-Nights-like street.

“Welcome to Riyadh, Saudi Arabia,” said a voice inside Marty’s ear. He recognized the voice as the Keeper’s.

“Where am I? What am I doing here?” Marty asked, confused. “Don’t worry, we booked you a hotel room, and most of the people speak English.”

“Wait! Wait!” Marty insisted, but the voice was gone. Marty looked around the busy streets. He had only seen places like this on TV shows. Marty had never even traveled far away from home. He wondered where Carlos and Ally were, and hoped they were okay. Marty obviously had found when he won the competition that he could Magicapperate away. Magicapperition was the process by which Marty could use his powers to transport to any one place, but the problem was, he couldn’t transport to Carlos and Ally because he didn’t know where they were exactly.

Marty thought of Stratsford Island, and everything and everyone on it. He filled his hand with strange liquid that was his power, and scrubbed it all over his hands, like liquid soap. There was light surrounding his body and before he knew it, it felt like the Tower of Terror ride he had been on at Disney World a few years ago. Marty saw almost the globe before him, as if he were looking at it from space. Marty now knew what Ebenezer Scrooge's dream felt like when he was flung up and over London, England by the Ghost o Christmas Past. Marty was guiding himself along, as he flew closer and closer to land. Mart saw the last of Saudi Arabia, and flew south, over Egypt. Marty was going faster than most cars, and even some airplanes, as he moved from the Nile upwards. Marty flew past Libya in a heartbeat, and then saw the Mediterranean Sea. Marty remembered learning about the ancient people who had settled there in a past social studies class. Marty thought for a moment about how everyone was doing back at home. Jake and Cliff didn't even know what had happened, they just woke up in an unfrozen room with a teacher threatening to call the police at no one. Marty never really thought about his old life before the Island, only that his parents let him stay there until the next group was finished training, which wouldn't be long now.



When Marty thought more about where he was, he saw a city that looked very dusty, but also glimmered under the morning sun. As Marty got closer, he saw the actual city more clearly.

Rome.

He passed the Coliseum and other famous monuments, before moving on to go farther north. The next city, or rather country, Marty passed was filled with luscious green pastures and some towns every now and again, but Marty couldn't figure it out until he was almost out of the country.

There was a large pillar at the edge of the city and Marty could make out the Eiffel Tower more clearly as he got to the Border Line of the sea. Marty then passed over water fast. Very fast. The water went by almost as fast as Libya, but had a surprisingly nice sprinkle to it on Marty's face as he got so close to the water he could see his reflection. Marty hadn't been into water that clear since his family trip to Lake Placid.

As Marty saw land again, he went farther up into the atmosphere, he saw larger skyscrapers, and buildings like none before. A bridge with two towers on it and an enormous clock. Marty couldn't figure this one out though. After France, Marty's country memory got scattered, but then Marty set a course across the Atlantic Ocean, with no time to think. Within

five minutes, Marty would be back home in Massachusetts.  
Maybe before he left, he would stop in to say hi to his class.

## Chapter 3

Marty soared over the Atlantic and headed towards Boston Harbor. It was much smaller than when he saw it many years ago. Marty picked up his speed a little bit, and went over the state faster and faster. When he came over an approximate location, he saw a church tower come into range, as he slowed down to see his hometown. Marty went through town center and past the racing cars, slowing himself down, as he got closer to St. Joseph's Elementary School. Marty never understood why it was called an elementary school though, considering that it was mostly filled with students in Grade 4 to Grade 8.

Marty almost stopped, as he got closer to the school. He saw the windows where one day a while ago Ally pointed her finger out, noticing the stopped cars. Marty had the yellow light engulf his hands, as he soon felt dizzy, then became completely invisible. Marty raised himself up against the window seeing his old teacher, who had not been frozen anymore and was moving around perfectly fine, as she was teaching a class. Marty had wondered what class it was. Then

he remembered, the class still had the same schedule, he just forgot about it. He saw the window cracked open, and as if a ghost, Marty went through it, seeing his class again, but the only problem was, they didn't see him.

While Marty revisits his past and has this touching and personnel moment, let's move to Carlos until Marty leaves the Northeastern area.

## Chapter 4

While Marty decided to do the Flying Magicapperate, Carlos decided to look around before leaving Saudi Arabia. Since he cut his hair before the competition, it had since grown back, but Carlos continued to have it cut. His nearly bare scalp still looked good on him, if he were to say so himself. Which he did. Either way, it felt great under the Arabian sun. As Carlos moved down the busy market street, he remembered it being like this in Egypt. Carlos had never *been* to Egypt, but he saw it on a video chat when his father had a business trip there. That is before street thugs stole his phone. Carlos moved down the street and saw alleyways, left and right. There were also market places that sold things such as water and jewelry. Not a very good combination, Carlos thought, if he did say so himself. Which he did.

Carlos continued to see robberies left and right on the street ways. He saw people moving into bars and others eating at a small table.

Well, Carlos thought. Maybe it's time I Transport Magicapperate back. It is much faster than flying half way around the world if I do say so myself. Which I do.

At that moment, Carlos moved into an alleyway, and felt dizzier and dizzier as he concentrated his energy on Stratsford Island. Carlos felt himself getting claustrophobic as he went into a large hole appearing above him. He flew into the hole and landed on Stratsford Island.

There was only one problem: Stratsford Island was in the middle of arson.

## Chapter 5

Ally Shuffle knew she was angry when she saw she was in the middle of Saudi Arabia. There was a lot of *tension* over there, and she didn't feel safe being there for more than another minute, but she didn't feel like betraying the Keeper either. The Keeper had been so good to them, and to think he had lived in low budget conditions just for his beliefs in the middle of a creepy woods for more than 100 years, just to be sure that *they* were trained properly.

Which was right? The Keeper or her *own* beliefs?

Ally decided to do the right thing and Magicapperate back to Stratsford Island. She made an enormous hole over her head, and flew through to land on Stratsford Island.

There was only one problem: Stratsford Island was in the middle of arson.

## Chapter 6

With Marty the last one to arrive on the island, he flew from Massachusetts to Washington D.C., and then *really* took off over the country. He went through the Rockies and over the Redwoods in California, until *finally* he landed back over the Pacific Ocean. When Marty flew south towards Stratsford Island he saw Hawaii and a few other small islands, but Stratsford Island stood out among the others. It was the only one with an enormous mountain at its center.

When Marty came down towards the castle, he started to slow down. He was finally home at last and was ready to tell the Keeper to send him somewhere more safe, and with less surprise. Marty lowered himself towards the edge of the wood.

There was only one problem: Stratsford Island was in the middle of arson.



## Chapter 7

When Marty hit the ground, he saw that Carlos and Ally were already there, and were on a rampage into trying to escape towards the woods. Coach, Nurse and Nicole burst out of the front of the castle, from which they could see from a distance. There was a huge explosion from behind the, where the castle had chunks being blown off. Nearly invisible figures were surrounding the castle and rampaging it, as if anytime one of them hit the building, it would set off a load of TNT.

The Keeper raced from the woods behind them, and he seemed blown out of proportion. His hair was lying down his face, and he had scars down his cheekbone. It looked as if he had been turned into an elderly man and his hair was rapidly turning grey.

“Run!” he yelled. The children were being yelled at and were scared beyond belief as one of the figures came towards them. It looked surprisingly familiar and Marty,

Carlos and Ally started to run. Coach, Nicole and Nurse ran towards them.

“Flee!” Coach yelled. “The Andber Knights have too much power! They’ve infiltrated the Castle and now nowhere on Earth is safe! This was the only protective area! You heard me, flee!”

“Where do we go?” Carlos asked Coach. “Saudi Arabia?”

“Anywhere!” the Keeper yelled. “Just not here! This is why we sent you away. Only you three have the power to destroy them! The Andber Knights are here! They’re ransacking the island!” Marty shot a tearful look at Coach and The Keeper who had been through so much. Especially the Keeper who had just wanted the trio to be safe, but they purposely disobeyed him to return without warning.

“Try another Andber Base?” Nicole suggested. “Just go! We’ll be fine. It’s three of us and three of you! I have just barely a quarter of my powers, and these two are nearly worn out!”

“GO!!!” The Keeper yelled. There was an Andber Knights who went faster than a turbine engine at the trio spraying some sort of liquid at them. Nicole seemed to have trouble focusing herself, but she conjured up an enormous black hole that sent the trio plummeting upwards towards the sky. Just

before they disappeared, they saw the entire Island of Stratsford erupt, causing the probable death of three very missed people.

## Chapter 8

When they woke up, Marty, Carlos and Ally were in a two-room hotel room with two beds and a pull out couch. They looked outside and saw the desert in the distance.

“We’re back in Riyadh, Saudi Arabia,” Carlos said, looking gloomy as he shut the shade. It’s nearly night here, so we should probably go to bed.”

“So where do we go tomorrow?” Marty asked.

“Well, where *is* the base anyway. What does it look like?” Ally asked.

“You heard the Keeper right?” Carlos asked. “*We* don’t need to find them. We’re the only open targets left! They’ll come to us!”

“Not necessarily,” Marty said, looking out the window, and watching the sun set over the market streets. “*We aren’t* the only targets.”

Carlos and Ally shot him a glance, as he turned to them.

“The next group?” he asked. “They could be the ones who destroy the Andber Knights, we might just be targets because we’re the strongest ones with *full* powers at the moment.”

“So?” Carlos asked.

“So!” Marty said. “We need to protect these kids, they don’t even know about their powers yet! Remember Coach all those months ago, after the Revealing of the Competition and The Insanity Driven Stratsford Fight?”

Carlos and Ally still remained silent.

“ ‘Even his powers wouldn’t let him see its location. That’s a different stronger magic that you three all contain’ ” Marty said, in his Coach imitation voice..”

“Oh!” Carlos and Ally began to say.

“While, then these kids are in danger, and how do we find them?” Carlos said.

“The problem isn’t how long we have to find them, the problem is how long it takes *The Andber Knights* to find them, and *us*.”

## Chapter 9

“What’s this stuff on our clothes?” Ally asked. “ ’Cause it’s starting to stick. And *burn* a little.”

“Liquidized metal,” Carlos said. Marty piped in,

“The natural enemy of our powers,” he said. “I did some research, and it looks like everyone of those Knights had some with them, so this is *not* by any means good.”

“Why not?”

“Because if they have more liquidized metal, then that means that there’s more than just the next group.”

“What’s that mean,” Ally asked, flipping on the TV.

“That means there’s more people out there with powers. More victims to be hurt.”

“Wait a sec!” Carlos said. “How’s that even possible?”

“Umm...” Marty said, searching for an analogy. “Okay! It’s like this. Everybody seems to have some traits from there dad’s side of the family, and some from there mom’s side of the family. Maybe the power passes on through relation, like if you’re related, the power might pass about one fourth onwards

towards that person, and as that happens your power weakens.”

Carlos’s eyes widened.

“More targets,” he said. “More victims to face the growing threat of the Andber Knights.”

“Okay!” Ally said, standing up from the couch. “This is *really* bad! So what do we do?”

“We can’t wait any longer,” Carlos said. “Let’s find that base. Right now.”

## Chapter 10

The raced down the streets towards the largest dune outside of Riyadh. They raced towards the dune and saw a small shape, like a crest, on the door.



“What’s that mean?” Ally asked.

“It means infinity, or going on forever,” Carlos explained.

“See the two intersecting lines always meets an never stop.”

“It’s probably here because ghosts can’t die, and go on forever, like infinity,” Marty said.

Marty opened the door silently and saw what awaited them. It looked like a variation of things. There was a large meeting room with chairs, almost as if a boardroom, with a bar



over on the side. There were a few Ghost Knights over by the bar, and others were nearly invisible.

“What do we do?” Marty asked. “I have a vial of my powers, so we could jus shake it around until it’s deadly enough to explode.”

“I have a better idea,” Carlos said.

## Chapter 11

They were each now invisible. With the weak power they had, they each used very powerful magic to shield themselves from the ghosts. Carlos had sneaked over to the bar, and grabbed a small glass. They poured about half the vial in, and shook up the *vial* and left the glass alone. Carlos and Ally stayed with the glass and Marty went farther into the base. He passed through several unmarked doors and saw one labeled 'Control Room'.

Marty silently opened the door and peeked through, seeing no one else in the room. He went to a generator like control panel and saw it ran just about everything in the base. He took the vial in his hand, which was now almost visible and he took the vial and opened the door.

Marty through the vial against the panel and there was an enormous explosion about to ensue. Marty ran as fast as he could to avoid the explosion, and some guards came out of one

of the unmarked doors. These ghosts were almost translucent and were very beefy. They also were very visible for ghosts, as in, you could see almost every detail in them if you had time, which Marty did not.

“INTRUDER!!!” the first guard yelled. An alarm sounded, signaling more guards to come out of the doors. Marty was almost completely visible by the time he got back to the meeting room and saw guards and the explosion behind him.

“Shake the Bottle!” he yelled to Ally. She shook it, and it formed a greenish liquid, she then tossed the bottle against the wall, and an enormous hole appeared, and sucked them all in. Marty, Ally and Carlos joined hands and jumped into the hole. Ally’s hand was slipping as they traveled through the Magicapperate portal to their next location. Carlos was able to find a list of the bases and load them into the Magicapperate list, so whenever he said the number base, it would take them there. Carlos hadn’t shouted a number, so Marty could only imagine where they were going.

Ally started slipping even more. The hole was still open, and one of the guards through more liquidized metal at them. It splashed all over Ally, who then fell away from the next location, and through another random portal.

Marty and Carlos shouted, but they could not be heard, as they were already disappearing into the next location.

## Chapter 12

Ally went unconscious after she slipped away. She was in the portal for a while, maybe hours, but it was hard to tell. She fell through the portal and was then caught in sand. She could *tell* this was not the next location wherever it was.

Maybe the beach, she thought, but Ally awoke to find that where she was there was sand just not the ocean. She saw a small sign saying:

Ulan Bator, Mongolia: 500 miles

“Mongolia!” she shouted. Now she was definitely stuck. She was stuck in the middle of nowhere with magic repel all over her.

She was stuck.

## Chapter 13

Carlos and Marty actually succeeded with their Magicapperate. They landed in somewhat of an ancient tomb.

“Where are we!?” Marty asked.

“I don’t know, I can’t check our Magicapperate log with this liquidized metal all over me,” Carlos said. “But if I were to guess, I’d say ancient Egypt.”

Marty wriggled the tomb door. As he looked around though, the tomb didn’t look Egyptian. There were no Hieroglyphics or other Egyptian writings but there were shrines and relics that looked very ancient.

Marty wriggled the tomb door and was able to pop it open. He was about to take a step outside when he saw a 90-foot drop to the bottom. Outside of the tomb was just a huge cliff drop to the bottom, but there did appear to be stairs, about five tombs over. The stairs were huge and there were people down at the bottom, but not too close.

They had to be at some national monument, Carlos thought.

“Where are we?” Carlos said.

“I know exactly where we are,” Marty said.

“Unfortunately.”

“Where?” he asked.

“Tikal. We’re at the Tikal Temple, Tikal, Guatemala.”