

THE ANDBER WARS:

BOOK 2:

TRAP AT THE TIKAL

TEMPLE

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Prologue

They were stuck. Each at their own troubling place and time. They had just barely made it out of an exploding mansion dune outside of Riyadh, but had also had just enough energy to Magicapperate away, before a bucket of liquidized metal was thrown at them, during the Magicapperate. Ally had let go, and was stuck in the middle of the Gobi Desert in Mongolia, whereas halfway around the world, Carlos and Marty, who hadn't been separated, were together in the Tikal Temple of Tikal, Guatemala.

How will each of the two groups separated become together and defeat the Andber Knights? Their story begins in Tikal Guatemala.

Chapter 1

Marty and Carlos were trapped on the top of the Tikal Temple. They stopped at the entrance seeing some people at the bottom of the temple. The two were in some kind of an anti-chamber.

“Tikal Guatemala?” Carlos asked. “How do you suppose we get out of here?”

“Well, there could very possibly be an Andber Hideout around here,” Marty suggested. “But we can’t check the Magicapperate Log to see where we loaded in all of the hideouts to our personnel use.”

“Yeah, but it’s a good thing that it’s logged into only our *personnel* log, so only we can access it.”

“Even if there is an Andber Base around here, it still won’t tell us about where Ally is!” Marty said.

“Oh!” Carlos said. “I know! If we weren’t sent directly to an Andber Knights Base, than maybe it transported us to a prophecy!”

“A what?”

“Well,” he said. “Remember when we learned last year about the ancient Americas?”

“No!”

“Well, the Mayas who built this temple were great at predicting the future! Maybe fate gave us an opportunity to use one of these prophecies in this anti-chamber to find out where Ally is!”

“Or, we could find another door out of here and *find* the Andber Hideaway!”

“Yeah, well you try your way, I’ll try mine, then when this metal comes off, or we can wash it off, whenever we find some.”

“Okay. Let’s go!”

Chapter 2

Now, our story moves over to halfway across the world, to the barren desert of the Gobi, 500 miles from Ulan Bator Mongolia, where Ally Shuffle is standing in the middle of the sandstorm.

She waited. Five minutes. Ten minutes. It could have been a half hour, but Ally wasn't counting, she just waited for someone or something. No nomads, no camels, no archeologists.

She began to wonder if anyone would ever be back. Ally decided she would have to be the one to make the next move, and sought out west to Ulan Bator.

Marty pushed on the door hard until it finally opened up, revealing yet another door, but this time one opened. The room was also filled with glyphs (probably should tell Carlos about this place). The open door had strange mutterings from the other side.

Marty peered through an open gap at the group of people standing in a circle around an altar like marble block. They started shouting chants.

“None, no, no, no, no, no! None, no, no, no, no!” They shouted this several times, as they moved around the altar.

“We,” one of the people said, “the Knights of Andber Maya, must remember our place.” The Mayan Andber Knights! They must hide here in this chamber of the Temple.

“We must remember that as we the Maya will not ignore our recent failure at the Saudi Arabia base, we, the Maya, must remain in our place. When the transformation is completed, we will have our bodies back, and seize the serum for our own needs.”

“Own needs?” Marty silently asked himself. He must have been in the middle of some kind of resurrection ceremony, where the Maya Knights were trying to bring back their bodies. Could it possibly be an older form of the magic they are not in tact with?

Carlos, back in the chamber with the open door opened towards the Temple stairs. He pulled out his iPod Touch and started pointing his enchanted app towards the hieroglyphic covered walls. Carlos had no international coverage, so he could not text or call Ally for help. The scan took a minute, ten translate the words from Latin to English. Even without the Internet, Carlos had a language translator built into his iPod.

“Latin?” Carlos muttered. “The Maya didn’t speak Latin! Maybe these were etched in by someone more recently.” The scan took a few minutes, then Carlos searched for the word ‘**WATER**’ into the translator. It came up with a result instantly.

‘Unda videor’

“*Unda videor!*” Carlos shouted, and water came from above and splashed onto him, drenching his clothes and himself. He could never be more proud of himself.

MAGICAPPERATE

Veneficus Apperate

“Veneficus Apperate!” Carlos said, and he picked out a location in his mind: Malibu Beach, Los Angeles California.

If he were in a movie, then this older form of Magicapperating would be a ‘swirl out’ effect, and he felt a mixture of dizziness, and like his nose was clogged, when he landed on a sunny beach. There were people everywhere, in the early morning.

There was a family setting up their beach blanket in the sun, and a brother and sister chasing each other around. The boy was about to be hit in the head with something coming at him.

It looked like a boy or girl a little ways down the beach who were in the remains of a small wood boat that had just crashed had thrown it. A mysterious man was standing behind them, greeting them.

“Ah,” Carlos said. “I guess it’s a mystery that will be solved later on then.” There was someone running towards him. His eyes were covered in sand, so he could not see, but the person was close enough to grab him

“Veneficus Apperate!” he said, vanishing back to Tikal, but unfortunately, the person had already grabbed him.

Chapter 3

Ally struggled through the sandstorm as it raged on.

Wherever Marty and Carlos were, it was obviously better than her. She thought she saw something coming up that wasn't sand. It was clear-ish blue. It was in a small pond near more sand. Water!

Ally ran towards the water and jumped into it quickly. The second she touched the mysterious oasis, realizing it was no mirage, she Magicapped away.

She was on a beach someplace, probably California, due to the weather. Ally never thought of a place before Magicapping, so wherever she was, someone with powers must have Magicapped here.

Ally saw someone familiar in the distance, not too far from her, so she started to run. The person seemed frozen in their spot, so she ran closer to see who it was.

The person for sure saw her now, but it was almost too late, for he was in the middle of what looked like a Magicapperate, but seemed older, like fading to a blob, then reforming in their desired location. The person was almost gone when Ally grabbed on, Magicapperating with the mysterious stranger.

Chapter 4

Marty tried to walk away from the ceremony, but was still a little shaky. He saw a possible transformation of a ghost into a body. All the Andber Knights had to do now was join up with their Maya extension and, and, and what?

The Keeper never actually had *told* the trio how to defeat the Knights, only that they were dangerous and had to be stopped.

Marty quietly went back to the hidden chamber to see that Carlos had vanished. Marty heard something from behind him. It was footsteps, moving closer and closer towards him.

Someone peered around the corner, and to Marty's fright, it wasn't Carlos, nor Ally or anyone he knew.

It was a Maya Andber Knight.

Marty was freaking out by the time he was nailed to the pole and was hung above a boiling pot of acid, I mean, who wouldn't be?

Marty actually thought that life might be over. At least it would be quick. As long as Carlos and Ally stopped the Knights themselves, than they'll be all right.

Carlos may have been right, and had found an older Magicapperate way, that defies metal. Carlos may have found Ally, and left him there.

Marty was done. He would be gone in seconds when he heard a '*Crack!*'

Carlos and Ally were in the room, and had started shooting powers at the Maya Knights. Marty had been dropped from the stick, and now hung inches above the acid. There were mutters and groans, and then Marty was hoisted up, and saw the last of Tikal, feeling a strange sensation of dizziness and as if his nose was clogged, before disappearing, leaving the vanishing Tikal Knights behind, and done for.

Chapter 5

Marty woke up at the basin of a body of water. Carlos and Ally were just waking as they saw their location.

“Where are we?” Marty yelled. “How did you guys find me? Where did you guys find each other?”

“Well, let me start,” Carlos said. “You said that translating those hieroglyphs were a bad idea?”

“Wrong!” Ally said.

“Ally! Let me finish!” Carlos said. “Wrong! Anyway, they turned out to be an even older kind of magic.”

“How so? And how did you even know this?”

“Well, I translated them, and read the history page beforehand. These things, they’re like centuries, even millennia old. Every five thousand years or so, the Magic Council changes the form of Magic, so we’re not always doing the same thing. This particular type of magic is verbal magic, meaning that you need to say the words for the magic to happen.”

“So for us,” Ally said, “it’s been upgraded to our Apple Cider flavors.”

“And I was able to find a water and Magicapperate spell, then I tested it out by going to Malibu Beach.”

“And I,” Ally said, “was in The Gobi Desert in Mongolia, dying, when I came across an oasis, and jumped into it, and Magicapperated to the last Magicapperate location, which happened to be Carlos’s place of Malibu. He was Magicapperating away, when I grabbed onto him, and we were both transported to Tikal.”

“You were tied up, so we shot the Knights, and set off a bomb to detonate five minutes from when we left.”

“They’re ghosts,” Ally continued, “they won’t die or anything.”

“So we set the bomb, grabbed your pole, and Magicapperated to the next place on the list.”

“Which is?” Marty asked.

“Some place near the Dead Sea in Jordan,” Carlos said.

“Jordan?” Marty asked. “Jordan where?”

“The *country* Jordan!”

“Oh great!” Ally said. “Another desert! Why can’t the Andber Knights set up in, oh, I don’t know, maybe Massachusetts, Canada, England, Spain or Madagascar?”

“Hey,” Carlos said. “At least we’re near water this time. But we’ll have to find the base itself.”

“Which is where?” Marty asked.

“You don’t have *amnesia!*” Carlos shouted. “We don’t know where it is either!”

“Sorry!”

“No,” Carlos said. “I’m sorry. I guess I’m kinda tense since we got thrown out onto this journey.”

“We got thrown out onto this journey two days ago!” Ally shouted.

“Well, how many Andber bases are there really?” Carlos asked.

Marty put his hand out, and a translucent image appeared before them, looking like a list of some sorts.

“Well, Ally, you are right about there being a climate controlled place on here. London England is the last place, but other than that, there are about five more!”

“Not *too* bad,” Carlos said. “I guess.”

“So London’s last?” Ally asked.

“Yep, and it looks like the next on this list after Riyadh, Saudi Arabia and Tikal, Guatemala is Petra Jordan.”

“Petra, like as in the Hidden Sandstone City?” Ally asked.

“Yep!” Carlos said. “So we better get going if we want to destroy the Sandstone City!”

“Let’s go the faster way this time,” Ally said. “Carlos, the spell if you would please!”

“Veneficus Apperate!”

COMING SOON:

THE ANDBER WARS:

BOOK 3:

***THE SANDSTONE CITY'S
SECRETS***

MAY 30TH, 2011:

**5 BASES: 3 KIDS.
ANOTHER GROUP?**