

THE ANDBER WARS

BOOK 3:

***SECRETS OF THE
SANDSTONE CITY***

JOHN M. HAYECK

Desperate times call for desperate measures.

Chapter 1

“*Meus memoria videor potuisse infrequentia!*” Argo said. “*Meus memoria videor potuisse infrequentia!*” (Or, my memory seems to have been emptied, in English) Argo didn’t know where he was, or even what he was doing there. The one thing he *did* know for sure was that he could talk, but even that seemed a little bit screwy.

“*Qua sum Ego? Quare can't EGO narro English?*” he continued (or where am I? Why can't I speak English? In English).

A boy appeared next to him, as if transported from out of nowhere.

“Hey! Argo, adveho me!” said the boy. The boy grabbed Argo’s neck tightly, and then said some more Latin.

“*Veneficus Apperate!*” he said, and the boys seemed to vanish in an instant, reappearing a second later at an

underground bunker-like area. There were many sets of bunk beds and metal walls all around. There were already many familiar people in the bunker where they were. It seemed like the idea of them was right at the tip of Argo's tongue, but he just couldn't manage to figure out who they were.

"Everyone!" cried a voice. Whether it was in Latin or English, or possibly another language, he could not tell.

"Welcome to Bunker 188!" the person said. He seemed to be about two or three years older than Argo, and was Latino. He had shaggy-cut hair, and was wearing dark, cut jeans, and a shirt with a rip through the torso. His face seemed scratched and hit from battle. "I," he continued, "am Carlos Tetrazzini, your trainer slash councilor. You have all been called here for a reason, you're all special."

"I've auditus ut unus pro! Isn't ut quis nostrum P.E. magister dico nos pro nos totus perdo a venatus ut medius schola kids!" said a rude boy from the back. The English translation of which would be 'I've heard that one before! Isn't that what our P.E. teacher tells us before we all lose a game to the middle school kids!'

Carlos Tetrazzini looked as if he did not tolerate back talk, especially from a bunch of ten year olds.

“No!” he said. “You have all been blissified with the gift of an Apple Cider flavor.”

“Blissified isn’t a word!” the boy shouted in Latin.

“Well, that’s what my Coach said to me when he came and got my group. Anyway, this flavor is more like an element of magic you control and are trained to use in a good way. There is myself and Ally Shuffle who will instruct and train you how to use your powers.”

“Why should we believe you?” a girl in the back named Isabel said. “Why are we being trained?”

“Because if you were being lied to, could I do this?” Carlos said. “*Veneficus Apperate!*” Carlos vanished that instant, and there was a crack at the back of the room, where he reappeared and then grabbed Isabel, then vanishing again.

He appeared at the front of the room, with Isabel.

“That was fun!” she said in Latin. “Let’s go again!”

“As I was saying, we need your help. There are groups that come along every few centuries, that will be trained, and a competition is usually held. A bloody fight to find out who will keep their powers for the rest of their days, but when we stopped an evil villain from doing this, we wanted you all, the next group, to develop your full power potential and reach your maximum power. Our group just finished this past fall,

and our new task is to wipe out a new group of evildoers, the Andber Knights. The Knights are a group of powerfully evil, magical ghosts who are depend on ruling the world.”

“And why are we involved?” Argo shouted in Latin.

“Because, like I said, you’re the next group, who will most probably wipe out the Knights.”

“What happened to your group of competition winners?” he shouted back.

“Well you guys are a bunch of question askers!” Carlos said. “We thought we could do it without you guys, by ourselves, but our leader and competition first place winner, Marty Woodworth. Uh...” Carlos paused.

“Well, to destroy the Andber Knights bases, thus destroys the Knights themselves, but when we went to our last base in Turkmenistan, Marty was found missing the morning after we arrived. The police put up missing posters, called hotels, he never turned up. He was officially confirmed dead by the Turkmenistan police, because no one knows where he was, or currently is.”

“So you’re just giving up!” Argo said. “It only took two days to declare him dead!”

“No of course not!” Carlos said. “Ally Shuffle has been looking for him in the Magicapperate, magical way of

transportation, the entire day. Oh, and Turkmenistan didn't really fancy us, after one of their museums was blown up the same morning, so..."

"All rightie then," Argo said, "but what about this training place. Obviously you guys didn't train in this dump!"

"This is one of the only safe places from the Andber Knights! Our training facility was in the middle of the Pacific Ocean, on an island away from home and time had magically stopped."

"How do we defeat these Knights though?" the boy in the back asked.

"Well, me, Marty and Ally had destroyed one in Tikal, Guatemala and before that Riyadh, Saudi Arabia and I guess the story picks up after we Magicapped to the base of the Dead Sea in Jordan."

"Well, tell us it from there, maybe we can help!" Argo said.

"Alright."

Chapter 2

It all began, four days ago, in Jordan. Marty, Carlos and Ally were drying themselves off in the weeds when they were checking the Magicapperate log for their next base of the Andber Knights.

“Okay, looks like the next place in Jordan is someplace called... Someplace called Petra!”

“Petra, Jordan!” Carlos said. “That’s the famous Sandstone City.”

“The what?” Ally and Marty asked at the same time.

“Let me show you. Grab my arm.” They did as instructed and held Carlos’s arm tight for a moment.

“*Veneficus Apperate!*” Carlos shouted. The three disappeared together, and reappeared at the base of an enormous, monument like structure. It looked like a Roman building carved by sandstone into the side of a wall.

“Welcome to the Treasury at Petra!” Carlos said. “You know, it’s one of the forty places you *should* visit before you die!”

“Whatever!” Ally said. “Take out your iPod and scan for the word infinity. Maybe it will bring us to the nearest Andber infinity sign.”

“Or,” Marty said, “Maybe, we’ll find a bunch of angry *Roman* Andbers this time! Remember Tikal’s Mayan! There might be a different branch of every Knight base!”

“I got it!” Carlos said. “Infinity is at the burial place!”

“Of course!” Marty said. “Of all the places in the world, and Andber Knight base *must* be hidden at a spooky burial chamber, not a Bowl-R-Ama!”

“What I’ve realized,” Ally said, “is that each one of these places has taken us to a magical place. Not like magical, like whoa this view is magical! But I mean actual places with magical ancestry. Do you think that it’s supposed to tell us something about the Knights?”

“Well, Saudi Arabia, possibly,” Carlos said, “but defiantly Tikal. What’s gonna be here?”

“Let’s find out,” Marty said, putting out his hand for the two to take. Carlos and Ally both connected their hands to his, and Marty said, “*Veneficus Apperate!*”

The trio disappeared, then reappeared in front of another part of Petra. It didn’t look familiar, like the pictures of the treasury the had seen in their Social Studies textbooks, but this

looked almost more ancient, like even before the other parts of the city were built.

“Welcome to the Kokh,” Carlos said. “The burial chamber of Petra. Now, the infinity chamber must be around here someplace around the tombs.”

“Again,” Marty said, “never a Bowl-R-Ama!”

“Shut up!” Ally said. “Let’s just destroy this place and the rest of the Knights as soon as possible. After this we only have, what, four more places then we’re done!”

Carlos brought his iPod detection radar around the entire site and tombs, but the signal kept getting lost.

The site came up at a tomb door reading ∞.

“Guys! Guys I found something!” Carlos shouted. “I think it’s behind this tomb door!”

Ally and Marty ran over to the door and saw the symbol etched into the sandstone.

“Help me open this!” Marty said. The trio pushed on the door harder and harder, and then they opened it up a crack, and saw a base similar to the one in Riyadh. It had glass windows that showed a desert outlook, a hallway with many doors, but this particular base had a round table around which, sat many figures that were translucent, much like other Andber Knights. They all sat looking at an Andber man, dressed for

combat. He had blood covering his face, as if he had died in battle, and joined up with the Knights soon afterward.

“... As I know the three have destroyed two of our bases, and there is no telling how long until they find this one,” he said. The man spoke with a British accent and had a small mustache down his chin, and had bags under his eyes, as if he had not slept well in months.

“Sir Occidio?” said a Knight, “why are you here exactly?”

“First, thank you squire for calling me by my preferred name, not that stupid surname on my shield all those centuries ago. And, Muldoon, after the breaches of the Tikal and Riyadh bases, I was sent by the Andber Knights leader from H.Q. in London to make sure the three causes no more... Unnecessary trouble, shall I say? I have also called you all, the leaders and chairman of your bases, to make sure that this assignment is clear. If they are seen, kill the three. What say you, Stratsford? What is the status of the Isle Base?”

“I?” said a figure at a table head. He resembled a form of James Stratsford, same height, same inability to speak and same poor posture. “I, I... I believe that, no... I have dealt with, uh, dealt with these children before, and they are not easy. Most tricky Sir Occidio.”

“And the prisoners?” Occidio asked. “What will become of them? On the island?”

“Yes sir,” Stratsford said. “Yes, uh, yes sir, they, uh, we are still in, ah, a pending decision of their fate.”

“Stratsford?”

“How to kill them.”

Chapter 3

“They mean the Keeper, Coach and Nicole!” Ally whispered. “They must be alright!”

“Where’s that acidic juice you guys stole from Tikal?” Marty asked. “I’m getting rid of this thing easily!”

“What?” Carlos asked.

“Stratsford and his goons are on their way to kill our friends! You heard them! There’s a base on Stratsford Island, just get rid of this one, and we’ll be on our way!”

Carlos handed him the juice, and Marty shook it hard. He raised his hand, and a flame appeared on it. Marty opened the juice, and the old door to throw the juice in. Marty threw the flame at the juice, and the base began to rumble and erupt. Occidio saw the children, and had large red eyes as he approached them.

The rest of the bases was falling to pieces, imploding inside itself, and Carlos Marty and Ally joined hands as Carlos began to say the spell.

"Veneficus ---," Carlos began, as the group saw the last of Jordan. Occidio ran faster and faster knowing the opportunity was disappearing with the children.

Once again, time seemed to slow down. The three were half gone into non-being, when Occidio ran faster and faster.

"Apperate!" Carlos shouted. Occidio grabbed Marty Woodworth's neck at the last second, having hold of him, and forced to Magicapperate with them.

Chapter 4

“Back to the present!” Carlos said. “We Magicapped to Turkmenistan and destroyed a base there, me and Ally with the same tactic as Jordan. Marty, we thought, had already gone to the base, but he wasn’t there. The base was in a museum, and it had a bit of an explosion. Marty was confirmed possibly dead by the police.” He paused.

“Yesterday, I got all of you together, and now you’re here!”

“Well we’re not helping you!” Argo said, now in English. “Just send us back home!”

“You know what?” Carlos said, “if you’re too young, immature or just plain selfish to know what this power means, then so be it.”

At that second, Ally appeared next to Carlos for the first time, and Carlos snapped his fingers. The children disappeared at the second Carlos’s fingers moved from each other.

“They’re gone,” Carlos said.

“I know, but that’s no problem to us for a few reasons. One, after Magicapperating around for a while, I heard some Knights in Turkmenistan talking, and one of their bases in Fiji was destroyed by two strange people who appeared mysteriously, but one of them wasn’t Marty Woodworth.”

“So?”

“So, I looked around a little bit farther and I have good news, I’ve found Marty!”

“Brilliant! Where?”

Ally’s face became solemn, and serious all of a sudden, looking a bit guilty.

“He’s there, taken prisoner by Occidio. Held by the guards. I tried to get him out, but I couldn’t, I just...”

“Ally,” Carlos took her hand as she started to sob. “Ally, just tell me, where is he?”

“He couldn’t Magicapperate either! It’s a prison, and it’s changed. A pile of dirt since the Knights have been there!”

“Ally. Where?”

Ally looked up at him.

“Stratsford Island.” Carlos held her hand tight and saw the last of Bunker 188.

“Veneficus Apperate!”

THE ANDBER WARS

BOOK 4:

RETURN TO STRATSFORD

ISLAND

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IN BOOK 3, EVERYWHERE IS
SAFE, BUT AFTER BOOK 4, THE
BATTLE HAS BEGUN, AND THE
KNIGHTS ARE EVERYWHERE...