

THE ANDBER WARS

BOOK 4:

RETURN TO STRATSFORD

ISLAND

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Chapter 1

It was daybreak on the island. Carlos and Ally had Magicapperated in using a much older form of magic, and were now on their way to the castle.

“Be careful,” Ally warned. “There are barriers added in, so Magicapperition is being tracked.”

“Don’t worry, we’ll go on foot from here, so we’re not being followed. Where’s the castle?” Carlos asked.

“Not too far, a mile maybe? Possibly more.”

They walked for a while. Seconds turning to minutes, minutes to a half hour. It was about forty-five minutes before they reached the castle, or at least what used to be the castle. It looked like fire had covered the entire base, but a bunker like, *slab* (would be the best description). It was made of marble and had bared windows. There were banners hung around the

castle, some torn, and others ripped, but in any condition, they all looked like a war had been fought here.

It was obvious this was the castle, but it just been redone. The Andber Knights were blocking the one and only door. Carlos raised his hand, and a green light shimmered over the marble, the light cut through marble, enough for them to peer through at Sir Occidio from Petra, and the ghost of James Stratsford.

“How did you manage to catch him sir?” James asked.

“When the Magicapperating away, I recognized their form of magic,” Occidio said. “It was the kind used when I was alive through the Middle Ages. It was a very important time for the Knights.”

“The Middle Ages?”

“Why yes! Of course! The Knights loved the Middle Ages. Well, hence what used to be the castle, they didn’t build a hotel on this island did they?”

“Well of course they didn’t! But I see what you mean,” Stratsford said. “You grabbed Woodworth and Magicapperated him here, now we must somehow find Tetrazzini and Shuffle.”

“Shuffle was looking for Woodworth and saw his beaten, unconscious self in the chambers, and only her idiotic self would return here!”

“Hey!” Ally whispered to Carlos, as they listened in.

“No, no,” Stratsford said. “They will return. Their Achilles Heel if you will, is perseverance, and they’re not going to give up on Woodworth here, and then it will be easier to kill them all at once. I’ve lost immortality to these children before, and it will not happen again.”

Occidio grabbed the barely visible neck of Stratsford and clenched it.

“It BETTER not!” he said, and then Magicapperated away in mid walk. Stratsford walked out of view, and Carlos and Ally

peered around the corner, to see stairs running down the castle, to a probable basement, that none of the three had ever seen.

Ally and Carlos ran down the stairs, and saw guards surrounding the prison cells. Had this been just recently built, or had there always been a prison beneath their castle. They saw some Knights, fully dressed in cloaks, and hoods pulled far over their heads.

They saw the badly beaten body of Nicole at on a wood bench in her cell, barely conscious. The body of the Keeper lie on the hard cement floor. The idea of the Keeper being dead was a great possibility to Carlos. Carlos had watched people die, almost get killed and sometimes it passed through his mind that it was his fault.

Also, the thought of just doing the will of the greater good passed through his mind, but he knew that getting rid of the

Knights, and getting Marty back were more important than just a few people in the sacrifice.

Chapter 2

Carlos took some of his powers in a jar (which Marty had insisted on before his disappearance), and shook them up, then throwing them out and at the Knights. The Knights' clothing was blown to the other end of the room, and their spirits flew far towards the end of the prison.

Ally rushed over to the cell, which held Nicole, the Keeper and Coach, and used her magic to blast the keyhole away.

Carlos rushed over to the cell opposite and saw the body of Marty Woodworth, crippled over, and not moving, his eyes, barely open. Marty's entire description would be too gruesome to describe in this novel, so I will only describe parts of him.

Marty Woodworth had a large, bloody scar running down his eye, and blood dripped in every part of his face, keeping

him barely recognizable. He wore the same clothes as the day he got kidnapped, and his hair was darker than usual, as it was covered in blood. In other words, there was probably more body outside of Marty Woodworth's body than in it.

Carlos's hand was glowing, and he reached through the cell, and grabbed Marty's shirt, and dragged him out. Marty seemed to stand up, and look Carlos in the eye. He had trouble standing, but was able to get up.

Ally opened the door that was falling off of its hinges and Nicole got up, and ran out of the cell, and hugged Nicole, and then rushed over to hug Marty and Carlos. Coach looked up from the corner he was hiding in, and quickly opened the door for the Keeper. The Keeper got up from his deep, dark sleep, and went to the door and saw Carlos and Ally, beaten and bruised from Turkmenistan.

"Keeper!" Carlos said. The Keeper was drifting in and out of consciousness. "Keeper!"

“Yeah, yeah? What is it?” he asked, tired.

“Where to after here? We’ve lost the Magicopperate log!”

Carlos yelled at him. The guards were hurrying down the hall towards them, and they looked like they meant business.

Chapter 3

“Keeper!” Carlos yelled. “Where to?!”

“Uh, uh,” he said. “Gimme a sec.”

“We don’t have a sec!” Ally yelled, watching the guards.

“Anywhere but here. Carlos, throw those powers right now!

The center is right down there!”

Carlos threw the powers as hard as could be down by the power door, and a massive explosion erupted.

“Where?” Nicole asked.

“Uh, uh how about the Prophetic Cave?” the Keeper asked.

“Where’s that, other than all these prophecies, including ours?”

“Monte Zuccherro, that’s in Switzerland!” the Keeper said.

“We got the Fiji base a while ago, so we’ve just got to recover, then London is the only place to go!”

Carlos shot some magic at the Keeper, Nicole and Coach, and it shot them up toward the beach shore where they could Magicapperate. The guards and fire came closer, and the cells began burning.

Marty would have never wanted to see the castle like this.

They ran, Marty barely standing, and up the spiral staircase, outside to the ground layer of the castle, with the banner hanging, and the early morning sun over the horizon.

Chapter 4

The bodies of the Keeper and Coach barely stood by the beach shore. Nicole was keeping a small force field alive long enough to hold off Occidio and the others, who were nowhere insight and the force field was probably unnecessary.

Occidio ran out from behind the castle, and pulled out a stick about five 16 inches long, and waved it at the trio. Fire burned from the long, oak carved wood. He then yelled words with fury:

"Mortem Dominus!" Occidio yelled, and red, green and black sparks raced each other through a turbine of a jet-like flare, that shot right towards them.

Time seemed slower as the curse came closer, and Nicole took the bloody hands of Coach and the Keeper, and held them tightly, her other hand reached out for Ally, Carlos and Marty.

Ally and Carlos joined hands, and Marty raced towards them. Ally and Carlos got right next to Nicole, and locked her hand.

Marty raced up and jumped to grab the almost Magicapped group. The force hit Marty hard in the back, and he let out a cry of pain. He felt like he had been hit by something that would sting his body all the way through.

Marty's hand locked with theirs, and they were gone in a second.

Occidio smiled and laughed.

Chapter 5

They were on the edge of a cave, hidden somewhere cold. Ally and Carlos got up, and hugged each other, and the Keeper and Coach were standing very weakly. Nicole was using her energy to conjure up medicine and other health necessities, like food and bottles of water.

Ally looked down at the edge of the cave, where he was.

Marty Woodworth was not moving, and his eyes were bound to one direction. Ally and Carlos ran over to his body, and pressed her hand to his heart.

“No heartbeat!” Ally said. She put her forefinger on his neck, and the other on his wrist. “Carlos, Keeper, he has no pulse!” The Keeper sat upright.

“Wait,” he said. “What spell did Occidio launch at Marty?”

“Uh, something with Dominus in it?” Ally said, teary eyed.

“It wasn’t *Mortem Dominus*, was it?”

“That’s the one.”

“You guys have learned how magic changes, right?” the Keeper asked. Carlos and Ally nodded. “Well, it was mental magic from 1 A.D. to 999 A.D. It was like casting spells, like the *Veneficus Apperate Magicappertes* you away, which was intact from 1000 A.D. to 1999. You must also use a wand to perform some of these spells, like the most powerful one used on Marty, which was the Killing Curse.”

“He’s gone.”