



GUY
STANTON III

A WARRIOR'S REVENGE

BOOK FIVE OF THE
THE WARRIOR KIND

A WARRIOR'S REVENGE

Book Five
of
The Warrior Kind

Guy S. Stanton, III

Words of Action

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*Dedicated to Adam and Eve, the
first couple, from which we all came.
Though we be of different colors and
backgrounds we are all still of one
Kind.*



—THE MAP OF THE ANCESTOR'S WORLD

Chapter One

Hate Born

Explosions rocked the night and Loric felt the air in his chest shudder out, as he was overcome with fear. He ran with everything he had toward the great Hall ahead of him, as tears blurred his vision of it in the darkness. A streak of green fire sizzled out over top of his head and slammed into the ancient Hall ahead of him. The shockwaves from the explosion picked Loric up off his feet and threw him flying backwards to land hard on his back on the icy ground.

Loric looked up to see that the outer stone façade of the Hall had been shattered and the now exposed great oaken beams that were centuries-old and centuries in the making were wreathed in flames. Surging up to his feet Loric screamed out from the very inmost pit of his being, “No!!!”

More green fire slammed into the surrounding buildings causing the ground to shake beneath him violently, even as the night sky was lit up by the corresponding flames of destruction.

“Loric! What are you doing? You must come now! There is but one of the ships left! We have to go!” Cried out Loric’s mother, even as she grabbed him and started tugging him back down the hill.

“But father! We must bring him with us mother!” Loric cried out resisting

against her hold on him, as much as a strong seven-year-old could.

“He died Loric! He died yesterday! I didn’t have the heart to tell you. We have to go now or we’ll miss the last ship to Assoria!” Loric’s mother said her face awash with tears and heavy emotion.

Loric followed after her stumbling, as she led him by the hand through the burning wreckage that had been their home. Father was dead! It was the only thought that repeated over and over in Loric’s consciousness. It was so loud that he neither heard nor noticed any of the carnage that was befalling what remained of Thunder Ridge.

They ran headlong down the hill toward the ship docks, but they were too late. The last two airships lifted into the

night sky silhouetted against the embers of Thunder Ridge's destruction. One of the airships began to increase in speed, and the other one started to follow but suddenly exploded into a giant fireball of falling debris, as it received several direct hits from enemy ships that had suddenly loomed out of seemingly nowhere.

Loric and his mother drew to a halt, as they watched in stunned horror, as their means of escape disappeared before them. Green glimmering light shafts touchdown repeatedly all over the burning castle grounds, from the overhead enemy cruisers as they passed by. As the green shafts of light disappeared Rattan gunfire began to blaze out, as enemy soldiers infiltrated the grounds of Thunder Ridge from their

beam down locations. Those still left alive within the castle grounds soon fell prey to the enemy.

Loric and his mother ducked in and around buildings in a desperate attempt to avoid detection, but they both knew that they couldn't find sanctuary here within the castle, because the place would be completely destroyed just as all the southern Valley Lander cities had been destroyed over a week before.

They rounded a corner and smacked into two enemy soldiers. Loric's mother let go of his hand and grabbed a hold of both soldiers, "Run Loric!" She screamed out desperately.

Loric turned and ran, as his insides felt like mush. He'd made it twenty feet, when some greater will than his fear made him stop. He turned to see his

mother screaming on the ground with one of the men on top of her, while the other one held her down. Fear was replaced by blind fury, as he yanked the small hunting knife free that his father had just given him for his seventh birthday not over a month ago. He ran screaming towards the two men, who were hurting his mother.

A blow to the back of his head sent him falling to the ground. Raising his head in a daze of pain Loric still saw his mother in need of help and he started to crawl toward her, but a second blow to his head sent him into a world of nothingness and he let go of the knife and fell into the darkness.

Slowly, Loric realized the first feelings of awareness and pain, as he

became aware of his surroundings. He lifted his head up off what he realized was the lap of a girl not much older than himself. The lighting was dim in the cargo hold that he and several other children were locked in. They were probably headed toward the Tranquil Islands even now.

Loric turned his head to look at the girl; whose lap his head had been laying on. He had never seen her before.

“My name is Soralee. I come from a small village further down the valley from Castle Eschol. Where are you from?”

“Thunder Ridge.” Loric responded softly.

There were several gasps among the other children, but Soralee was the first to respond, “That’s bad! We had all

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