



GUY
STANTON III

A WARRIOR'S JOURNEY

BOOK TWO OF THE
THE WARRIOR KIND

A WARRIOR'S
JOURNEY

Book Two
of
The Warrior Kind

Guy S. Stanton, III

Words of Action

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*Dedicated to all the missionaries
who have and continue to this day to
take
the Word of God to the peoples of the
world at great peril and cost to
themselves.*



—THE MAP OF THE ANCESTOR'S WORLD

Chapter One

Into the Fire

I watched as the steel heated up to a cherry red glow in the forge before me.

Knowing it was time for the next step I pulled the glowing rod out of the hot coals with the pair of iron pincers.

The pincers grasped the rod on the tang end of what would become a sword. I swung around and placed the still glowing rod across an anvil.

My twin brother, Gavin, began to pound away with a hand sledge at the semi molten steel. Sparks flew, as he

aimed his blows and I adjusted the rod across the anvil in time with his heavy strikes of the sledge.

Sweat rolled off of both of us, but we didn't care. We were too into the love of creating every boy's fantasy object, a sword.

We had made swords and knives before, but this one was special. Our oldest brother, Talaric, had asked us to make this sword for him.

He rarely asked or had so little to do with us most of the time, which made it a big deal, when he had asked us to make a coming of age sword, a man's sword of war.

We were completely engrossed in our work, as this sword reflected the new found respect that many were coming to see in our work. I reflected with every

pounding hammer strike of the day that Gavin would help me create my own coming of age sword.

Giving Gavin a glance I surmised that his thoughts consisted of nothing farther then the joy he received in the pounding of the red metal into a new creation.

He was predictably content in the moment of whatever he was doing, it was just the way that he was. My thoughts always drifted more to the future and the far reaching effects that I wanted to be a part of.

Gavin would probably write a poem about making the sword later on, which I would probably end up helping him untangle.

Gavin had a great gift for stating complex issues into a simpler straight forward way, but when it came to

writing it out he was hopeless. He kept trying though.

That is one thing our father had grilled into us, always keep trying. As long as the fight was alive than there was a chance for victory over whatever the obstacle was at the moment.

I was the third son born to my father, Roric Ta'lont. He was the leader of our realm. Gavin and I were twins, but Gavin had been born twenty minutes before I had been. We were far from being identical twins as some were. He was bigger and brawnier, while I was the leaner and more quick witted one.

My oldest brother, Talaric was the living replica of our father. He was slightly bigger than father, but not as quick, I thought. My father was untouchable in a fight and I doubt if there

would ever be a day he was bested in a fight.

I had two sisters, one older and one younger. Our oldest sister, Sansa, was like our oldest brother in that she generally had little to do with us and we her. Our little sister, Ellanarra, tagged along with me and Gavin wherever we went, like the wart that we couldn't get rid of.

Okay that was mean of me. She was okay for a girl, I guess. I just wished she wasn't always pestering us. Our mother was the string that held us all together. She always met us on the common ground that we needed, at the moment we needed her most. She was always there for us, for me anyway. I didn't have many friends.

Truth be told I didn't really have any

friends other than her and Gavin. Gavin didn't really count as he couldn't help, but he bonded to me as his twin.

There was possibly someone else that I could call a friend, our fighting instructor Rolf. He was my father's closest friend and confidant, other than my mother. Rolf and I were quite similar in temperament.

We were both quiet and not prone to be overly talkative, especially to people we did not respect. I gathered that he quite enjoyed my presence during our quiet sparring matches and I his. Father had been rather absent from my life for the past few years and I had convinced myself as to why that was.

Affairs of state and dealing with my older brother's antics seemed to eat up all his time. The latter made me angry,

because I very much wanted my father's attention too.

I had expressed my anger regarding the usurpation of my father's attention by my older brother to my mother once and she had told me something that had given me peace on the matter.

She had said, "Zevin have you ever considered that the reason your father is spending more time with Talaric right now is not because he loves him anymore than he does you, but rather because that as the future leader of our family your older brother is lacking in several key aspects important for leadership that you already possess?"

In genuine consternation at what those aspects could be I had asked, "What would those be?"

She had taken my hand and looked me

directly in the eye and said, “You’re quiet and reserved by nature, which means you won’t give away what you’re thinking or feeling in a diplomatic setting. You’re a master at being able to control your own emotions, which could help you avoid making rash decisions in either matters of state, war, and even love. When you act upon something it’s because you’ve already studied every angle to the problem and have come up with the most likely path to success. When you act, you fully commit yourself to the action until it is complete. You’re a natural born leader Zevin and your older brother is far behind you in so many ways.”

I hadn’t realized that I possessed such qualities or that I was such an open book to my mother. Her telling me that had

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