

THE
PRIMARY
WARRIORS

A LIGHT AGAINST THE DARKNESS

Primary Warriors:

A Light Against the Darkness

by

Mark Jenks

(This book is dedicated to my Primary Class of 2012, who are the inspiration and Heroes of this work: Anna Hancock, Azael Riday, Ben Husted, Cameron Mickel, John Carmen, Madison Nackos, Maggie Osterhaus, Scott Romney, Shay Richards, Tace Rothstein and fellow teacher Jordan Smith.)

(Can be downloaded at:<http://markjenks.tripod.com>)

Chapter 1

The Destroyer On the Waters

Tace Rothstein stood on the deck of the Arctic Princess cruise ship looking out at the ocean off of the coast of Alaska. He was vacationing with his family and everyone was having a great time. Up until this point it had been a peaceful trip: but that was about to change.

He had been looking at a calm sea only moments before when he was surprised to notice that it had begun to bubble and churn and he was shocked to see a giant tentacle burst from the water and snake its way toward the ship, as the passengers fled below deck; leaving Tace alone to face the creature. With that sight before him; recollections of unremembered abilities, which had previously been hidden from him behind a veil of forgetfulness were immediately restored and Tace burst into action.

Looking to the newly remembered powers within himself, he grew to enormous proportions and stood on the deck of the ship, ready to defend it from the attacking leviathan. As three of the tentacles reached over the railing of the ship, the forty foot tall Tace grabbed a shuffleboard stick, causing it to grow to match his proportions and swung it like a baseball bat; knocking the tentacles away from the ship. The swing almost made him lose his balance, as he shifted his giant mass, to reestablish his footing: in the process he almost capsized the ship.

The startled leviathan, who had expected no resistance, was shocked by the experience and fled back into the depths. Looking out at the fleeing beast, Tace returned to his normal size, glad that he didn't have to risk tipping over the boat again.

Thinking the situation over to himself, he knew that he had to try to tell his classmates about this. With his memories restored, he recalled his previously forgotten adventures and he knew that his classmates had hidden memories of similar adventures which they needed to have restored. When he got home, he would have to try to help them remember

ISAIAH 27:1- In that day the LORD with his sore and great and strong sword shall punish LEVIATHAN the piercing serpent, even LEVIATHAN that crooked serpent; and he shall slay the dragon that [is] in the sea.

Anna Hancock and her family had returned to one of her favorite places. Nauvoo had always been both an uplifting and an entertaining place to spend some vacation time, and she had looked forward to it for weeks. Her parents had gone into the Temple and Anna was with a group of friends at the brickyard, hearing again about how they made bricks in the old days. Suddenly she heard a roar coming from the river. Everyone turned toward the waterway to see what was causing the commotion.

Instantly, Anna, like Tace before her, was washed with a flood of returning memories, and she knew that the roar from the Mississippi River was nothing natural. Grabbing the necklace around her neck, which had been made with the broken steel bowstring of Nephi, she called out to her winged unicorn, Fairwing, which she had received on a previous adventure.

Descending out of the sun, the white and gold unicorn spread her wings, flared out and landed neatly in front of Anna, who quickly leaped onto the noble steed's back and the pair took to the air. Anna normally wasn't particularly fond of unusual heights, but when she was in Fairwing's saddle, flying seemed to be the most natural thing in the world to her, and it brought her inexpressible joy.

Seeing a dragon climbing out of the river really shocked her; its metallic green scales and overspreading wings were awesome enough, but her real attention was drawn to the smoke rising from its nostrils and the hint of flames coming from deep in its throat. She guided Fairwing into a dive that brought her mount's four golden hooves within striking distance of the beast. With quadruple hoof smashes to the head and a prod in the back from a golden unicorn horn, the startled monster roared again and fled back under the waters of the Mighty Mississippi.

Soaring over the beautiful landscape, Anna realized that she couldn't wait to get back to her class to talk to them about this. She knew that only they would believe her when she told the story of what happened this day.

JOB 40:15- Behold now behemoth, which I made with thee; he eateth grass as an ox.

Shay Richards had accompanied her friend Maddie to Washington state to see the place before her classmate had to move away. At the time of the event, they were on a ferry to one of the islands west of Seattle. Most of the ferry users traveled over it each day and found it to be an experience that they had come to ignore. That was why only the two friends were on deck, looking out to sea when they saw the most incredible sight. A school of mermaids was shadowing the ferry like playful dolphins and one of them had noticed the girls watching them.

Signaling the other mermaids to join her, several of the sea maidens jumped up out of the water and grabbed the girls; pulling them under the sea. The urgency of the situation reawakened the hidden memories within Shay and she instinctively changed into her dolphin form and attacked the mermaids.

Raising her voice in the distress cry of the dolphin a nearby pod; hearing her pleas; came rushing to the girls rescue. While the other dolphins carried Maddie back to the safety of the ferry, Shay swam at full speed and rammed the stomach of the mermaid who had originally ordered the attack. She took great pleasure in showing the kidnapping mermaid a lesson in manners, before she rocketed back to the surface where she swam joyously on her tail for a moment before leaping out of the water; after which she instantly transformed back into her human body and saw to the welfare of her shaken friend.

Blinking her eyes to get the salty water out of them, Maddie looked up at her friend and said, "How did you do that?"

To which Shay answered, "We're going to have to have a talk sister. In fact, I think that we may have to warn everyone in our class."

D7C 61:18-19 And now I give unto you a commandment that what I say unto one I say

*unto all that you shall forewarn your brethren concerning these waters, that they come
not in journeying upon them, lest their faith fail and they are caught in snares;
I, the Lord, have decreed, and the destroyer rideth upon the face thereof,
and I revoke not the decree.*

Chapter 2

Monsters in the Air

John Carmen was with his family in an isolated part of the Utah Mountains. They had been camping and he had gotten up early one morning while the rest of his family slept and it was lucky that he had, because as enlightened as the others might be; only John had the experience to deal with what he found before him.

Climbing out of his tent and stretching he heard the sound of a large crackling fire and turned quickly toward the sound where he saw a reddish glow behind the treeline. The first thing that he thought of was that there might be a forest fire, and he almost shouted to wake his family to get them to gather their things and flee; but then he realized that the glow was rising off of the ground. Watching a little longer he saw a large flaming bird rising in a destructive majesty.

It flew straight at them, and he could see that it radiated a heat that charred everything underneath it without burning it. Instantly John's memories of the power at his disposal returned to him and he knew what he had to do. If he didn't stop it, this phoenix would fly directly over their campsite killing his entire family with fire.

Quickly he summoned his weapons. His flight ring raised him into the air as he put on the Belt of Gideon, which would make him invulnerable; even to the creature's heat. Flying at dizzying speeds he reached over his shoulder and pulled the Sword of Gideon from its sheath and swung a mighty blow as the phoenix closed the distance with him.

He wanted to put as much distance as he could between his family and the battle, so that even if he lost they wouldn't be caught in the crossfire. The sword cut true and the flaming bird fell injured to the ground, more angry than ever. It violently started lashing out at everything around it, so John knew that he would have to do more than wound it.

Swooping out of the sky he aimed himself at the bird and changed into his tiger form and as large as the bird was, it was still no match for the large feline form that John had assumed. The amazing thing was that the phoenix didn't bleed blood; it bled fire, and when it died it turned into water which was quickly soaked up into the ground leaving behind only a few smoking ashes. Somehow he knew that a hundred years from now it would rise again from the ashes.

Other than the ashes and seared foliage that marked the bird's path, there was no indication that it had ever been there. Amazingly enough, John's family slept through the entire thing. 'Oh well', he thought, 'at least I won't have to try explaining any of this to them, because I have no idea what this was all about... but I'm sure going to try to find out.'

Job 29:18 Then I said, I shall die in my nest, (as does a Phoenix)

And I shall multiply my days as the sand:

Scott Romney was trying out his new kite, just down the street from his home. It was a particularly elaborate box kite, of a type that he had never used before. It was a windy day, just perfect for kite flying, and several of the kids in the neighborhood were out doing just that. Everyone was having a good time until the fiery snakes, who had the wings of a bird, flew into the air and ignited several of the kites.

At first Scott thought that he had never seen anything so bizarre until he was hit with a sudden

restoration of powerful suppressed memories. Instantly he knew what he had to do. He called for his faithful friend Lightningcat, an honest to goodness Sabre-Toothed Tiger.

The powerful feline bounded through a shimmering hole in space, his gleaming saddle reflecting the sunlight like the blaze of the sun itself. Climbing into the saddle the two became a single heroic unit; faster and deadlier than any Knight and War Horse: ready to battle the creatures of fire that menaced the hapless kite fliers.

From the holster attached to the magnificent saddle, Scott pulled his Golden Lance, for only the purest and most refined of gold was able to resist the contaminating fires of the flaming cockatrices. Leaping into the air Lightningcat fairly flew; which put Scott into a position to spear one flaming serpent bird after another. Each bird burst into a puff of smoke and ashes as it was skewered, neutralizing the menace in minutes.

Landing catlike on all fours, Lightningcat looked up at his master, who with a grin, scratched his friend behind the ear.

Talking quietly to his Sabre Toothed companion, Scot said, "I think we have a new adventure coming our way." With that he threw his head back in a laugh, climbed into the saddle and bolted for the chapel to see if any of his classmates had similar experiences.

Isaiah 14:29: Rejoice not thou, whole Palestina, because the rod of him that smote thee is broken: for out of the serpent's root shall come forth a cockatrice, and his fruit shall be a fiery flying serpent

Ben was in the middle of a soccer game and his team was up one point. Hearing a crash, he looked over to the side and saw a crashed semi and trailer. Something on the other side of it was ripping the truck to pieces, but he couldn't see what.

He heard a still small voice say to him, 'Don't you think that you should call Razorwing?'

Ben almost asked who Razorwing was, but he was suddenly washed with returning memories, and he remembered well his pterodactyl, who he had ridden into battle against the giants the previous year. Running away from the semi that was being quickly shredded, he went behind a hill and was met by his old friend Razorwing.

Razorwing, and all of his friends mounts were old indeed. They had slept for thousands of years on the Ark of Noah until they were needed again; and it looked like they still were needed. Climbing on the Pteradactyl's back, Ben secured himself in the saddle and the pair took to the air.

They flew over the truck and got their first look at what it was that seemed to hate the truck so much. It was a Gryphon... a creature with the head, wings and claws of an eagle and the body of a golden lion. Looking up at Ben and Razorwing, the gryphon dropped the truck's door, spread its wings and took to the air.

Razorwing swooped to the left as the gryphon snapped at it with its massive beak. The powerful wings of the gryphon beat rapidly to gain height. Ben could see that in a head to head confrontation between the two, the more graceful Razorwing wouldn't stand a chance. Fortunately, the pterodactyl was more than just agile and faster; and he wasn't called Razorwing for no reason.

The gryphon raked at them with its claws, but Ben's friend slashed it with the sweep of its razor tipped wing, which sliced a long gash in the furred and feathered beast's side and flew away faster than the lumbering gryphon was able to follow.

It wasn't long until, tired of the one sided fight, the mighty gryphon turned tail and ran. Ben grinned with the excitement of a hard won battle. Later, as the adrenaline would wear off he would shake with exhaustion, but for now, the joy of winning felt better than any joy he had felt at winning a soccer game.

Wait till I get to Primary and am asked, 'How was your week?' he thought. None could have as good a story as this he thought.

Chapter 3

Creatures of the Earth

Cam was out with several of his friends now that school was out and had gone into an old abandoned gravel quarry. Hearing a roar, he saw a huge monster. It looked kind like a brontosaurus, but with the head of a tyrannosaurus and clawed feet. His friends scattered and the beast made a skreeching sound. Suddenly four more beasts rose up from the ground and started chasing his friends.

At first he didn't know what he was going to do, but then his memories came back to him. He was the Earth Shaker... the master of the Hammer of Jared. It took only a thought and the powerful implement materialized in his hand.

Getting again a feel for the power it gave him, he summoned a barrage of boulders, which flew through the air at his command and hammered the marauding beasts. The angered animals turned toward him with a look of hatred and Cam began to wonder if it was wise to make such enemies, but seeing his friends escaping out of the quarry he knew that he had made the right decision.

He summoned a boulder and jumped on, causing it to rise into the air where he rode it through the skies like a surfboard on the ocean. The largest behemoth leaped at him with a speed that belied its incredible size and almost caught him.

Deciding that it was time to end this, he spun his hammer and the ground opened up underneath the behemoths and they fell thousands of feet and out of his sight. Slapping the hammer head to his left hand the hole in the ground slammed shut and his adversaries were no more.

With the return of his memories he recollected that he and his classmates had been told that some day they would be called on again to save the world from a great danger. He wondered if this was to be that day.

Job 40:15 Behold now behemoth, which I made with thee; he eateth grass as an ox.

Maggie Osterhaus had forgotten that she was the chosen *Defender of Nephi* and therefore had complete power over her molecular structure; fortunately for the people of Columbus, that condition wasn't long to last.

Her family was visiting her grandparents and having a nice Saturday afternoon until she looked down the street and saw a line of people dancing in unison toward them. In the lead was a strange looking creature with the legs of a goat, playing pan pipes. Somebody obviously had spent a lot of time and effort creating a convincing looking satyr costume.

As the procession came nearer she could hear the hypnotic music. Looking around, she could see her family swaying to the music and even worse, she could feel herself being drawn towards the crowd. Just as she was about to take her first step forward, a flood of forgotten memories washed over her and she instantly knew what she had to do.

Years ago, she was given a great gift. The Three Nephite Witnesses had granted her complete control of the molecules of her body or anything that she touched. Realizing that the music was drifting through the air and being picked up by her ears; she used her gift to shut off her hearing.

She was instantly released from the controlling influence of the pan pipes and had again become a free agent. Unfortunately her family didn't have the same abilities and she saw them begin to move toward the satyr. Stepping quickly forward, acting as if she was indeed being mind controlled, she walked woodenly up to the piping creature, knowing that she had to stop it before her family even realized that they were in danger.

Reducing the mass of the stick that she was holding to the mass of a spirit, she pushed it into the satyr's chest and increased its mass to that of steel. The piper screamed a goatish howl, turned into dust and sunk into the ground, as if it had never existed.

Maggie bent over and picked up the pan pipes that the creature had dropped. She at least knew that it had happened, and when she went to church tomorrow, maybe she could find someone who would know what this was all about.

*Isiah 13:21 But wild beasts of the desert shall lie there;
and their houses shall be full of doleful creatures;
and owls shall dwell there, and satyrs shall dance there.*

Azael was with his family having lunch at the local McDonalds. He was playing a video game on a hand held device so at first he didn't hear the commotion that was causing a disturbance outside of the restaurant. It wasn't until a high pitched roar shattered the window that he looked up and noticed the monster outside.

He was washed with a flood of memories as he stepped out into the sunlight. There, standing in front of him stood and honest to goodness unicorn. It wasn't a friendly looking winged unicorn, like he had seen his classmates Anna and Avonlea flying; this beast stood almost twenty feet tall, with a blazing mane of actual fire. Its eye sockets roared with flames and where Anna and Avonlea's unicorns had a horn made of beautiful gold; this fearsome beast had a twisted black spike with ugly looking barbs. It's flat black coat smoldered as if it were the charred remains of a fire.

After the initial shock of seeing such a creature, Azael chuckled and said, "I always knew that I was going to have to kill a unicorn." Chuckling again he whistled for his Tyrannosaurus, saying "Come on Rex; I've got a little adventure for you."

The T-Rex burst his way up through the ground and bent down so that Azael could climb on his back. Rex and Azael were well matched, for they both had personalities that loved a little challenge. With both of them roaring with excitement, they charged the flaming unicorn.

Yelling with glee he shouted to his T-Rex friend, "I can't wait to get to church and tell those unicorn lovers about this!"

*Numbers 23:22 God brought them out of Egypt;
he hath as it were the strength of an unicorn.*

Chapter 4

Frozen Friends

Each of the children who had fought and won their various battles looked forward to church that week. Sometimes they didn't want to go because they knew that Brother Jenks' lessons tended to be a little boring; but this week they waited with anticipation so that they could talk to their classmates about their experiences.

They had all learned from their previous adventures that sometimes it was important to only talk about some spiritual matters with people who could understand them, so they looked forward to discussing things with the only people that they knew would understand: their classmates who had shared their previous campaigns. Some of them had a very hard time sleeping that Saturday night and it seemed that it took forever for Sunday to arrive, but as it always does; the Sabbath returned.

When Sacrament Meeting ended, all of the kids rushed into the hallway and wound up massing in several groups. At the time of their last crusades, there were two separate classes: one a year older than the other. This year those two classes were split into two classes that were each a blend of the students from those two prior classes.

Since the members of each of last year's classes had no way of knowing that the other class had also had amazing adventures, each student ran to the members of their old class. Maggie and Shay (with Madison in tow) cornered Alexandra Lake and Mary Husted. Each of them started telling their stories at the same time and suddenly stopped and started laughing saying things like, "You too?"

Taking turns they each told their stories. Alexandra and Mary looked at them like they were crazy. Finally Alexandra said, "I don't get the joke." and Mary said, "Yeah. What are you guys talking about?"

Maggie and Shay were crushed. They assumed that since their memories had returned that everyone's memories had returned. Suddenly it got very quiet, and looking around, they saw that almost everyone had frozen where they were just like statues. Brother Jenks stood in the hallway like stone.

Then they saw the other groups where some of the people were still moving. Tace, John and Cameron were trying to talk to a frozen Danny Ramos. Anna was talking to a frozen Avonlea Durtschi, and Scott, Azael and Ben were also unsuccessful in talking to a frozen Martin Van Horn and Caleb Jenkins.

Shay and Maggie quickly understood why Tace, Cameron and John should be able to move; they must have received their memories. Maybe they had also had new adventures: but 'why were Anna, Azael, Ben and Scott able to move?' they thought. As far as they knew, those kids hadn't had any special powers.

They had no way of knowing that Anna, Azael, Ben and Scott were thinking the very same thing about them. Slowly they all came together and shared their experiences. Each of them was surprised by the previous battles that the other half of their current class had had.

"So what does it all mean?" Said John. "Always before, we had an angel to tell us what was going on. What do these new menaces mean?"

At that moment, a dazed looking Brother Smith stumbled out of the classroom, holding an intricately carved box. Cameron knew immediately what that meant. Two years ago, an angel gave that same box to Brother Jenks with the order that he distribute its contents to his class. Each kid got a special CTR ring that bestowed the power of flight, as well as other abilities on each child. Cameron remembered that there were more rings in there to be given out at a later time and he guessed that this

must be the time.

Brother Smith said, "I have been told to give some of you the gifts of this box and all of you a message. He pulled out gift wrapped boxes one by one and hand one each to, Ben, Scott, Anna and Azael. Ben's had a gold Pterodactyl grasping a ruby with a special CTR inscribed on it. Scott's had a Sabertooth Tiger holding a Jade jewel with the same CTR shield in its mouth. Anna's had a silver and gold winged unicorn holding a sapphire gem and CTR, and Azael's had a fierce T-Rex with three black onyx gems and CTR shield. Putting them on each child could feel the power within them.

Tace noticed that there were still more rings in the box and he wondered who would get those in what future situation.

Brother Smith then woodenly delivered his message as if he were stunned by something amazing that he had seen. Unwrapping a scroll he read, "My Heroes and Knights; it is again time for you to be called upon to safeguard the world from the forces who would enslave it. You have each already faced advance scouts of these adversaries."

"Two thousand years ago, many wicked cities on this continent were sunk into the sea. Little did the people who lived on the surface of the world know, but some of the inhabitants of those cities were saved from complete destruction by representatives of an older and more evil civilization, who helped them rebuild their cities."

"It is these rebuilt cities, led by the fabled land of Atlantis, (which was sunken during the time of Noah) who now threaten the free will of all who live on the surface of the Earth. In the past, you have saved the world from individual threats; now you must face armies. Therefore tomorrow night you will all travel to our base on the moon where you will receive further instructions."

"Those of you who have never been to our base on the moon will be led by those Knights who have. When we all have arrived, you will each be given your mission and special training. Good luck my brothers and sisters."

With his message delivered, Brother Smith walked back to the Primary room where he quickly froze, as had everyone else in church. The box vanished from his hand and an unseen veil of forgetfulness was pulled over his mind. His part in this mission was over and there was no longer any need for him to have to worry about the safety of his family. That duty had now been passed on to these Heroes, these Knights these Warriors and the world's Primary Defenders.

Chapter 5

The Enemy Defined

The Defenders were a divided group that needed unification. The older Knights had been to the moon before and they knew what to expect as the appointed night approached. The younger Heroes had been told what to expect, but somehow, being told about Spiritual events is not the same thing as experiencing them. That Sunday night, neither group was able to sleep well as they looked forward to Monday night.

During that day they all went nervously through their normal activities; school, family dinners, Home Evenings and bedtime seemed to glide by almost unnoticed by the children. The younger group expected to have trouble sleeping like they did the night before, but all of them fell into a deep sleep as soon as their heads hit their pillows.

At that moment, one by one, their spirits separated from their bodies and flew into the air. In that way, if their parents came into their rooms, their bodies would still be sleeping in their beds while their spirits were free to roam the stars.

Like all of those members of her class, who were flying for the first time, Madison felt her spirit separate from her body and drift through her ceiling; which was an entirely freaky feeling. Once outside she found herself floating above the roof and wondering what she should do now. An enormous blue-green butterfly streaked toward her at impossible speeds. The beautiful blazing creature arrived and turned into her classmate Maggie, who smiled at her and waved for Madison to follow her. She found flying to be better than the best roller coaster in existence.

The older group knew the way to their base on the moon so they met their younger counterparts and guided them to the Lunar sanctuary, where they were met by an angel that didn't look like any angel that they had previously met. This one wasn't dressed in robes and a beard. This one wore a white business suit and was clean shaven.

Scott had been guided by Tace; Azael by John; Anna by Maggie; Ben by Cameron and Madison (who technically was part of the older group but had not been to the moon base either) by Shay. By pairs they arrived and sat themselves on the stone benches that were situated around the impossibly burning campfire. The Earth shone brightly in the sky overhead. Ben commented that it was the most amazing campsite that he had ever seen. The smartly dressed angel gave them marshmallows and sticks and told them to eat them and wait till everyone was there.

It took an hour and a half for them all to assemble and when they did, the Angel had them all tell of their recent experiences with the biblical monsters. When they were finished, John said, "Are all of these things connected, sir? What do they mean?"

"The angel had a beautiful voice and said, "Yes they are my brother. They definitely are all connected."

"Two thousand years ago, the Savior came to America."

"We read about that," Shay said, "does this have something to do with that?"

"It does," smiled the angel, "at that time many wicked cities had been sunken beneath the seas, and many had been burned. Most people assume that everyone in these cities perished, but some survived."

"Long before that time, there were other cities that had suffered the same fate. The survivors of those cities vowed vengeance on all the followers of God. They rebuilt their cities in hidden locations and helped the survivors of the wicked Nephite and Lamanite cities to rebuild theirs."

"Although it is not recorded in the scriptures, the first of these cities was destroyed at the time of the great flood. In your language it would be called Atlantis. They have built a great unseen undersea empire and are now ready to attempt to invade and destroy all other lands on the face of the

Earth. It is up to you to stop them.”

The kids were overwhelmed by the responsibility.

Finally Maggie said, “Sir, in the past we have fought evil groups and individuals, but you're talking about fighting a war against armies. I don't think that we have that kind of power.”

“No you don't little sister,” the angel said. “You are going to have to find your own armies and lead them to war against the Atlantean Empire.”

“After another long silence Cameron said, “I don't want to be disrespectful, but where are we going to find armies. No one's going to listen to us; we're just kids.”

“Don't worry,” grinned the Angel, God has long prepared for this day. Your task will be to find the Lost Ten Tribes of Israel and lead them into battle.”

From the silence around him the angel could see that not everyone there knew who the Lost Ten Tribes were, so he continued, “Twenty-seven hundred years ago, the nation of Israel was overrun by the Assyrian Empire. In the same manner that the prophet Lehi was called, more than a hundred years later, to lead his people away from Jerusalem, before the Babylonians defeated the people of Judah; a prophet was called from each of the other ten tribes of Israel to lead their people to safe locations where they could worship God as they saw fit, until the day that God called for them to return from their places of seclusion. That day is almost upon us.”

*We believe in the literal gathering of Israel and
in the restoration of the Ten Tribes;
(10th Article of Faith)*

“So God has kept hidden armies, knowing that they would be needed when the Atlanteans attacked?” asked Azael.

“Exactly,” said the angel.

“Well then let's go get them!” continued Azael.

“Not yet. You are a divided team and a divided army is doomed to failure. Right now you are two separate teams and you need to learn to become a single unit. Therefore, you will divide into two squads, made up of equal numbers from each team. The more experienced team will lead each squad on a quest that will call on the strengths of each team.”

“We'll lead them well, sir.” Said Shay.

The angel laughed a hearty laugh. “I thank you sister: for many years I was unable to speak with my regular voice, it's so nice to be able to laugh loudly again. I am sorry if I misled you. Yours is not the more experienced team. It is the older, but not the most experienced group.”

“Three years ago the younger team traveled back in time and saved the ancient town of Bethlehem from destruction. In doing that they learned the ways of time travel, and that is a skill that will be needed in this first quest. Two years ago your class protected the Earth from a mind controlling alien invasion and learned many valuable lessons as well as how to travel the lands of the spirits. Last year the younger class again used their time traveling skills and also learned the techniques of traveling to worlds in parallel dimensions. These skills will be necessary in finding the Lost Tribes. On this quest, they will teach your class these skills, and your class will teach them how to travel the various spirit worlds as well as how to use the powers that you will all gain while on this quest.”

“So we learn from each other...” Anna said.

“Quite so.

The Atlanteans have learned to control the Biblical beasts that you have all recently encountered; therefore, it will be your joint tasks to free the creatures from their domination and deny those potential weapons from your enemies.

One more reason for the younger team to lead, on this part of the mission is because they have equipment. The older team has super powers, but not the things needed for this early quest.. Now; enjoy the rest of your evening and return home until tomorrow night, when you will receive your assignments.”

Chapter 6

Two by Sea

The following evening half of the class found themselves standing on the coast of the Atlantic Ocean and the other half standing on the beaches of the Pacific.

Anna stood at the base on a majestic old lighthouse on the rocky coast of Maine. Behind her stood Cameron, John, Ben and Shay.

Anna looked out into the foggy surface of the great sea, holding an intricately carved shell close to her. The shell hung from a silver thread around her neck. She looked deep in concentration as she quietly sang a beautiful, yet simple, melody that repeated the lyrics "*Come to the Lioness of Nephi*," over and over.

After a while her classmates saw a shadowy shape in the mists that resolved itself into a large wooden sailing vessel.

The awed class could say nothing until John whispered, "What is that?"

With pride of knowledge in his voice, Ben answered, "That's the ship that Nephi built. I think that it'll take us where we want to go."

On the sandy shores of the Pacific, Scott stood with Maggie, Madison, Azael and Tace. Scott took a package out of his pocket and opened it. The angel had told him that it was only a loan from a forgetful friend. When he opened it he saw the Mariner's Pipe that a year ago had been given to Michael Jameson, and was humbled to have been entrusted with such a device. Putting it up to his lips, he blew it long and hard.

Immediately an enormous wooden ship, (larger Tace thought than the cruise ship that he had been on so recently), sailed out from behind the island in front of them.

"All right!" Azael said, "Now we're ready to take care of things!"

Suspecting that she already knew, Maggie quietly said, "What is that?"

"Why that's the Ark!", said Azael. "THE Ark! You know... the one that Noah made."

And they did all knew, and they were in awe. It was one thing to have powers and abilities beyond those of other people, but it was totally awesome to see living history. They were so dumbstruck that they almost failed to feel the Spirit testifying of the sacredness of the vessel. Almost...

Nephi's ship sailed eastward at incredible speeds. Ana opened a box that was left on the deck and found a package that was addressed to Ben. When he opened it and drew out its contents there was a gasp from everyone except Ben and Anna, for they had both seen it before, and knew well how to use it.

The object was a gold ball with intricate writing on its surface and two spindles inside that acted like the pointer on a compass. Cameron said, "Is that what I think it is?"

"Yep," answered Ben, "this my friends is the Liahona. It's fitting that we should have it here with us on this ship. This will lead us right to where we are supposed to go."

On another ship half a world away, Azael also opened a box that was addressed to him. In his box he found a white dove. Holding it high over his head he released it into the air. "If we follow that dove it will take us to our destination."

"How do we steer the boat?" asked Maggie.

"How else?" said Scott. "We trust God to inspire us to pull the right cables and turn the right

tillers. Once we know where we're going, we ask him to get us there.

Nephi's ship neared an island and things began happening. Several leviathans rose from the sea to attack the vessel. Sensing that it was time for his half of the team to take action John summoned the Horn of Gideon, put it to his lips and blew.

The sea creatures were assaulted by sound waves that rattled their teeth and drove them again under water. Shay again returned to her dolphin form and sent out a series of whistles that signaled distress to any sea-going mammal, and shortly a group of orcas attacked the monsters. The battle was fierce but short.

Watching the battle, Cameron noticed that the monsters seemed to have a limit to the distance that they could range from the island. With that in mind, he suggested that they anchor the ship beyond that range and use their rings to take to the air to continue the assault on the island.

The Ark faced a similar situation as a dragon rose up out of the sea and took to the air. It rained a fiery breath down upon the great wooden vessel and the ship began to catch fire. Tace immediately grew to over a hundred feet and jumped into the water, where he splashed water onto the smoldering deck as one kid would splash another at a swimming pool.

*Jer 51:37 And Babylon shall become heaps, a dwellingplace for dragons,
an astonishment, and an hissing, without an inhabitant.*

While he was doing that a group of mermaids and mermen swam quickly toward him and stabbed him with small but sharp spears. Maggie used her powers of control over matter, which she gained as a Guardian of Nephi, to first become insubstantial, so that the spears of their enemies were unable to touch her. She then transmuted those spears into steam and watched them dissolve into harmless gas and fade away.

The mer-people then decided to attack her by hand. She reached out to the nearest merman and changed his fishy tail into human legs. The half human creatures, seeing what had happened to their companion, screamed in terror and fled; for they are a prideful people and the thought of becoming like a human completely was their greatest fear.

Madison was about to suggest the strategy that was used with Nephi's ship, but a still small voice within her said that the inhabitants of the Ark would be needed on the island, so instead she said, "We have to beach the ship."

Chapter 7

On the Beach

The Ark roughly hit the sandy beach and came to an abrupt stop. Taking a look around, from the deck of the Ark, the team saw jungles and heard roars and growls coming through the overgrowth. The only artificial structure in sight was a tall tower on the peak of a volcano that sat higher than anything else on the island.

“That must be our target,” said Azael. With that proclamation, he began to take to the air and was immediately attacked by a dive bombing dragon, who looked quite ready to eat him.

Tace shot up to giant size and swatted the thing away, grabbed Azael's foot and said, “Maybe we should stay on the ground and not make such a tempting target.

Scott chuckled and said, “I think that it's time to wake up the dinosaurs that are sleeping in the bottom of the Ark.”

The Primary Heroes had discovered in the previous adventure that not all of the animals that had existed before the Great Flood had been released. Many of the great creatures had been created to drive away the evil monsters, like the giants that they had then fought. The good beasts, like Anna's flying unicorns and the others, were placed in a deep sleep until the time that they would be needed again. Last year they were needed and it looked like they were now needed again.

What they didn't learn before was that the Biblical monsters also existed. They were good beasts that had been evilly changed by the vile sciences of the Atlantean researchers. The beasts themselves weren't evil; but they were all created to have a mean streak within them. And now a hoard of these nasty animals was racing toward them.

When they had crossed half of the beach, the massive side door of Ark dropped down like a drawbridge in a castle and an army of defenders rushed out to confront them. Azael took the lead, riding his Tyrannosaurus called Rex. He was flanked by the velociraptors and other carnivores and they crashed head-on into the fire breathing dragons.

Along side them, Tace, the gigantic Knight jumped on the back of one dragon and hammered its head with his fists.

With no powers of her own, Madison stood on the deck of the ship and cheered him on. Noticing the situation, Scott led her to Avonlea's flying Unicorn and handed her the reins; whereupon she climbed into the saddle and took to the air and blocked the attack of the dive bombing phoenix.

Scott then climbed into the saddle of his Saber Toothed Tiger and leaped into the fray. The flashing claws and fangs of the great cat countered the sneaky attack of a Basilisk, before looking for the next foe.

Maggie stood by herself on the deck of the Ark and watched the battle. Looking over the far side of the ship she watched the defeated mer-people and couldn't help wondering if maybe those intelligent creatures might not hold the answer to this conflict.

Using the power of their magnificent CTR rings, Anna, Cam, John, Ben and Shay flew over the island in a sort of diamond shaped formation. They didn't get far until a flock of burning cockatrice confronted them. They discussed their strategy for dealing with the creatures when they were beset by another foe.

It was fortunate that John was in the lead position in the formation and that he was wearing the Belt of Gideon, which granted him limited invulnerability, because at that moment he was hit with a dozen poison tipped arrows that bounced harmlessly off of him.

Looking down he saw a group of bow wielding satyrs pulling out more arrows from their

quivers. Quickly he shouted, "Up everyone! Fly straight up! Get above all of these things."

Everyone shot to a height that was beyond the power of the satyr's bows and looked down on the situation. Unfortunately, they were not out of the range of the flaming cockatrice, who were even now angling upward in pursuit of their prey.

In an instant, Cam developed a plan and, summoning the great Earthshaker hammer that was his to control; he summoned up a storm of flying dirt and rocks and buried the flying demons in mid air. The tornado like storm forced the fiery creatures to flee or be grounded and buried.

Shay put on her tiara that granted her powers of the mind and attacked the herd of goat men, implanting in their minds the belief that their bows had suddenly become too hot to hold onto. Searching their memories she found the leader and approached him.

She implanted the image of a great and powerful queen into its mind, thinking that, like it did two years earlier, with the aliens on their spaceship, it would make the satyrs drop to their knees and follow her commands.

Unfortunately, a satyr doesn't react in the same way that the aliens did. The aliens were born and raised to live in a martial environment and following orders came naturally to them. Satyrs are individuals and rarely work together. To them a queen was an authority figure and therefore a great enemy. The satyr that Shay was approaching held a dagger behind his back and waited for her to get near enough for him to use it.

Sensing the deception, Anna's unicorn communicated the situation to her; whereupon she signaled the winged steed to spread its wings and fly to Shay's rescue.

A second later the satyr raised its knife to attack and had it knocked away by the golden hooves of the dive bombing winged unicorn. With its hand broken, the satyr fell to its knees and begged forgiveness.

"What do you think?" Said Anna. ""Are you in a forgiving mood Shay?"

Chapter 8

The Lost Books

Maggie shouted down to the mer-people, “You and your allies have been defeated. Why don't we try to be friends.”

The leader of the aquatic folk looked up sadly and said, “We would like nothing better, but we have no choice in the matter.”

Remembering the mind-control helmet of the alien leader, she asked, “Are you being controlled by a machine?”

“No. The monsters are holding *the Book* hostage. If we don't do as we're told, the Atlantean General, at the tower, will destroy it”

“What book are you talking about?”

“*The Book*. The one that my people have been charged with protecting for thousands of years.”

“Does it have a name?”

“Of course. Its whole name is, *the Book of Zenos*.”

Maggie had heard of it. It was mentioned several times in the Book of Mormon, but she had heard that no one in modern times had ever seen it. Changing things up a little she said, “So the Atlanteans are behind it? Where did the monsters come from?”

“The General used a device and opened a portal into a parallel world and brought them back into our world. Once, a long time ago, the prophets had banished them from the Earth, but now they're back and we don't know how to get rid of them.”

The discussion was being listened to by all of the children and at this point Scott chimed in. “We know how to get rid of them. Last year, we had to banish the giants of old from the Earth again. We can do the same thing with these creatures.”

Half a world away, Anna and Shay had been having a similar discussion with the senior satyr; who had said that they were placed on their island to protect the Book of Zenock. (Another lost book mentioned in the Book of Mormon)

Ben jumped in and said that they had on the ship everything they needed to return the beasts to their home worlds. “I saw a box full of the little silver spheres that we used to open portals last year,” he said.

“But what's to stop them from just coming back again?” asked Cameron.

“That takes a little more,” said Anna. “That takes a sacrifice; but let's just get rid of them first.”

“Let's drive them into a group and hit them with those devices. Then we can worry about closing the portals.” said John. Turning to the satyrs, he said, “Please don't get involved in this battle. I promise you that everything will work out.”

The senior satyr said, “I can only promise you a half hour. If it goes longer than that, the Atlantean leader will know that we have changed sides, and he will destroy the book.”

With that said they turned to their enemies and all used all of the powers and weapons available to them to drive the monsters backwards until their backs were to the cliffs. Anna and Madison flew in on their unicorns and threw the spheres at the monsters, opening a portal back into their own world.

Sensing that it was their only means of escape the monsters fled through the vortex, leaving only the children, the satyrs and the Atlantean representative. The doorway to the other world closed and they were left alone.

The battle on the other island went in much the same way, leaving the children alone with the hopefully friendly mer-people and the Atlantean General.

“Let's go get the General”, said Tace.

“Not yet,” said Scott, “we have to seal the portal permanently.”

“How do we do that? Said Maggie.

“You're not going to like it.” Said Azael.

The silence stretched on for what seemed like hours, but was in fact only seconds.

Finally Scott said, “Last year Lorenzo and Diego Mancera were given powers like Superman has. Those powers made everyone else's seem like nothing. They had to willingly give up their powers to seal the giants into their world and away from all others. It took that great sacrifice to save the world. We're going to have to do the same. We'll have to give up all that we've gained up until now to ensure the safety of the world.”

Looking at each other, they all nodded their acceptance to the plan, and as soon as they did so, all of their powers, weapons and giant animal friends faded from view and were replaced by a bright flash that sealed the monsters forever from the Earth. At the exact instant that happened, the same thing happened on another island half a world away.

Although now powerless, the Primary Knights and Heroes had just displayed their greatest acts of honor and heroism. Turning toward the tower on the hill, the now powerless, but now united class began their efforts to save the lost books from their enemies.

Realizing that the monsters were gone, and that the team had honorably made and kept their promise, the satyrs decided to follow the orders of these outsiders and help them to save *the Book*.

The small army began their descent of the hill. The path was clear and they made good time. The large and plentiful leaves of the jungle plants that they were pushing through, kept the Atlantean from seeing their approach. Not having their special CTR rings anymore, what would have been a short flight before, became a long and sweaty trek.

The General was taken totally by surprise, as was the Atlantean on the other side of the Earth. They had become too sure of themselves and of their monster allies. When the Primary Warriors and their satyr friends swarmed into the room he didn't even have a moment to be able to get near *the Book*.

The satyrs surrounded it and made a wall of living protection that no Atlantean could hope to pass alone. In another place mer-people made a similar barrier. The books had been saved, but there was something about them that drew the children to the lost scriptures.

Some moments have been appointed that they should occur at certain times and places, even before the Earth had been created; but these preordained events can only happen if the people who have been chosen to do them are willing, of their own free will and accord, to do their part. Otherwise bad things will follow, if they don't.

This was one of those events.

These young people had been chosen, before the creation of the world to now make a choice that would decide the destiny of the entire Earth. At two opposite points on the surface of the earth, two groups of Primary Warriors, united in purpose and friendship, were about to again save the world.

Above each of the books of lost scripture was an identical sign that said: *'The Tribes that were lost shall be found. Their armies shall battle the forces of evil, but their generals will need to be raised from darkness before they are able to raise the lost armies from darkness. If you are willing to brave the darkness, to find the hidden lands, place your hand on the book of scripture and say, "I will."*'

As one, all of the children placed their hands on the books that were open before them and repeated that oath. With a bright flash, each child was removed from the world they knew and covered with a veil of forgetfulness. They had crossed into the hidden places and begun their quests.

In the world of spirits, a great sigh of relief could be heard as, once again, a preordained appointment had been accepted by the right people.

Chapter 9

The Round Table

John stood at the edge of a great sea on a muddy road filled with wagon ruts. He knew that his name was John, and he knew that it was important that he find someone, but he wasn't sure who it was, nor why he needed to see him.

In the distance he could see, high on a hill, a magnificent castle with turrets lined with gold. Steel shields with brilliantly colored heraldry painted on them were hung below the gold. The brilliant white marble of the battlements told him that this was no ordinary castle, and he knew that he had to enter those gates.

He hailed a farmer in a nearby field and asked him the name of the land which he was in.

Looking up at the youth, the peasant pushed back his straw hat and said, "Why this is Camelot lad. All the people in the land know of Camelot."

And indeed, John knew that he should know about Camelot... but he didn't. "I am sorry sir, but I am from a far land, and this land, though familiar sounding, is unknown to me." John couldn't help noticing that even the manner of his own way of speaking seemed different to him than he would have expected, though the feeling behind it were his.

"If you do not know of Camelot, you must be a traveler from a far land." (that did seem right to John.) "Sir Gawain comes this way every noon hour. If you care to wait, I will send you to the castle with him, where you can have all of your questions answered properly."

"I thank you sir, and I will be honored to meet this brave knight."

An hour and a half later, a knight on a roan horse, wearing burnished armor and a sky blue tunic with yellow edging, sauntered proudly up the road. The knight's gleaming armor and smiling face; and the grinning face of the farmer, told John that this was a man who was liked by all, and genuinely liked the people around him in return.

Pulling up his war horse the knight called down to the farmer, "Ho, Harald. How goes your war with the crows?"

Putting on his face a faked look of pain, the grinning peasant said, "I fear it is, as always my friend, an unending battle. How goes your war against your vermin?"

"About the same my friend: but don't worry; I'll take care of that problem eventually." then noticing John standing near the farmer, he said, "And who is your friend there? I don't believe that we have met before."

"My name is John, sir. It's an honor to meet you."

"And you my young friend. If ye are a friend of Harald, ye are a friend of Sir Gawain."

"Actually sir, we have just met; but he has been most courteous to me."

"I would have expected no less from a retired Knight of the Round Table."

John then turned and looked at the farmer with a new respect.

Harald then said, "The lad is journeying to Camelot and in need of an escort and introduction to the king. Mayhap you would be willing to perform that function my friend?"

"Ye have only to ask, and it shall be done." Holding out a hand to John, the knight lifted him into the saddle behind him and said, "Let us then be off to Camelot my young friend."

Sir Gawain learned much about his traveling companion on the six mile ride to the great castle, and John learned about the pains involved with a long horse ride. He didn't think much of the saddle sores that are gained by all inexperienced riders.

The knight discovered the gaps in John's memory and figured that he was on a mission of some importance. He sensed a greatness within him, but a humility that, if he remembered his past, would have kept him from bragging about it: but more important than that, he sensed that if he failed to help this stranger, all of Camelot, if not the entire world, would come to ruin.

For his part, John was awestruck by the sights and sounds about him everywhere. As the pair crossed the moat and entered the great gate of Camelot, he saw, on either side of the gate, forty foot tall granite statues of knights with drawn swords, crossing at a point above the middle of the arched gate.

The guards at the guardhouse, recognizing Sir Gawain waved them through with a smile. Gawain was obviously a very popular man. He also noticed that the girls of Camelot giggled as they passed by. John had no way of knowing that Sir Gawain was a popular ladies man at court.

Stabling the war horse, (whose name he discovered was Stepper, because the horse like to show off with a proud and showy step when in front of observers) they walked through a well tended courtyard and into a back entrance to the magnificent castle at the center of Camelot.

Working their way through a series of winding corridors, they stopped before a door at the end of the hallway that they were in. Gawain turned and whispered to him, "We are about to enter the great Hall of the Knights of the Round Table. The King may be in there, and if he is, we will approach him with respect and reverence, kneel and wait for him to give us leave to rise and speak. Is that clear boy?"

Nodding somberly, John and the knight entered the great hall.

The hall was a round room with an enormous wooden round table in the center. At the far end of the room sat the king on a raised throne overlooking the seated knights. John and Gawain knelt silently before the king, who beckoned them to rise.

The king was younger than John would have thought and smiled at them saying, "Sir Gawain, it's good to see you again my friend. How goes your war against the dragon in the south?"

"Not much change there sire, I'm sorry to say."

Looking at John he said, "I am Arthur Pendragon, King of Camelot." and turning back to Gawain he continued, "And who is your young friend here?"

Gawain began to answer, but was interrupted by an old bearded man whom John would soon learn was named Merlin.

The old man said loud enough to be heard by all, "This my king is a great knight from a distant place and time. He has fought and defeated dragons in the past, and we can call on him now to help Sir Gawain in his current quest, but more importantly: if they succeed in defeating the beast, the appointed day shall have finally arrived. It is almost time for Camelot to embark on fulfilling it's ordained purpose. This is the long expected knight of prophecy.

*(Reuben, thou art my firstborn, my might, and the beginning of my strength,
the excellency of dignity, and the excellency of power: Gen. 49:3)*

Chapter 10

The Long Sleep

Anna found herself standing on an arched stone bridge and looking down at a tumbling brook running underneath the bridge. On one side of the span there was a green forest and looking down the path going the other way was a quaint village of small stone houses with whitewashed walls and straw thatched roofs.

The villagers, dressed in brightly colored home made clothing like that worn long ago, were just awakening from a long deep sleep and were stepping out into the cobble-stoned courtyards; stretching and looking forward to a bright new day. The idyllic community seemed to be at the beginning of a beautiful new day. Little did they know that the appointed day, so long looked for, was now almost upon them.

The air was filled with the tinkling of bells hung in the trees, which had a calming effect on the soul. She didn't know where she was; but she knew that this was the most peaceful and tranquil village that she had ever experienced.

Finally one of the girls of the village happened to glance toward the bridge and noticed Anna standing there. A combination of excitement and fear flashed across the lass's face and she quickly ran to her parents and pointed out the new visitor to the village.

A man who appeared to be the girl's father looked toward the bridge and with his daughter, started up the path. The red bearded man was dressed in an orange and green tartan, with kilts and long leggings. Anna couldn't help but wonder if maybe she was in Scotland.

After a few minutes the pair arrived at the bridge. The people of the town stopped their morning preparations and watched the proceedings with interest.

“Welcome stranger,” said the man with a strong accent, “welcome to Brigadoon. We nae get visitors here often, so forgive us our surprise at seeing ye. I am Angus MacTavish, and this be my daughter Katherine.”

“I am Anna.” Said the primary child.

“Ah, a good name indeed. May I be so bold as to ask what brings ye to our fair town?”

Anna was astonished when she realized that she had no idea why she was there; but she knew that she was there for a reason and that it was important. “I'm not sure,” she said. “To be honest, much of my memories seem to be lost to me.”

Thinking it over for a few minutes, Angus said, “Well, let us worry about that later. For now why don't you come down and enjoy the hospitality of the people of Brigadoon.

A great breakfast feast was laid out and a wonderful party was held in Anna's honor; although she got the idea that these folk had large celebrations like this at the drop of a hat. Everyone was more outgoing and friendly than she would have ever thought possible.

Katherine's mother, Moire, told her the story of Brigadoon. “Once, friend Anna,” she began, “Once, we were known as the people of Asher and long ago our people were brought to this fair place by the hand of God, with the charge that we stay faithful and await for a chance to fulfill a great duty that God has appointed for us. That was thousands of years ago, by the reckoning of the world.”

“Eventually, the forces of the world were combined to destroy us, and we were not yet strong enough to defend ourselves. Our greatest leader, Elder Mc Claren, prayed to God for deliverance, and the whole village was transported to this fair place where no evil may come. Once every hundred years, Brigadoon returns to the old world for one day to wait for the warrior that will lead us to the

defeat the forces of evil. The people of the village of Brigadoon sleep for one hundred years to awaken on that day each century, to see if that leader has arrived. Meanwhile, as we sleep, the peoples of the countryside around us, in this world prepare for that day.”

“Our land has been blessed of God and we generally take our duties seriously; although there is occasionally someone who tries to cross over to the old world early.”

“And that would be very bad,” interrupted Katherine.

“Chuckling, her mother continued, “Yes my dear it would be. And that be our problem now. There be one who has made it clear that she intends to do just that on this day.”

“What happens if she does?” Said Anna.

“God told us to wait for the appointed time.” Said Angus, “If anyone leaves ere that, we will lose our great blessing and when we go to sleep the next night we will fall into a sleep that none will ever awake, and Brigadoon will fade from existence. Worse than that we will have failed the peoples of the old world, and they would be doomed.”

“Then we must find this deserter,” said Anna, “and save both worlds.”

(Out of "Asher his bread shall be fat, and he shall yield royal dainties: Gen. 49:20)

Chapter 11

The Mountain Prison

Azael sat on the edge of a mountain path looking out at the awe inspiring peaks of the Swiss Alps. His legs dangled over the edge of a three hundred foot drop, but he felt no discomfort as he gazed down at the alpine village at the edge of the lake in the verdant valley below him. There seemed to be a small army pushing around the peoples in the town.

He knew that he should have been outraged by what he saw, but somehow everything seemed to feel right: like this was the way that things were supposed to happen. Despite his calm, he nearly jumped off the cliff when he was startled by a voice spoke to him from behind.

"It's just not fair." the deep voice said, "people shouldn't be treated like that."

Spinning around Azael said, "you shouldn't come up behind people like that. Who knows what might happen when you surprise someone like that."

"I'll keep that in mind," said the man. Putting down his crossbow, he motioned for Azael to sit down on the rock opposite him. "I am called Sir Wilhelm, now why don't you tell me who you are."

About ready to come back with a quick reply, Azael suddenly realized that there was a lot that he didn't remember about himself. "I know that my name is Azael," he said, "but I'm really not too sure about much else. I don't even know where I am."

"Ah." Sir Wilhelm said, "That is indeed unfortunate. Perhaps you are from the town below us; though I have not seen one dressed as you in town before. That is what remains of the town of Pilatus, on the edge of the new Lake that has also been named Pilatus."

"My order of knights long ago established the community to perform a special function. It served as the prison and later burial place of Pontius Pilate, the Roman Governor responsible for the death of Jesus Christ. Hundreds of years before his birth, my order, which are the remnants of the lost Tribe of Levi, was given this special mission and we have fulfilled it. We now await our final mission, which we have been promised will come."

"Why do you call it the remains if Pilatus?" Azael asked..

"Fifty years ago, a giant rock fell from the heavens and devastated much of what was then a thriving city. Most of that city, including Pilate's grave, now lies under that dragon's rock that fell upon us, and is now called Mount Pilatus."

"The old city of Pilatus, and the order of knights that ruled the area kept peace here for over a thousand years, but with our near extinction, the greedy peoples of the surrounding nations have invaded our lands and terrorized our peoples. That is the commotion that you see below you."

"What will your knights do about it?" asked Azael.

"We know not lad. We have gathered our armies, but they are not enough. We need to find some way to get the entire population to raise arms and fight with us, but we have not found that spark which will light the fire of freedom."

"I am on my way into the city now, dressed as a simple woodsman, so that I may walk among them without arousing their suspicions."

The two had a nice walk that lasted for a day and a half until they were able to enter the village. In the village there was a flagpole with a hat on it. That certainly seemed to be a strange sight so they asked around and found out that the local Germanic Warlord, a man named Gessler, who called himself Governor, had placed hats on poles like this in many communities.

They learned that *the Governor* was not in Pilatus. If they wanted to see him, they would have to go to the town of Altdorf.

The citizens of those communities were required to bow down to the hat as they walked by it. This seemed an ultimate abuse of power by a power mad person to Sir Wilhelm. 'Surely, this must be the needed match to push the people into rebellion', he thought to himself; but all he could see was people avoiding walking near the pole.

He leaned down to Azael and said quietly with a deadly anger in his voice, "I will never bow down to anyone but to God. This hat is an abomination. How can we get the people to see this?"

A thought came to Azael's head. Something about the situation seemed familiar to him and he smiled, "I know what we should do," he said, and he laid out a cunning plan to the former crusader.

*(Simeon and Levi are brethren; instruments of cruelty are in their habitations...
I will divide them in Jacob, and scatter them in Israel. Gen. 49: 5-7)*

Chapter 12

The Far Mountains

Shay awoke on a high peak in the snow capped Himalayan Mountains. She was cold and the air was so thin it was difficult to breath. A small group of people had a fire burning nearby so she asked them if she could join them and try to stay warm.

The people seemed to be a small family of Sherpas, with both parents, and three small children. Shay had always gotten along with little kids, (although with the state of her memory at the time she had no way of knowing that) so she quickly gravitated toward playing with them.

The youngest was a three year old boy named Yusah. He was, like most little boys, messy. His dark hair was messed up and he didn't seem to mind playing in the dirt; in fact he seemed to thrive on it. He was the first to speak to Shay, "You have funny hair," he said.

Feeling immediately annoyed, Shay said, "What's funny about it?"

"It's a funny color." he said.

Looking around, she realized that everyone else there had jet black hair. Seeing that her hair was different she tried another tack, "Funny, but nice; right?" she said.

"Yep." he said and got distracted by a jumping bug and wandered off as is she ceased to be interesting.

"You have to ignore my brother," said the youngest girl, "he's just a boy and not too nice sometimes. My names Ghita," said the six year old girl, looking at her older sister. "I'm the pretty one. Everyone tells me so."

Shay couldn't help but think that Ghita was indeed a cute kid, if maybe a little vain. "If you say so," she said. "He just seemed little to me. Who's your sister?" Pointing at the nine year old girl.

"Oh that's sister. Her name's Sahri. So who are you?"

"My name is Shay."

Speaking up for the first time, Sahri said, "And what are you doing here Shay? Did you come to play with us?"

Surprised by the question; Shay was even more surprised to realize that she had no idea why she was there. Eventually, she said slowly, "I... don't... know..."

Eventually, the kids parents also asked the same questions, but with a lot more detail... did you come looking for adventure?...Did you come out of curiosity?... Are you looking for the great secret? (that sounded right but she couldn't be sure) and many more questions; all of which Shay had no idea how she should answer. She probably should have been scared of the situation, but there was a warm feeling within her that seemed to telling her that everything would be all right.

Finally Yusah stood up and began talking with an adult's voice. All traces of childishness had left him completely and it was obvious that he spoke with the voice of authority. "This girl is obviously lost and needs help. Can you not feel the Spirit within you telling you that we must trust her?"

Nodding submissively, the father said, "Then what shall we do?"

"We will take her to the priests of Shambhala. They will know how to help her. It will soon be too dark to travel, so in the morning we will travel to the far mountains and find the hidden pass through the great mountains to the secret city."

Shay felt the Spirit wash over her and said, "What is this secret city?"

"Shambhala is a place of legends, warriors and miracles, founded by the ancient Tribe of Naphtali" said Ghita. "You may have heard of it. Four hundred years ago, a catholic priest found his

way there and reported to the western world that he had found a lost city of strange Christians in the eternal mountains. For the next hundred years, treasure hunters and curiosity seekers plagued the citizens of Shambhala, so now they work very hard to keep themselves hidden from the rest of the world.”

“And they will let me into their city?” Asked Shay.

“I certainly hope so,” said Sahri.

(Naphtali is a hind let loose : he giveth goodly words. Gen. 49:21)

Chapter 13

The Yellow Metal

Cameron was on the edge of the jungle walking on, what looked like the proverbial Yellow Brick Road. Clouds of sting insects swirled about him stinging and sucking his blood. The heat and humidity made the place like a steam bath and he was quickly drenched in sweat.

The road wandered in a skillfully concealed manner, through and around trees, rarely coming out in the open and showing itself to the world. After following it for over three hours, with the strange bird cries and roaring animals all about him, the golden road ran straight into the opening that led into a great cave.

Entering the cave the air immediately cooled down and his uninvited insect companions deserted him. Light was provided by a series of cleverly placed golden mirrors reflecting sunlight deep into the tunnel from one mirror to the next.

At the end of the tunnel he found a doorway into a huge hidden valley with an entire city made of the same yellow metals. Pyramids and spires rose from the grid of paved streets and luxurious estates, while people seemed to move happily down the streets, moving busily between golden edifices.

From behind him a quiet voice said, "Welcome to El Dorado, stranger."

Spinning around he stood face to face with half a dozen men, armed with swords and spears, who looked like pictures of ancient Mayans or Aztecs. One man, more ornately dressed than the others stepped forward and bowed his head in a gesture of recognition. "I am Quetzah, commander of this entrance to the valley and city of El Dorado. Few people have found their way to this place we are sort of curious about who you are and how you found us."

Shrugging his shoulders Cam didn't endear himself to the men, who decided to take him before the elders of the city; who were situated in a building adjacent to the tallest of the pyramids.

He found himself standing before a group of men for interrogation. It didn't make him feel particularly safe. Later on, reflecting upon the scene, he couldn't help but think that the scene reminded him of the picture that he had always seen of King Noah judging Abinidi.

The Chief Judge was a man named Nephronah. He asked Cam many questions, but finally decided that the boy really had a loss of his memories.

Cam asked him about the city, and he was told that twenty six hundred years ago, in a far land, which was called Jerusalem, there was a land that had twelve related tribes. A great enemy was going to defeat the nation, so a prophet was called from each of the tribes to lead a portion of their assigned tribe to safe lands.

Something inside Cameron said, 'Like Lehi.'

Nephronah said that a prophet named Shimahn led the tribe of Simeon to this land where they built their great land in a place of concealment until the day that God shall call them back to rejoin the world.

On occasion, outsiders would find their way into the Golden Country, and they would be put to the test, to see if they were a friend of the people or a foe.

"And now my young friend," said the judge, "you have found your way here. I am sorry to have to tell you that you too will have to face the test."

Getting a bad feeling about this test Cameron said, "and if I fail this test?"

"Well then you will be very dead my friend. I recommend that you work very hard to make sure that you don't fail it."

“And how many of the people fail it?”

“So far, all of them; but we have high hopes that you might be the first to pass.

*(Simeon and Levi are brethren; instruments of cruelty are in their habitations...
I will divide them in Jacob, and scatter them in Israel. Gen. 49: 5-7)*

Chapter 14

The Island of Warriors

Ben woke up on a rocky beach looking out to a troubled looking sea, with gray roiling breakers and dark storm clouds with lightning flashing constantly from thunderhead to thunderhead. It didn't seem to be a place that inspired cheerfulness, until he turned around to look at the island itself.

At the top of the rocky shoreline rested a pleasant grassland with wheeling birds in the sky and distant woodlands. At the center of the island towered a craggy peak with a formidable looking stone castle at its peak that looked over the entire island. What was really strange was, that as gloomy as the ocean skies appeared, that was how cheerful the clear blue skies of the island itself were.

Standing up and stretching to work out the kinks that he had earned by sleeping on the rocks; Ben started walking toward the distant castle.

There was a feeling of both well being and energy all about on the island and Ben, who had felt sleepy on the beach, now felt invigorated by his walk. Eventually he heard an excited crowd, like you would hear at any sporting event; so he turned aside to investigate. He found ancient knights in various competitions. Some were jousting and some were hammering away at their opponent's colorful shields with their dangerous looking swords and maces.

Vendors were selling refreshments, just like you would see at any normal sporting event and there was a real carnival atmosphere about the place. In the middle of the camp he saw a line of people all waiting their turn to go into a small tent.

With his curiosity aroused he got in line and waited to get into the tent to see what all of the fuss was about. The boy behind him said, "Pretty exciting, huh?"

"I guess," said Ben, not knowing what else to say.

"What will you do if you turn out to be the one?" The boy said.

"I donno... I think that I could use an army." said Ben; still not knowing what was going on.

"Well, it would certainly get you an army. The name's George by the way." Said the boy. "This is my first time to try. They say that it's made of enchanted gold and steel. No one has been able to claim it for over a thousand years, but maybe I can be the first."

"Maybe," said Ben, "or maybe I will.", still not having any idea what the boy was talking about.

"Maybe. Either way it would be great if one of us could do it."

They chatted about little things until they finally won their chance to enter the tent. In the center of the tent there was a large stone with an ornate and dangerous looking sword sticking out of it. The whole scene looked too familiar.

"There it is," said George, "Excalibur. The Sword in the Stone that once belonged to King Arthur."

"Then we must be in Camelot." Said Ben.

"Oh heavens no," said George, "This is the island of Avalon. This is where the sword was forged and this is where it is to always be kept when it is not in use."

"I've heard of Avalon somewhere. Are these people Britons?"

"Oh no, thousands of years ago my people were led away from the Holy Lands by a great man of God. He was commanded to lead the people of Benjamin and found a kingdom that can be made to flow with milk and honey. We found this desolate island and through our efforts we have calmed the storms and made it into our promised land, with the help of God and the sweat of our brow."

Truly impressed Ben nodded and listened as George recited the kingdom's history with

enthusiasm. Eventually it was his turn and Ben found himself standing in front of the stone. The guy who was herding everyone through the line said, “Well, kid; grab a hold and give it a try.”

Not expecting much, Ben grasped the sword by the pommel and yanked. The sword slid freely out of the stone and Ben looked numbly at the mighty weapon in his hand.

George looked shocked, and along with everyone else there bowed toward Ben and said, “Your Majesty...”

*(Benjamin shall ravin as a wolf: in the morning he shall devour the prey,
and at night he shall divide the spoil. Gen. 49:27)*

Chapter 15

The Island of Sirens

Madison stood on another beach, half a world away. This beach was of the finest white sands and the azure skies were beautiful all around her. Palm trees blew gently in the breeze and the waves lapped peacefully on the shore. She felt almost like she had arrived at home... except that she couldn't remember her home.

In the ocean, beautiful mermaids leaped playfully like dolphins. From the mainland part of the island she could smell campfires burning and hear the sounds of women singing strange, yet hauntingly sweet sounding music.

Feeling drawn to the music she moved in that direction, finding a permanent camp site with white marble buildings and large fire pits. There were hundreds of tall and powerful looking women and girls of all ages dressed as Greek or maybe Roman warriors. Some of them were moving through practice sword play while others sat around tables eating something that smelled delicious.

The men in the camp on the other hand were rather puny and seemed only to be there to be servants to the women.

Stepping out from behind the rocks that she had been observing from, Madison was finally noticed. One of the younger women stood up from the table, wiped off her mouth and ran to her.

"Hail sister," said the young warrior. "You must be a traveler, for you are unknown to us."

Nodding in confusion Madison finally managed to say, "I guess so; although I have lost my memories and cannot really be sure."

With a concerned look, the warrior said, "Well that will not do at all. Come and join us at the table. We have several skilled healers. Maybe one of them can help you. I am called Phoenicia by the way."

"Madison." she replied.

The healers were puzzled, for there was no apparent reason for her memory loss. Eventually they decided that it *was ordained*.

They told her that the island was founded thousands of years ago by a tribe of people descended from someone named Dan, whose men were artists who would only do the work of artists. They became lazier and lazier, and the women had to take up the slack and do more and more. Eventually they arrived at a state of being the greatest warrior women in the world.

Because of their songs, they were the basis for the Greek legends of the Sirens, and because of the prowess as fighters, they were known by others as Amazons.

Their island existed in a nearby dimension and the access to the island could be found at different places on the Earth's surface at different times. On other occasions it was known as Themiscyra, Amazon Island, Paradise Island and more recently as Bali Hai.

Madison looked around at the way the puny men were treated as near slaves and couldn't help thinking that the island wasn't a paradise for everyone.

After a good night sleep, the healers told Madison that they had consulted with each other and come to the conclusion that there was one way to restore her memories. She would have to enter tomorrow's tournament and defeat all opponents. If she did that she could pick one of the Royal Treasures to become her own; and one of those treasures was the Lasso of Truth. The Lasso had the

power to reveal the truth in any situation. It was the healers opinion that she could use the lasso to force herself to remember the truth of her past life.

Madison agreed to enter the tournament, even though she was pretty sure that she stood no chance of winning. Still it was a chance... and there was apart of her that wondered what other treasures there might be.

(Dan shall judge his people, as one of the tribes of Israel. Dan shall be a serpent by the way, an adder in the path, that biteth the horse heels, so that his rider shall fall backward. I have awaited for thy salvation O Lord: Gen. 49:16-18)

Chapter 16

The Hidden Valley

Scott stood on a path winding through a path hidden deep within the KunLun Mountains. The mountain mists should have left him feeling uneasy, but something about the place seemed to ooze serenity. He walked down along the path with the well tended orchards and cultivated gardens all around him and felt totally at ease.

Ahead of him, through the mists he could hear some sort of chanting. It wasn't an evil chanting, it was more the kind that you would hear in a religious setting. Dramatically, the mists parted and he could see clearly for miles and miles ahead. Turning around the mists still enshrouded everything behind him which was more than two hundred feet away.

Looking forward, he could see a green valley that seemed to go on forever and simple villages scattered throughout the valley. In the center there was a large somewhat oriental building, as ornate as a palace or cathedral, but somehow he knew that it was neither of those.

Outside of the building were hundreds, it not thousands of people going through swaying, almost dancing motions, in unison. As he watched longer, he realized that it was some sort of martial arts training, or exercise.

Although he was half a mile away, he could see the person leading the assemblage lift his head and look directly at him and smile. The man called one of the class to him and pointing at Scott, he gave the student some sort of instructions.

The student bowed and began a graceful jog that led him to Scott. Bowing before him, the student said, "The Master has been waiting for you. Please join us."

After what seemed a long walk they were standing at the head of the class. The old instructor bowed to Scott, who felt somehow that he should return the gesture and bowed back to the man a little clumsily. "I am Chi. It is nice to finally meet you Scott." He said.

"How did you know my name?" He returned.

"You're coming has been preordained since before the creation of the world. Our community has been founded, very long ago, to be ready for you. The tribe of Issachar is to prepare you for what is to come, and to follow you into battle."

Something about the phrase '*prepare you for what is to come*' made Scott uneasy. "And how are you going to prepare me?" He said.

"We will teach you the ways of our people. We will teach you the ways of Shangri-La."

Frowning Scott said, "It will take me a very long time to learn martial arts like these people. I won't be able to lead any battle for a long time."

Breaking into a very relaxed laughter Chi said, "Oh that is funny. These exercises are just to help us stay serene; a kind of meditation. Shangri-La is a place of peace and meditation. You will not be doing much actual fighting, so you won't need these skills. Of course, if you want we'll give you the basics."

Looking even more puzzled Scott asked, "Then what do you need me for? What skills do I have that you people need?"

Becoming again very serious, Chi said, "You will lead us."

"Why me?" Scott said.

"Because you have the Gift of the Holy Ghost. Our people have existed in isolation for

thousands of years without the priesthood.”

Then it dawned on him, “And without the priesthood, there is no one to give you the Gift.”

“That's right; and if we are going into battle, we desperately need someone to give us some idea of what God wants us to do, because no important undertaking should ever be attempted without the guidance and blessing of God.”

Scott had been scared before, but having this much blind faith in him was even more daunting than he had had before. Instead of showing he fear, he just said, “OK, let's get started.”

*(Issachar is a strong ass couching down between two burdens:
And he saw that rest was good, and the land that it was pleasant ;
and bowed his shoulder to bear, and became
a servant unto tribute. Gen 49:14-15)*

Chapter 17

The Sunken City

Tace found himself knee deep in the waters of the Pacific Ocean. Sticking out of the waters were the tops of what must have been tall skyscrapers, although the majority of the buildings were underneath the surface. Swimming toward him were a group of oddly dressed scuba divers.

The divers had large sea shells on their backs rather than the expected air tanks, and their wetsuits seemed to be made of whaleskins rather than rubber. The lead diver swam to within fifteen feet of Tace and stopped. Standing upright, he said, "Greetings stranger, if you come in friendship you will be welcomed here: if not, know that it would not be a good thing to be an enemy of the people of Lemuria. So... which be you?"

"Friend. Definitely." Tace said quickly.

Nodding and showing a smile for the first time, the diver said, "That is good. I am Dell. Tell me please, why have you come to our benighted city?"

"I'm really not completely sure," said Tace. But he was prompted by something within that told him to say, "But I think that I am here to help you remove the curse from your city."

The divers looked stunned at so bold a pronouncement. Finally Dell said, "I think that maybe I ought to take you to the Council of the Eight and talk this over. Reaching into the bag that he had slung over his back, he pulled out some of the same equipment that the divers wore. "Here; put these on," he said, "You will need them to be able to enter the city."

"Because...?" said Tace.

"Because it's underwater, obviously. Why else?"

"Of course. Why else?"

It was a long swim and Tace was definitely tiring by the time that they reached the gates of the city. The gates were embedded in a tall waterproof wall that surrounded the metropolis, and there were guards with spear guns posted at the entranceway airlock.

Once through the airlock, they all removed their underwater gear and changed into long flowing robes with broad belts with attached pouches that were able to carry a great many things. They stepped into a horse drawn trolley and took a scenic tour through the city until they reached the tallest building in the center of the community.

Tace couldn't help noticing that the buildings seemed to all have rounded corners instead of square ones, and they almost seemed to have been grown out of a coral-like substance, rather than poured out of cement.

The government building had broad corridors that took them to a large ornate meeting room, which was well appointed with beautiful stained wood carvings and marble statues. In the middle of the room was a large oval table with eight very old looking men sitting around it.

"Welcome friend," said the old man at the head of the table, "I am Romak, the Chief Speaker at this table. We Speakers have the honor of presiding over this city for a time, until others are selected to replace us. We have been told that you are here to raise our city out of the sea."

"If that is your wish," said Tace.

"It most certainly is," said Romak. "Long ago our people, the children of Gad, were led out of captivity to find freedom at this far away place. We thrived as we built Lemuria for many years until one foul day, we were attacked by a strange people, who live under the sea, much more thoroughly than we now do. We were caught completely by surprise. They used strange technologies to drag Lemuria

down, almost drowning us.”

“Our engineers quickly built our walls that saved us from drowning, but we have been held at ransom ever since. If we do not pay an annual payment, they will turn back on their machines and continue the process of sinking our city. We will be drowned to the last man, woman and child. If you can free us from that bondage, we will be forever in your debt.”

Nodding to the man, as if he really knew what he was doing, Tace said, “Well, we'll just have to take care of that now, won't we?”

*(Gad, a troop shall overcome him :
but he shall overcome at the last. Gen. 49:19)*

Chapter 18

The Sea Going Empire

Maggie felt disoriented as she sat in the large canoe on the open sea. Behind her lay a large island and ahead of her only distant waters. The Polynesian people in the large canoe with her didn't seem to be the least bit startled to find her sitting there.

An older woman in a colorful sarong said, "Take it easy youngster. This kind of ocean travel can make one sick if she is not used to it."

'That information was not at all useful' until she started to feel the motion of the waves in her stomach. Several sharks began circling the canoe, and the old woman said, "we can have none of that" and she pulled out a wooden flute and began to play a haunting melody, which seemed to drive the sharks away.

"I'm confused," said Maggie. "What am I doing here? For that matter, where is here?"

Chuckling softly, the old woman said, "We are the Maori peoples, on our way to colonize a land that you will know in your time as New Zealand. We are a part of the great Empire of Hawaiki, which spans all of the islands of the great western sea."

"OK. Now I know why you are here, but why am I here?" Asked Maggie.

"In time child, in time. We have a long journey ahead of us; let us learn the lessons of the sea about us. Why don't we start by you telling me what you see."

Knowing that there was more to the question than what seemed obvious, Maggie looked deeply at the endless ocean which surrounded their relatively tiny canoe. Finally, she said, "I see that we can survive only by the strong hand of God holding us up."

Clapping her hands with glee, the old woman grinned broadly and said, "You my girl are a treasure with an ability to see to the heart of the matter. I don't think that my job will be as hard as I thought it would be." Standing agilely the woman bowed to Maggie and said, "It will be my honor to work with you on this campaign. My name in your language would be Breeze."

"The people of Hawaiki once lived in a desert land and were known by the name of the Zebulun. We were led here by our greatest hero; a prophet of God named Zenock, who said that we must secretly build a hidden empire for a great Latter Day battle against an even more hidden people of the sea who will some day threaten all the life on Earth. Something tells me that you are the key to finding our great opponents."

Maggie learned much on that voyage. She learned to respect the waves but never to fight them. A force of nature cannot be defeated, but can be a great ally when accepted and channeled slightly. She learned to trust God and to seek out people around her that she can trust, while remaining wary of those she can't. She learned that friendship and trust can be earned but not demanded; and she learned many other things.

By the time she got to New Zealand, she was ready.

Maggie met the ruling council of the Hawaiki Empire and found that she was expected to lead their armies against their enemies and that she was expected to lead them to victory; but there was one small problem.

Maggie had no memories of her past or of the great adversary.

Breeze frowned at that revelation, but had a solution. "Maggie," she said, "my people have

long learned to commune with the world around us; and we know of a way to return that which has been forgotten, but it is not without danger.”

“What must I do?” Maggie asked.

“You must go on a vision quest, and if you succeed, you will regain all that you have lost.”

“And if I fail?”

“Then what is now left of your mind will go the way of your lost thoughts.”

After a few minutes of consideration, Maggie made a decision. As soon as she had done so, a warm feeling of peace washed over her and she knew that it was the right decision.

“When can we get started?” she said.

*(Zebulun shall dwell at the haven of the sea ; and he shall be for an haven of ships ;
and his border shall be unto Zidon. Gen. 49:13)*

Chapter 19

Saint John and the Dragon

It was time. John was expected to slay a dragon and he had no idea of how he was going to accomplish that. Still, in the morning, he and Sir Gawain saddled up their horses and headed out. He was not comfortable in the armor that had been provided for him, but he decided that he would make do.

It wasn't like it was hard to find the dragon; everyone in Camelot knew where they could find the dragon, after all, it was easier to avoid it when you knew where it was. It was only a day's ride to the dragon's lair.

They stopped early and spent the night in the nearby Forest of Sherwood. They thought that it might be better to approach the beast when they were well rested.

The beast moved stiffly and almost mechanically John noticed. Sir Gawain, unfamiliar with modern devices just thought that that was the way that a dragon moved. John; having seen dragons before, even though he didn't have those memories anymore; knew that that was not the way a dragon should move. Dragons were graceful and sinuous. This thing was wooden and puppetlike.

Then it hit him. This was no dragon, this was some sort of trick to scare people away from the area. 'Maybe' he thought, 'I might be able to defeat it.'

The dragon reared back its head and sprayed fire at them. Jumping out of the way, the dragon repositioned itself and fired another stream of fire setting the nearby bushes ablaze. Sir Gawain suggested a strategic retreat, while John urged him to wait and think it over a bit.

The dragon charged clumsily at them and they stepped easily out of the way. As the dragon sped by, John thought that it looked more like paper-mache than the scales of a real dragon. By instinct, he grabbed a burning branch and held it up to the clumsy creature's side.

The dragon's body caught fire and quickly became a twenty foot tall inferno. He could hear men screaming from inside the fake dragon and watched as they threw off their disguise and ran from the bonfire that was once the most feared thing in these woods.

Sir Gawain's face turned livid with anger at the deception, and he spurred his war horse forward to deal the miscreants. He quickly rode down the leader, whom he recognized immediately. It was the Baron Robin of Loxley; once known as the bandit called Hood.

Once the bandits had been rounded up, they were marched back to Camelot, where an explanation would be required of them, and John was looking forward to hearing it.

King Arthur placed them in front of the gathered knights of the Round Table for judgment. Sir Robin stood proudly with his head held high. His men stood behind him silently supporting their leader.

"Speak," said the king. "Why have you perpetrated this fraud on the people of Britain? Why have you brought fear to the peoples in these parts?"

"I have heard that you are a great king," said Sir Robin, "but I know you not. I have dealt with kings and princes in the past and found that not all of them are good and righteous men. Long before you arrived, I and my men became the protectors of the peoples in our forest and had to watch as an evil king brought suffering and heartbreak upon my people. In time the evil prince was defeated, but the scars that he left in the hearts and souls of my people may never heal."

"I will never allow that to happen again. Until I know if you and your knights are true and

noble men, I will do all that I can to keep you away from my people, by any means; including faking a dragon or two.”

King Arthur could see the truth in what the prisoner was saying, but didn't know what to do about it; so he did as he often did and turned to his counselor, Merlin. “Any ideas?”

Merlin smiled a knowing smile and said quietly, “I think that this is a question for the knight who slew the dragon.” Turning to John he said, “Sir John; what would you have us do?”

Surprised only for a second, John said, “Let us pray.” After which they all knelt and John asked God to give wisdom and guidance to those present and wisdom to all so that all may know the truth.

With that prayer several things happened. Firstly, Robin was given to know the good and righteous hearts of the men about him and the king was given the knowledge that he and his people must follow John into battle. Finally, John had all of his memories and powers restored to him. Additionally a gold crown appeared on his head.”

John turned to Robin and said, “We will need your understanding of evil rulers in the coming battle.”

Merlin and Arthur looked at John, saw the crown and gasped. “He wears the crown of Reuben.” They said simultaneously.

John smiled and snapped his fingers and was suddenly clad with the sword belt and trumpet of the ancient prophet and judge, Gideon; which he had received in a previous mission. “Now I look the part!” Said John with a lopsided grin.

Chapter 20

The Girl Who Ran

Anna listened to the discussion about the importance of recapturing the runaway girl and when there was a lull in the discussion, she asked, “The... *blessing*... that rules over your town says that no one can leave, right?”

“Not before it is time to fulfill our mission,” said Angus.

Thinking about it for a few moments, Anna said, “And when will that be?”

“No one knows,” said the town leader. “But if she escapes now, we will never have the chance to fulfill our role; so we must stop her.”

Somehow, Anna knew that there was a flaw in that logic, but she wasn't sure what it was, so she decided to go along with the crowd for now and see what happens. Either way, she knew that she had to make sure that no harm came to the girl before she could puzzle it out.

Anna went with Katherine and her mother Moire as the town split up to search the countryside. They seemed to have no hunting dogs in Brigadoon so the process was bound to be difficult. Anna could see that a bloodhound's nose would be a great asset in this kind of hunt..

She could hear men shouting from different directions, “She's not here! Let's try over there!”, and then hear the same call later on from another direction.

Looking up to Moire, Anna asked, “What if this girl... what's her name? What if she's already left Brigadoon?”

Moire said, “Lizzy. Her name be Lizzy; and if Lizzy is already gone, the great sleep will not come tonight and we will nae be able to return to the dream world, and if we canna do that, we canna lead the people of this world into that outer world to save it from the enemy.. Brigadoon is the doorway between the two worlds, and if it be shut prematurely, we are all doomed.”

Then another, more disturbing though struck Anna, “What happens if I am still in Brigadoon when the great sleep comes?”

“Why then ye will be o'ercome by the great sleep and will sleep with us for the next hundred years.”

'Then I better not be here when that happens', Anna thought to herself.

Suddenly, she heard a twig snap, and Katherine shouted, “There!” pointing at a cave mouth that was hidden behind some thick shrubbery.”

Angus and the men came quickly and grabbed the girl and took her back into the town. The girl, Lizzy, was obviously heartbroken to have to be taken back to Brigadoon; and Anna felt terrible that she had a part in bring such unhappiness to the poor lass.

The whole town was assembled to decide what to do with the girl. The sobbing Lizzy had kindly looking, but obviously powerful men surrounding her to prevent her making a run for it.

Anna listened as the town's people questioned the girl and listened to her answers. She felt trapped living in such a small town, not because it was small, it was because she couldn't leave, she felt like a prisoner. Lizzy wanted to see the whole world.

Finally, Anna spoke up, “Is there no free will in this town? Is she truly a prisoner, as she feels, or are you people true and righteous people?”

“Tis nae that simple lassie,” said Angus...” and Anna cut him off.

“I think it is.” said Anna, “Is she an evil or unrighteous person? Does she break God's laws?”

“Well no,” said Angus, “But...” This time he stopped himself. “Maybe you are right Lass, but what else can we do?”

After a minute, the Spirit gave Anna the answer, “What if it was time to fulfill your mission?”

In that instant, the Diadem of Asher appeared on Anna's brow, and all that she had lost had been restored to her.

Brigadoon was shaken as the old blessing that concealed the town was broken as a bell pealed , reverberating through the souls of the entire town. Looking at the girl Anna, they realized that the promised leader had been standing amid them and they didn't realize it.

Anna felt the power of the Tribe of Asher coursing through the diadem, and knew that, for at least a time, she would have to stand up and lead this people that had just adopted her into their tribe. All she could bring herself to say was, “Wow.”

The streets of Atlantis were filled with many thousands of warriors marching in formation: marching off to war, and the Warlord of Atlantis smiled a cruel and evil grin.

Chapter 21

The Apple and the Arrow

Wilhelm led Azael into the town knowing that they were headed for a confrontation which they might not survive. The knight could see many possible flaws with the plan that was sketched out to him by the cunning young man that road along with him, but if it worked it was the thing that minstrels would sing about throughout the ages.

Dressed as a simple woodsman, Sir Wilhelm entered the town with Azael posing as his son. He adopted a pseudonym so that no one would connect him with the Knights of Levi and boldly walked up to, and past, the hated pole of the Warlord Gessler.

Quickly three filthy and unshaven hoodlums, who called themselves knights, jumped out and grabbed Sir Wilhelm and Azael. Feigning weakness, the two captives allowed themselves to be dragged before the so-called Governor, who sat on a dappled horse and looked down on them as if they were simple peasants.

Gessler looked down on them with a sneer and said, "You walked past my hat and didn't bow to the hat. Do you think that you are greater than the hat?"

Expecting some sort of trouble a crowd started gathering in anticipation of a little excitement.

Sir Wilhelm said, "A hat? That is what this is about?"

"It has been decreed", said Gessler, "that all who pass the hat must bow to it or suffer imprisonment, if not death."

"I bow to no man, much less a hat," said Wilhelm, "I bow only to God Himself."

Azael could feel the tenseness growing in the crowd as that statement was made. Somehow none of them had made the connection that bowing to a hat is not much different than bowing to the golden calf.

Gessler missed the point and continued, "What shall I do with you? I could imprison you... or maybe just your son here? Maybe you would be more bothered by his torture than your own. Maybe then you would learn to respect me and my hat!"

Threatening a child definitely was the wrong thing to do. Azael could sense the anger rising in the crowd, even though it went right over Gessler's head. Instead he said, "I see that you carry a bow hunter; are you any good with the thing?"

"He could shoot an apple off your head if he wanted to," shouted Azael."

Clapping his hands together in glee, Gessler said, "What a wonderful idea. But he'll have to shoot it off of your head, not mine. Guard get an apple... a small one. If he succeeds, you'll both go free. If he fails? Well, you won't have to know about it anyway. Guards, tie up the boy!"

The crowd started murmuring that no one had the right to force a man to endanger the life of his own son. (Of course they had no way of knowing the Azael was only pretending to be Wilhelm's son) their anger could be felt by everyone except the supposed governor.

Azael was tied to a tree and an apple was placed upon his head. Gessler said, "Go ahead woodsman, show me how good you are with that bow."

Sir Wilhelm took out two arrows and put one in place on his crossbow while putting the other in his belt. When he was sure that he had it right, he raised the bow and pulled the trigger. The arrow flew true and the apple was split in half and fell to the ground in pieces and Azael's memories were restored.

Gessler laughed like a little child and clapped his hands together, "Wonderful, wonderful! That was great fun. You've earned your freedom woodsman." The crowd was washed with a feeling of

relief for a defused situation.

“Tell me woodsman,” said Gessler, “what is that second arrow in your belt for?”

“If I missed,” said Sir Wilhelm, “that arrow would have been for you.”

The game was no longer fun and Gessler got furious, “For me???” he shouted, “Guards! Take this peasant and have him killed, but make sure that you torture the boy in front of his eyes first. No one talks to me like that!”

Suddenly the anger of the crowd boiled over. The woodsman that they were told was called Tell, was promised freedom for his magnificent marksmanship and for the courage and faith of the boy Azael. No longer would they suffer a madman to rule over them, and a revolution began then and there that led to freedom for the young nation of Switzerland long before a similar revolution in a yet undiscovered country called America.

After the revolution; Azael was given the bow of Wilhelm Tell and promised that when the boy returned to the future, that bow would allow him to lead into the upcoming war, the hidden Swiss Army which the Knights of Levi would build.

Chapter 22

The Elemental Warriors

As Shay entered the hidden city of Shambhala, she could feel the silence all about her. The tree lined streets smelled of citrus fruits and flowers. She could see several groups of people with shaven heads practicing several forms of martial arts. Each group had metallic looking robes with each group represented by a different color.

Each form of martial arts moved in different patterns and different forms of graceful rhythms. The three girls walked arm in arm, with Shay between Ghita and Sahri. They traveled the long cobblestoned street until they came to the great central meeting hall

Sahri, said in a voice much older than her own, "From here girl, you must travel on your own. We will wait for you outside."

In her own voice, Ghita said, "And don't forget to remove your shoes before you enter the building."

In the building, Shay following the prompting of the Spirit and was led to a great room in the center of the place. In the middle of this airy room was a small table with four old men. One of the men waved for her to come forward.

The man in red said, "Your coming has been long anticipated."

"But you must be tested," said the man in green.

"To see if you are worthy," said the man in gold.

The man in blue stepped down and knelt in front of Shay and said, "We are a community that has learned to control certain aspects of the world about us. You will be met by one of our warriors from each order and you must find a way to defeat them. I am your first opponent"

The old man began to sway like a sail in the wind. The air stirred about them and a whirlwind gained strength and began to whistle and howl through the room.

Shay listened to the Spirit as it taught her a defense. Raising her arms swiftly, a wall of rock sprung from the ground. "Earth defeats wind!" she shouted, as she felt the exhilaration of the newly revealed power within her.

Then the man in red stepped up and began a dance with jerky movements and a flowing and crackling of his robes. His hands burst into flames and he chanted a tune like a camping flame.

Again the Spirit spoke to Shay and taught her a defense. Moving in the swirling look of the oceans eddies she tapped her fingers in the air like rain and summoned the monsoon to douse the flames.

"Water conquers fire!" she said with joy.

In quick order, she learned that water erodes earth and flames burn up air. The Spirit had taught her in just a few minutes what the peoples of Shambhala spent their entire lives learning; and they only could master one of the disciplines. Shay had mastered all four and regained her memories as well as her former powers..

After the testing the four Elemental Masters stood in awe. "She is indeed the promised one," said the man in gold.

"Indeed" said Red. "Now what happens?"

"Now," said Shay, "I need your help in saving the world. What do you know of the nation called Atlantis?"

The Elemental Masters, as one, gasped. "If this is your need," said Green, "we must prepare our peoples, for our days of hiding are now over.

Chapter 23

The Golden Trial

It was Cameron's turn to be tested, and he wasn't really very happy about it. If everyone who had taken the test before had failed and were now dead, it didn't sound like he had a very good chance. The soldiers in gold took him to the edge of the city where a great crowd was waiting.

"These people will give you your trials. Don't try to cheat or fool us, for they will know the truth within your heart. As you pass through them, you will be sorely tested. Good luck, my friend and brother."

Cam stepped forward and entered the crowd. Many of them reached out to touch him. Usually he wasn't bothered by the occasional touch as he walked past strangers, but to have hundreds of them reach out and grab at him was quite disconcerting.

The people were struggling to get to him and he noticed to his right, a small child that was knocked over in the crush of the people. The lad was being stepped upon and crying fiercely, only no one seemed to notice him. Without thinking of his own safety, Cam pushed his way through the crowd and fell on the boy, shielding him from harm with his own body.

The crowd gasped and parted. "Look!" said one man, "He risks his own life for the protection of an innocent."

"How strange," said another man, "why would he do that?"

"Perhaps he seeks a reward," said a third man.

"Is that so, boy?", said the first man. "Do you seek riches in this city of gold?"

Standing up and holding the small child at his side Cameron said, "I'm not trying to get rich! I'm just trying to do right."

Getting a sly look on his face, the second man said, "Maybe so, but tell me this... if I offered you a hundred pieces of gold to walk away from the child now; would you take it?"

"No." Said Cam.

"Even if we promise to give the boy safety?" Said the first man.

"I don't know if I can trust you and I'm not trying to get rich."

The third man tried a different tact. "Think of the things that you could do with that money; choose any charity; give to the poor."

A fourth chimed in, "We've noticed your motives and we've noticed your feelings, this isn't a betrayal, it's a fee... nothing more than a fee."

"Get away from me!" Shouted Cam, as he pushed them aside and led to boy to a clearing. "you should be safe here now," he said tenderly.

"Why didn't you take the money?", asked the boy.

"Maybe I would have," said Cam, "if you had not been in danger. Remember this... people are always more important than money."

"But how does that help you?"

Puzzled by the question, Cameron said, "Selfishness is the opposite of love, and the world is only made better by the love of it's people. Selfishness was never happiness, so if I tried to look out only for me, I would never find that happiness. Do you see what I'm saying?"

In a very adult voice, the boy suddenly spoke as if he were a very different person. "yes I do see. Not only are you the one that we have been waiting for, you are much more." As the boy spoke, the illusion dropped away from him and Cameron realized that the boy had really been the old judge Nephronah all of the time.

With that realization, all of his memories and lost powers returned to him. “Then I passed the test?” Came said.

With a chuckle, the old man said, “Oh my yes. You actually passed the test when you agreed to be tested. After being told of the consequences of failing the test, no one before you had the courage to even try. Only you were willing to risk your life for a righteous cause.”

“Then what was all of this stuff with the crowd about?”

“We wanted to see what kind of a person we had gotten as a leader, and let me tell you: you succeeded well beyond any of our expectations.

In each of the sunken cities that were allied with Atlantis armies were gathering their weapons of war and standing at review before the warlord of each city. The Overlord of the Empire of Atlantis watched the proceedings on the various viewscreens in his tower and kicked the slave who wandered too close to him. 'Soon,' he thought, 'the entire surface world would become their slaves.'

Chapter 23

Sword of Truth

Ben stood in front of the people of Avalon holding the great sword Excalibur while he looked down at it dumbfounded. 'Now what do I do?' He thought to himself.

The man who ran the tent pulled back a tent flap and whistled to a knight, who came quickly. He then whispered something to the knight, who ran off immediately.

"Your Majesty," George said bowing low.

"Get up George. There must be some mistake; I'm just a kid." said Ben.

"So was King Arthur. We better take you to the Council of Knights."

Just then the tent flap opened and several aged men in armor reverently entered. Bowing before Ben they said in unison, "My king, how may we serve thee?"

"Why don't you get up and tell me what this is all about." said Ben.

"We have long awaited the coming of he who shall lead us into the great battle for which we have trained for almost three millennium." said the oldest looking of the knights. "If you have pulled the sword from the stone, you must be that leader."

Looking down at himself Ben then looked at the knights, and said, "I kind of doubt that..."

"If you wish we can test you." Said the old knight.

"That might be the bright thing to do." said Ben.

"Well spoken young sir. I am called Cambray son of Arliss; and how are you called?"

"Ben.. well Benjamin, but every calls me Ben."

"Benjamin..." whispered the old knight in awe. "It is a good sign as we are all the of the tribe of Benjamin."

"OK... a good sign. What about the test?" said Ben.

"You shall fight Sir James, the keeper of the tent. Excalibur has many powers, but you will only need one to defeat him. If you pick the right one, you will show the wisdom to be our leader. If not, you will probably die."

"Die?" Said Ben. "No one said anything about a fight to the death!"

"It doesn't have to be a fight to the death, it's just that sometimes wrong choices can be fatal." said Sir Cambray.

"All right... what are the powers that I have to choose from?"

"Although there be many more powers contained within Excalibur, your choices are; the sword can throw flames, it can cut through anything like cutting water, it can reveal truth, it can blaze with the brightness of the sun, or it can bestow great strength upon he who wields it. Choose ye wisely, young warrior."

The knights led Ben and Sir James to an area outside in the bright sun, which was set aside for one on one combat between knights. Word had spread of the importance of the event that was about to take place and a crowd had gathered to watch.

Sir James slid his broadsword from its sheath and held it at point, waiting for Ben to make the first move. Ben had no intention of making the first move.

Ben's mind raced. 'Undoubtedly, Sir James was well trained for this event and he knew all of the powers that could be bestowed by the sword and had practiced how to counter them: after all, he was the sword's keeper for many years. One by one he clicked off the sword's powers, weighing his options, and then he finally made his decision.

"I am ready," he said, "Make your move Sir James."

The knight smiled, in knowing that Ben had made him make the first move without revealing what choice he had made. 'This was a shrewd young man', he thought as he raised his sword high, bellowed his war cry and leaped at Ben.

Ben whistled and was joined by his old friend, Razorwing, who dived on the knight, raking him with the pterodactyl's claws. Ben had chosen truth as the only thing that the knight could not fight effectively. As soon as he had chosen truth, all of his old memories and powers had returned.

It wasn't long until Sir James, who could not anticipate this kind of attack, nor could he be prepared for it was forced to surrender. Kneeling before his young king, Sir James said, "You are my king. Can you deny it even now?"

"I guess that I must be," whispered Ben, and I know what must now be done."

"It is time for Avalon to go to war with Atlantis!" He said for all to here. The crowd cheered as the knights raised their weapons in salute.

Chapter 24

The Amazon Princess

Madison felt ridiculous. She stood with all of the other contestants for the tournament, but where they were all six to seven feet tall and built powerfully, she was given a suit of golden armor to put on that was made for one of these giant women, not for her; and she was given a sword that was almost too heavy for her to even lift.

Her chances of winning the contest seemed pretty slim.

Two amazons at a time walked to the center of the coliseum, battered away at each other until one was defeated and the winner moved to the winner's box. Then another pair of fighters repeated the process; until finally there was only Madison and one Amazon left.

Madison and her giant opponent, who was named Artemis, were finally called. She looked up at Artemis, who must have been almost two feet taller than she was. Realizing that the armor and sword were too heavy to be of any use to her, Madison left it outside and entered the coliseum in her regular clothes, armed only with a baseball bat and a can of hairspray.

She had noticed that when the earlier amazons battled, the weight of the gold armor and weapons disrupted their balance and slowed them down. She figured that her only chance lay in speed and agility.

In the ocean nearby, the mermaids watched the tournament and cheered for their favorites. They were a light hearted group who seemed always to be happy and were gleeful to enjoy the mock battles, since no amazon was really hurting any other amazon... not a lot anyways.

The bell rang and Artemis swung her sword at Madison who jumped nimbly aside, swinging her baseball bat and hitting Artemis in the ankle. The amazon howled in pain and fell down holding her hamstring tendon. Once she was hamstrung, Artemis was unable to stand on two legs and was easier to knock over.

The amazon tried to grab Madison, but the smaller opponent was always too fast for her. Finally she spayed the amazon warrior in the eyes with the hairspray and Artemis surrendered. The impossible had happened and she had won. The mermaids went wild, shouting and clapping with joy as they shouted Madison's name and cheered on the winner,

Joining the other winners in the winner box, she knew that they had watched her performance, and that she could never use to same tactics in the next rounds. She was out of tricks.

As the other winners began the second round of battles, Madison was called aside by her cheering mermaid fans. A mermaid named, Lara said to her, "We have been moved by your spirit. Your opponents have unfair advantages because of who they are. We want to help you be giving you abilities that will make your next fight more even."

"We are adopting you as one of us. You will have all of our abilities and powers. If you use them wisely, that should even up the odds a little." Putting a shell necklace around Maddy's neck, the mermaid named Lara said, "You are now one of us sister. Go and make us proud."

An amazon has super strength, but swimming in the ocean's depths also gives a mermaid great strength, and that strength, along with the control of water, where she could spay a fighter in the eyes with salty sea water, brought Madison through the contests all of the way to the final conflict.

Finally, she was brought together with an amazon named Karyssa, but this time things were different. They were sat down at a table and placed before a game. The amazon queen said, "A champion must be a great tactician, not just a rampaging brute. Before you you have a board

representing a battlefield with adversaries with varied powers and abilities. She who sets up a better defense and offense, will be crowned an Amazon Princess.

Madison called on everything that she had seen on tv or movies, in video games, books and history classes to set up her board. When all was said and done, she had won. Karyssa had been raised on an isolated island and many new ideas and tactics had been denied to the amazons. Madison had strategies that were unheard of on this isolated island.

As the queen placed the golden Tiara on her head, Madison's memories were returned.

Chapter 25

Leading the Band

The people of Shangri-La needed the guidance of someone with the Gift of the Holy Ghost. Scott knew that it would have been better if he could just give them the Gift, but he didn't yet have the priesthood himself, so the best that he could do was to guide them.

They taught him relaxation techniques and how to make his thinking more focused, and as he did so he found that he really could feel the prompting of the Holy Ghost more clearly. When learning the basics of martial arts, he could feel prompting that would tell him when to jump out of the way.

When he reached that point, the town elders called him again before them. "You have made very fast progress," the head speaker said, "It is time to test your abilities in a combat situation. Our town has long been plagued by marauding bandits who occasionally raid the fields and harm the farmhands in the vicinity of Shangri-La. They have also stolen the Rings of Shangi-La that will be needed in the future."

"We don't know where their base is or we would have stopped them by now. We ask you now to follow the promptings that you will get and lead us to their lair."

Giving a nod, Scott followed Chi out of the council chamber and was lead to a small squadron that he would be leading into the mountains.

They dressed in light clothing with heavy furs that could be thrown off on a moments notice if it would be necessary to go into combat. No one carried weapons of any kind, but from what Scott had seen, they probably didn't need them.

He led them up the main road until he suddenly felt the need to turn down a small goat trail. After a while the goat trail became an empty stream-bed, followed by a steep rocky slope. As they reached the top, he head a voice shouting silently, "'DUCK!!'", and he dropped to the ground repeating the warning to the others.

As soon as they fell flat, arrows whizzed over their heads barely missing their skulls. If they would have been a second later, they would now be all dead. Scrambling for cover, the squad, looked to Scott to tell them where their attackers were. Scott focused, felt where he should place his arm and pointed.

The squad silently vanished into the shadows and were lost from his view. After a few minutes, he heard fighting noises from the direction that he had pointed. Shortly, the squadron returned dragging tied up unconscious people that looked like dirty bigfoots. The little guys must be great fighters to be able to take down such large brutes.

They interrogated their prisoners, and as one would lie, Scott would know. One said that their base was in the valley, and Scott told him that it was on the peaks. The prisoner said that there was no one defending their base because they were all there, and Scott told him that they had only taken half of their number with them.

This went on and on, and the longer that they did so, the bandits became more and more sure that Scott was some kind of mind reader. Eventually, one of them broke down and told them a location. Scott nodded and they set off, leaving the captured bandits tied up with two of the squad left to watch over them.

The rest of the bandits were taken totally by surprise and were quickly subdued. The squad signalman lit a signal fire to let the people of Shangri-La know of their success and they gathered up

the bound and vanquished bandits, and their belongings and began their trek back to town.

The Council again met with Scott when they returned and told him that he had proven that he was the one that was to lead them. Digging through the bandit's stuff, they found the Golden Rings of Shangri-La.

Chi held them out to Scott and said, "These my friend are yours by right. They will give great power only to he for whom they were ordained. If you are he, as we are all convinced that you are, you shall be given whatever you need to be able to lead us."

Sliding the rings on his fingers, they closed around Scott's fingers fitting him like a second skin. As soon as they clicked closed and in place Scott blazed with energies like lightning and all could see that their wait was indeed over.

But as important as that was, another unseen event took place at the same moment... Scott's memories were restored and he recollected again his mission.

The Overlord, in his Tower at the bottom of the sea sensed a growing power which brought him a concern that until now he had not felt.

Chapter 26

Ransoming a City

Tace listened to all of the details of the manner in which Lemuria was to pay its ransom to Atlantis. Four young men, under the age of fourteen (to ensure that the party was too inexperienced to attempt any mischief) were to take a chest of harvested pearls to an appointed military outpost that the Atlanteans had set up near Lemuria.

The youths were to present themselves to the outpost gatehouse, where the guards would announce their presence to the Post Commander, who was more of a military man than a diplomat. He wasn't one to stand for any nonsense.

When the Commander had been assured that the ransom had been paid, he would enter six months into the timing device for the weapon that was straining to drag the city of Lemuria under the sea. In six months, the process would be repeated. If that timer ever reached zero, Lemuria would be drowned forever. The whole process had become so predictable that it had become almost boring.

Tace decided that maybe it was time to become unpredictable.

Hiding himself inside the chest of pearls, he was carried right into the outpost. After more than a thousand years, the guards had become less than diligent in their jobs. They were so used to docile Lemurians that they never even searched the youths. Once in the Post walls, Tace got out of the box and set off on his own, letting the youths complete their assignments.

Watching from a distance he saw the Commander enter the time and dismiss the detail. Once they had left, the Commander went out for a little partying. After all, as far as he was concerned, his job was over until the next delivery in six months.

When the room with the timer was empty, Tace came out of his place of concealment and went straight to the timer and the weapon. He was no scientist, but it was pretty obvious to him that the timer was a fake. It wasn't connected to the timer in any way. The weapon was a violet sphere dangling from a golden chain. He could see the energies crackling about the object, but more importantly, he could feel them.

Reaching out to the sphere, it was his intent to steal the weapon, but the second that his hand touched it, all of his memories were returned to him and he formulated a new plan.

Grabbing the chain, he put it around his neck and used the powers that he had always known about but had forgotten and were now returned to him. Growing to over a hundred and fifty feet in height, he began kicking down the outpost's walls and crushing its buildings. Soldiers came out of the buildings and tried to stop him unsuccessfully.

Looking up at the scene incredulously, the Commander watched Tace leave the area with impossibly large strides. He vowed that he would have revenge on this creature and he ordered his shuttle to be readied so that he could take this information to the Overlord.

After Tace returned to Lemuria he presented himself to the Council of the Eight, told them his tale and presented them with the weapon.

The Chief Speaker held the weapon in his hand and tried to turn it on and use it to raise the city, but the device sat as dead and dull as a rock. After that; each councilman also tried to ignite the power that blazed through it when Tace brought it to them. One by one they tried and one by one they failed.

Finally, they urged Tace to try. The weapon roared to life and violet energies sprang from the object and saturated the city of Lemuria.

The city began to shake and then it began to rise from the sea bottom. Inch by inch it rose until it stood gleaming in the full light of the sun as it hadn't for over a millennium; its towers and turrets

reflecting sunlight and looking more majestic in that light than Tace would have dreamed possible.

Within himself, Tace could feel his body absorbing the violet energies and could feel his body becoming even more powerful than it had ever before felt.

'This should be interesting.' he thought.

Chapter 27

Vision Quest

Maggie sat in a circle of the eldest members of the Maori people as they blew deep tunes on instruments similar to the Australian didgeridoo, while the people sang a tune of clashing harmonies that somehow was still beautiful. The slow melodies made her more and more sleepy and she somehow missed the point where her Spirit separated from her body and went on a walkabout.

Years earlier Maggie's class had learned to walk the ways of the spirits as they traveled among the spirit kingdoms of various creatures. That knowledge served her better today than the Hawaiki people could have suspected, for as her trials came, she was more prepared for them than anyone else who went on a walkabout had ever been before.

She climbed the hills to a cliff overlooking the sea and while she looked over the ocean, a sea gull landed on the rocks beside her and said, "Nice day isn't it?" the gull said.

Where anyone else would have freaked out at the situation, Maggie recognized the spirit bird nature of the gull and simply said, "It sure is."

Continuing on, the bird said, "I am Mama Gull. I've been sent to lead you on your quest. You are quite a unique person; why are you not shocked by my intelligence?"

"I was a spirit butterfly once. I know that all living things have intelligence, and that their spirits have even more intelligence. Once I recognized that you were a spirit, I pretty much expected you to speak."

"I thought that I was supposed to help you regain your memories; how do you remember the spirit worlds?"

"Huh. I'm not sure how, but all of my memories have returned. I hadn't noticed that at first. Isn't that strange?"

"No Maggie, the glories of the worlds beyond can be distracting. Well, since the hard part is already done, why don't we get on with your vision quest. Do you know what you are supposed to do?"

"I am supposed to find the locations of the sunken cities that make up the Empire of Atlantis."

"That is correct. Why don't we get started."

"How do we do that?" asked Maggie.

"With a show of faith. Step off the cliff and fly with me and I will show you the wonders of the deep."

Anyone else would have been terrified to be asked to step off the cliff, but Maggie had learned how to fly as a spirit years ago. Standing up she spread her arms and made a leap of faith and rose again as a butterfly; but not just any butterfly. She was the most brilliantly wonderful butterfly in all of history with a wingspan of over twenty feet and leaving a trail of glittering sparkles of every color behind her as she flew. Her golden wings glowed like lightning and they flapped with the sound of thunder.

Looking at her with admiration, Mama Gull chuckled and said, "Good job." After which she led the Maggie-fly around the world showing her the locations of the sunken cities. "You will always be able to find the cities," she said, "because the mermaids and mermen that the Atlanteans threw out of their cities will always be in the area hoping to be able to someday return.

Making a mental note of the coordinates of each city, Maggie said, "I think that it's time for me to return now. I have work to do."

"I think you're right," said Mama Gull.

The Maggie-fly settled unseen back into her body and she woke up remembering everything. The Hawaiki were shocked to see her return so soon. "Did you find what you needed child," asked Breeze?

Nodding, Maggie said, let me get you a map. Many centuries from now, I shall return to this spot, with a call to war. Be ready. Those spots on the map will not be expecting you and we may yet win the war.

Chapter 28

Over and Under

The overlord stood in his tower and smiled. The long awaited day had come and he knew that he was ready. The warlords of Onihah and Moroni had reported that their troops were already on the move and the attack on the Americas by the Empire's Atlantic Ocean Cities was already in progress.

He would personally lead the armies of Atlantis against the surface cities of the continent called Europe. His people were ready and worthy of his leadership. Their first conquest would be the city of London, in the nation of Great Britain.

The warlords of Jacob and Gimimno reported that their troops would attack the Americas from the Pacific Ocean Cities within the hour. The Overlord kicked his slave again in the excitement of the moment. He was pleased with the warlords, feeling that they were at least competent and could be counted on; unlike those fools that were in charge of the cities of Gadiandi and Gadiomnah.

The warlords of those two cities were charged with simply securing the two islands where the ancient monsters had been kept. At first they had reported that all was in readiness, but now they are avoiding his calls and telling him that there are problems.

'How could there be problems?' he thought. Its just two islands with animals. They were supposed to send in the monsters to demoralize the surface dwellers before the troops attacked. They were supposed to soften up the enemy.

'Oh well,' he thought, 'they weren't really essential, it'll just mean a little more work for the assault forces. When this was all over' he thought with a growl, 'the incompetent warlords of Gadiandi and Gadiomnah will have a lot to answer for.'

The overlord's slave, Orrin, crawled away from his master, apparently a broken and beaten man; but nothing could be farther from the truth. He was the grandson of a great American Navy Commander who had been captured in the great war, and the Overlord should have made sure that his personal slaves had nothing to take pride in.

The slave Orrin had built a network of slaves waiting for the right opportunity to rise up in revolt and throw off the chains of slavery. He didn't know when that day would come, but he knew that they had to be ready when it did.

Until then, the Overlord must suspect nothing, so he would continue playing the part of the beaten toady.

The warlords of Gadiandi and Gad iomnah approached the islands that they were charged with controlling. Each brought with them a hundred of their top men, leaving the rest in their cities to prepare for the attack on the surface dwellers.

Each island seemed peaceful enough, although each one had a large wooden vessel anchored in the harbor of each island. Slowly they approached the islands, secure in the knowledge that the island inhabitants were incapable of stopping them, and no surface dweller who only had mastered wooden ships stood a chance of upsetting their plans.

The warlords radioed to Atlantis that the islands had been secured. The attack could continue on schedule.

One by one, the Primary Warriors returned to the islands with the two rooms with the lost scriptures to make their reports. They hoped that they had enough time to prepare the world for the upcoming invasion. They hoped that the Atlanteans wouldn't plan their attack for some time yet.

Chapter 29

The War Begins

The Overlord, dressed in his most dazzling armor sat atop his personal transport and led his troops toward their planned assault on London. He was followed by almost three hundred thousand troops. The undersea tanks with their bristling lightning cannons came second followed by rows and rows of troops. All riding atop things that looked much like finned jet-skis. Each man carried a spear and sword.

Next came the shock troops. These troops literally carried rifles that shot bullet sized torpedoes with electric shock tips. Bringing up the rear were the leviathan riders. 'The surface dwellers may have stopped our acquisition of many of the monsters,' the Overlord thought, 'but the leviathans were always creatures from the ocean depths.'

The non-military inhabitants looked down from their windows at the spectacle with fear. The average citizen of the Empire of Atlantis had no interest in conquest, but they lived constantly in fear of the warlords and their troops, and were terrified to speak up; for if they did, they knew that their families lives would be forfeit. Many of them though secretly prayed for the surface dwellers victory.

The Primary warriors had all returned to the two islands and related their tales. Each one of them had earned a leadership position of one of the Lost Ten Tribes of Israel. Each one was given an artifact that would convince any member of their tribe, no matter what time period they found them (since many of the class had met their tribes in the distant past) that their tribe must follow them into battle without hesitation. It was promised that each artifact would bestow added abilities on the one in whom it was entrusted.

It was at that moment, when all of their tales had been told, that the warlords of Gadiandi and Gadiomnah chose to attack the islands with the lost scriptures. The young warriors were alerted on one island by the satyrs, and on the other by the mermaids. They agreed that this might be a good time to try out their new abilities and they flew to the defense of their islands.

On the Island of the Satyrs Anna, Cam, John, Ben and Shay took to the air and flew to the beach and landed on the sands in front of the warlord's small force of a few hundred invaders. Figuring that it was time to summon their powers and antediluvian animal friends each of the Primary Warriors began to do so, when they each felt the Spirit suggest to them that now was the time to use their new powers.

John placed the Crown of Reuben on his head and felt new power flowing through him. The crown flooded his mind with nearly an infinite amount of data. As he accessed this Intersect, he found himself invisible to the average human.

The Diadem of Ashur, which was on Anna's brow blazed with emerald flames and her mind was flooded with the thoughts, hopes and feelings of all of the animals around her. Wishing that her unicorn was there with her she felt her body melt and mold itself into that of a flying unicorn. Stretching out her wings she took to the skies and circled the invading army.

Shay laid her hand on the white sash that she was given as a master of the elements and she reached out with her new elemental powers summoning the waves and the storm behind their enemies. She smiled at the surprise that the warlord would soon experience.

Ben reached over his shoulder and removed Excalibur from the scabbard that was securing it on Ben's back. The sword sang with power and hissed as he pulled it free of its holder. It blazed with lightning and Ben could feel its many abilities flowing in and through him.

In El Dorado, Cameron was given gold gauntlets as a token of his new position of authority. He

slammed the golden wristbands together and felt a strength flow into him like no one had ever had before. Contained within his body was the strength of every person in El Dorado in united purpose. The warlord of Gadiandi was in for a surprise.

On the Island of Mermaids a similar confrontation was about to begin, as each Primary Warrior there accessed their new abilities.

Azael reached over his shoulder and took out the Bow of William Tell which had traveled through time with him. As soon as it was freed, the bow filled him with the powers over time and space that it had used to bring him back from the past.

Tace pulled the crystal sphere weapon from his pocket and was filled with that artifacts energies.

Maggie grabbed the shell necklace that the People of the Sea had given her and she found that she had control over the weather. As she had learned to read the weather, now could she direct it.

Scott concentrated on the Golden rings of Shangri-La and felt the great telekinesis which was now his to command. Using TK he could lift anything or move anything substantial or insubstantial.

Madison placed her Amazonian Tiara on her head and found that she had complete control of all of the atoms of her body and all of the atoms of anything she touched. Glancing out into the ocean at the watching mermaids, she smiled widely and said in a joyful voice, "Hey guys... watch this!"

After which, she transformed herself into a mermaid and joined the others in the water. She decided that maybe, as a mermaid, she could talk the mermaids into doing more than just watch the proceedings. Maybe she could get them to join the fight on their side.

They were ready.

The warlord of Gadiomnah was just now beginning to lead his troops out of the ocean. He wasn't going to get very far and he never would have guessed that Madison would soon be leading an army of Mermaids and Mermen to liberate the enslaved peoples of his city. He was going to be having a very bad day indeed.

Chapter 30

New York Under Attack

The people of New York City are usually pretty flexible people and know how to deal with any problem and roll with the punches, but somehow, no one considered the possibility of an invasion force from the sea. For those New Yorkers who happened to be looking towards the Statue of Liberty at the time, they were stunned senseless as they saw thousands of glossy black warships rise out of the water and launch tens of thousands of landing craft with hundreds of thousands of nasty looking soldiers sporting even nastier looking weapons.

As the first invaders hit the beach they were met by the brave law enforcement officers of the city, who, although they were outmanned and outgunned put up a heroic defense. The Mayor had called the Military for assistance, but knew that they didn't have a chance of arriving in time.

Seeing the hopelessness of the situation, many of the citizens of the city fell to their knees in prayer; and at that exact moment there was a loud clap of thunder as the sky was torn open and another army appeared on the site of the 9/11 disaster, led by, what looked like a tornado. Some people swore that the tornado was caused by a boy running so fast in circles that he created the cyclones.

The tornado hit the invaders head on, scattering them far and wide, as his army followed him and attacked the disoriented ocean dwellers. The NYPD were shocked but grateful for the turn of events and tried to desperately make contact with their rescuers.

Sergeant O'Connor watched the scene and said to Officer Chang, "do you have any ideas who our new friends are Will?"

Officer Chang shook his head and said, "I just want to know who the bad guys are."

Just then a blast of wind almost knocked them over as a young man carrying a crossbow raced up to them at over six hundred miles per hour and stopped on a dime in front of them.

Grinning widely Azael said, "What don't you recognize the Swiss Army when you see them? Just about everyone carries their pocket knives." Then he rocketed away and returned a few seconds later, "Oh yeah," he said, "the bad guys are from Atlantis." after which he laughed and roared away again at supersonic speeds.

Central Park was being overrun with invaders from the sunken city of Onihah and the police were doing their best to herd the parkgoers to safety, when they heard hundreds of bagpipers piping a martial tune, accompanied by the sounds of thousands of marching feet. Over all of the bridges in the park dropped a mist and armies of Scotsmen marched through the mists led by a young girl, who was leading another army of lions and tigers and bears.

Smiling to the beasts she nodded her head toward the invaders and the tame predators were let loose on the Atlanteans. The Armies of Brigadoon, hastened their march to a double step and also engaged their long-awaited enemy.

Anna considered summoning her unicorn to ride into battle, but instead decided to use her new powers and turn herself into the most formidable fighter that she could imagine... a golden Dragon; and with that thought she was transformed into the largest and most graceful dragon to ever exist anywhere, Spreading her wings she took to the air and felt the joy of flight using her own wings. Flying using her CTR ring was wonderful, but this was much better.

Flying over the enemy troops, she couldn't help but have a little compassion for them. She suspected that most of them had no desire to attack New York. Most of them probably were just following the orders of the warlords. With that on her mind she decided to fight; not to kill, but only to

incapacitate the enemy.

Realizing that these were people that lived under the sea, it occurred to her that they probably needed to stay wet to stay strong. With that in mind, she roared and blasted them with hot air instead of incinerating fire. The heat dehydrated them quickly and they began to collapse.

With a similar line of thinking, Azael kicked up his velocities until his enemies appeared to be standing still. He raced from soldier to soldier grabbing their weapons and dumping them in the rivers that went through the city. In no time at all, the Atlanteans had to face the Swiss Army and the Armies of Brigadoon, unarmed and so dehydrated that they could barely stand.

The two friendly armies departed, taking all of the Atlanteans prisoner with them, while the thankful New Yorkers were left to wonder, what exactly had happened.

Chapter 31

The New London Blitz

The foggy day was a typical London day, until the sound of large mechanisms could be heard surfacing in the Thames River. Vessels large and vessels small rose from the filthiest parts of the river, as if perhaps those spots had been chosen to conceal the large constructions as long as possible. The city had been getting ready for a quiet evening, but that wasn't very likely now.

The usually unflappable and unmoving guards at Buckingham Palace immediately flew into action alerting the military and police. As thousands of odd looking troopers climbed out of the river and opened fire on the cities defenders, some of the larger craft opened fire on prominent landmarks, such as Big Ben and Number 10 Downing Street.

The people of London weren't like the citizens of New York; they had lived through the Blitz in World War II, and they knew how to handle an attack. The helpless took to the underground shelters while the capable took up arms and ran to the defense of their homes, knowing that they didn't stand a chance.

Suddenly there was the sound of a horn and the deafening sound of thousands of sets of hooves drown out the clatter of the war machines. At that sound, there were a few citizens of London that remembered an ancient myth that said that in England's darkest hour, King Arthur would return to save Brittan once again, and sure enough, charging through the fog they saw a man in armor wearing the colors of Arthur Pendragon riding a white war horse, but strangely there was a boy in armor flying into battle leading even the King.

As they tried to understand who could wield such authority, John accessed the computer systems of both London and Atlantis to map out the perfect strategy to defend the palace. As the warlord neared Buckingham Palace John raised the Trumpet of Gideon to his lips and blew.

The machine began to rattle from the vibrations and flew apart, upon which the Knights of Camelot fell upon the undersea warriors and made short work of them.

Elsewhere the Atlanteans were busy tearing down Big Ben, know how demoralizing that would be to the people of London. But in that part of the city, they too heard the horn and felt the rumble of the hooves within their bodies, as out of the mists rode the thousands of Knights of fabled Avalon burst into our world, with Ben riding in the lead swinging the blazing Excalibur.

The great blade gave Ben the enormous strength needed to hold and wield it; and it sliced through war machine after war machine, opening them up to his subjects to clean up. He swung the blade throwing out huge arcs of fire and lightning.

Like a scythe through wheat he tore open a path through the middle of the invaders and the Knights of Avalon rode up the middle and decimated the enemies ranks, driving them back toward the river.

The two defending armies pushed and pushed the sea dwellers until they were forced back into the fetid waters of the Thames and sank under the waves, leaving their machines behind like the broken toys that they were. The Warlord of Gilgal was captured and locked in chains as he was forced to watch all of his carefully laid plans come to ruin with the interference of these two unexpected fighting forces that seemed to arrive from nowhere. The Overlord; who was waiting off shore had no idea of what was happening to his forces.

The two mythical armies nodded at each other and smiled. Suddenly, King Arthur saw Excalibur and leaped off his horse. Running quickly to Ben he fell on his knees and solemnly said, "My King."

Ben told him to arise. "You are a knight of the Round Table," he said, "you have no king but

Jesus Christ. So get up.”

“But you hold Excalibur,” he said. “I made mistakes and the sword rejected me. I am no longer worthy.”

Looking at him Ben grinned and said, “I’ll tell you what: why don’t you do whatever you have to do to repent of your problems, then we can share it.”

Chapter 32

The California Gold Rush

Los Angeles had seen a lot of strange things in her time, but, except in movies, they had never seen a spectacle like that which they saw today as the armies of the Warlord of the city of Mocom lay siege to the city on the Pacific Coast.

The Warlord himself led his troops into battle, standing upon his observation platform, which was strapped to the back of the city's mascot leviathan, Ruphus. He watched with glee as that great symbol of free expression, the sign that rose over the city and proclaimed the enigmatic (At least to the Warlord) words, "HOLLYWOOD," was torn down and used as kindling to set fire to the city proper, of Los Angeles.

His men knew what to do to counter the forces of the local law enforcement officers and modest military force. He felt pride in his well thought out and prepared plan. He had made sure that nothing could go wrong; and he was pleased... until he looked further out at sea and saw the unexpected.

The Warlord had seen the approach of the forces of Lemuria. 'What are those fools doing here?' he thought to himself, 'I thought that we had taken care of them long ago. Well when this campaign is over, they won't get another chance to appease us and we will sink their city the rest of the way. They will die!'

Obviously, the Warlord had no idea that things had been changed in Lemuria.

Lemurian landing craft disgorged thousands of troops who had long awaited the chance to repay the Atlanteans for their centuries of abuse. Leading them into battle was a hundred foot tall surface dweller named Tace. Deciding to try out his new powers, Tace called down the power of the sun as a blast of heat fell from the sky and melted the war machines of Mocom, while their soldiers fell over from heat exposure.

The Lemurians fell upon the weakened warriors of Atlantis, who giving them their due, fought on even though their cause was hopeless. It wasn't long until Tace and the Lemurians had ended the invasion of that part of the City of Angels. 'Now,' he thought, 'If Cam and his people have as much luck, we should be ready to sew this all up in no time.'

As the armies of Atlantis and Lemuria rose from the sea, so too did the armies of El Dorado rise from the ground, as Cameron used his Earth Shaker powers to tear cavernous openings in the earth and create highways for the golden armies of the Lost City to strike at the undersea troops.

The Warlord and his personal commandos were happily trouncing the downtown area of the city and even set fire to the tar pits. His giddiness was short lived though when he saw the golden warriors rise from the ground and begin to fall upon his troops.

Leading the golden army was a young man who easily picked up cars and trucks and hurled them at the Atlanteans as if they were mere pebbles.

Cam felt the exhilaration of his new powers as he used his flight ring to land in the middle of the enemies war machines. Using his bare hands he shredded ten inch reinforced steel tanks and grabbing one side of a tank on one hand and the other in his other hand he ripped the mechanism in two and hurled the pieces at the enemies ground troops. Then he grabbed another enemy tank and repeated the maneuver again and again until all of the machines were strewn wreckage and the ground

troops fell easily to his El Doradan warriors

The Warlord, seeing his impending defeat, tried to slink quietly away. Noticing this, Cam threw chunks of tanks at him, causing him to run back and forth like a lost puppy, until a thirty foot tall Tace flew in, and reaching down, grabbed the defeated warlord of Mocum and ended the Attack on Los Angeles once and for all.

Chapter 33

Godzilla Saves Tokyo

The armies of the sunken city of Jacob assaulted Tokyo with leviathans and behemoths. Again and again in the movies the ancient city of Tokyo had been attacked by one giant monster after another; from Mothra to Godzilla; from Ghidorah to Gamera; and every episode of the Power Rangers had another gigantic monster that the Action Team had to defeat. Tokyo had always survived.

Unfortunately, that was make believe and these creatures were real. Knowing the long standing fears of giant monsters of this great nation, the Warlord of Jacob opted to attack the city with these real giant monsters. Knowing their fascination with fictional giant robots, he decided to throw in a few of the War Machines too.

He was sure that fear would win for him this war.

The peoples of Japan though knew the difference between fiction and real life and as soon as they saw the situation, the Army and law enforcement jumped into action. Both were small forces though, and they didn't have the sci-fi weapons that they would have had if they were in the movies, so they found themselves being pushed back farther and farther. That was when something even more unexpected happened. Godzilla rose out of the ocean and attacked the leviathans.

Seeing that Tokyo was already under attack and seeing the form of the attack, Shay and Scott decided to be whimsical in their defense of the city. Using her two year old powers of mental projection, Shay created an illusion of a gigantic vision of Godzilla on the north side of the city, while at the same time employing her new powers over the elements to give her Godzilla the flaming breath of the movie monster.

Using her CTR ring to fly above the city and direct her illusions, she scorched the behemoths and leviathans with flames which caused them to scream in pain and flee to the soothing waters of the Pacific Ocean. The Warlord tried to force the beasts to return, but fear of the fires overcame any control that he might have had.

Scott summoned the Ark and a fighting force of dinosaurs to attack the the old testament monsters on the south side of the city, using his ring's powers over lightning to simulate for the dinosaurs the kind of abilities that the Japanese movie monsters might have.

Though smaller than the biblical monsters, Scott's dinosaurs fought with the determination that they were in the right. The Primary Warrior tried out each of his rings and learned to wield each power. He already knew how to use the Ring of Lightning, but he soon learned to employ the Rings of Thunder (Sonic attack), Solar Light (lasers), Arctic Blasts (freezing ray) and Darkness, to empower his dino force.

The Atlantean ground troops were jubilant with their early victories until, out of the shadows stepped the martial artists of Shangri-La and Shambhala. These silent warriors seemed to vanish and appear out of nowhere time and again; disabling their enemies one at a time before seemingly vanishing into thin air again.

The peoples of Toyko, thinking that the Ninjas, Samurais, and Shoguns of ancient history had returned to defend them, were inspired with confidence and the common citizen took up arms and joined the struggle to expel the invaders from their lands.

Having driven off the biblical monsters, and seeing the valor of the Japanese people in routing the Atlantean ground forces, Scott and Shay turned their efforts on the last of the War Machines. Covering the stegasaurs with the illusion of being giant robots they went into battle.

Shay used her elemental powers of cold, while Scott used his Ring of Arctic Blasts to add to the cold that Shay created and hit the War Machines with a frigidness that made the metals of the machines brittle.

When the stegasaurs, sheathed in their illusion of giant robot warriors swinging giants swords, crashed into the brittle machines, they shattered into dust. The inhabitants of Tokyo, cheered and shouted encouragements to their giant robot saviors.

Green reported to Shay and Chi to Scott that the Warlord had been captured by the fighters of Shambhala and all of the attacking forces were routed by Shangri-La: so the two defending armies faded away into the shadows, leaving the Japanese citizens behind to ponder the mysterious events that they had just witnessed with little proof of it ever really happening.

Chapter 34

The Invasion Down Under

It was the Overlord's last chance for a successful invasion of the surface world. He didn't know what had happened with the other attacks; but he had received reports that they had failed, so he warned his last warlord that failure would mean death for him and all of his men.

Therefore the Warlord of sunken Jerusalem proceeded cautiously in his invasion of Sydney on the continent of Australia. He hoped that since it was the most isolated of the cities that the Overlord had planned to invade, he hoped that it would be overlooked.

The invasion started under the cover of night. His armies rose silently from the Pacific Ocean and quietly took their places in the city. By morning, he had all of his people in their key locations. He knew that this time they must succeed.

Madison approached the city at the head of her army of Mermaids, Mermen and Amazons. The mer-peoples had long kept tabs on the armies of Atlantis, which is why, if you saw them swimming around a particular spot on the surface, you could count on one of their cities being under them at the sea bottom. Over the centuries, this practice was taken for granted by the Atlanteans as “*one of their strange behaviors*”. Ignoring that behavior would be one of the Overlord's great mistakes.

Once the enemy had been located, Madison signaled her friend Maggie and they began the counter-attack. She then swam quickly to the surface and shot out of the water at a hundred miles per hour and changed herself, exchanging her fish's tail for wings and talons and she took to the air, flying into battle.

Using her telepathy, she called to the birds of the air and the insects of the ground to aid her in her attack. The Mer-People, sabotaged the Atlantean equipment that they had left under the sea, and waited in hiding for them to return.

The haunting siren songs of the warrior women of Bali-Hai filled the air and a phalanx of Amazon warriors fell upon the hapless armies of Atlantis, who were no match for the highly trained and practiced Amazons.

Maggie flew in from the mainland. With her new found control of weather, she stood at the top of a tornado, suspended by the winds and surrounded by lightning. Looking down on the city as she neared it, she lifted the tail of the cyclone until it no longer touched the ground and flew in at two hundred miles per hour.

Swooping over the city in the early morning hours, she could see the entrenched enemy troops preparing to attack the unsuspecting peoples of the city from their places of hiding. 'Well,' she thought, 'we'll have to see about that.'

Refining her control of the lightnings, she hurled bolt after bolt, stunning troops by the thousands. Tornadoes dropped out of the sky, shattering war machines and picking up leviathans and throwing them back into the sea where the waiting Polynesian navy of Hawaiki quickly captured the fleeing army.

Looking toward the sea, she could see Madison effectively handling her end of things.

At her direction, flocks of sea gulls dropped down on the enemy, raking them with their claws and dropping nasty care packages on them. From the sewers swarms of rats spewed forth biting and chewing on the armor of their foes.

Fire ants and wasps bit and stung them as they screamed and ran from their places of concealment.

Flaring her wings, Madison dive bombed the enemy officers tearing their guns from them with her razor sharp talons.

The armies of Atlantis fled to what they thought would be the safety of the sea, only to find an army of Mer-People had blocked that avenue from them. 'Impossible!', they thought, 'Mer-People can't fight us! They just can't!'

Obviously they were wrong.

Recognizing his defeat, and fearing the wrath of the Overlord: the Warlord of sunken Jerusalem raised a white flag and surrendered to Maggie and Madison. He was just too prejudiced to bring himself to surrender to Mer-Men.

Chapter 35

Ending the War

The overlord waited. After his last invasion force failed, he knew that they would come for him next. He couldn't figure out what had happened; he had everything planned out in the smallest detail and had taken everything into account. He had received reports of strange and unexpected armies which had come to the rescue of his intended victims. Who were they? Where did they come from?

He had returned to his tower in Atlantis and conferred with the underlords of each city. All of the warlords had been captured, so he called in the next highest officers in each city... the underlords. They were a weak group that trembled with fear just to be in the presence of the Overlord.

“You underlords;” he said, “as of now are promoted to warlords of your cities, and you must return and prepare your defenses. Our enemies are bound to come for us next. Now be off and prove to me that you are better than your predecessors.”

The newly appointed warlords were not as aggressive as those who they were following, nor were they great tacticians. They were administrators, not warriors. They had no idea how to fight a war, so they each returned to their cities and contemplated the best way to surrender with the least amount of problems.

Fortunately for them, the peoples of the Lost Ten Tribes had been preparing for this day for centuries and they too had no desire for this to end in bloodshed: therefore they sent ambassadors to each city (with the exception of Atlantis itself) to offer each city the chance to surrender.

The mermaid and merman ambassadors told them that the Tribes that they represented would allow them to remain free as long as they joined a new Peaceful Trading Alliance with the Ten Tribes. The Alliance would be watched over by the Mer-people and Satyrs who would mediate any disputes between the various groups. Co-operation and liberty would make them a stronger, more prosperous and happier people; and some day soon, they would be able to return to the surface world as friends and not as conquerors.

They all accepted the generous offer.

The Ten Tribes, led by the Primary Warriors held no such hopes for the Overlord himself. They knew that he was so greedy and self-centered that it would take a big effort to unseat him and free the peoples of his city.

King Arthur suggested smashing the dome (like all of the domes that covered all of the undersea cities) over the city and flood them out; but the young Primary leaders said that they didn't want to kill them; just force them to surrender.

Tace looked up at them all and said, “You know, I have this awesome weapon that can sink cities under the sea. It can return them too. I'll bet that it can raise a long sunken city too. How do you think the Atlanteans would deal with having to live above the waters?”

The Overlord was busy preparing his troops and conscripting new, unwilling soldiers into his armies, when the entire city and its surrounding countryside began to shake. The shaking got worse and things began to rattle off of shelves. The vibrations became so bad that no one could stand on their own feet. Suddenly the entire land was bathed in a bright light like the land had not seen for many thousands of years. The dome began to crack and fall away and weaker buildings crumbled and fell.

The Overlord lay on his back looking up at a sunny day and blue skies. His mind was ready for such openness and wonders and he passed out in shock and fear. The last thing that he saw was ten young people actually flying through the air and landing in a circle around him as the slaves of the city finally rose up in revolt.

His reign of terror was over..

Epilogue

The Overlord was put in the care of the Satyrs and their Island became the headquarters of the new Alliance.

Excalibur was temporarily returned to King Arthur until it was needed again by Ben.

The Primary Warriors were returned to their normal lives, with the Veil of Forgetfulness returned to them, to finish the growth that they would need for that future battle for which they were preordained to fight.

The Angels, Zenos, Zenock and well dressed Spencer(once Spencer W. Kimball) were appointed to watch over the growth of the new Alliance.

Most of the world, if they remembered the failed invasions at all, thought of them in the same way that they thought of aliens and bigfoot. Little did they know that sometimes myths can have some truth to them, or that small people can do great things.