

# **The Metal Mage**

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# Prologue

Lok Tor peered out on an alien landscape. Strange lights without the familiar flicker of fire burned all across the landscape. With a minor exercise of his will the bottom of his flying craft became opaque. It had worked. The rift drive had worked — just as the prophet had said it would. On this side of the veil lay salvation for all of Eden.

Now was not the time for celebration however. This victory had come at a great cost. The wounds from the battle would not heal easily (if at all) and he still needed to find the Source — the one who had drawn him here.