**Fantasy Saga**

**D-Type**

***Teaser Script***

A story

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Time passed and it was the third day of their travel along the Indigo River. They had almost reached

Glaw and although Seren and Deonis were filled with questions to ask Amon, they remained silent yet apprehensive. Late, one night, Amon stood, glowing at the stern of the boat. Deonis was fast asleep and Seren came out of the lower deck and stood beside Amon. The two of them both looked down at the rushing waters.

Amon: “How can I help you, Seren?”

Seren: “My people. They don’t believe in any sort of higher being. Not a ‘Master’ like the people of Damon worship, or a ‘Lord’ like the ancients were said to have worshipped. They have no one to turn to when they feel hopeless.”

Amon: “Seren, look down into the water. Do you see anything?”

Seren: “No.”

Amon: “Now close your eyes.”

Seren closed his eyes tightly.

Amon: “Now open them.”

Seren opened his eyes.

Amon: “Now, with your eyes closed as before, reach down into the water. There is a great and powerful sword down there. Do you believe me?”

Seren: “Yes, sort of. But I see nothing.”

Seren closed his eyes and reached into the rushing waters. Out of the quickening waters of the Indigo River he withdrew a powerful sword. He opened his eyes to gaze upon it.

Seren: “Was that some sort of trick?”

Amon: “No. It was there the entire time. Just as He is there, watching over you, though you may not sense Him. Sometimes believing must be more than seeing.”

Seren: “I understand.”

Amon: “That is what your people require and it is something you can give them. Faith.”

Seren nodded.

Amon: “Give the sword to Deonis. Tell him its name: Vorpal.”

Seren: “Thank you.”

Amon: “Do not thank me, thank God.”

Seren nodded again and carried the sword along with him into the cabin and to the lower deck.

The ferry continued along, moving once again through the calm waters of the Indigo River. They were half a day from Glaw and could see the jewel-like spires of Damon Castle in the distance. Evening had arrived again and in the morning they would have arrived at their destination. Both Deonis and Seren were fast asleep again, and Amon was perched upon the bow of the ship, wide-eyed and vigilant for any who would try to thwart their plans. He checked the stars and calculated how long it would be until they arrived at the mouth of the river at Glaw.

While keeping watch, Amon noticed something peculiar in the distance. The amount of time that had passed for the distance they had traveled along the river seemed to be growing more and more so, yet the current of the river had not changed. In fact, it was growing at an extraordinary rate and soon they would be essentially as still. Alarmed, he awoke Deonis.

Emerging from the lower deck, Deonis clambered out onto the uppermost deck of ferry and looked on horrified to the distance, where he saw naught but a maw of massive, black, emptiness; a tear in space and time, extending all around and slowly enveloping the ship.

Deonis: “Amon! It is an unworldly portal and it seeks to ensnare us in its grasp. We must flee!”

Amon: “It is too late. There is no escape from its pull.”

Amon ran to the lower deck to awake Seren.

Amon: “Seren! Wake!”

Deonis: “Full power to reverse! Direct all power to the retro propellers!”

Deonis yelled to the crew but to no avail.

Seren still drowsy stumbled onto the deck.

Seren: “What IS that?”

Amon: “No time to explain. Everyone join hands and hold on together. We do not want to become separated.”

Amon, Deonis, and Seren took a triangular formation, hands clasped tight, as the ferry slipped into the endless shadows of the tear.

They had been enveloped by the cold, frigid darkness without sight of anything of any sorts, even themselves for a few minutes. Seren was the first to speak, teeth chattering and arms shaking in shiver.

Seren: “It is very dark.”

Deonis: “I cannot see a thing.”

Amon: “Not even my inner light can penetrate this darkness my comrades. Seren?”

Seren: “Yes?”

Amon: “Hand the sword over to Deonis. Now is the time.”

Deonis: “I already have a weapon.”

Amon: “This is a different sort of weapon. It will be a light to you in times of darkness.”

Seren handed over the sword in scabbard to Deonis. Deonis withdrew the weapon from its sheath, and a brilliant golden light burst from its edge, piercing the shadows and penetrating, illuminating the world around them.

Amon: “As I said.”

Deonis: “Amazing…”

Seren: “It is called Vorpal.”

Amon nodded and waved the sword around them, casting light on their surroundings.

Amon: “I know of our location…it is a place called the time-space ruins.”

Seren: “The what?”

Amon: “Ahem.”

Amon: “Long ago, there was another universe not unlike your own, just as there are many other universes not unlike your own now. However, this universe was so horrid, filled with so much wrong-doing and hatred, that the master, M’sra, Lord of all things good and pure, was forced to utterly destroy and take the life of every bit of this universe, sparing none for there was not a single bit of good he could salvage. This place we are in now, is the remains of that universe, kept as a reminder to all heavenly beings of what tainted evil can be birthed from even something born good…”

Seren: “That is terrible. I cannot believe a people could be that evil that their creator would not even want to save the smallest bit of them from destruction…

Deonis: “Let him continue….”

Amon: “The peoples of this universe and all their belongings were destroyed in hellfire by the choirs of my people, the angels. What remains of their universe is hell-ash, the torn and charred fabric of a dead universe, a dead “space-time”. Floating masses of debris and lifeless asteroids left over from dead, imploded planets. Why that shadowy portal exists now on Terra and why we were trapped and brought here I know not, but it cannot be for a virtuous cause. For whatever purpose the wormhole we are traveling through was created, it cannot be for good.”

Seren: “Wormhole?”

Amon: “Yes. A sort of tunnel through space. Like the demon doors but different. Usually wormholes lead from one place in a universe to another, sort of like a short cut. Like if the universe is an apple, the wormhole is like the hole from one end of the apple to the other, a tunnel cut out by a worm. This one however, was created to lead from your universe into this dead universe. We do not know its creator and should tread carefully.”

Seren turned to the side of the ship’s deck and made his way backwards toward the stern, thinking to himself out loud.

Seren: “An entire universe and not one soul worth saving…” He mustered a breath and looked over the edge of the ship, watching as it slowly floated forward on, magically suspended in space by the translucent walls of the wormhole.

**END ACT II**

# Act III

## Scene I: A FLOATING CONTINENT

High above the oceans and continents of Terra, a mass of earth, stone, and metal drifted amongst the clouds. It sailed to the left, to the right, upwards and downwards, maintaining its subtle balance directly over the oceans east of Domon, adjusting as the world below turned along its axis. It is the floating continent that has existed over Terra for eons and will exist for eons to come. In the future it shall be a place of refuge and safe haven for a rebellion, in the past as a place of learning and study, keepers of the knowledge of magic, science, and religion. In this age it is called by its people the Kingdom of Strattas, to those on the surface of Terra it is simply called, “The Summer Land”, for it spends no winters and is forever bathed in the light of the sun. In the distant future it is known as “Serenity.”

High atop Strattas, a soldier clad in a white uniform that clung closely to his figure, with light pistol on a holster around his waist, approaches another like-clothed gentlemen. They salute each other.

Silus: “We are hovering over the temporal triangle sir. Are you still considering the jump?”

Sylvanias: “Yes. How bad is the situation?”

Silus: “Twelve of the thirteen dimensional doorways are open, I’m afraid. The last one, here on Strattas, is closed thank God.”

Sylvanias: “Yes. Well, then proceed with protocol. We will never reach the dragon king in time, and even if we do, there is no guarantee that he alone can stop them. Baal Zé Bub will soon be freed if we do not go ahead immediately with the drop. I’m sad to say that it is definite: this time line must be erased. Goodbye friend, I will see you in another life.”

Silus: “I will see you again too my friend. Even if, as, another me. It is ok, do not fret, we are all one soul in heaven.”

Silus and Sylvanias shook hands and Sylvanias departed through a door to his left.

The Aleph Device, was a unit built on the flying continent that allowed the people of Strattas to open a portal for time travel. The portal was a natural occurring anomaly known to them as the “Temporal Triangle”. Sylvanias stood upon a platform constructed on the edge of the continent, far below the temporal triangle had opened, with its rushing energies of blue and purple swirling light.

Silus ran out to the edge of the platform after Sylvanias.

Silus: “Make this jump a good one.”

Sylvanias: “Sure thing friend.”

Silus: “One for the order!”

Sylvanias: “Two for the spirit!”

Silus: “Three for the king!”

Sylvanias and Silus together: “Four for the Master!”

Sylvanias: “Yahoooooo”.

Silus cheered and Sylvanias cried out as he plummeted downwards through the sky towards the portal. He changed the form of his dive and angled downwards, aerodynamic with the form of an Olympic diver, rocketing like a bullet into the triangle. The temporal triangle snapped him up like snapdragon, and vanished. Silus looked about and watched as the world around him began to fade away in scattered patches. His presence in this alternate history, along with the history itself, was now ending.

Silus stuck out his hand and watched his self fade away. Finally, he closed his eyes then opened them to find his self in a different history, joined to another copy of him in a different time line. Memories rushed into his mind from the alternate version of himself, rushing in and intertwining with his memories from the erased world.

Meanwhile, Sylvanias was rushing through a wormhole outside of space-times at break neck speed, watching floating worlds that had died pass swiftly by him, seeing dead and living aliens and creatures he never knew of race past his speeding body. Finally, his dive began to slow and he then found himself suspended in time in the middle of a well-lit nebula. Before him was a junction in the tunnel.

In the junction, in front of him, materialized a monolithic white crystal. From the crystal resonated a voice.

Crystal: “What is your destination, traveller?”

The crystal spoke to Sylvanias through the deepest recesses of his mind. As it spoke it resonated through a rainbow of colors. He hadn’t been prepared for having to cross a junction such as this. His mind flashed back to the reports he had read on the demon door outbreak, and as he did so, the crystal read from him his purpose and resonated a “yes, I understand,” back to him.

The crystal dematerialized and Sylvanias was suddenly propelled through the left hand side of the junction, moving again at staggering rates.