

THE SWORD OF  
ANJON

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# THE SWORD OF ANTON

By Gene Del Vecchio



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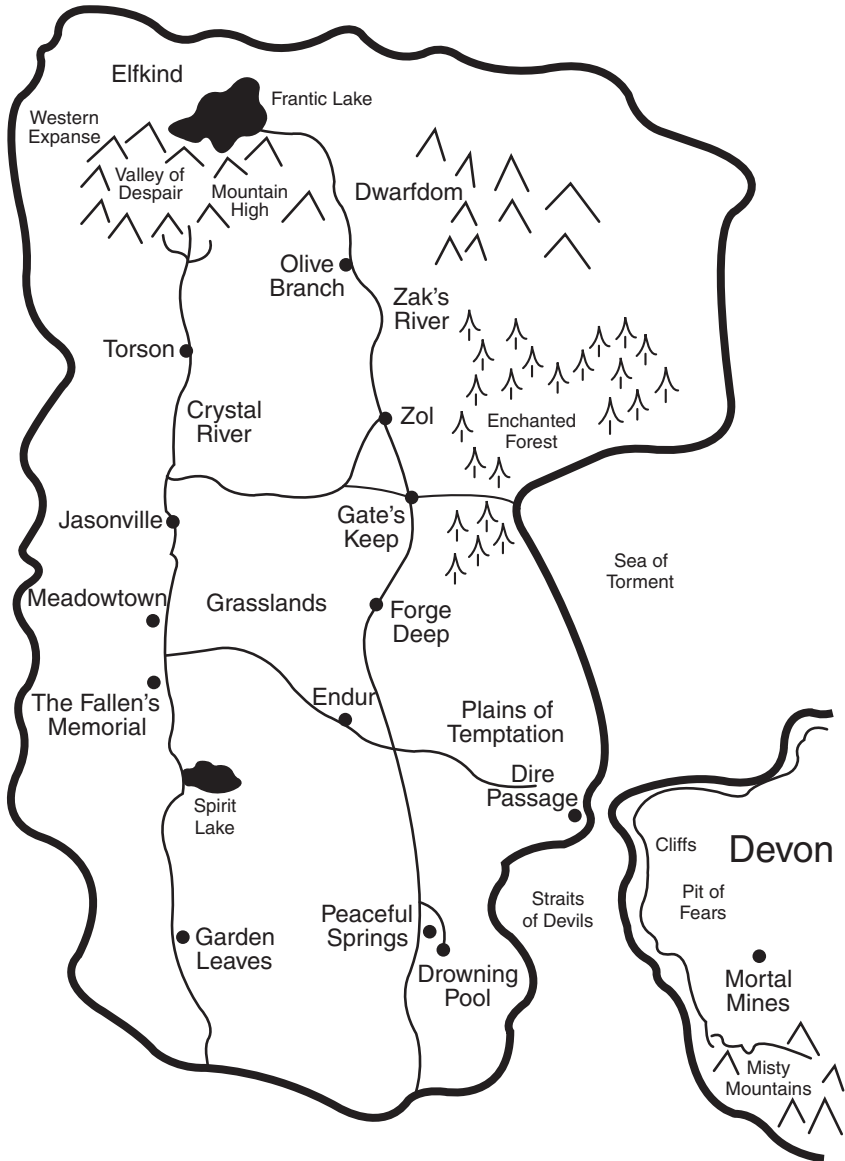
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*To Linda and Megan for their encouragement, thoughts, and improvements. To Matthew for the original inspiration. To Pelican Publishing for its gracious support. And finally, to all Dels of noble blood, particularly to those few who know of their true lineage.*

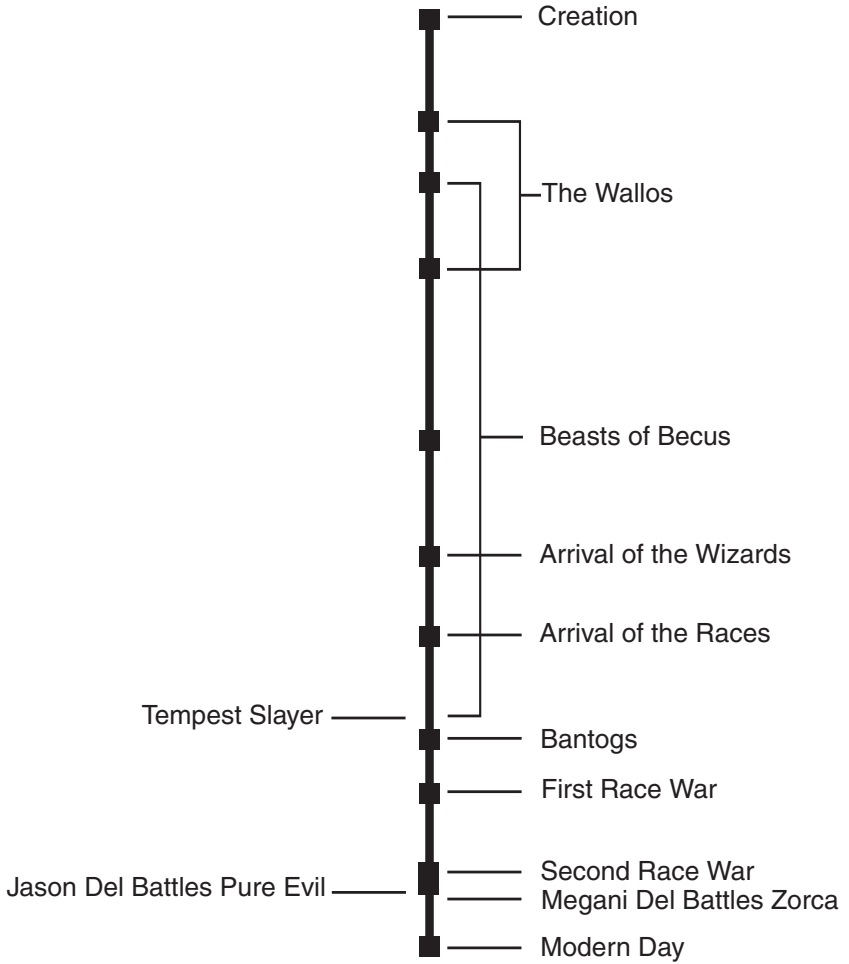
# Trinity



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# Trinity





# INTRODUCTION

If you are reading this, then chances are you have read my first published history entitled *The Pearl of Anton*. Translated from the ancient Book of Endur, it told the saga of Jason Del and his quest to find the Pearl of Anton in order to use its mysterious powers to defeat Pure Evil in the Final Contest. He was victorious, though it cost him dearly.

Many asked that I offer another history from the Book of Endur. In particular, interest has been expressed in Jason's daughter, Megani, who was a mix of both human and Ethan blood. As it happens, Megani inherited a world of great dangers, and her greatest challenge came a mere month after her father's death. A cunning beast had been in hiding, waiting for a day when her father, Jason, would be gone so that it could reign.

The historical account of this incident is offered here. I call it *The Sword of Anton* because the ancient blade, used by the Dels for thousands of years, became central to this telling. The story begins with a prologue written many years before the history of Megani and ends with an epilogue written a few years after the account of the Sword. I pray that this satisfies those who are curious about Megani's heroic life.

*Gene Del Vecchio*



# PROLOGUE: THE SWORD IS FORGED

*A History from the Book of Endur,  
Submitted during the Watch of Lorelii*

**I**n a desperate quest to aid a desperate cause, I, Lorelii from the Race of Etha, gave witness in the very bowels of the Earth as a great Sword was forged. The blade's purpose was to meld the powers of the last remaining three Wizards so that the Sword, when given to the Royal House of Del, could be used to defeat the last of the great Beasts of Becus.

Streaming lava boiled up from a deep well that touched the center of the Earth. Red light from the bubbling brew bounced about the large, dark cavern as thick steam rose continuously from the scorching-hot well. The master Wizard Zorca stood over the brewing lava pit. Beside him were the last of its Wizard kind, Zemba and ToKi. Their thin, bony features, aging, wrinkled skin, and long white beards gave them a weakly look. Yet vibrant powers still lived beneath the skin that was forever cloaked in deep-blue robes. These were entities created by the God Anton in order to protect the land of Trinity and Anton's Elf, Dwarf, Man, and Ethan Races from the hideous Beasts of the God Becus. The powerful Wizards had won many agonizing battles, but their time on Trinity was running short and so they worked now to ensure that their powers would remain with Anton's Races. To this end, we are here this day to forge a Sword so great that the Races will be protected even after the Wizards have passed to whatever fate awaits them in the mysterious heavens above.

Zorca picked up a cauldron of scarce Tork rocks and poured the many small boulders into the lava well. Sparks splashed upward as the metals plunged beneath the surface of the lava. The brew within the well suddenly boiled up, reaching higher and higher until a thick

fountain of searing hot lava met the height of Zorca. Though I was still a distance from the sight, I shielded my eyes from the intense light, intermittently peeking between the fingers of my hands to catch a glimpse of the progress.

*Boom!*

A massive explosion suddenly blew in all directions within the large cavern. It threw me to my knees, as it had all others. When we recovered, the fountain of lava was gone, but floating in midair where the fountain had been was a massive Tork Sword revolving as a top. Its blade reflected a brilliant shine that speckled the cavern with a rotating light. Even from my distance I could see my own reflection in the spinning Tork blade. Beneath the Sword's handle was a gray gem Stone that was affixed to the bottom of the Sword's hilt. Zorca reached quickly above the lava pit, grabbed the hilt of the Sword, and brought it to his bosom. The heat of the Sword sizzled in the Wizard's hand, melting its skin, but Zorca did not flinch. The calm yet mighty Wizard paused for a moment and stroked the blade almost lovingly. Zorca then seemingly whispered to the brilliant Sword. He walked across the cavern to a cascading waterfall that originated from the Drowning Pool far above, on the surface of Trinity. The Wizard thrust the blade within the cold waters. White, billowing smoke rose from the blade as water instantly evaporated under the intense heat. Gradually, the blade cooled.

Zorca moved stridingly to his fellow Wizards and stood before them. He nodded to Zemba, and the fellow Wizard nodded back. Without a word, Zorca plunged the massive Sword through Zemba's chest. Half of the blade sliced through its back. Zemba shrieked in pain. The white magic within Zemba poured from the Wizard's body, flowed through the Sword, and settled in the Stone at the base of the Sword's handle, turning the gem a brilliant white. Suddenly sucked of its power, Zemba fell back to the cavern floor, dead.

Zorca stepped to ToKi and gave a nod. ToKi took a breath. I was surprised at the Wizard's calm under the shadow of death. Zorca plunged the Sword within ToKi's chest. Again, white magic was pulled from the Wizard; it danced and sparkled along the length of the Sword before settling in the Stone at the Sword's base, making the gem twice as brilliantly white. Tapped of all its magic, ToKi fell back dead. Two of the three Wizards had fulfilled their final purpose.

Zorca motioned to two figures that had been waiting in the shadows. Angeloti Del emerged. He was a small Man in stature but in possession of a strong, solid frame. Behind him followed his only child, a daughter, fifteen-year-old Pita Del, possessing her father's strength but with sleek features. Both had the bright-red hair and sharp green eyes of Dels past, their bodies clothed in the modest leathers of frontiersmen. Theirs is the family in whom the Lord Anton and all of the Races of Trinity would place their trust to defeat the last of the Beasts of Becus.

Zorca handed the Sword to Angeloti. The senior Del took it.

"I am sorry for what I must do," Angeloti said. They were the first words uttered in the cavern. They felt foreign and lonely.

"Nonsense!" mocked Zorca. "The Lord Anton chose you . . . for reasons I do not know nor could possibly comprehend." The Wizard's voice was accepting of his fate, yet displeased with it.

"I'm sorry nonetheless," Angeloti repeated.

Angeloti plunged the Sword through Zorca's chest. Magic was sucked from the very marrow of the Wizard until it fell back, as had the others. But this time, a fragment of the Wizard's magic was left so that it did not die. For what future purpose, only Anton would know. The Sword began to vibrate in Angeloti's strong hands, but he held firm. The gem Stone at the base was now three times as brilliantly white.

*Boom!*

The cavern rumbled and rocks fell from the ceiling. When I looked back, the Stone had fallen from the Sword. Pita quickly picked it up and gazed into its aura. And there they were: father holding the Sword of Legends and daughter, the Wizard's Stone. These precious, powerful implements were the final hope for the Races in their quest to defeat the last of the great Beasts of Becus, but only if the Dels could muster the strength and courage to use them. It was not long before they were put to their first test.

The ground trembled at the feet of the fallen Wizards. Dirt and gravel blasted up and a huge beast suddenly emerged. It was nearly fifty feet long and snakelike, with deep-blue scales and a white mane atop its lizard head. It must have been one of the many Beasts of Becus, though it had never before been seen. The demon snapped at Angeloti with sharp, yellow teeth. The elder Del stepped forward and thrust the Sword toward its belly again and again, but to no avail.

"Pita!" he called. "Bring up the Wizard's Stone!" The father knew

that the magic that had been sucked into the Stone must be great, if only they could unleash it.

But Pita took a step back . . . then another! I could tell from afar that fear gripped her soul. She gazed into the Wizard's Stone, knowing full well it possessed great powers, but she could not find the bravery to wield it. She took a third step back.

"Pita!" called her father again. The desperate cries echoed throughout the cavern as Angeloti wielded his blade back and forth to ward off the massive strikes of the lizard beast. He was in dire need of whatever help Pita might muster, but his calls went unanswered.

The beast suddenly pivoted about and pounded its tail into Angeloti. The elder Del tumbled into the darkness of the cavern and out of sight. Pita was not as fortunate. First frozen in terror, she now turned to run instead of fight. The beast lunged at the girl, grabbing her around the neck within its massive jaws. It raised her to the very top of the cavern and began to squeeze the life from her body.

"Father!" screamed Pita with her final, frantic, choking breaths.

Angeloti recovered and threw himself toward the belly of the monster with great force. He saw an unprotected flap of skin and thrust the Sword deep within the beast.

*Bang!*

Light exploded within the cavern. I was thrown against jagged rocks and did not recover for many hours. When my mind cleared, smoke and ash were all about the cavern. The beast was gone. I found a grieving Angeloti cradling the lifeless form of his precious daughter. She was the first Del to die while the family was in the possession of the Wizard's Sword and Stone. Perhaps worse, she failed to prove her bravery—failed to prove her potential—and thus risked the lives of all the Races upon Trinity. She shamed the Royal House of Del. It does not bode well for future women in the Royal House . . . nor throughout the land. As painful as it is for me to decree, I hereby order that from this day forward, only sons will be groomed as the rightful heirs to the powers of the Royal House of Del. I would wish to do otherwise, but I cannot.

This was the account of the birth of the Sword and Stone. May the Dels use their powers well to eradicate the Beasts of Becus from the land and in every other toil for which these implements will be in need.

Faithfully, *Lorelii*

*A History from the Book of Endur, Submitted during the Watch of Lorelii*

My life is draining from me. My ancient body may have a day more . . . perhaps two. I am not afraid to die, but I am afraid to sleep, for I have been haunted by night terrors these last days. The dreams are intensely vivid. They catapult me back to the day over one hundred years ago when I witnessed the birth of the Sword and Stone. But rather than reflect what I thought transpired on that day, the dreams are different, relating a different series of events. It's as if something beyond our Earth is ripping a veil from my eyes so that I can see that day for what really happened . . . what really transpired!

Was I fooled, as were all in the deep cavern that day? Was the history that I wrote incorrect? Did Pita and Angeloti not perform as I had first recalled? Was my memory altered? And if so, who altered it and for what purpose?

I cannot write down my entire vision, the one I now know to be true. I fear that it will be discovered. The implications of my dream are too far reaching and so it is best that no one, absolutely no one, has the full knowledge. But I have done this: I committed one sentence of most importance to parchment. I cut that parchment into ten pieces, each containing one word. Then I entrusted ten Guardians to hold their piece in trust within their families for generations should the day arrive when they will be called.

On that day, they must seek the *Historian*. He will understand what to do; he will know the value of the message I leave. I will see to that as well. The free will and thus the livelihoods of all those on Trinity will depend upon him and the rightful heir to the Royal House of Del, whoever will be unfortunate enough to have that title when the time arrives. I know now that the Beasts of Becus are not nearly as deadly as I first thought. They will be defeated. But a greater evil exists among us that remains hidden, in wait for a time when it can reign supreme. It is for that purpose that I leave this message.

And now . . . I die . . . and leave the responsibilities of my kind to my eldest daughter, Tara.

Faithfully, *Lorelii*

P.S.: Forgive me, Pita. But your truth, the truth I now know, will have to wait.





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