

anew, creating new inhabitants on their worlds and praising Elahim. Their disputes were set aside as they acknowledged their allegiance to their god.

Kapulin, whose life force was rabidly ebbing, was the only living being on the planet who realized the battle between good and evil had only begun. These past years of war and deprivation were but a precursor of what was to come. The prophecies defined the future for centuries. Learned men from both races would wait for the chosen eight to appear.

It was Kapulin's only regret that he could not live long enough to see the birth of the saviors; the saviors the worlds would come to know as the Regime Guard.

The scroll contained the formula for forging each of the eight swords and was enhanced by a series of prayers and enchantments as dictated by Elahim. Kapulin, like the other elders selected for this appointment, had lived a prior life of learning, mysticism and austerity. He became wise but was ill suited for hammering metal against an anvil. His hands had grown calloused and muscled as the metal took shape. Only recently, had he added one final touch to the sword and etched a design on its hilt that would provide a clue to the individuals who would become known as the saviors of their solar system. That clue would lay out Elahim's plan and enable them to reach their goal.

Tonight with the sounds of war still ever present Kapulin finished polishing the sword and he could feel the power within as if it were a living thing, waiting to be set free. He knew he had achieved his purpose in this life and he knew that just as the other elders who had preceded him that soon he would be called to the presence of Elahim and his final home on Paradise Isle. .

He placed the sword in its hiding place within the cavern and lay down on his pallet one last time, exhausted. Immediately, a burst of lightening streaked across the sky. It crashed through the mountaintop that housed the final sword and struck it, intensifying the power that it held. In the village below the Damanites stood and stared in shock at the sight as the mountain was torn apart by the lightning. They were unaware that it was the beginning of their destruction. Interrans recognized it as a sign from the great Elahim, and they rallied together and took the remaining Zaeferi with them to safety.

The Damanites ran, desperately trying to save themselves as additional bolts of lightning turned against them. The peril they now faced was greater than the control they once held had been to their captives. Each element of the swords, lightning, rain, ice, wind and all their counterparts soon filled the atmosphere seemingly aimed directly against the Damanite forces. The Damanites dropped to their deaths unable to save their own wretched souls.

Elahim destroyed the Damanite control in fulfillment of the prophecies. Those few Damanites who escaped went into hiding on their home worlds, thus allowing the Zaeferi and Interrans to start life

Sample Chapter

*T*he thunder of war rumbled below the dimly lit cavern. Kapulin had been born amidst those sounds, and he would pass from this world to their accompaniment. His ears and his heart ached at the screams that echoed through the valleys and up his mountain where with a final reverberation they faded against the rock walls of his dwelling.

For 100 years, the Interrans had waged a civil war against their brethren, the Zaeferi. Kapulin shook his head at the foolishness and wastefulness of this war, for the Interrans were Zaeferi and had initiated the Civil War to take control of the home planet of their race, which held almost all the artifacts of the ancients.

When the Damanites, a species from a distant solar system, witnessed the carnage, they seized the opportunity to expand their holdings in the universe. These beings knew no mercy and were incapable of feeling emotion. It was their sole purpose to achieve power and individually they sought it by achieving the highest rank. To do so they were willing to commit whatever atrocity was necessary and so they perpetrated the most cruel beatings, tortures, and enslavement upon the innocents in their efforts to rule. They were evil incarnate.

His contemplation was interrupted by a silver-blue streak of lightening that emanated from the skies and cracked against the tip of the furthest mountaintop. It created a clap of thunder that muted the sounds of battles and the cries and screams of the victims far below. Kapulin knew it was a sign from the god Elahim, his god, and that the lightning reflected but a minute portion of the power Elahim imbued in the work Kapulin had spent the last years of his life completing. The prophecies had dictated such, and so it would be.

Elahim had given him a task just as he had given a similar task to seven others before Kapulin. Based on the runes on an ancient scroll each man was to create a sword that would contain an elemental power, which the chosen would use to defeat the Damanites.