

(Continued from front flap)

"Where's Elsie?" Berdina cried. There was Anna and Elka, clinging to their mother in the wagon bed. Aram was with them, searching for his bow, and Helden was up on the driver's bench.

Elsie was gone.

About the Author



Scott Morgan

Born into a house full of books and paintings, Scott Morgan spent most of his childhood reading, drawing, playing RPG's and otherwise looking for ways to avoid the incredible drag known as "reality". In the autumn of his childhood he picked up the pen to write a short fantasy fiction story as a school assignment, and never put it down. Reality caught up with him soon after, but he continues stubbornly banging away at the keyboard every chance he gets, with no plans of stopping in this lifetime. He lives in Southern New England with his wife Vicky, and three cats.

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The Warlock

BOOK ONE OF THE NEXUS SERIES

It's Judgment Day as foretold in the Prophecy of Lum, and the forces of Creation itself are at war. The battlefield is Aerth, a place formed of the fears, dreams and legends of Earth where hope, magik and danger are intertwined and the impossible can still be. Hobgoblin hordes charge toward the empires of men, and wood elf forest clans struggle with an evil that has returned from the sky. In the surrounding dimensional planes, the angels of Upper Etherea, demon gods of Lower Etherea and the supreme beings of Astra watch and grow restless. The struggle has reached even Earth, the place without magick—where the Church of the Four Raptures works in the shadows to hasten the end of days.

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Excerpt...

"Oh, God help us!" Helden cried.

Rev could not take his eyes off the ogre. It was perhaps five yards behind, and closing quickly. Even up on the driver's bench, he could feel the vibration of the creature's pounding feet. Its small eyes were red-rimmed and ropes of drool flew from its great maw. Its skin was scarred all over, broken stumps of old arrows sticking out of its body.

Elka pushed out of the canopy, eyes full of terror, and began clambering forward toward the driver's bench. Anna followed, the horses struggling futilely to haul the wagon faster. A massive hand clamped the top of the canopy frame, and then the whole wagon tilted backwards as the ogre heaved itself up onto the back of the vehicle. The wagon slowed as Rev watched the massive head and shoulders rear above the top of the canopy. He should move, he should fight, but all he could do was stare, it was so huge!

The ogre's mouth twisted into a broad, crooked leer as it reached for them over the canopy. Rancid breath gusted over them and drool spattered the canopy's canvas surface.

Elsie peeked out from the canopy. "Father? I'm scared."

She looked more the wide-eyed, tow-head child now, less the coy cheerleader Rev had initially thought her to be. *I'm only a few years older than her. What am I doing protecting these people?*

Something slammed into Rev and Aram from behind with brutal force and spilled them from the driver's bench to the wagon bed in a tangle of arms and legs and snow.

(Continued on back flap)