

THE BLOOD ROSE OF PANADOR

**DANIEL LIGHT AND THE CHILDREN OF THE ORB
SERIES**



BOOK TWO

**THE BLOOD ROSE
OF PANADOR**



**BY
C. MICHAEL PERRY**



THE BLOOD ROSE OF PANADOR

DEDICATION

*To Robert G. Peck Jr., Charles W. Whitman and Max Chatterton Golightly,
the men who first placed deep inside of me a love for writing and where it comes from.*

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

*To Brian Whipple, Geoff McCalla and Steven Carter for their advice and encouragement;
To my wife and family for their support.*

This book is a work of fiction. Any references to historical events, real people, or real locales are used fictitiously. Other names, characters, places and incidents are the product of the author's imagination, and any resemblance to actual events or locales or persons, living or dead, is entirely coincidental.

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ISBN-13: 978-0615694702
ISBN-10: 0615694705

BISAC: Fiction / Fantasy / Epic --
Adventure -- Coming of Age

Leicester Bay Books
3877 Leicester Bay South Jordan, UT
www.leicesterbaybooks.com

Cover art by Brook Bowen
of Bowen Design Works, Salt Lake City, Utah

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Contents

| | |
|---|-----|
| The First Prophecy | i |
| CHAPTER ONE -- News | 1 |
| CHAPTER TWO -- Three Roses | 14 |
| CHAPTER THREE -- DragonSign | 21 |
| CHAPTER FOUR -- Loss of Blood | 25 |
| CHAPTER FIVE -- Revenge Is Not Like Chocolate | 32 |
| CHAPTER SIX -- No Roses | 48 |
| CHAPTER SEVEN -- Blooming and Not | 64 |
| CHAPTER EIGHT -- Blue | 78 |
| CHAPTER NINE -- Yellow | 112 |
| CHAPTER TEN -- The Call | 127 |
| CHAPTER ELEVEN -- Stalked | 134 |
| CHAPTER TWELVE -- Apprenticeship | 169 |
| CHAPTER THIRTEEN -- Bad Dwarf | 178 |
| CHAPTER FOURTEEN -- Red Quest by Request | 187 |
| CHAPTER FIFTEEN -- Potions and Passions | 209 |
| CHAPTER SIXTEEN -- Complications | 221 |
| CHAPTER SEVENTEEN -- Orange Aid | 248 |
| CHAPTER EIGHTEEN -- Transformations | 268 |
| CHAPTER NINETEEN -- Revelations | 291 |
| CHAPTER TWENTY -- No More Mushy Stuff | 294 |
| List of Characters | 297 |
| Future Books | 299 |
| About The Author | 302 |

NOTE: **ML** after each chapter, are the initials “M. L.” standing for **Miraden Light**, the historian of the Realms.

*NOTE: If you want to see maps of the world and structures of The Realms of the Crystal Orb please visit:
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The first Prophecy

*The magic will grow strong in the Realms of the Crystal Orb.
There will come a time when those who have sought to destroy
The bonds that were created by Orb and Talismans,
for their own selfish and greedy purposes,
Will find that there is a Champion of Light
that their Darkness will not overcome.
He will rise, white and strong in youth, power and innocence
After Darkness' long reign.
Many others will also rise to aid him in his eternal quest -
both mortal and Immortal.
He will unite all of the Realms and bring new voices
To the influence of the Orb.
He will be the son of Gregory, born of humble yet noble circumstances.
He will sink below all experience.
He will approach death,
Only to rise above all mortality in love and greatness.
He and his companions will protect
and expand the Realms forever.
They will return all Light to the Realms.*

The Creators speak and it is written

CHAPTER ONE NEWS

(End Month: 2701)

THE GREENISH-BLACK SMOKE from the explosion sped down the central hallway of the White DragonMount. Daniel heard coughing and cursing coming from the laboratory. As the smoke invaded his own room, he began to cough. It was thick -- oppressive. As the cloud overwhelmed him, he passed out.

Daniel was naked. Again. A robe of exquisite whiteness was once more being wrapped lovingly around his white body. He was seeing things -- people -- that he could not fully perceive. He was hearing things that he didn't entirely understand. He was feeling things that completely overwhelmed him.

He had been here before. But that had been a dream! Hadn't it? Or had it? He was no longer too sure about the 'honor' of being 'The Prophecy.' This Miracle-of-Mirador thing was still just too much for him sometimes. But here he was, wrapped in brightness, surrounded by the glow of a light that transcended even his own whiteness.

He felt safe. Confused, but secure -- somehow.

This was not a vision -- or a dream. It was a visit. He had been summoned somewhere -- for some purpose.

He endured it. He could do nothing more. He tried to remember -- to retain and take with him what was said and done during this visit. A voice repeated the same words over and over again. But he couldn't remember them. He didn't understand that his mind would recall them when he needed them. It did not require a conscious effort on his part -- this time. A hand caressed his cheek. Another one patted his back. But then, all too suddenly, the robe was removed and he was naked again before he felt the pull of something from some other where. Or was it a push from this present, but temporary where? Wherever this place was! Then there was no nakedness, no sight, no feeling -- no where.



In the center of the smoky cavern, Miraden wrapped the palm and fingers of his right hand around his old friend, Wand, as the sunstones of its handle connected with something deep inside him. He then extended his index finger out and long the Alderwood shaft. The connection between heart and hand was completed, as it had been thousands of times over the last twenty-seven-hundred years, when he had called upon it. His fingers and palm drew power from his wrist, which flexed as it turned the wand, urging the power through his forearm, elbow and upper arm, drawing it along the blood lines that led directly from his heart.

All wands are of Alderwood -- even Tophet's. The very heart of the tree was used to craft the slender instruments of magical amplification. Then came the handle, the receptor from the palm of the magic of the heart of the Enchanter, which was then focused and amplified through the heart of a tree. The handles of each wand are what differed from others, varying in their composition; but only three types of stone were used. Most dark Sorcerors preferred Obsidian, because it was of volcanic origin; a tie to PanAlta. The other wands of the Enchanters had handles of either Moonstone, or, in Miraden's case, Sunstones; beautiful, speckled brown and creme stones, that had been fused together through a magical spell to expand their own magic. The wand almost hummed, resonating with power as it awaited the command of its Master and friend -- Miraden. The last of the smoke in the room disappeared into the tip of the wand and Miraden bent over his grandson, prostrate on the floor.

Daniel's eyes finally opened and he found himself staring at the ceiling of his bedchamber. He felt his stomach. Too queasy to move, he let his hand drop back to his side as the images solidified in front of him. He saw two blue eyes appear through the blur; then a head of white hair appeared around the two eyes.

"Ah! Awake again, I see."

"Grandpa, what happened?"

"Nothing. Just a stubborn potion."

“Are all of your potions stubborn?” It was an innocent question posed by an almost innocent, twelve-year-old. Daniel put the dream -- vision -- visit -- he had just experienced aside. It was not solid enough in his memory for him to talk about yet.

Miraden reacted with a huff. “What are you implying?”

“Nothing, Grandfather. Just that there are an awful lot of explosions around here.”

Miraden looked shocked. He had never really considered it before. He had lived alone for most of his life. Well, alone since Liliana left to live at The Crystal Castle; alone, before Liliana was born; alone, after the deaths of his first wife and children. He smiled down into the trusting and loving face of the child-now-youth that had been linked so inseparably to him. His smile turned into a laugh, which rang out along with that of his Grandson.

“Where’d all the smoke go?”

Miraden waggled his wand between his fingers. “I ... took care of it.”

“Why do you live here, Grandfather?” Daniel felt weak but struggled to a seated position, eyes never leaving his grandfather’s face.

“I ... I ... like it here.”

After long and careful deliberation, even while looking around at the strangely smokeless and dustless room, regretting his earlier confusion, Daniel added, “So do I!”



If the White Dragons, Willamere and Imadar, had used fire and claw to carve a dwelling place out of solid rock 2000 years ago leaving twelve Dragon-sized rooms; if it was a cave in the tallest mountain around; if you were twelve years old and had recently acquired the powers of an Enchanter; if your Grandfather was the oldest living Enchanter in the world and had invited you to live there with him, would you?

Don’t lie! You would.

Daniel had started out by spending only weekends with his adopted grandfather. The weekdays were spent with his adoptive mother and father, King Marble and Queen Lily White, rulers of Mirador. But now, after a year and a half, that had kind of switched due to the fact that magic took up more and more of his educational time. He had become a great archer (born to it as his real father had been: Gregory, the Huntsman of the Blue Mountains). He was also a pretty good swordsman. As for his scholarship? Well, he dutifully learned everything that his mother, Lily, had taught him -- even how to dance. (Which he had, at first, only secretly enjoyed.) He had loved dancing with Bianca as Prince Valerius just got to sit and watch them. But he knew, that as she was now his adopted sister, and five years older than he was, he could never have her love and devotion in anything but a sisterly way. So, he had resigned himself to that sad fact and suppressed his crush on her.

After the war in which his entire family was killed he also had some very tough times. He had spent many nights crying himself to sleep -- despite what his mother and father had said to him in his first vision in the Crystal Dome; the vision he had received just before his Immortalization; just after the murder of his father. He loved his adopted family -- truly -- but he missed the people who had given him birth and life and direction.

And he was having those nightmares -- dreams of war and death and the massacre of innocent youth -- something he had witnessed during the War of the Realms. He would awaken in a cold sweat, sometimes yelling out, while the images of 150 boys of the supply train, dead on a Zanadonan battleground, flashed through his mind for the hundredth time.

But someone had always been there, so far, to hold his hand and help him back to sleep: Lily, Bianca, Marble or Miraden, his adopted family; Valerius, Bianca’s husband; Elias and his parents, Sarai or Matthew; one, or more of them had been there to calm him -- reassure him. Elias was Daniel’s closest friend. And there were many times when they stayed over at each other’s houses, playing, eating, fishing, hunting, eating and talking until dawn, that his younger and best friend had had to help Daniel through something that he, himself, didn’t even remotely understand. But he did it. Even though the dreams were ever present morning rituals, almost -- loved ones were there to shield, protect and comfort The Miracle Of Mirador.

Daniel’s life had changed. So many shifts that it was a real wonder how he could process them all. His life

was still changing; would continue to be modified in many ways completely unimagined by the people living on the continent of Colabos.

That additional, necessary, inevitable change that comes upon all Humans, the one that takes us from childhood to adulthood, had been hastened for Miraden's grandson, by the application and ingestion of Miraden's potion. Some time after the changes began, or even if they had already finished with Daniel, Immortality would soon take over and start to draw out and lengthen the years and the life span of the Human youth to that of the Immortal Youth. Thereby, a child who was changed at fourteen or fifteen would not appear to be a year older for at least a decade of Human years; and, more likely, not for a period of twelve or more years would he or she appear to age even one Human year. That is how Miraden had planned it. But Miraden's potion served this dual purpose: to speed up that change and to lengthen the over-all lifespan.

In those seventeen months that had passed since the War of the Realms, Daniel had turned twelve in Human years. But because of his Immortal status at the age of eleven, his changes were more rapid and fully perplexing. No one had ever been through what he was going through; not even Miraden. The Miracle of Mirador was growing rapidly through adolescence and was as big as most fifteen-year-olds because maturity must be reached quickly so that magic can take its place in its full power in an adult-like body. Yet the person must still have the teachable mind of the child -- or youth. So, you could see what could have been happening in Daniel's mind when he told Miraden that another type of dream had entered his life.

"Things are happening."

"Things, Daniel?"

"You know, things! My body's gone crazy. And the dreams are not very ... comfortable. It's been happening since I was Immortalled."

"Oh! Yes, -- well, then I suggest this book."

Miraden turned and rummaged through his shelf. He handed the slim, brown volume to Daniel. *Magical Changes: The New Enchanter*.

"Grandfather -- a book? I don't need to know what and how. I need to know why! Father taught me all that other stuff a long time ago -- before he ..."

"Oh, he did! Oh! I see. Well, good. Good for him! Good ... for you."

It was an awkward moment. Daniel was feeling things that he did not want to feel. He couldn't let it overwhelm him; not in front of Miraden. But Miraden noticed anyway. He waited for Daniel to suppress the turmoil of the moment.

"I thought immortality slowed everything down!?"

"It slows down the aging process, almost ends the process of a body's deterioration, but ..."

"But not the growing up process?"

"Correct. That, actually, is sped up."

"Oh, great!" Daniel was not happy so far with Grandpa Miraden's explanation, or with the fact that the disturbing dreams that weren't nightmares woke him even more than occasionally. He looked up into Miraden's face. There was something more and Daniel knew it; but the old Enchanter was hesitating.

"Especially when you are given the gift so young."

Yes, at eleven, Daniel thought. "Is it a gift?"

Miraden peered at the youth, thoughtfully, through his round spectacles. "You need the body of an adult and the open mind of a child to learn and store magic effectively. That is why the race of Enchanters was originally created with adult bodies. We were all new, like children; no experience, no knowledge. But our bodies were large enough and had the capacity to store the power necessary. I never had a childhood, like you have had."

"I'm sorry, Grandpa."

But Daniel still did not think that Immortality or magical powers were a terribly wonderful gift. His body had already undergone most of those changes that turn boys into young men, and in a very short time, too. It had been accelerated by the potion in the chocolate. It had also been very painful; still was painful much of the time. Daniel felt that his body was out of control -- every day some new something. He feared for his mind as well. In the year and a half since 'it' happened, Daniel's body, voice and emotions had changed daily and

drastically. His bones ached. His muscles twinged. But his skin stayed perfect: that glowing white that had overcome him in the Crystal Dome had remained; had made his skin as pure as snow. ‘Things’ were ready for Daniel, but Daniel was not sure that he wanted to be ready for ‘things.’

His crush on Bianca hadn’t helped either. We have all felt that pang of confusion, the infatuation we call puppy love, or a crush. And for each of us it usually has been on someone totally out of our reach. It was the same with Daniel. Bianca was his newly adopted sister. She was already married to Daniel’s second best friend, Prince Valerius Red of Panador. It was all just happening too fast. He felt terribly uncomfortable -- and as we know, confused! Daniel had finished paging through the book that Miraden had given him.

“Grandpa, there’s nothing in this book. The pages are blank.”

Miraden took the book back and looked at it.

“Oh, yes, well -- I guess I never got around to writing it. But at least, now, I have someone to write it about. So, what has been happening? When did it start? How does it make you feel?”

“Grandpa!”

“It must be written! Will you write it?”

“Grandpa!”

From the laboratory came the sound of gongs being struck.

Miraden rushed to his sleeping quarters, “Oh, we’re late! We’re late!”

“Even Miraden isn’t helping!” Daniel thought, as he dropped the book in the dust of the table.



The Village of Panadar was twenty leagues west of Panador City and its Castle. The High Road slowly rose across the Plateau of Peace as it climbed to the eastern city from the little village nestled against the mountains of the west. Even from the edge of the plateau you could see the distant City of Panador and its brilliantly colored castle, Castle Panador, home to Queen Mother Alidah and King Father Comera. The castle stood out in pastel colors of blue, lavender, green, yellow and pink against the darker, plainer greys, blacks, greens and browns of the mountains of the Eastern Barrier Ridge; the mountains that marked the border with the wastelands further to the east. Multiple minarets and towers spiraled or shot straight to the skies, all topped with roofs of bright red slate. The castle was on a small hill just southeast of the city and was built with an outer and inner wall completely separate from the walls that surrounded the city. It could stand on its own in the case of the town walls being breached.

The road wound around the hill on its way to the main gate, on the south. The walls of the battlements rose to a height of ten spans (some sixty feet) with a barbican or double-gated entry. Once inside the second gate there was an inner yard or bailey, thirty spans wide where it ran into the inner wall with its own ten-span height and solid portcullis.

Between the inner and outer walls, in and around the bailey, were the stables, both Royal and military, servants’ quarters, outhouses, blacksmiths, troop garrisons, armories and other military offices, along with the military kitchens and dining halls and training yards for the soldiers. Also, on the west side, a small theatre, seating many thousand, took advantage of the afternoon sun to help light its stage.

The beautiful grounds and gardens of the castle opened to view once inside the inner wall. A large set of steps climbed to meet a five span high red door set in the central lavender keep. This opened to the Grand Entry. Off this expansive room was the main Court and the Throne Room, a large banquet hall and the stairs to other levels of the castle. It was splendid. Of course it was, it was Dragon built -- just like all the other castles in the Realms of the Crystal Orb. Castle Panador -- as Panadorians believed it to be the best of all the Castles -- was built by the Red Dragons, Rindamere and Andradar, under Miraden’s direction during the Age of Magic.



Rose, the lovely red-headed younger sister of Prince Valerius, and daughter of Comera and Alidah, was rushing to the gardens, on this warm, winter morning, to visit her newest sister -- Bianca. The Kingdom of Panador was a happy one -- it had been so for generations, but the King and Queen, Rose’s parents, had

decided to let Valerius and Bianca assume those duties that pertained to the running of the Kingdom. And Rose was incessantly happy for she and Bianca were the same age -- just seventeen -- and had become like twin sisters.

They shared everything; especially that there was to be news today at Court.

"Court! Oh, no! I'm late!" thought Rose. She turned around and ran back to the Castle. She had forgotten. Her visit would have to wait.

No one knew exactly what the news was, but something was to be proclaimed. As Rose arrived, she was announced (which she hated because she could never just sneak in, for she was often late). She proceeded to her chair, which was located to the right of the throne now occupied by Bianca and Valerius. The former King and Queen (Rose's Dad and Mom) also sat to one side -- observing. They smiled indulgently but lovingly at their tardy daughter.

The Chamberlain banged for order with a rap of his staff and silence reigned in the large hall that was the Throne Room of Castle Panador. The banner with a large, Blood Red Rose crossed with a silver sword, surmounting a white crown centered between sword hilt and rosebud, was emblazoned on a Chevron field of blue with white dots in the field. It hung behind the thrones.

Just as Rose sat, Miraden popped in with Daniel. Miraden did the popping though. Daniel still just followed along.

"Sorry, I'm late -- or am I late? Well, I'm sorry anyway." But Miraden was always late, lately.

He joined the growing throng around the throne. Valerius led Bianca to the front of the dais. The trumpets heralded the announcement:

"The Queen is with child!"

There was an audible gasp and then shouts and yells and general excitement burst forth. Valerius' parents surrounded him, while Bianca was swarmed by Daniel, Rose and Miraden. Miraden held his hands up for quiet. He took Bianca's face in his hands and planted a very nice, grandfatherly kiss on her forehead. He then shook Valerius' hand warmly. He held his hands up in the air again. His face went slack as the crowd grew silent, expectant. Then his eyes clouded over as those in the room leaned in toward him.

"He's having a vision," Daniel whispered.

"Yes, little brother -- I know," and Bianca smiled back.

Daniel wilted a little at her smile but realized that his crush on her was officially over. It had to be.

"I'm gonna be an uncle!"

All present waited patiently and then life came back to the Enchanter's face and the crowd reanimated.

"It's a boy!" Miraden exclaimed.

"Long live the King!" and other similar shouts proceeded from the mouths of those in the throne room. Miraden held his hands up yet again and the room quieted quickly. "He is to be -- a Child of Promise!" The words of another Prophecy spilled out of the oldest man alive, as he looked to be in the midst of another of his catatonic states:

A youth will arise like unto the Miracle.

All eyes in the assemblage turned to focus on Daniel. As he blushed -- crimson -- Miraden, clearing his throat, again required their attention:

He will grow fast and strong

Daniel nodded to himself. His 'growth' still hurt him.

He will inspire love and loyalty, hatred and fear;

Fear of the Light; hatred of the right.

There were gasps; the least surprising of which was Daniel's.

He will grow close to all who know him.

Miraden paused, for effect. There was silence on that one. Maybe he was not as catatonic during these utterances as most thought him to be.

He will give the most ultimate of ultimate sacrifices in the salvation of others.

Daniel heard it; but he didn't believe it. It sounded like he, himself, was going to be born all over again;

He will live forever.

THE BLOOD ROSE OF PANADOR

There was a final silence -- a collective sigh. It was the kind of silence that occurs after you have heard some specific news, different from the sigh that accompanied the act of merely wanting to hear it. They were appreciative. It was about time, many of them thought, that something new and exciting and of real import happened in Panador. Not that Valerius and Bianca were not new; or that winning the War of the Realms wasn't thrilling! But this was prophecy! Prophecies had a way of writing themselves into the history books. And those peoples and kingdoms associated with the prophecies were chronicled also. Panadorians were no different from anyone else -- they wanted their little piece of immortality -- one that didn't necessarily include magic.

ML

THE BLOOD ROSE OF PANADOR

Glossary of Characters

Year: End Month of 2701 to 4th Month of 2702

KING VALERIUS RED OF PANADOR -- formerly Prince Valerius. b.2682
QUEEN BIANCA OF PANADOR -- formerly Princess Bianca of Mirador. b.2684
PRINCESS ROSE RED OF PANADOR -- the King's sister. b.2684
KING FATHER COMERA OF PANADOR -- former King and Father to Valerius and Rose. b. 2663
QUEEN MOTHER ALIDAH OF PANADOR -- former Queen and Mother to Valerius and Rose. b. 2665
MIRADEN -- ancient Enchanter of the Realms, Immortal.
DANIEL GREGORYSON WHITE -- The Miracle of Mirador, a young Enchanter. Immortal. b. 2689
BONCASTER -- a traveler, He first appears as an older man. b.2682
GULDENBLAD -- a Dwarf Necromancer, apprentice to Tophet. created by Withera: 1812
ROSENBLAD -- a Dwarf turned Vampire, brother to Guilden. created by Withera: 1290
ELIAS MATTHEWSON -- son of the Master Fisherman of Mirador, Daniel's best friend. b. 2691
MATTHEW MATTHEWSON -- Elias' father, Master Fisherman of Mirador. b. 2676
SARAI MATTHEWSON -- Elias' mother. b. 2677
RUTH(2692), HESTER(2694), JEREMIAH(2695), & JONAH(2700) MATTHEWSON -- Elias' siblings
MATHILDA (TILLY) FITZMICHAEL -- daughter of the Innkeeper of Laketon. b. 2689
NANCY FITZMICHAEL -- second daughter of the Innkeeper of Laketon. b.2691
ANNA -- The Lady Of The Lake. b. 476
NYARA -- a Nymph of the Blue River.
DRYAD of the Forest of Caladon.
GNOMES of Caladon.
NIGHTBANE -- ancient Werewolf, created by Reugella in 1050
TARADALNOCK BRETHERN -- outlanders from the Unknown East, formerly a people of the Realms, their ancestors left over a thousand years ago. They hire out as mercenaries when they can get into the Realms.
THE DWARVES OF THE NORTH -- the miners of Balador.
JEREMIAH -- Master at Arms of Mirador.
PHINEAS -- Captain of the Guards of Panador.
MICHAEL FITZPATRICK -- the Innkeeper of Laketon -- Tilly's and Nancy's father. b.2673

**DON'T MISS THE NEXT NOVEL IN THE SERIES:
DANIEL LIGHT AND THE
CHILDREN OF THE ORB**



BOOK THREE

THE PROPHECY AND THE SACRIFICE

PARTS 1 & 2:

What if the enemy without turned out to be even more dangerous than the enemy within?

Daniel, having arisen to greatness from the fulfilling of the Prophecy, attempts to unify the various Realms and Reaches of the Crystal Orb under the influence and protection of the newly established Circle of Light. And -- a new Prophecy has been born.

A continent begins to be united under the new Circle of Light as Realms and Reaches (the former outlying areas) join forces and ideas in pursuit of the greater good. Out of a variety of peoples and nations the Forces of Light stand against a massive invasion from without its borders. The Prophecy, The Miracle and the Circle of Light are tested to the limits of their capacity in the defense of their homelands. New friends are found and made. New enemies arise and are discovered as the Circle of Light prepares for a future onslaught – sometime, somewhere that is not here and now.

The people once thought loyal only to the Dark are now found divided as Taradal (Out-Realms) by the thousands are moving out of their once uncharted and unexplored homelands; some seeking safe-haven within the Realms, other seeking easy access for their planned invasion of the Realms. They have been coerced and/or divided by the magic words and actions of both old and new enemies of the Realms of the Crystal Orb.

An uneasy alliance is formed between those seeking safe-haven and the peoples united under Daniel and Miraden and the Orb. New, young Magicians are found on both sides of the conflict and Daniel's circle of friends and enemies grows even larger. Then Daniel has his first vision. The Circle of Light is formed from the youth of the Realms and Reaches, both old and new to combat the encroaching Dark. They become a force of protection filled with the greatest of powers as they take upon themselves the mantles of Enchanters and Enchantresses. Bonds are formed, alliances are tested as the original Circle of Light coalesces around Daniel. But one of their new friends has unwittingly been compromised by the Dark. The lives of all those in the Circle are in jeopardy. As a massive invasion of Taradal, led by a Dark Sorceress, a Sorcerer, and a Vampire, blankets the land – Humans, dwarves, Taradal Friends and a Werewolf defend the Realms of the Crystal Orb. Out of the ashes of their world the Circle of Light and their friends will rebuild.

PARTS 3 & 4:

What would you be willing to do to protect those you love?

A new hero has been born and Daniel seeks to divert the Dark and aid the Prophecy that promises great things and deeds from his nephew, the Child of Promise. Boncaster, the Child of Promise – Daniel's nephew – Miraden's great-grandson – is learning and growing and becoming a powerful Enchanter even faster than his Uncle Daniel did. He is also able to be something that his uncle never was: a Rider of Dragons. He is even interacting, as the Prince of Panador, with the ever-expanding Circle of Light. Through the loss of friends and family he rallies to the call of the Circle that embraces him. But the Dark ways of Dajinn will test him to the fullness of the Promise he possesses – and beyond.

The Forces of Dark, having suffered decisive defeat, take time to rebuild, time to plan – time to literally grow and advance a new fighting force – vengeance their only goal; hatred their solitary rule. As the Dark grows, so do the Forces of Light. With those forces the Child of Promise begins to thrive. New, hopeful, powerful, and ancient allies for the Realms are rediscovered and entreated to join the Circle. Elias and Daniel train Istramere, their pet-Dragon-friend. They lead more kingdoms to join with the Realms.

The Realms appear quiet and the Circle expands but it is only because the preparations of the Dajinn and his partner, Accosta, will take years to come to fruition. As Boncaster, the Child of Promise, grows to adolescence, he forms a special bond with the Dragon, Istramere. The People of the Plains and the People of the Sea swell the ranks of the Realmic citizens. The magical beings of the Dark -- having taken ten years to mature -- are sent out upon an unsuspecting world by Dajinn and Accosta, destroying much, but not conquering. This sends the Dark Sorcerers into hiding. Boncaster helps Daniel and the Circle unite the Realms again and brings the Trolls in on the side of the Light; much to the frustration of the Dark. But through Dajinn's Dark treachery the Child of Promise is called on to make the ultimate sacrifice.

THE BLOOD ROSE OF PANADOR



C. Michael Perry, Author, Composer and Lyricist, is a graduate of Brigham Young University. He is the composer of more than thirty musicals including Cinderrabbit for PBS, which won an Emmy Award and a “Best Of The West” Public Television award. He spent nearly a decade in television assisting in over 300 weekly episodes and commercials for ABC and PBS, Hasbro Toys and Toyota. He has performed in front of over 2000 live audiences from Utah to Italy in various plays and musicals. He has received acting awards for his many leading and supporting roles, won awards for lighting and scenic designs, more than forty shows have seen his directorial hand, and he has choreographed over fifty productions in his career, including Big River at the Sundance Summer Resort summer of 2010. Also a playwright and lyricist, he has written more than twenty plays and award winning musicals that have been published and produced across the nation and around the world. He is the founder and former President of Encore Performance Publishing, a publisher of plays and musicals for amateur, educational and professional markets, now owned by Eldridge Plays and Musicals of Tallahassee, Florida. He currently works as a freelance writer for Scottsdale MultiMedia, of Scottsdale Arizona. He resides in the Utah with his wife of 30 years and his son, Jon-Christopher. His daughters, Jessica, Janalynn, and Joelle are out on their own; married and such.