



QUAM

Fog Pog

RAVION

Ant's Place of Worship

SEALAND Ocean

Desert Antzillox

MT. MUCK

Dead Man's Ocean

Trolls Village

Field of Rainbows  
(Saxton)

Evergreen forest

Tilzor

Lox's Forest

Pure Pond

Thin stream

Dryland

MT Dragon  
Dragon Keep  
Dragon

Dead Man's Beach

Border Nile River

Dangerwood Forest

Shadow's Home

Black Pond

Lake of Mox

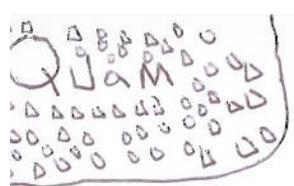
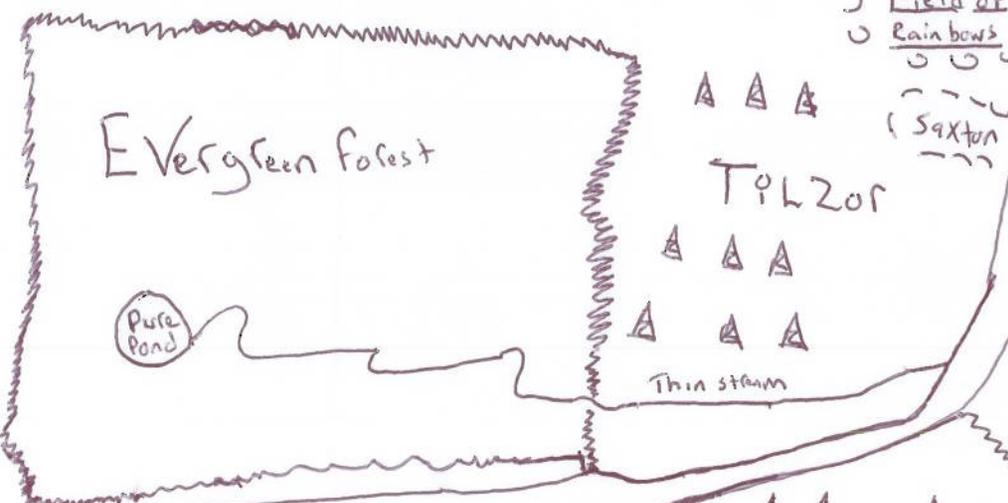
Buzzard's Desert

Hobbiton

DOOM MTS

SEALAND Ocean

SEALAND Ocean



# PROLOGUE

"IF the rain is terrible, how much worse those it falls upon? And from where does the rain come? From that who is most righteous. So let the rain be blessed and hope with heart it blesses those it falls upon.

UP Yonder high in the SKY, IS where there's a Land of Ravens called 'Ravion'. No average man of two feet or with six or eight, has ever entered that land. The Mountain tower of Dragon where the evil Dragon Master "Mot" has dwelled for two centuries is a very evil place and we, the elves of the Evergreen forest should know this. So it is upon me to believe up until now, no one from Dragon has entered Ravion. For it Mot ways to hate the rain which spoils his evil works. And now my people, I think Mot has somehow succeeded in stopping the rain. If the ground has no morning mist. IF it wasn't for our magic crystals of nature, we wouldn't be able to feed the Evergreen, and if you are wondering, yes the legends of old are true. Ravion does exist and it's they who control the rain."

The ten elves who were gathered before their lord Kimo were the oldest and wisest amongst the elves of the Evergreen forest. The younger elves of the forest were busy protecting innocent people who traveled through their forest, from

It's hidden dangers, one of the ten elder eives, named Jolly, spoke saying what he felt was on the other eives heart.

" Lord kimo. As old as we are, and even though you are older, we always thought the rain was of nature. But if you say differ, we will have faith in your word high one. However, we have seen the large ravens and the dragons but we have never ventured to their lands. How do you know about the works of Mot and what are we to do about them? "

" The Raven is part of nature as of now " kimo replied " The same as it has always been. I could be wrong about Mot possessing the rainmaker staff. I hope I am so, but I doubt it for there has been a moisture every morning since my childhood. "

Kimo looked to the two gems - two green ruby crystals - which he wore around his fingers, then back to the ten.

" But this morning the rings lit up, so I checked the crystal globe to discover what healing of the land was in progress. I feared it was a forest fire but worse it showed me, a close up of the ground a ground which was dry. "

The elves all at once looked shocked and chatter broke out amongst the ten.

"But lord kimo" Jowy said after the ten had quieted "What Can We as ELVES do to correct this Matter of help? We are no Match to the dragons, and outside OF our Forest We are a Powerless group."

"I am at a Lost" Lord kimo replied "I have no way of contacting the Rav-  
lon. All I Know is that they are responsible For the rain and have been doing  
their duty which not hates, AS For helping, I know not how we could not ~~do~~  
I know who we can request to assist in the Matter, The snake People, they  
have no land of their own. They travel and work as they find it. Mostly evil is  
behind their ways and deeds so they would care not For a Matter as this. Neither  
the people who live under water in the deep sea land For they are under water. They  
would care not For a bunch of air breathers as we are called by them."

"But surely." Jowy replied worriedly "Someone has to care. Without the rain, all life  
is doomed eventually."

Next to the Lord of elves a bright light as bright as a shining star suddenly  
appeared in mid-air. The light was so bright that they had to shield their eyes against  
it. A laugh was heard and when they could see clearly again, they found, standing

Next to their Lord, the good Mage Shanderious. His skin was green as of grass and his mustache and long beard was the color of bark as was his hair which reached his lower back; He was attired in a robe of many colors and his feet hovered inches above the ground.

"Shanderious," Lord Kimo said "What is the meaning of such a disrespectful entrance upon our counsel?"

Shanderious bowed then spoke sounding his old age of over two hundred winters.

"My apologies Lord Kimo for such a disrespect, but as you've assumed my friend, our world is in great peril as well as others. I've attempted to approach the Land of Ravion but I was not welcomed. I tried to reason with them that I was a being coming peacefully and to assist in retaining the rain staff but while I was talking, the city, as big and beautiful as it is, disappeared before my very eyes. A loud thunderous voice had then voiced that they would handle their own affairs, that I was but a weakling compared to Mot now that he possessed the rainmaker staff. When I asked how he had come to possess it there was no response, I searched high and higher for Ravion, for such a righteous place won't sit on the ground, but it was nowhere to be found; I opened my ears in an attempt to find the land and in doing

So I heard your counsel, I listened, then came, so here be Shanderious."

Lord Kimo sighed saying "Yes we are in danger and from your words I see that the Ravens are a stubborn people who will not care."

"What about the Leprachuns?" Shanderious asked recalling the people the elves had named "Without the rainbow how can they mate and receive their gods. They will not mate anywhere but the inside of a rainbow. There's also the Ant people to consider. All the others, such as the tree people, they can make their roots run deep and find water, so they probably won't care. But I agree, something must be done because I've also discovered that the Rainstaff controls everybody of water that exist, he could suck the ocean dry if he chooses to."

All of the elves suddenly looked terrified.

"What he has up his cloak" Shanderious continued "I do not know but I will try to find out. You all could help by not panicking. If the Raven are refusing assistance they very well may have everything under control or have some type of plan. Be patient my dear friends. Now I must be off again concerning this matter of importance, Fare well."

Shanderious then mumbled a phrase in a strange tongue and vanished.

EMPIRE ODYSSEY: The Ravion Conflict

Lord Kimo looked to his counsel and said; "So be it. We wait on the good Mage Shanderos and not be deceived from our duties."

# CHAPTER

## 1

Hobleton was a old fat troll who had taken it upon himself to open a Inn in the middle of Dangerwood Forest.

Dangerwood Forest took two days to travel through and the trolls who lived inside of the forest were big and plentiful. When most caught people traveling through, they would kill and eat them. The Dangerwood trolls lately had been killing men to drink their blood for the land had gone almost six months without rain of morning dew and the trolls dared not pay the outrageous prices for water and beer. There were also other dangers unspoken of in Dangerwood that would even cause a troll to run so to camp in Dangerwood was very unwise. The hobleton was the safest place after dark or at all in Dangerwood for no harm had ever come to his place or its residents.

Mr. Hobleton sat looking from a window of his Inn to the trees outside of it that were withering up.

The tree people had went to work for Mot and planted themselves around the lake of Mot, that stood by Mount Dragon tower, to keep intruders from stealing its water. Others had planted themselves above underground rivers that barely flowed, to protect that water from those who had not sworn a alliance to Mot. Mot had allowed the ocean to be, under conditions that the king of Sealand "Metaphor" prevent people on land from using it which he was accomplishing very well. The leprachuns had been forced to forfeit all of their treasures for only enough rain to keep their home, which was the Field of rainbows; where unicorns grazed freely, while the leprachuns village was in a rainbow dome which leprachuns could enter from any-which-way, but which visitors could only enter and exit through "The curtain of colors." Yes things were bad. Hobleton old ears had heard much, even from far lands.

His thoughts were suddenly interrupted by the sight of five travelers exiting Dangerwood. Looking to the sky, he could see night wasn't far off and lucky they were for making it to his place before sunset. Lucky he was too for they looked rich. Four of the travelers were on strong black stallions and were attired in hooded cloaks. The-

They were jeweled swords at each of their sides. From what Hobleton could make out, their hair seemed to be the color of the sun and their skin light blue like the sky on a sunny day. The troll frowned. He had never seen or heard of such people.

Between the four horses, a woman rode on what looked to be a mountain ram but which was as huge as a horse and white as virgin snow. The woman's skin was the shade of golden brown honey and her hair was as orange as the fruit. She looked ravishly beautiful from the distance.

Hobleton knew they couldn't be from the north, east or west, so he figured they were likely from the south for he rarely heard of the happenings in those lands. As they approached the inn Hobleton yelled to his helper: "Marrus, young lad. We have visitors approaching. Meet them and see to their horses but be wary for they look to be strange but fear not, for I am a troll and so are you, so that makes we." He let out a loud laugh, then made his way through the dining area of the inn and to the kitchen.

The dining room area of the inn had eight tables, 4 chairs to each one, a bar and a huge fireplace which had two warhammers above it that were used by Marrus and Hobleton when situations called for it. At the bar was a girl with the troll name "Kesheba" whom Hobleton had purchased from a gang of roughneck trolls. She was a customer favorite and was known for serving sexual favors along with a customer's drink, if they had the jewelry to pay for such services. She wore rings on every finger, brackets on both arms and her neck was adorned with necklaces. And all her jewels were from different lands. She liked the Hobleton Inn as well as Mr. Hobleton and Marrus and she was glad and grateful she had been saved by Hobleton.

She noticed a hush come over the room at the mention of strange folks coming before. Nervous whispers erupted.

"Be hearty and full" she yelled to the patrons of the inn "These are strange times so why be at awe about strange folk. A round of Ale on Kesheba the Fair."

"Aye b" Everyone in the dining room area yelled and song and dance broke out upon them as they crowded the bar so each person could get their drink.

The only reason Kesheba had offered a free round was because there were nothing but tawny people there. Business had been slow during the drought.

Outside, Marrus stood watching the group of five approach. At the sight of the troll, who stood seven feet tall and was of great size, the group stopped for they were

Only the size of common people, two of the four men on horses drew their swords and rushed at Marrison,

"Wait!" Marrison yelled "I'm not a traitor of violence. I work here at the inn with Mr. Hobbleton and Keshaba the fair."

The two travelers stopped a foot away from Marrison with weapons still drawn and took him in. He bore no weapons like the troups they had battled on their way to the inn and he sounded young. The man to Marrison left spoke to him after a few tense moments with a voice sounding as gentle as a harp:

"Forgive us traitor, for we have met your evil brothers on the road who meant us harm."

Marrison nodded then spoke saying "What is your name stranger and what lands do ye travel from?"

"We have no names know to the land and it's best to keep it that way. We come from a land unknown to ye."

He then turned and galloped off on his horse to where the woman and other two men were while the man to his right stared at Marrison with sword still in hand. As the others approached him, the woman spoke in a strange tongue and the man whom still had his sword drawn, sheathed it and smiled at him. Marrison returned the smile then turned his attention to the beautiful woman who was obviously their master. The other two travelers helped the woman from the ram and stood behind her, side by side as she approached Marrison with a smile more fairer than the prettiest day.

The woman was attired in black boots, leather pants of many colors and an orange leather vest that matched her hair. Underneath it, she wore a long sleeved, silk, white garment. Her cloak was black and made of many feathers as was the others cloaks. At her hip was a sword with a beautiful handle of gold and diamonds. It was half the size of the men's sword.

"I am starving," the woman said in troll tongue "It is pleasant to meet a nice creature of your kind. We are in need of rest and have our own supply of water. We're also low on food but we have riches to purchase what's needed."

"Ye are welcome," Marrison replied. "Inside you will find all you need. I'll tend to your horses with feed but we have no water to spare for animals."

"They do not need for water as of yet and the ram needs no water to live at lives off love."

## EMPRISE ODYSSEY: THE RAVEN CONFLICT

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Mariusus laughed saying "Strange People indeed," then he took the reins of their horses and led them to the stables out back. One of the woman's companions ran to stop the troil and removed six water bags of leather from the horses side then made his way back to the others.

They all entered the Hobleton Inn with two of the men going in first followed by the woman then the other two. Silence enveloped the room suddenly and all eyes turned to them for none of the occupants had ever seen men of blue skin or a woman so beautiful. Four of them took a seat at a empty table in the corner of the room while the fifth person retrieved a chair from an empty table near by and brought it to the table where his company sat.

Keshaba made her way to the table with a smile, "Sorry about all the strange looks but it isn't often we people of your kind. But since you're here, what would you like to eat? Soup or Mutton sandwiches?"

"Whichever is the easiest of you to make," Starlin replied "We would also like to buy five pounds of meat just as much bread, along with herbs to make tea."

Upon hearing Starlin mention tea, everyone in the room turned and looked in their direction. If they were asking about tea, then they had water. The thief in the dining room was wondering if he'll be able to steal it.

"I can get you food," Keshaba replied "But no herbs to make tea because we don't have water, so we figured no one would want tea herbs since water is scarce and more valuable than gold in some parts."

"I understand," Starlin said "In that case, I will take whatever you think is needed for the road ahead."

"It all depends on where you are headed," Keshaba said. It seemed as if everyone had lowered to a whisper to eavesdrop on their conversation.

"We are headed to nowhere but in search for he that holds the battle axe of the sun god Mere."

There was a sudden scrape of chairs as a couple of patrons rose and left the dining room at the mention of the axe. The sun god Mere was a fierce angry god quick to violence and known to destroy all in his path whom angered him. Legend was that he had been destroyed by the king of Sealand who had once been a god. He had been destroyed by his own axe which was thought to be lost to the world.

Keshaba watched Starlin's company speak to her in a tongue unknown to her and th-

Though she couldn't make out the words it was easily discernible that they were upset at her for mentioning their quest.

"I haven't heard of such an axe but I'm sure it exists," Kesteba said "I'll be back with your food and will have Marris to load your supplies for you before you leave. If you plan to find rest here, I'll show you to your room when you're finished with your meal."

Starlin said: "Thank you for your troubles." She then reached into her pocket and withdrew a large diamond handing it to Kesteba. "This is for those as well as your service."

Kesteba took the diamond and after affirming it was genuine, she did a little dance.

The transaction didn't go unnoticed. The thief ~~was~~ sitting in the dining room area assumed that if they had such riches to toss around, they must have plenty more. For that jewel alone was worth more than the Hobbleton Inn could make in a month. He had to do something. But fortune lies in patient he told himself.

Kesteba, with the diamond held firmly in her hands, hurried to the kitchen where Mr. Hobbleton was cooking to tell of the stranger's generosity.

Standing at the edge of Dangerwood Forest with eight trolls which were at his command, was the dark mage Dark Cloud. He was at the employ of Mot and being a powerful mage and trusted by Mot, all of Mot's underlings were at his command. A few of those underlings, ones that crawled on their bellies, had informed him of a strange group of people looking for the Axe of Mera and he had trailed them to the Hobbleton Inn. The eight trolls he had as companions had informed him that the strangers could wield a sword for they had killed countless trolls on their way to the inn and that the smell of water was on them. Dark Cloud had explained to them that if a group of trolls attacked them, they couldn't dare win for they hadn't the strength of the Ant People but the trolls still had worried, until the dark mage performed a spell on them that made them stronger and increased their size.

He had yet to tell Mot about the strangers, feeling he could handle them himself. If the group succeeded in finding the Axe, he knew not of what they or it could do for the legends on it were incomplete. He knew though, from the aura the group emitted, that they were of good heart and he had a feeling they intended to use the Axe to battle Dragon, which was his home. If this attack on the strangers failed, he intended to use one of the four dragons that he owed, due to favor found in him by Mot. He hoped it didn't come to that for he knew if it did, Mot would most certainly destroy the group himself and he'd miss out on control of another dragon that he was sure to be given for this deed.

Dark Cloud suddenly rose into the sky and ~~in~~<sup>in</sup> his black robe, his hands which looked like burnt tree branches and two glowing red dots which were the only thing that could be seen in the darkness of his hood, he cut a frightening picture to the trolls.

"The company has reached the inn." Dark Cloud said, his voice seeming to come from everywhere except himself. "You will be rewarded for this deed my friends, once the inn settles we will come."

One troll spoke saying "The kind of Kesheba sleeps not, there is always someone awake."

Dark Cloud laughed saying mockingly "The kind of Kesheba sleeps not, there is always someone awake." Then with a unseen hand gesture he transformed into a large bird and flew to the inn in time to see the company being led to their rooms by Hobbleton as Kesheba cleared the group's table. In another corner of the dining room area, he could hear the thief conspiring with a group of three hard looking men.



Snail Mail ↓

Vernard Davis - 1097819  
2101 FM 369 North  
Towa Park, TX 76367

E Mail ↘  
www.jpapay.com  
Vernard Davis - 1097819

## ∞ - LIFE IN A NUTSHELL ∞

My story in a nutshell is such: Adopted, physically abused (beat like a red hair stepchild and I'm black) had no one, joined a gang, placed back in foster care where I witnessed little girls (as young as six) getting sexually molested and other unimaginable horrors, developed anger problems from physical abuse, this led to a felony (assault on a public servant) to the court system I was nothing more than a ward of the state and as most wards are, I was manhandled by the laPels and thrown head first into a adult prison system, (I was only 17) I spent my first years building my reputation, at the time I entered prison, Texas prisons were completely different world and I had to be tougher than men twice my age due to my age. A blessing (to me) was that due to being beat most of my life, I wasn't afraid to be beat up or "clicked" (a slang term for mobbed) on other youngsters, who weren't "fortunate" enough to be raised as I, had the unfortunate of being swallowed by the system (sexually assaulted, made to ride [which means paying for protection], or "turned out" (made into a homosexual) and other things I can describe in detail but that I will spare you of. (unless you want to hear about them) Though I did feel sympathy for some who felt victim, prison, at the time was not a place to be a good samaritan less you become a victim too.

The prison system now (in Texas) is completely different and if you give any credence to what you see on television or in Hollywood movies about prisons, you're greatly misinformed. Though I could go into detail and give you the inside scoop about what really occurs in prison, that is not what I'm going to write about here (if you want to read about such, leave comments saying so or hit me up snail mail or E-mail divising your requests.)

Anyhow, becoming so immersed in my gladiator role, like a method actor who cannot shake a character or well... Robin Williams, I landed myself in Ad-seg where I was forced to be "locked up" 23 hours a day. And it was there that, spending a few years in ultimate solitude, <sup>wondering</sup> why my life was the way it was, I realized that it was up to the individual who has had difficulty understanding the

## ① Life in a Nutshell ①

Causes of His Problems in the Past and now - to do an honest Self-evaluation of himself and his life. This begins by first accepting yourself as worthy of any and all effort you can put forward to overcome the compulsive criminal mentality and any other form of reactionary, compulsive behavior. In the words of an ancient Japanese philosopher: "The test of a real soldier is to conquer himself."

In Ad-sec I grew into myself while maturing and discovered a talent I never knew I had; writing (I've written over eight novels, most are Hip-hop/Street Fiction for that is what my audience here likes, I've also written the short story Fantasy novels which you read a few chapters of and a thriller (visitation) I'm ~~currently~~ currently working on a Radio Drama.) I've also mastered my musical talent (rapping) gotten better at acting (I did two years of acting school in society) and I've mastered my body, (I have 5% body fat, a unbelievable six-pack and my body is ripped up.) and I've learned more about business and running a business than a MBA. In a sense, I'm like a lot of people here and it took prison for a lot of us to realize our talents. I've personally heard white guys in prison rap who make Eminem sound like Vanilla Ice. I've read novels written by prisoners who write better than James Patterson. I've seen prisoners who rival Picasso drawings. Prisoners who are philosophers in thoughts. And it took prison, for a lot, to become aware of such gifts. Me, I plan to actually utilize everything I've learned and done. My grandiose plans are to get out and become a celebrity. My nickname in prison is Highland-Hills but a lot of people call me Hollywood. Some, I've asked why and they tell me that I act and carry myself like someone in Hollywood.

Recalling passages from the 5th law; a book by Robert Greene and So Cents I look at the similarities between myself and other people of great and I realize that hardship must come before the rise. My hardship has been in effect all my life and now (in 6 months) is time for my rise.

I will be released in exactly 6 months I have not delusioned myself to believe that my rise will be effortless. <sup>Quite</sup> the contrary actually, for I am getting out with no family support, friends, etc and I've been in here since the age of 15. D.V.A's weren't even on Seal when I was in society. But to paraphrase So Cent, a person whose business mind I admire "I will get rich or die trying."

IF You want to know more about my life in intimate detail let me know by E-mail, snail mail or Postage. Davis Vernard out.