

THE LAST TOAST

THE STORMBLADES' LEGACY

BOOK ONE

CHUCK ANDERSON

MEAD HALL MEDIA

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A cold drizzle fell from the leaden sky as if the heavens wept for Sir Darius Stormblade. Five figures stood silently around a freshly dug grave at the edge of the small town, their eyes fixed on the gleaming sword thrust into the sodden earth—a marker for a fallen hero.

Eldric the Bold, his weathered face etched with lines of sorrow, stepped forward. The warrior's hand trembled slightly as he placed a hand on the hilt of Darius's sword. "Here lies a true knight," he began, his voice low and rough. "A man who—" His words caught in his throat, and for a moment, the only sound was the patter of rain on leaves.

The rogue, Sable Wilwhisper, shifted uneasily. Her usually sharp tongue was still, her wit dulled by the weight of loss. She gazed at the sword, remembering how it had flashed in the sunlight during their adventures. Now, it stood cold and lifeless, much like its wielder.

Thrain Stoneheart, the dwarf, muttered prayers under his breath, his thick fingers tracing holy symbols in the air. His eyes

were red-rimmed, haunted by the memory of his failed attempts to save Darius's life.

Cordelia the Wise stood perfectly still, her face a mask of calm. But those who knew her well could see the storm behind her eyes. She had lost more than a comrade; she had lost a kindred spirit, a connection she feared she might never find again.

At the edge of the group, Korrin, the Ranger, shifted his weight from foot to foot. His discomfort in human gatherings was palpable, yet he stood firm, honoring his fallen friend. A wolf, Greywind, Korrin's faithful companion, sat at his feet, its mournful howl cutting through the somber silence.

As Eldric found his voice again and continued the eulogy, each group member remained lost in their memories of Sir Darius Stormblade—the noble knight who had bound them together and whose loss now threatened to tear them apart.

The rain continued to fall, washing away their tears but not their grief, as they prepared to say their final farewells to a man who had been more than just a comrade—he had been the heart of their mismatched family of adventurers.

Thrain stepped forward, a torch in his hand. "It is time," he said, his voice thick with emotion. "Let us send our brother to the halls of his ancestors."

With a nod from Eldric, Thrain lowered the torch to the carefully constructed pyre that lay before them. Despite the dampness, the flames caught quickly, magical fire overcoming nature's resistance. The wood crackled and popped as the fire grew, sending sparks spiraling into the gloomy sky.

As the flames licked higher, each group member stepped forward to place a personal token on the pyre. Sable, her usual smirk replaced by a trembling lip, tossed in a loaded die—a reminder of the nights they'd spent gambling and laughing. Cordelia gently laid a worn book of poetry atop the growing

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flames, her fingers lingering as if reluctant to let go of its memories. Korrin placed a carved wooden figurine of a bear, a gift he had meant to give Darius but never found the right moment.

The fire's heat pushed back the rain's chill, and it seemed to warm more than just their bodies for a moment. As they watched the pyre burn, the flames reflected in their eyes, each lost in their thoughts of battles fought, victories celebrated, and shared quiet moments.

Eldric's voice rose above the crackling of the fire. "Sir Darius Stormblade," he intoned, his words carrying the weight of a formal farewell. "Knight of the Realm, Slayer of the Drake of Blackmoor, Shield of the Innocent, and our dear friend. May your spirit find peace and your memory live on in our deeds."

As the pyre burned bright against the gray sky, the five companions stood vigil, their silhouettes etched against the flames—a tableau of grief, remembrance, and unspoken resolve. They remained there, united in their loss, as the fire slowly consumed the earthly remains of their fallen comrade, sending his spirit on its final journey.

The rain's steady rhythm merged with the crackling of the pyre, creating a somber symphony. Eldric's calloused hand found Thrain's shoulder, squeezing gently. Sable, usually quick with a quip, stood silent, her fingers intertwined with Cordelia's. Korrin's wolf nuzzled against his leg, whining softly as if sensing the ranger's unspoken grief. As the flames consumed the last physical remnants of their friend, each companion felt a shift – a tightening of the bonds between them, as if Darius's spirit was weaving them closer together. In that moment, unspoken vows were made: to honor his memory, continue his quests, and be the family he had made them. The fire might fade, but the warmth of their shared purpose would endure.



The Broken Blade

THE HEAVY WOODEN door of The Broken Blade creaked open, admitting a gust of cold air and five sodden figures. The tavern's usual buzz of conversation died as the regulars recognized the group of adventurers, their faces etched with grief.

Eldric nodded to the barkeep, who wordlessly began pouring five tankards of ale. The companions made their way to their usual table in the corner, their boots leaving wet tracks on the worn floorboards.

As they settled into their seats, the silence hung heavy between them, broken only by the distant rumble of thunder and the crackling of the hearth fire. Thrain raised his tankard. "To Sir Darius," he said gruffly. The others followed suit, murmuring the name of their fallen friend before taking long draughts of ale.

Each lost in their thoughts. The silence stretched until Sable cleared her throat. "You know," she began, her voice slightly hoarse, "I ever tell you lot about the time Darius and I infiltrated that fancy noble's ball in Silvercrest?"

Cordelia looked up, a spark of interest in her eyes. "I don't believe you have," she said softly.

Sable leaned forward, a mischievous glint breaking through her sorrow. "Well, we were dressed to the nines in stolen finery. Me, I can blend in anywhere, but Darius? Our noble knight was as subtle as a bull in a china shop."

The others leaned in as she spoke, drawn into the story despite themselves.

"So there's Darius, trying to act all posh and proper when he

accidentally knocks over a whole table of hors d'oeuvres with that big sword of his. And you know what he does?" Sable paused for effect, a watery smile tugging at her lips. "He looks around, all panicked-like, then drops to his knees and starts shoveling tiny sandwiches into his pockets!"

A snort escaped Korrin, quickly muffled behind his hand. Eldric's shoulders began to shake with suppressed laughter.

Sable, encouraged, continued, "And then, cool as you please, he stands up, brushes off his knees, and says to the horrified hostess, 'Madame, I do believe your floor could use a good scrubbing. Quite disgraceful, really.'"

She affected a pompous tone for Darius's voice, exaggerating his mannerisms in a way that was somehow both mocking and fond.

The dam broke. Thrain let out a booming laugh, slapping his knee. Cordelia's musical giggle joined in, and soon, all five of them were howling with laughter, tears streaming down their faces – tears of joy now mingling with those of grief.

As the laughter subsided, Eldric wiped his eyes, still chuckling. "By the gods, that sounds just like him. Remember the time he tried to tame that wild pegasus?"

And just like that, the floodgates opened. Stories began to flow freely—tales of Darius's bravery, occasional clumsiness, and unfailing kindness. With each story, the heavy shroud of grief seemed to lift a little, replaced by the warmth of cherished memories.

As the laughter from Sable's story subsided, Eldric leaned forward, a glint in his eye. "That reminds me of the time Darius saved my hide in the Battle of Thornwood Pass." He took a swig of ale and continued, "There we were, surrounded by a horde of goblins. I was fighting off three at once when I heard this almighty yell behind me."

The others leaned in, captivated.

"I turn around, and there's Darius, charging towards me like a madman, his armor clanking so loud you'd think a whole cavalry was coming. He trips over his feet, stumbles forward, and knocks down all four goblins like skittles!" Eldric chuckled, shaking his head. "Saved my life by complete accident. When I asked him later if that was his plan all along, he just winked and said, 'A knight never reveals his strategies.'"

The group laughed once more, raising their steins in a toast to Darius's unorthodox heroism.

Sable wiped tears of joy from her eyes. "Oh, that's nothing compared to when he helped me steal the Crystal Peacock from Lord Vane." She leaned in conspiratorially. "Picture this: Darius, our noble knight, dressed up as a foppish nobleman, complete with a purple velvet coat and a monocle."

"No!" Cordelia gasped, giggling.

"Oh yes," Sable grinned. "His idea of acting posh was to mispronounce every French word he knew and loudly proclaim his love for 'peasant sports' like jousting. He had the entire ballroom in stitches, and nobody noticed little old me slipping away with the goods. When the gem went missing, they all thought Darius was too much of a bumbling fool to have anything to do with it!"

As the laughter died down, Thrain cleared his throat. "Aye, he could play the fool when he needed to, but he had depths to him, too." The dwarf's eyes grew misty. "I remember one night, on watch together. He confided in me about the pressure of living up to his family name. Said he sometimes felt like a fraud, like he'd never be the knight his father wanted him to be."

The mood sobered slightly, but Thrain chuckled, "Then he looks at me, dead serious, and says, 'Thrain, my friend, do you

think I'd make a good sheep farmer?' Caught me so off guard I nearly fell off the log we were sitting on!"

Cordelia's musical laugh joined the others. "That sounds like Darius. He always knew how to balance the serious with the absurd." Her smile turned wistful. "We used to stay up late, discussing philosophy and the nature of magic. He'd come up with the most outlandish theories." She shook her head fondly. "Once, he tried to convince me that magic was just very enthusiastic physics. Spent an entire evening trying to cast spells by yelling encouragement at rocks."

The group chuckled, but Cordelia's eyes showed a sadness that suggested there was more she wasn't saying.

Korrin, who had been quiet until now, suddenly spoke up. "The first time I met Darius, he saved me from a dire bear." All eyes turned to the usually silent ranger. "Was tracking it through the Whispering Woods when it got the drop on me. Thought I was done for, then out of nowhere comes this shiny knight, yelling at the top of his lungs."

Korrin's lips twitched in a rare smile. "Bear was so surprised it just sat down and stared. Darius marches up to it, bold as brass, and starts lecturing it on proper forest etiquette. If it was going to live in the king's woods, it ought to behave like a proper subject."

The tavern rang with laughter once more. Korrin reached into his pocket and placed a small, intricately carved wooden bear on the table. "Made this for him. Never got the chance to give it to him."

Silence fell over the group as they all looked at the little bear. Then Eldric raised his tankard. "To Darius," he said, his voice rough with emotion but his eyes twinkling. "The only man I know could lecture a dire bear into submission."

"To Darius!" the others chorused, clinking their tankards together.

As the candles burned low and the night deepened, the companions were reluctant to leave, clinging to the warmth of shared memories and laughter that had momentarily banished their grief. Eldric had just risen to settle their tab when the tavern door swung open with a mournful creak. A gust of chill wind swept in, carrying the scent of rain and mystery. Conversations hushed as a hooded figure, hunched and draped in shadows, shuffled into the room. The newcomer's presence dimmed the firelight, and an inexplicable tension filled the air. The companions exchanged wary glances, their hands instinctively moving towards their weapons as the stranger approached their table with slow, deliberate steps.

The old man, his face hidden beneath a tattered hood, shuffled towards their table. The jovial atmosphere immediately tensed, hands instinctively moving towards weapons.

"Who goes there?" Eldric demanded, his voice carrying the authority of a seasoned warrior.

The old man raised gnarled hands in a placating gesture. "Peace, friends of Sir Darius. I come bearing a message from the fallen knight."

Sable snorted, her earlier mirth replaced by suspicion. "Right, and I'm the Queen of the Fairy Realm. How convenient that you show up just as we're about to leave."

The old man reached into his cloak, prompting Korrin to half-rise from his seat. But instead of a weapon, he withdrew a sealed letter. "Sir Darius entrusted this to me before your final battle. He asked that I deliver it should... should the worst come to pass."

Thrain snatched the letter, breaking the seal with more force than necessary. His eyes scanned the contents, his scowl deepening. "It's his handwriting, alright," he grudgingly admitted.

Always the voice of reason, Cordelia suggested, "Perhaps we should hear what it says?"

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Thrain cleared his throat and began to read:

"My dearest friends and companions,

If you're reading this, I've done something heroic and stupid - hopefully in that order. Before you start planning how to resurrect me just to kill me again for leaving you, I have a few requests:

First, Eldric, my friend, I need you to grow a sense of humor. I've left a joke book in my pack. Please, for the love of all that's holy, read it. Your one-liners in battle are painful and not to the enemy.

And Sable, I know you're scheming to swipe my prized dagger. It's yours. I've hexed it to blare loud, grating music whenever you're trying to be sneaky. You're welcome.

Next to Thrain, my pungent dwarven friend, I've left you my collection of scented soaps. Use them. Please. For the sake of the group.

Also, Cordelia, you beautiful genius, I've loved you since you turned that ogre into a houseplant. I'm sorry I never dared to tell you. I leave you my collection of terrible poetry. Burn it.

Finally, Korrin, you are a wonderful wild man. I leave you my best comb. You won't use it, but maybe you can train a squirrel to nest in your beard.

Lastly, I ask that you continue our adventures. Live fully, laugh often, and occasionally do something so monumentally stupid that my spirit will laugh from beyond.

Remember me with joy, not sorrow. And if you must weep, make sure it's from laughter.

Your eternal friend and occasional pain in the ass,

Darius

As Thrain finished reading, the group fell into a stunned silence. Then, simultaneously, they all burst into laughter, tinged with tears.

Eldric, wiping his eyes, turned to the old man. "Thank you for

bringing this to us. We needed--" He stopped short. The old man was gone, the tavern door swinging gently in the night breeze.

Sable raised an eyebrow. "Well, that's not ominous at all."

Korrin grunted, a rare smile on his face. "Darius always did love a dramatic exit. Seems fitting he'd arrange one last one."

Cordelia raised her tankard. "To Darius, the noble idiot who brought us together and kept us laughing even from beyond."

A warm breeze wafted through the tavern as they clinked their drinks together, carrying the faint sound of familiar laughter. The companions shared a look, smiling through their tears.

Thrain broke the moment by loudly sniffing his armpit. "I don't smell that bad, do I?"

The tavern erupted in laughter once more as somewhere beyond, the spirit of Sir Darius Stormblade smiled upon his friends.

The laughter in The Broken Blade had settled into a comfortable silence. Each companion was lost in their thoughts, Darius's letter still clutched in Thrain's hand. Cordelia finally broke the silence, her voice soft but determined.

"You know," she began, thoughtfully tracing the rim of her tankard, "there was always one quest Darius talked about—a dream he never got to pursue."

The others looked up, interest piqued. Eldric leaned forward, "The Lost Citadel of Azoria?"

Cordelia nodded, a small smile playing on her lips. "The very same."

Sable groaned dramatically, but there was a glimmer of excitement in her eyes. "Oh, fantastic. A mythical city that no one's ever found. Probably guarded by ancient magic, terrible beasts, and knowing our luck, at least one furious dragon."

"Don't forget the cursed treasure," Korrin added solemnly. After a beat, he grinned. "Darius would have loved it."

Thrain slammed his tankard on the table, ale sloshing over the brim. "Well then, what are we waiting for? Let's find this blasted citadel and probably get ourselves killed in the process. It's what Darius would have wanted!"

Eldric stood, trying to strike a heroic pose but stumbling slightly due to the ale. He caught himself on the edge of the table and cleared his throat. "My friends," he began in his most grandiose voice, "we stand at the precipice of a new adventure. We shall embark on this perilous quest in honor of our fallen comrade, Sir Darius Stormblade. We shall face untold dangers, battle fearsome creatures, and probably make complete fools of ourselves."

"Hear, hear!" the others cheered, raising their drinks.

Sable stood as well, a mischievous glint in her eye. "I propose our first step should be to visit the Royal Library. We'll need to research the location of Azoria."

Thrain groaned. "Research? In dusty old books? Can't we just start walking and hope we stumble upon it?"

Cordelia patted his shoulder consolingly. "Don't worry, Thrain. I'm sure you will have plenty of opportunities to hit things with your hammer along the way."

As they began to excitedly discuss plans for their new quest, a warm breeze wafted through the tavern once more. The companions paused, sharing a knowing look. Somehow, they could almost hear Darius's voice in the wind, laughing and urging them onward.

Korrin raised his tankard one last time. "To new adventures, old friends, and the memory of a knight who was too stubborn to know when to quit."

"To Darius!" they chorused.

As the morning sun crept over the rooftops, the companions stepped into the chill of the dawn air, their footsteps carrying

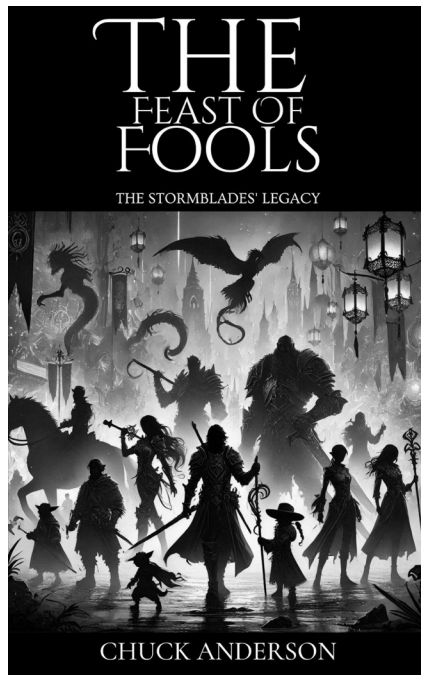
them away from the warmth of the tavern. Thrain's hammer, now a familiar weight on his shoulder, seemed to steady him as they walked. The world was fresh and full of promise; its early light was a reminder that even in the darkest times, a new horizon was always waiting to be reached. The companions fell into a familiar rhythm, their bickering and laughter mingling with the morning sounds of the town as they made their way into the unknown.

And so, the tale of Sir Darius Stormblade ended, but the legend of his companions was just beginning. Somewhere beyond, perhaps in a celestial tavern filled with boisterous laughter and the clash of spectral steel, a noble knight smiled upon his friends, raised a ghostly tankard, and settled in to watch the chaos unfold. He wouldn't have had it any other way.

The adventure, as always, continued. What is life, even for a band of unlikely heroes, but a series of adventures strung together by moments of joy, sorrow, and the enduring strength of true companionship? And they had a feeling this next chapter would be particularly... interesting.

THE FEAST OF FOOLS

SAMPLE



The sun was setting as Sir Darius Stormblade and his band of misfit heroes crested the hill overlooking Whimsydale. The town sprawled before them, a riot of colors and whimsical architecture that seemed to defy the laws of physics. Darius, a tall, athletic figure with wavy golden hair and piercing blue eyes, stood at the forefront. His gleaming silver armor caught the last rays of sunlight, the sapphire in his sword's pommel glinting like a star.

"Well," Eldric grumbled, his weathered face creasing into a frown as he eyed a house that appeared to be built entirely of oversized playing cards, "this is certainly... something." The seasoned warrior's salt-and-pepper hair and beard did little to soften his intimidating presence, his hand instinctively resting on the hilt of his massive two-handed sword.

Darius laughed, clapping his friend on the back. "Come now, Eldric! Where's your sense of adventure?"

As they went down the winding path into town, the streets came alive with the bustle of pre-festival preparations. Vendors called out, hawking everything from color-changing candies to hats that supposedly read minds.

A group of children's faces, painted in swirls of glittering paint, ran past, nearly bowling over Thrain. The stout dwarf huffed, his intricately braided auburn beard swinging as he steadied himself. His kind brown eyes betrayed his amusement despite his gruff exterior. Ever the gentleman, Darius scooped up a little girl who had stumbled.

"And where might you be off to in such a hurry, young lady?" he asked, his blue eyes twinkling.

"The Topsy-Turvy Tree!" she giggled, pointing to an enormous oak in the town square whose leaves shifted through every color of the rainbow. "It's going to start singing soon!"

Darius set her down with a flourish. "Well, we can't miss that, can we? Run along now!"

As the children scampered off, Sable sidled up to Darius. The lithe rogue's raven-black braid swung behind her as she moved, her sharp green eyes taking in every detail of their surroundings. "I don't suppose our fearless leader has a plan beyond 'gawk at the local oddities'?"

"Of course," Darius replied with a grin. "Step one: find the nearest tavern. Step two: gather information. Step three..." he paused dramatically, "...improvise!"

Cordelia rolled her eyes but couldn't hide her smile. The tall, willowy mage's silver-blond hair shimmered with an almost ethereal quality in the fading light, her violet eyes sparkling with barely contained curiosity at the magical marvels around them. "Your plans are always so very detailed, Sir Darius," she quipped, her fingers absently tracing the arcane symbols on her staff.

As they made their way deeper into town, Whimsydale's odd charm began to work its magic even on the group's most reluctant members.

Korrin, the rugged ranger with shaggy brown hair and piercing amber eyes, found himself torn between vigilance and wonder. His calloused hand rested on Greywind's broad back, feeling the wolf's muscles tense and relax with each new scent. The large, silver-grey wolf padded forward, nose twitching curiously at a bush sprouting lollipops instead of leaves.

"Easy, boy," Korrin murmured, his gruff voice softened by amusement. "I don't think those are for you."

Greywind's tail wagged tentatively, caught between wariness and delight. Korrin understood the feeling. As a ranger, he was used to reading the signs of the forest, but here in Whimsydale, nothing was as it seemed. He scanned the crowded street, noting how the festival's chaos could hide more sinister threats.

"What do you think, Greywind?" he asked, kneeling beside his companion. "Is this place as innocent as it looks?"

The wolf turned, meeting Korrin's gaze with intelligent eyes. For a moment, the ranger and wolf shared a silent communication born of years in the wilderness together. Then Greywind's tongue lolled out in a wolfish grin, and he pounced playfully at a floating bubble shaped like a miniature dragon.

Korrin couldn't help but chuckle. "Alright, alright. I suppose we can enjoy ourselves a little. But stay alert, okay?"

As they moved deeper into the festival, Korrin felt his ranger's instincts adapting to this new, whimsical environment. Every giggle could be a warning, every burst of color a sign. In Whimsydale, it seemed, even the most experienced tracker had something new to learn.

Just then, a portly man in a kaleidoscopic robe and a hat that appeared to be arguing with itself bustled up to them. The hat, a precariously balanced stack of mismatched fabrics and feathers, wobbled as if about to topple off his head. "Welcome, welcome!" he boomed, his voice surprisingly resonant for such a round figure. "You must be the heroes we've been expecting!"

Darius bowed with a flourish, his charm on full display. "Sir Darius Stormblade and companions, at your service. And you are...?"

"Mayor Bumblequack, at yours!" the man replied, his hat squawking in agreement. "You're just in time for the Feast of Fools! It's going to be quite the spectacle this year, oh yes indeed!"

As the mayor led them towards the town hall, babbling excitedly about the upcoming festivities, none of the companions noticed the old woman shrouded in the gloom of a nearby alleyway. Her wrinkled face, barely visible beneath a thick woolen shawl, was creased in an evil grin, and her eyes, like chips of polished obsidian, gleamed with an unnatural light.

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It seemed that the adventure was about to begin. Sir Darius and his companions—the stoic Eldric, the wry Sable, the learned Cordelia, the earthy Korrin with his faithful Greywind, and the devout Thrain—stood poised on the brink of a whimsical yet perilous journey, unaware of the challenges that awaited them in the magical streets of Whimsydale.

The tantalizing aroma of candied apples and spiced pastries filled the air as the companions wandered the bustling festival grounds. Garlands of glowing flowers strung between whimsically crooked buildings cast the cobblestone streets in a kaleidoscopic glow. Music drifted from every corner, a cacophony of joyous tunes played on familiar and strange instruments. Eldric, ever the pragmatist, kept a watchful eye on the boisterous crowds while Thrain muttered a prayer under his breath, seemingly seeking divine guidance amidst such boisterous merriment.

Sable, however, was in her element. Her laughter rang out as she dodged a pair of giggling children with impish smiles painted on their faces, her hand instinctively hovering near the daggers concealed beneath her cloak. Even Korrin, typically stoic and reserved, cracked a rare smile as Greywind playfully nudged his hand, urging him to throw a stick he'd found amidst the festivities. Only Cordelia seemed untouched by the prevailing merriment. Her brow furrowed in thought as she studied the intricate patterns of light weaving through the crowds, a faint trace of concern in her violet eyes.

Then, Darius, ever drawn to the unexpected, noticed a narrow alleyway between a shop selling hats that changed color with the wearer's mood and a stall offering cups of steaming, effervescent liquid that promised to reveal one's heart's desire. Shrouded in shadow stood a solitary tent at the end of the alley, its faded burgundy fabric swaying gently despite the absence of any breeze.

A hand-painted sign, its gilded letters glimmering faintly in the flickering lamplight, proclaimed "Madame Roza's Visions of Fate."

"Well, what have we here?" Darius mused, his eyes twinkling with mischief. He gestured towards the tent, the sapphire in his sword pommel catching the light. "A fortune teller tucked away like a shy violet at a goblin's tea party. What say you, my friends? Shall we tempt fate and have our fortunes read for a lark..."

Find the rest of the story here:

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THE CAST OF UNLIKELY HEROES

Sir Darius Stormblade: A knight who had a smile that outshone dragon hoards and hair spun from sunbeams. His laughter made flowers bloom in midwinter.

Eldric the Eternal Grump: A warrior whose frown could curdle milk at fifty paces. His mood-changing hair mostly cycles through shades of grumpy.

Thrain the Bearded Wonder: A dwarf with a beard so luxurious, birds mistake it for prime real estate. It doubles as emergency climbing rope.

Sable the Shadow Dancer: A rogue so stealthy, she can sneak past her own reflection. Her laughter sounds like silver bells on a moonless night.

Cordelia the Whisperer of Wonders: A mage whose spells are

THE CAST OF UNLIKELY HEROES

more colorful than a rainbow's wardrobe. Magical creatures do impromptu dance numbers in her wake.

Korrin the Wilderness Whisperer: A ranger who can track a breeze through a butterfly's garden. Trees occasionally bend to give him high-fives.

Greywind: A wolf with a howl that sounds suspiciously like a punchline. His tail wags in iambic pentameter.

ALSO IN THE STORMBLADES' LEGACY

The Last Toast

The Feast Of Fools

The Detour Of Destiny



Goats, Squirrels, and Wizards, Oh My!



More Adventures On The Way

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

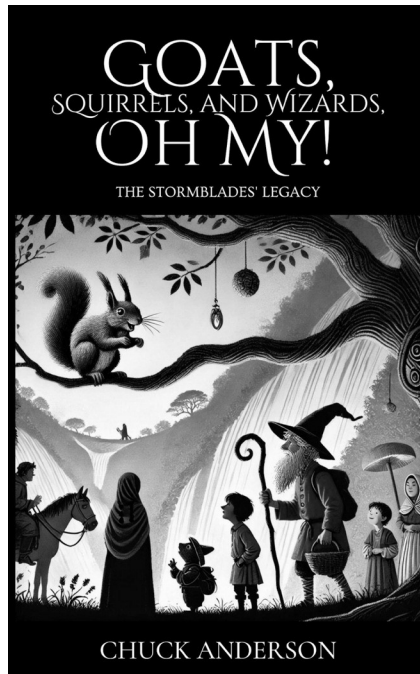
Chuck Anderson is a Colorado-based, writer, artist, and pickup truck-driving who finds inspiration for his tales while camping in the majestic Rocky Mountains.





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