

# Keeper Of Reign

EMMA RIGHT



**TELEMACHUS PRESS**

*If you purchased this book without a cover you should be aware that this book is stolen property. It was reported as “unsold and destroyed” to the publisher and neither the author nor the publisher has received any payment for this “stripped book.”*

This book is a work of fiction. Names, characters, places and incidents are either the product of the author’s imagination or are used fictitiously. Any resemblance to actual persons, living or dead, or to actual events or locales is entirely coincidental.

**KEEPER OF REIGN**

**Copyright © 2013 by Emma Right.** All rights reserved, including the right to reproduce this book, or portions thereof, in any form. No part of this text may be reproduced, transmitted, downloaded, decompiled, reverse engineered, or stored in or introduced into any information storage and retrieval system, in any form or by any means, whether electronic or mechanical without the express written permission of the author. The scanning, uploading, and distribution of this book via the Internet or via any other means without the permission of the publisher is illegal and punishable by law. Please purchase only authorized electronic editions and do not participate in or encourage electronic piracy of copyrighted materials.

The publisher does not have any control over and does not assume any responsibility for author or third-party websites or their content.

Scripture marked “NKJV” are taken from the New King James Version. Copyright © 1982 by Thomas Nelson Inc. All rights reserved. Used by permission.

Book cover design by Lisa Hainline at [www.lionsgatebookdesign.com](http://www.lionsgatebookdesign.com)

Interior Image Copyright © iStock/#4854958/awardik

Published by Telemachus Press, LLC  
<http://www.telemachuspress.com>

Visit emma at [www.emmaright.com](http://www.emmaright.com)

ISBN 978-1-939337-69-6 (paperback)

Library of Congress: 2013936697

Version 2013.10.21

Printed in the United States of America

10 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1

# Table of Contents

Acknowledgements	i
Praises	iii
Character List	v
Map	vi
Prologue: Beginning	1
1. One Night	5
2. Two Weeks Later	8
3. The Sound of Trouble	13
4. Hunters	19
5. Hurry	24
6. Hide!	29
7. Destroyer	32
8. Secret Cellar	35
9. Ancient Book	40
10. Keeper	43
11. Strange Clues	46
12. Dragonfly Lanterns	50
13. Whisperer	52
14. Gehzurolle's Agents	54
15. Laceworks's Home	56
16. Beware	58
17. Unknown	61
18. Lost	63
19. No Hiding	67
20. Tunnel Syndrome	68
21. Trapped	71
22. Deceived	75

23. Brooke Beginning	78
24. Hidden Bridge	81
25. Incantations	83
26. The Going Gets Tough	85
27. Separated	91
28. Logs	93
29. Tenneson	97
30. Camouflage	99
31. Books of Remembrances	103
32. Not Alone	106
33. Viper	109
34. Abel Seacrest, Esquire	111
35. To Trust or Not to Trust	114
36. Parting Whistle	118
37. Web Bridge	121
38. No Accident	123
39. Wrong Decisions	127
40. Locusts	130
41. Harness	134
42. Boxed	136
43. Beta	140
44. Land of the Dead	143
45. Holden's Secret	147
46. Heritage	151
47. Friend or Foe	154
48. Legend	159
49. Arnett	161
50. Note	166

51. Pit Falls	169
52. Taken	173
53. Down Trodden	176
54. By Hooks or by Crook	178
55. Blood Ridge	181
56. Slippery Slide	185
57. Off Course	188
58. Attack!	191
59. Vanish	195
60. Traitor	199
61. Counted As Dead	202
62. Roaches Up Close	205
63. Unfaithful Servants	209
64. Gift	213
65. Fatal Fall	218
66. Give Up	221
67. King Star	226
68. Under Water	230
69. Surprise Visit	233
70. What Happened	235
71. Scorpion Visit	239
72. Tricked	243
73. Fire	244
74. Star Gazer	248
75. Chaos	251
76. No Escape	255
77. Deep, Deep	257
78. Mosche, Finally	259

79. Forgotten Promises	263
80. Shattered Hope	267
81. Inheritance	271
82. Glass Twine	275
83. Diamond-Tipped Claws	278
84. Confession	281
85. The Switch	284
86. Flamethrower's Book	287
87. Where was Miranda?	289
88. Screaming	291
89. Shield	295
90. Sinister Meeting	298
91. The Real Traitor	300
92. Secret Library	302
93. "—OOK Within"	306
94. Found Again	309
95. Buzzing	313
96. Blown Away	316
97. Crushed	319
98. Lightning Speed	322
99. Truth	325

# ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

Words of Gratitude.

I am grateful for the sixty-six true Ancient Books that have guided my very step and shown me the light. Too many quotes to be thankful for. One that I hold onto and believe wholeheartedly, from Philippians 4, “I can do all things through Christ who strengthens me.”\* And these words are so true. Believe it and see your miracle.

“I am with you always, *even* to the end of the age.” Matthew 28:20 \*NKJV



## PRAISES!

Read more on Amazon  
KINDLE BEST SELLER  
AWARD WINNER

Keeper of Reign is a **Finalist in the 2013 Readers' Choice Award!**  
**INDIE BOOK OF THE DAY AWARD WINNER.**

“Exciting new author, Emma Right, ignites an electrifying new series with spine-tingling action and thrilling suspense!”

**Lisa Vanderbilt - LVCMinistries.com, co-author of “Living Victoriously in Christ”**

\*\*\*

Keeper of Reign is a book in the rich traditions of fantasy novels of Lord of the Rings. The novel has cliffhangers at the end of each chapter which makes it impossible to stop reading. Young adult readers who are fans of Lord of the Rings should make this book an addition to their reading lists. I would recommend Emma Right’s “Keeper of Reign Book 1” to people who like adventure and fans of C.S. Lewis’ novels will also enjoy this book.

**Pacific Book Reviews**

\*\*\*

For fantasy book lovers. The book, though it seemed long (340 pages), was actually a very quick read. This was the first in the “Reign Fantasy” series. I enjoyed this book and look forward to reading the next one.

**Reviewed by Ben Weldon (age 16)**

\*\*\*

“I loved all the characters. The story has many twists and turns, but is not hard to follow. The plot is great. An easy read for all ages. The story teller did a great job.”

**D Taylor**

\*\*\*

The story is well-written with characters who are complicated and often conflicted about their choices in considering the consequences of their actions. From page one, the story leaps into action never resting until the end with definite foresight of a possible sequel. Keeper of Reign is a wonderful story for all ages as they join Jules on his quest to save his people.

**Midwest Book Review**



## CHARACTER LIST

Jules Blaze, age sixteen, and heir of a Keeper, who suspects his family hides a forgotten secret. And hates the idea that he has to care for his four (yes, so many,) younger siblings. So uncool.

The other Blaze siblings:

Ralston, thirteen years old and a budding artist who can invent just about anything. If he can overcome his slowness!

Bitha, ten-year-old sister, with flowing jet black hair, and a caring personality, and definitely not keen on adventures.

Tst Tst, pronounced Sit Sit, and also known as Miss Big Words due to her profuse vocabulary which she uses freely unless her life is in danger, which is about almost all the time in Reign these days. She is eight.

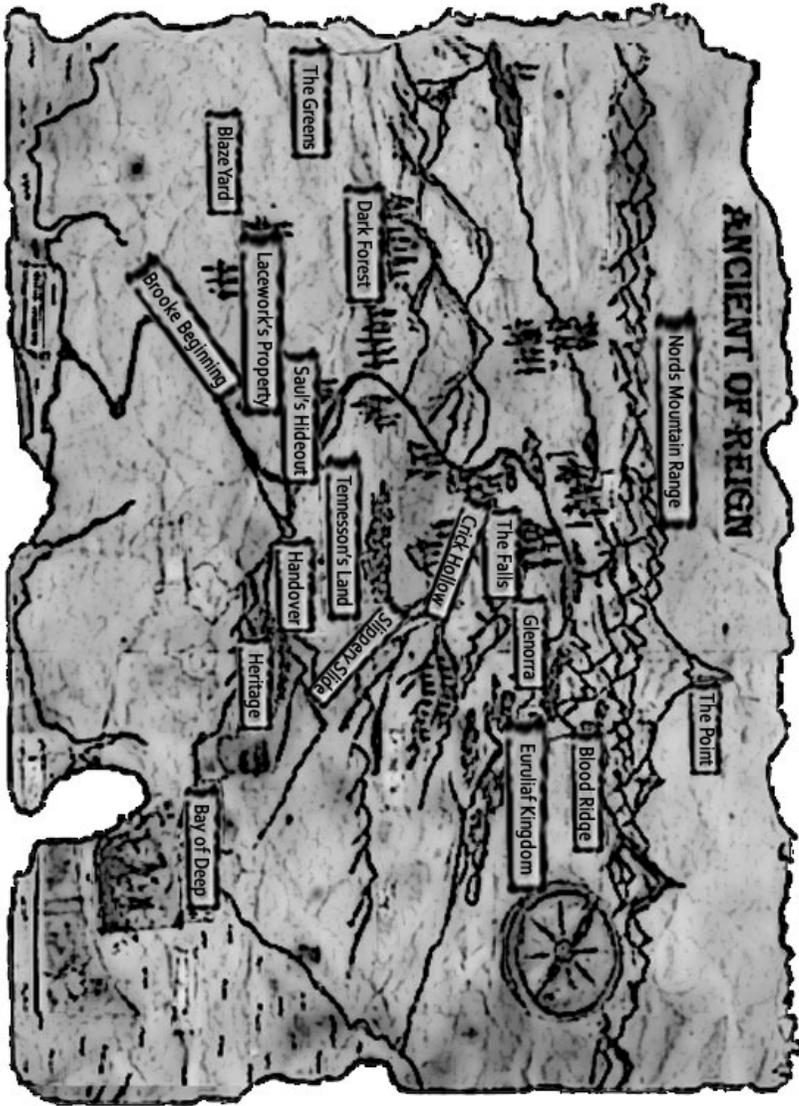
Tippy, three years old, lips and nothing much escapes her sharp eyes. Much to Jules's annoyance.

Neighbors:

Miranda, daughter of Saul Turpentine, and closest neighbor of the Blazes. Also a subject of much interest for both Holden and Jules.

Holden Lacework, age sixteen, and his mother, Jessie Lacework, are also close neighbors of the Blazes.

The Evil Lord, Gehzurolle (pronounced as Geh-zoo-rawl) and his army of Scorpenets. Their headquarters is in Euruliaf across the River, Brooke Beginning, in the Handover side of the territory.



*The old map Jules found.*

Keeper  
Of  
Reign





## Prologue: Beginning

“SIRE, YOU’RE RUNNING out of blood.” Eleazer’s voice quivered as he addressed the only other occupant in the royal chamber. He tried to veer his eyes from the King’s bruised arm but could not pull his gaze away.

The young King grunted a response, his attention focused on the red words whispering out of his plumed pen.

Glancing at his cupbearer, he said, “I am aware, Eleazer.” His velvet lapels caught the golden gleam flickering from the lanterns hung on the columns, giving it a rich burgundy sheen.

“Perhaps the wine will help?” Eleazer poured scarlet juice into a goblet and held the fluted stem out, his eyes drawn to his Highness’ pale wrist. His Master’s pallid face sent a shiver up his spine, and a knot of worry formed above Eleazer’s brows. Palm clammy, he set the goblet next to his Master’s arm.

The room was dim despite the golden sparkle of the dragonfly lanterns hooked to the four columns of alabaster that flanked the two draped windows. Books, their golden spines atop each other, were stacked on the mahogany table. Copper wires forming two “X”s upon each spine bound the leaves of the magnificent Books.

“The new star,” the King said, “will be birthed tomorrow, so I must finish writing the Sacred Tomes.” He paused and shot Eleazer a smile. “Why don’t you bind this remaining stack? You can include this end page I am finishing later.” He waited for Eleazer to reply, but the servant only stared at the floor. “My instructions are in the Master Books, but you must inform the others to keep the matter to yourselves.”

“I know—Gehzurole must not find out.”

“More importantly, do not let him deceive you.”

“I promise.”

“You are a most faithful servant—friend, Eleazer. Thank you.”

“It has been my honor, Your Highness. *I* should thank you.” Eleazer wanted to say more but his throat strangled the words. He swallowed hard a few times and bowed, as a sigh slipped from his lips.

“Do you comprehend my wishes?” The King’s eyes rested on Eleazer’s face.

“Completely.” Eleazer dared not add anything further lest his voice break entirely. His hands busied with the binding of the closing chapters, whilst his Master penned the final paragraphs.

All those books, yet not a single ink pot on that writing desk or on any other furniture in that library. Too soon Eleazer would have to bid his Master adieu. What if he failed the King?

“Master, I wish you didn’t have to d—”

“Don’t start this again, Eleazer—no other way exists. You must trust me. If *all of you* heed the words, you *will* end up better off.”

Without looking up, the King said, “Once you’ve completed the binding you must leave me alone. I am almost finished.”

Afraid he might forget the Majesty’s visage, Eleazer’s eyes flitted to the King’s face and drank in the dark brows, the high cheekbones, the soft lips. He opened his mouth to say something, but only shook his head, bowed a fraction, and exited through the double doors.

Alone in the chamber, the King pierced his bruised vein a last time and completed the closing paragraph.





## 1. ONE NIGHT

THE LAST THING Jules Blaze thought of before he closed his eyes was how he, how anyone, could undo the curse his people were under. He was in the middle of a dream, a nightmare as far as he was concerned, begging Grandpa Leroy and Grandma Bonnie not to leave, when someone banged on their front door, shaking their entire tree house.

Who'd be crazy enough to disturb them at this hour? He sat up on his bed and cocked his head. His mother's soft tread tap-tapped on the wood floor.

"Who's there?" her muffled voice asked, harsh and whispery from sleep.

The banging stopped.

"Erin, open up." Saul's voice, gruff and loud, jolted the last fog of sleepiness from Jules. He peered over at his brother sleeping noiselessly in

the bunk below him, and quietly slipped down the ladder. On tiptoe he sneaked to the trapdoor opening that led down to the living room where Saul stood dripping from the rain.

“Is everything okay?” Erin said.

“Would I visit now if it were?” Saul said. Then in a gentler voice he added, “I’m sorry. Please, let’s take a seat, Erin.” He nodded at Jules who’d slipped down the pull-down ladder to join them. “Jules.”

Jules thought about his father at the war front and swallowed a lump in his throat. Was this why Dad hadn’t sent any word to them for the last months? Because he couldn’t?

Saul held Erin by the arm. He led her to the dining room chairs behind the sofa covered with knitted shawls and afghan throws.

Jules trudged to the window and peered at the branches outside. The arm of the oak tree grew so thick they could easily live in it, although getting up there could be a problem, especially since he was afraid of heights. These days they didn’t even live in stone houses, or even wooden ones, unless living under a tree counted as a wooden home. Elfies lived in trees, or burrowed under rocks, in the forest of Reign.

“Take a seat, Jules.” Saul locked eyes on him for an instant. “I just received word from the riverfront patrol—Leroy and Bonnie’s boat capsized in the storm. They’re searching for the bodies, but it doesn’t look good.”

Erin let out a gasp and brought a fist to her mouth. “No!”

“Boat? How can they be sure it was them?” Jules leaned forward in his chair.

“Some of their belongings floated to shore, and I identified the wreck—the pieces drifted to the bank.”

Erin looked at him blankly.

Saul said, again, “The boat...was a wreck.”

“Boat?” Erin said.

“I’d loaned it to them.”

“Why?”

Saul looked at the ceiling. “They’d wanted to get across to Handover.”

“Handover? That’s preposterous. After telling us never to cross the river and saying how dangerous Handover is?” Erin’s voice sounded angry amidst her sobs.

Saul pushed his chair back and stood. He reached into the cloak of his pocket, brought out a few items and laid them on the dining table. “Some things to remember your folks by.” And with that he turned and stalked back out into the dripping night.

Jules stared at his grandpa’s pocket watch, the green felt hat the old man always wore, especially on damp days, and his grandma’s silk scarf she donned when the wind ruffled her snowy white hair. Erin sobbed more violently, and Jules stood behind his mother’s back, leaned over and hugged her trembling shoulders.