

HERE IS A PREVIEW OF

A HANDFUL OF EVIL

by

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A new, original story of greed, betrayal, savage conflict, eerie sorcery, and an unbelievable journey through a world beyond dreams.

An uneasy alliance is made by two strangers . . .

"You are Zenobia?" the man asked, his voice deep and full. He was speaking Areatian with a native's accent, yet the hue of his complexion, as well as the prodigious brawn and stature of his build, marked him as being born of a foreign racial stock.

Zenobia's snow white hair fluttered as though by a slight breeze, and currents of air plucked at the hem and sleeves of her form-fitting gown; she smiled, some aspect in the curve of her thin lips lending a distasteful hint to the pale beauty of her countenance. At last the fulfillment of her designs was closer at hand.

"I am," Zenobia replied with a slight bow and nod of her head. The man looked to be even younger than she had expected; not only a savage but an inexperienced youth as well—auspicious signs. "And you are the Thaldishman named Elhanan Kathe," she asserted.

"Aye. Your wind spirit said you would have words with me, that you wish to speak of an important matter, though it would not say to whom the matter is of importance." The man rested his fists on his hips.

"It is a matter of importance to me," Zenobia answered. "But I may have the means to make it rewarding to you as well."