

THE · K · A · N · D · I · D · E ·
LADY'S REVENGE



19 COLOR
PICTURES

DIANA S. ZIMMERMAN

THE CALABIYAU CHRONICLES · BOOK TWO

· K · A · N · D · I · D · E ·

THE LADY'S REVENGE

BY

DIANA S. ZIMMERMAN



BOOK TWO OF THE CALABIYAU CHRONICLES

NOESIS PUBLISHING
LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

WWW.NOESISPUBLISHING.COM WWW.KANDIDE.COM

WHAT THE CRITICS SAY

ABOUT KANDIDE

“Kandide is that rare work of art that gives us permission to suspend belief, and yet is as real as our own life. A triumph of storytelling. Read it and be charmed!” – Vin Smith, Air America Radio

“Kandide is pure magic!” – Criss Angel

Book Two of the Kandide Trilogy is full of magic and mystery, with a bit of romance. Zimmerman creates a world that is mesmerizing. It's a real page-turner. – Los Angeles Newspaper Group

“Book Two of Diana Zimmerman’s trilogy, *Kandide and the Lady’s Revenge*, is nothing short of wonderful. It’s even more magical than Book One, if that’s possible.” – Bruce Merrin, VEGAS USA

“Book Two is AMAZING!! I was so excited to read the first Kandide book. Thank you so much for letting me read a preview of the second book. I was reading at school and during some parts I was so surprised or sad that I almost shouted out in class. Thank you for giving me the best reading experience of my LIFE!” – Cerena, Student

“I LOVED Book 2 of Kandide! I thought it was awesome. Maybe even more awesome than Book 1!!! And that’s saying something.” I couldn’t stop reading it and can’t wait for Book 3.” – Emma, Student.

KEEP THE FUN GOING...

Games

Music

Stories

Cool Stuff

Contests

Teachers' Guides

Downloadable Artwork

Talk To Diana

And so much more

WWW.KANDIDE.COM



MAP OF CALABIYAU

THE KINGDOMS OF CALABIYAU

Within the elemental dimension lies a world that exists in parallel with our own. It's called Calabiyau. In the language of the ancients, "Cala" means land and "Biyau" is the surname of the original conquering monarch. Time passes differently, magic is as normal as the sunrise, and waterfalls often flow uphill. Four distinctly different kingdoms maintain control.

CALABIYAU PROPER - THE KINGDOM OF THE FÉE

The largest of the kingdoms, Calabiyau Proper has been ruled since the beginning of ancient time by Kandide's relatives, the Biyau family. Today, it is governed by the reigning monarch, along with the High Council consisting of representatives from each of the twelve primary Fée Clans.

CALABIYAU WEST - THE KINGDOM OF THE BANSHEES

When precious gems were discovered in the Year of the Fée 88 BT, (Beginning of Time) the Banshee Clans split off from the other Fée. Since that time, hundreds of different monarchs have ruled this separatist kingdom. In the Year of the Fée 26,449 BT, King Nastae assumed the throne.

CALABIYAU EAST - THE VEIL OF THE MISTS

Founded in the Year of the Fée 26,851 BT, the Veil is presided over by Selena and Jake as an independent democratically governed territory. It's walled château and seven villages are home to most Imperfects—those who aren't physically perfect—as well as all remaining griffins. The Veil is surrounded by the dead-land known as the Mists.

CALABIYAU NORTH - THE BARDIC COUNCIL

Founded in 20,247 BT and presided over by High Priestess Viviana, this secretive land is home to wizards and bards. It lies in the north-eastern part of Calabiyau.

*The gale that fells the trees oft starts as a
simple breeze.*

*Be warned. Beware.
Enter this Kingdom, only if you dare.*



This morning was exactly like the one before, and the one before that—only worse.

Screams of terror reverberated in Kandide's head—villages being burned, her subjects desperately trying to flee their brutal attackers. Most did not.

Some days being Queen just isn't what it's cracked up to be. Kandide slid out from beneath her blue satin comforter. *Why am I still having these dreams?* she thought, rotating her shoulders and wings to help relieve the stress. The images refused to leave. *I've tripled the number of guards along our border. There hasn't been a Banshee raid in over a month.*

With a snap of her fingers the arch-shaped windows in her sleeping chamber swung open. Kandide's purple-blue eyes blinked back the morning sunlight. She breathed in the spicy scent of jasmine flowers that surrounded each pane of glass like frilly white lace curtains. Maybe the fresh air would help clear the gruesome images from her mind.

Kandide looked down at the dozens of Fée who flitted about in the courtyard three stories below. Her subjects were busily going about their morning chores—bustling here and there, carrying loaves of freshly baked bread and baskets brimming over with summer fruits of every kind.

Beyond the castle's protective stone wall, she scanned the sprawling village of Calabiyau Proper with its rainbow of colored thatched roofs. The town center teemed with activity, just as it did every morning—shopkeepers hanging out “Open” signs or sweeping the walkways in front of their stores. A chorus line of brooms danced magically, whisking from side to side at the command of their owners.

Everything seemed normal enough, and yet...

Well, dreams or not, she told herself, finally able to push the images away, *there's no sense just standing here. The High Council needs to know that I'm still having these horrible visions.* Kandide closed the windows to keep the summer heat from coming in. Walking over to one of the five mirrors that adorned her bedchamber, she brushed a wisp of silvery-gold hair away from her face. *At least I don't look as tired as I feel. But then I never do,* she reminded herself, admiring how pretty she looked—even after having very little sleep.

She glanced at the gilded clock on her dresser. *Half past seven—why didn't Mylea wake me?* Pulling once on the blue velvet rope that hung next to her bed, she called to her favorite lady-in-waiting, “Mylea, where are you?”

A sudden icy chill replied.

What in the spirits' name is going on? It's the middle of summer, she thought, wrapping a fluffy blue robe around her body to help alleviate the cold. With a flick of her wrist, a piece of wood floated into her glass-tiled fireplace. Another snap of her fingers set the log ablaze. *That's better.*

As she stood warming her hands over the fire, a loud knock on her chamber door eclipsed its crackling sounds. “Come in,” she called, hoping it was Mylea.

The door remained shut.

“I said come in!” Walking over to it, she reached out to turn the brass handle. It wouldn't budge.



KANDIDE

“You needn’t bother,” a deep voice rang out from behind her. “I’ve spelled the lock.”

Kandide whirled around. Endless images of a stranger bounced from mirror to mirror. Her eyes darted from one reflection to another until she spotted the intruder standing off to one side. “Who are you?” Her pulse quickened as he stepped out of the shadows.

“Who I am is not important.” The stranger’s voice carried an undertone of formality, as though a member of the court—whose court Kandide could not imagine. She’d certainly never seen him in her own kingdom of Calabiyau.

“It’s most urgent that I speak with you.” His eyes penetrated hers.

Kandide’s shock slid to anger “Urgent or not, how dare you break into my chamber? With a gesture, the heavy glass paperweight on her desk flew off the table, hurtling directly toward his head.

In a blur of speed, the stranger’s hand reached up and caught the glass ball just inches from his face. “Careful now.” He sounded amused. “You could break something.”

He shouldn’t be able to do that. A chill surged through her body. No one is that fast—not even a Banshee.

Obviously, he had powers beyond the norm—just how much beyond she wasn’t sure she wanted to find out. Even the way the red-haired stranger dressed was curious. He wore a burgundy cloak that was fastened at his throat by a clasp made of five star-shaped rubies.

“Then be quick about what you have to say.” Kandide wasn’t sure how else to respond.

“That is my intent,” he replied with a peculiar smile. “I’ve come to deliver this letter to you.” He held out a scroll. Its yellow wax seal bore the name Cyndara—Cyndara, the Banshee crown princess.

Kandide’s eyes squinted in disbelief. “Princess Cyndara? Is this some sort of a threat?” *We’ve never had any communication with Cyndara—only her father, King Nastae. And everyone knows that he is*

responsible for the raids, she thought. Her mind flashed back to her dreams. *Could this letter be related to them?*

She reached for the blue velvet chord near her writing desk. "One pull and an entire army of guards will break down my door to get in here—regardless of your spell."

"Your guards may well break down your door," the stranger replied. "But I assure you, they will not be able to enter. The spell I have cast is far too strong. Even sound will not penetrate its veil. Once we have spoken, I shall release it—on that you have my word. And if I may be so bold, Your Majesty, you really should shield your chamber from intruders. One never knows who might drop in." He held out the scroll for her to take.

Kandide made no move to accept it, instead eyeing the stranger with even more suspicion. "The entire Castle is shielded. Someone must have let you in." *And when I find out who...*

Again he looked amused. "You weren't betrayed, Queen Kandide. I assure you I arrived entirely of my own accord. The shielding around your Castle is not nearly as impenetrable as you might think. Anyone with superior Talent could counter it. I know of only one shield so invincible that it cannot be breached—the Veil that protects the château in the heart of the dead-land called the Mists. My understanding is that the Veil's enormous power is derived from the Gift of the Frost—your Gift."

"It's a well-known fact."

"Ah, yes, but as with all 'facts,' what is well-known is rarely what is."

Kandide's heart nearly stopped. Could that be why Cyndara sent a nobleman to deliver a message? *Is he really here to learn the Veil's hidden secret?* She would need to find out. "It seems that your reason for coming here is more than just to deliver a letter."

"My interest in the Veil is purely a matter of personal curiosity.

Let's just say that spells—and their owners—are a particular fascination of mine. Especially when the spell is the Gift of the Frost that holds the key to the survival of all Fée, including Banshees, and is now linked to such a controversial place. It was, after all, your father who created the Veil, and you who made the once-secret château public when you convinced your High Council to welcome back Imperfects to your land. Even Banshees are aware of your bold, perhaps foolish act.”

Kandide fought back a sudden flare of anger. *Bold and foolish act? How dare he say that to me, Queen of this kingdom to which he is an intruder?* “There’s nothing foolish about granting Imperfects the right to live in Calabiyau as equals. What does it matter if they have injuries or are not physically perfect? They should never have been exiled to the Mists in the first place. It’s intolerance that is foolish. And,” she added in a slightly more controlled voice, “I believe that once they begin to return, all Fée will learn to accept them.”

“Perhaps.” He sounded less than convinced. “But from what I’ve heard, many Imperfects have no interest in returning to your land. They prefer living with their own kind in the Veil.”

“Where they live is now their choice—as it should be. Just like it is yours or mine. Maybe one day, even Banshees will progress to that belief.” Kandide was no longer interested in discussing the Veil with him. He won’t learn its secret from her, but she still wanted to know more about him. “You say you were sent by Cyndara, and yet you’re not full-blooded Banshee—at least you don’t appear to be.”

“Her Highness’ message has very little to do with my pedigree.”

“Perhaps not, but your credibility does.”

“Once you read Cyndara’s request, you’ll understand.” The stranger offered her the scroll once again.

This time she reached out to take it. As she did, Kandide caught a glimpse of herself in one of the mirrors. Though hardly dressed to



LORD MYWERK

receive visitors, and her long silver-gold hair had not yet been released from its night curls, she still looked every bit a Queen. Her high cheekbones and confident carriage personified nobility. The bent tip of her right wing was the only imperfection in her otherwise perfect appearance. “You still haven’t told me your name or why this letter is so urgent.”

“My name is not important. And if I may be so bold, there’s no need to worry about how you look. You are quite beautiful, even though you are not dressed to receive visitors and your wing is still bent. Might I inquire as to why you don’t allow your sister, Princess Tara, to finish healing it? She certainly is powerful enough.”

How could he know my thoughts like that? Kandide felt even more unnerved, but managed to keep her voice even. *Why did she feel compelled to answer him—except that she had no idea how to make him leave.* “You ask a lot of questions for someone who is not willing to reveal his own identity. Nevertheless, I shall answer you. Perhaps you’ll learn something that is truly important. The bent tip of my wing is my symbol—the symbol that all Fée are important, even those with physical imperfections.”

“There it is again, that interesting concept to embrace Imperfects as equals. One, I can assure you, Banshees disagree with.”

“And you, do you disagree with it?”

“I am but a messenger.”

“You are far more than a messenger.” Kandide’s patience was wearing thin. “So stop the false humility.”

“Very well then, I’m a messenger with certain powers. And I must tell you that the seal on Cyndara’s letter is also spelled. It can only be broken once I depart.”

“Then how do I know it’s safe to open?” Kandide looked down at the scroll’s yellow wax seal. “I could be a trick.”

His brown eyes penetrated deeper into hers. “I don’t deal in ‘tricks,’

Your Majesty.” Kandide caught a glimpse of indignation. “I only ask that you consider her Royal Highness’ message most carefully.” With a flourish of his hand, the door handle clicked as though a lock had been released. “I bid you a worthy day.” In another gesture, the stranger vanished in a shimmer of dark red sparks.

The room instantly warmed and the fire flickered out. Tempted to break the letter’s seal, Kandide, instead, decided to wait until she could speak with General Mintz. As the head of her army, he would know best what to do. It could, after all, be a trick.

She placed the scroll in a carry-satchel on her dressing table and picked up the portrait that sat on her desk. The face that looked back at her was a dark-haired Fée named Jake. “You should be here,” she said, looking at his portrait, “instead of always gallivanting off somewhere.” How Kandide missed him—though she’d never admit it, even to herself.

For a fleeting moment, her thoughts shifted back to the short time she had lived in the Veil. It was there she first met Jake. Kandide had been fascinated by all he had told her—how he lost both feet fighting alongside her father in the Clan Wars. How, after the accident, he survived, alone, in the fog-laden Mists.

A burning sensation crept through Kandide’s lungs as she remembered the sulfur-like smell of the oily pools that bubbled up everywhere in that deadland of gnarled trees and clawing vines. She’d only spent one night there and couldn’t imagine how Jake had managed for so very long—especially since he had no feet and could only crawl or fly.

But then, he is Jake, she thought, a smile crossing her lips. *He does the most remarkable things.* Such as the way he carved feet out of wood and then spelled them with magic so he could walk again.

One day, while hunting for wild mushrooms—the only edible thing in the Mists—Jake happened upon Kandide’s aunt, Selena. She

invited him to her sanctuary in the Veil, a secret oasis of sunshine, gardens, and fruit trees entirely surrounded by the dead forest.

They began searching for other Fée who had been banished from their clans for being Imperfects. Before long, there were far too many for Selená's small cottage, and so the château was built—a magnificent castle where Imperfects live without prejudice.

It was an amazing story. *Almost as amazing as my own*, Kandide thought. *Yes, the Veil's true secret must be protected. No Banshee will ever learn it from me.*

"Well, Jake," Kandide sat his portrait down a little too hard, "with or without you, I have a kingdom to run. And right now, I need to get dressed and take Cyndara's scroll to General Mintz."

Looking in the mirror, Kandide released her night curls. As her silver-gold hair fell onto her shoulders, she smiled at her reflection. "That half-breed stranger is right about one thing, I am beautiful, even with a bent wing.