



*The Adventures of
Luzi Cane*

Rider of the Crimson Dragon

When I wake up the day after finishing a book, wondering what the characters are up to today, I know the book is an extraordinary creation!

ERIQA QUEEN

Master story teller

I just finished reading the Kindle version of *The Adventures of Luzi Cane, Book 2*. The author is indeed a master story teller! While including delightful experiences and awareness of elves and dragons, she weaves in incredible wisdom, clarity, and light about our journey to remember who we are and why we're here.

I absolutely love the development of the characters in the story. Luzi and her daughter Julia (even before her birth) are so real and vibrant and full of wonderful wisdom and love!

I am an avid reader, and when I wake up the day after finishing a book, wondering what the characters are up to today, I know the book is an extraordinary creation!

If you ever find yourself wondering about the "big" questions about how to realize who you are and how to experience your life to the fullest, I heartedly recommend reading *The Adventures of Luzi Cane*!

- *Patricia M. Severance*

The Adventures of Luzi Cane
**Rider of the
Crimson Dragon**

by Eriqa Queen

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Another time, another place

I'm sitting in a horse-driven carriage rumbling through the cold night of early winter. It has not started to snow, but it is raining and a storm is coming up. I am wearing a heavy and thick, long dress in red-brown colours and long, dark-brown boots with laces. I'm in the rear seat and my two children are sitting in the other seat, facing me. The boy is ten and the girl eight. We are all scared, fighting desperately to hold on to something to prevent being thrown around in the small compartment.

The horses are snorting and the crack of the driver's whip is cutting through the rain that is drumming on the roof. I fear the carriage will soon fall apart.

We have reached the forest now. I can hear it because the softer ground has reduced the noise from the wheels and the hooves. Shortly after, the carriage stops and the driver's voice reaches us through the door.

"We'll just check the carriage, harness and the horses. Then we'll continue. Please stay inside."

I pull away the curtain, but I cannot see anything because of the rain on the glass, so I open the window a bit. The cold wind and the rain are blowing on my face. The horses are black and I can only see them because their wet bodies reflect the moonlight. I wish for more clouds to cover the Moon and more rain to cover our tracks. The men are talking behind the horses and now a faint light reaches me.

Shortly after, they walk around the carriage and then climb back up. A cry from the driver, a crack of his whip, and we are back on the run to safety. I close and secure the window and draw the curtain. The road is still bumpy, but now it is more roots than rocks that are in the way.

The sway of the carriage must finally have made me doze off, because I wake up now that it suddenly stops. The driver opens the door.

“You’ll stay here for the night, getting some food and a place to sleep. We’ll drive on to lead pursuers off the track.”

I see that the man is exhausted.

“You and your assistant have been up all day and half of the night, working hard. I demand that you get a good meal and a few hours of sleep, otherwise you won’t get far. Make sure that the horses are tended to.”

“Yes, ma’am, but please go inside.”

The children are woken and we step outside. Everything is wet and there is a strong smell of wet dirt and plants. The driver and his assistant carry the children up to a log house on two levels. The door is open and a man and two women are waiting for us.

The driver, François, gives orders to free the horses from the carriage and lead them to a shack to be dried with hay, fed and watered.

I turn to the driver. "Have you brought saddles in case you have to leave the carriage?"

"Yes, ma'am, we have two on top." He points up at the top of the carriage.

The man in the doorway introduces himself and the two ladies as Monsieur Rémy Paquit, his wife, Femma, and her sister, Celine. The women run back to the fireplace to get some food ready. Shortly after, we are presented with hot soup, bread, cheese and a little piece of smoked sheep's meat.

I look at the people around me. The children wear fine clothes, which do not match the primitive accommodation. The driver and his assistant are still wet, even though they wore oilskin covers during the trip. The man wears trousers and a white shirt, over which he has an apron. The two women wear common dresses and have scarves covering their hair. I see no kids.

The ground floor is mostly one large room, with a fireplace and cooking facilities at one end. There is a door near the fireplace, probably leading to some sleeping quarters, which benefit from the heat from the fireplace. The large room contains a long table in the middle and a few smaller ones near the walls, all with simple chairs. There are guest rooms on the first floor.

My children have finished the meal and cannot keep their eyes open, so they are carried upstairs and put to bed. There is a place ready for me as well. I kiss them goodnight and plan on sitting there while they fall asleep, but they doze off im-

mediately. After a quick pee in the pot by the bed, I decide to go to bed as well, too tired to go downstairs to thank our hosts.

I wake up with a cry, terrified and confused. I find my boyfriend, Ju-long, peacefully sleeping beside me. My digital alarm clock shows 3:33 in blue light.

“What a dream!”

Not quite awake yet, I walk to the bathroom, lucky that the floor is heated. The light hurts my eyes and I must close them and then slowly open them again while sitting on the toilet.

“It was so real, as if I had been there!”

I feel a presence of another being in my heart, and a greeting comes through. It is a friend.

“I AM the Ascended Master Saint Germain, of the Beloved Saint Germain.”

“Greetings, Saint Germain. This time we do not meet in the shower!”

“These days you’re usually not alone in the shower and I wouldn’t take your focus off Ju-long, even if it would be possible.”

“But you wouldn’t mind changing my focus while I’m peeing.”

“You’re not peeing, it’s just your body. You are consciousness, not your body, you know. Your focus IS on the dream, or what you think is a dream.”

"It surely feels real; the fear, all the senses, even the rain on my face! I can still feel it."

"What you experienced was that you relived a short glimpse from another life."

"And why would I do that?"

"First, you don't have to be so upset. You're totally safe. This memory is probably triggered by some immediate possibilities in your life."

"When did it happen?"

"It happened in the beginning of June 1793 in France, just after the French Revolution, during the Reign of Terror, where the revolution backfired. Your family was not against the revolution per se, but you strongly opposed the terror, violence and inhumane behaviour against the overthrown families and anyone else that may not have been in favour, which was the Reign of Terror."

"Please, tell me more about this!"

"Oh no, I think you must go to bed now. You can look all this up on your computer tomorrow."

A faint kiss lands on my forehead, a gentle touch in my heart and I am alone again. I feel tired, finish up and walk back to bed. Ju-long hasn't moved and I curl up under his sheet, feeling his warm body on my cold skin. He moves a little and puts an arm around me. I feel safe and drift off into sleep.

Now I am back in the log house in the forest, sitting at the large table and eating breakfast, consisting of porridge and a mug of warm beer. I can hear the children playing outside. They are laughing, which soothes me. The man of the house, Monsieur Paquit, comes through the front door and takes a seat at the opposite side of the table, looking me straight in the eyes.

“You and the kids have to be going when you’ve finished. We have prepared two horses that your driver left before they took off earlier. He has paid for the two saddles and the gear. My wife will prepare some food for you to take along, and one of my trusted men will escort you to your next stop. Then he will return by a different route.”

I nod, but am terrified. The man goes outside again and his wife’s sister, Celine, serves me a mug of tea. While drinking the tea with both hands around the mug, I think back on the events that took place just before we left our home.

It is early morning. A servant of the house comes to me in a great hurry, telling me that a messenger has arrived and that it is urgent for him to see me. He has a message from my husband. I run outside, where the horseman is still catching his breath while drinking water brought by one of the stable-boys who happened to be passing by with a bucket of water with a ladle for the workers in the stables.

“I have a verbal message from your husband,

ma'am. You and your children must leave immediately without wasting your time on packing. The uprising has gone out of control and you're no longer safe. I have some directions for your driver."

"What about my husband? Is he all right?"

"For the moment, yes, but he can't risk coming here to be with you at this moment. Get ready and get me the driver."

The driver is fetched by the stable-boy and, while I prepare the children, the driver gets his instructions. I come out with the children, who are quite confused about all this commotion, and I see that six horses are being pulled to the carriage. We usually use just four. All the people around me show grave or anxious faces. The messenger is talking with the driver, François, and René, whom he must have selected as his assistant. They are both armed with guns. It does not seem much use to me, since it probably would be sheer luck if they hit anything while sitting on the carriage at full speed on a bumpy road. Severin from the kitchen and some of the girls bring two baskets, one for us in the carriage and one for the men on the driver's seat. Bottlenecks are showing above the rims of the baskets. Probably wine and water. Boys from the stables show up with rain shawls for the drivers, and two girls come running with blankets, that are placed inside the carriage. I drive the kids inside and ask them to be quiet. The door slams behind us, and I haven't sat down before I fall onto the seat as the carriage jumps forward.

"The horses are ready and some provisions have been packed as well. There are some rain shawls, but they are quite large for the kids. I have planned for the girl to sit in front of you, and the boy will have the other horse. Please get your things, ma'am."

The weather is dry for the moment, but I see dark clouds in the direction from where the wind is coming. I explain to the children that we must move on right away, and the girl starts to cry. The boy is lifted to his horse by Monsieur Paquit and, when I am seated, he lifts the girl and places her in front of me. She eventually calms down and we follow Monsieur Paquit's servant, who rides a dark-brown horse. I have confidence in his riding skills. The boy rides in the middle.

A hand is gently stroking my face, and Ju-long's gentle voice reaches me over the centuries.

"Luzi, it's all right. You're shaking; it's just a dream."

I open my eyes. I am sweating, but feel the cold follow me out of the dream.

"Yes, I know it's a dream and, when I've written it down, I'll tell you about it. Could you please make us some peppermint tea while I'm writing this in my notebook? I feel it's just what I need."

"As you wish, ma'am!"

He smiles, happy that I seem to be all right. I follow his naked body, covered by only his tight underwear, before he walks into the kitchen.

He returns with a salver when I am about halfway through my typing, climbs into bed and sits patiently, waiting for me to finish the story. When I am finished, he places the salver on our legs and I start on my story.

“This night, I have this very real dream, and Saint German visited me and gave me the hint that it could be a memory from another life, probably triggered by some immediate possibilities in my life.”

After I have finished, Ju-long is silent for a bit and I can see that he does not quite know what to say.

“I really hope that you’ll not be chased by an angry mob on your way to work!”

“Don’t be silly. It could be something about the feelings I had during the dream, but Saint Germain said that I am completely safe.”

“Well, I’m glad to hear that. You seem to be OK again, right?”

“Yes, I’m fine. I’m just wondering: if it’s happening in France, why, then, do I speak English in the dream?”

Later, while I’m getting dressed, I realize that the house we are living in now is older than the events

happening in my dream, maybe as much as two hundred years, which is as much as eight generations.

Lucia Cane

I was born in Hong Kong in 1989, grew up there and went to an English school in my earlier years. My father is English and my mother is Chinese. My father was, and still is, a businessman, and my mother, who earlier attended my dad's business, is now spending her time with the things she loves: decorating, painting and gardening.

My sister, Anna, is six years younger than me. We moved to London when I was 18. Being half Caucasian, half Asian, I inherited a long, slender body from my father and the Asian looks, including my black hair, from my mother. With Anna, it is more the other way around, and she has brown hair. I still have my grandparents on my mother's side, living in Hong Kong.

I study history, prehistory, ancient cultures in general, ethnographical studies, literature and journalism. As a source of income, I work as a freelance writer. In addition to that, I work as a copywriter, and as editor of books for some universities, collecting data for colleges and helping them to edit the materials. I also do some book-writing, and it is more book-writing than book-selling, but there is nothing new in that.

As a tool in my work I use a smartphone but, while working, I turn off all private messages since they are a huge distraction and greatly reduce my productivity and efficiency. I do not want to be a slave of technology, it must work FOR me. You may

shake your head when I tell you that I use a paper notebook as well. I use the camera in my phone quite often, a lot of the time to pick up text from various sources. I may use the voice recorder on the phone as well. When I write large volumes of text, I need to use a real keyboard, since I use all ten fingers; otherwise, production would be too low.

Ju-long is my boyfriend and from a Chinese family. We went to school together in Hong Kong, but got separated when I moved to London. During some research for a book about Elves and Little People in an ethnographic perspective, I followed some Chinese clues and ended up at the library in Hong Kong where Ju-long was working at the time. We reconnected, and are now living in Brighton on the south coast of England. Ju-long is at Brighton University, with campuses in Eastbourne and Hastings, studying, teaching, and doing some work in the British Library in London, because of its huge collection of Chinese material. Ju-long has his mother and her parents in Hong Kong.

My connections are to the University of London and the University of Kent, Tonbridge Centre; the latter is situated midway between London and Brighton, and can be reached in a little more than an hour by train. For now, we live in a hired house of stone, dating from the 1600s.

I feel that I must give you a little more background if you haven't followed me from my first adventure. Last year I was once again watching the mov-

ie *The Lord of the Rings* with my friend, Cassandra. Shortly afterwards, I entered the Elven world in a dream, where I met the woman, Josela. She told me that they call themselves Sidhe, like they do in Ireland. The name is pronounced “she”. Josela showed me that I visit Elvendale in an altered state of consciousness and that it is as real as what I consider the real, physical world. She also told me about reincarnation, but I will not go into details about this subject here.

Later, I met the white Birman cat, Loong, in Shanghai, China. The name means “dragon”. It turns out that Loong is a dragon soul and connects to Elvendale. As he says, “I’m not a dragon, but consciousness just like yourself. I just choose to appear as a cat in the human world to get a better connection with the physical. The dragon that I normally choose to appear as in Elvendale is partly because I connect to China now, which has a long tradition of dragon worship, partly because I work with the same virtues as the knights and because I’m simply fascinated by this creation. It’s not, of course, to be worshipped, but because the consciousness has that focus.”

Josela told me that the Sidhe eventually must have experiences on the physical Earth, so they will really benefit from a softening of the human life. The life of the Sidhe is not as physical as ours, so incarnating in the human world, into a human life, will be quite harsh.

Now I often connect with Elvendale to meet Josela, Loong and other friends. What I really like about

Elvendale is that, here, it's much lighter and more joyful than the human world. Here I learned about my true purpose in this lifetime, which gave me a much clearer understanding of my life up till now and the path that I choose in my human life. As I get more experienced in being aware that I am consciousness embodied in human form with a mind, it is easier to do my real work. The true way to change the world is to connect to human consciousness, as all human beings are. By being aware of what I sense will benefit humanity, I can inject this into human consciousness. When some people are ready to take up that task, they can tap into this knowledge. Often this knowledge is based on my discussions with the Sidhe and others of high consciousness. You may compare it with being a member of, for example, Greenpeace, without needing the direct confrontation, which always produces a reactive force. I work without force.

Part of humanity will always live to experience 'the darkness', like power in any form, abuse in both ways, self-destruction, hunger and so on. Another part is truly looking for a lighter way to experience life and, although there are lots of distractions along the way, they may eventually tap into the knowledge to a better way. One could say that your 'energy' will always guide you in the 'right' direction. Heavy energy will guide you to the 'dark' experiences, while a lighter energy gives you other opportunities. There is no judgement to any of this - it is just the way things work. We must all live both extremes to get the full experience of life.

Meeting the Merlin

At the university, I have just started a new project with two students. It is about gathering historical facts and distinguishing them from other, less legitimate, sources. Those who write history are usually the winning parties, and such history is always coloured by their interpretations, how they justify their actions and put themselves in a most glorious light and, at the same time, point fingers at their opponents.

Christopher, or Chris for short, and Steven, or Steve for short, are some joyful guys, but serious when it comes to their studies. Otherwise, I would not have taken on being their mentor and co-writer. By choosing to be part of the project, I can refer to it as partly my work, and the guys will benefit from my experience in writing and going into great depth in my search for data as well as my many sources.

The benefit of me being five or six years older than them is that I can act with more authority, and thus use less energy on pushing them forward all the time. They have quickly learned what I expect from them and they see an honour in doing their best to keep me in a good mood. It may sound as if I keep cracking the whip over their heads, but we level out of mutual respect when we are together.

The working title of our project is, for now, *The Truth Behind the Written History and How to Obtain*

It. A little too long and too broad, but it guides us for now. We have not yet decided what era or subject we will cover. First, we must find out where the most data lies, and then we can narrow our focus or perspective.

It is said that history is written by the victorious, but finding data from the conquered may prove likewise to be unreliable for the same reasons; the objective would be to put the victorious in a bad light.

It has proven quite difficult to retrieve data with a high degree of reliability, and definitely not in an amount that in any way gives enough content to our project. In his despair, Chris claims that it would be easier to build a time machine and travel back in time to record the actual events.

After some reluctance on my part, I tell Chris and Steve about my dreams, what apparently should have happened during the French Revolution.

Steve's reaction comes promptly.

"It can't, in any way, be used as proof of ANYTHING, and it's really just a dream, even it felt quite real."

He is right, of course. Nothing that comes from what appears to be a dream will be taken seriously. Still, I urge them to write down anything they encounter in dreams, so-called daydreams, or events that they find unusual.

If I am to get anywhere with these guys, I must get them into the idea of mass consciousness, and how everyone is connected to this common field of memories. I know that we won't be able to prove the truth of the material we present from this method, but we may be able to get the authenticity and, thereby, select the right leads to follow in historical data.

It is the evening on the day prior to my birthday. I lie on the sofa, not far from the lit fireplace, waiting for Ju-long to get home. I smile to myself; he must be out shopping for 'the exact right thing' for my birthday present. I feel my love for him in my heart. I don't care about the present; I just want him to get home so I can snuggle up in his arms, sensing him in every way, enjoying his smell, feeling his touch and kisses. My heart is wide open as my love for him pours out.

After a while, as I start to doze off, a gentle greeting reaches me and I feel the presence of the assented master, Count Saint Germain.

"Greetings, dear. You are particularly happy this day."

"When connecting to Ju-long, I always am. The strange thing is that I'm not waiting for him, in the usual meaning of the word 'wait'. I enjoy these moments where we connect heart to heart, as they are at least as real as holding him."

“Indeed. In the physical meeting, you mostly use your basic human senses because they are more predominant.”

“I know I’m always posing you a lot of questions when we meet, but I really have a challenge getting my project with Steve and Chris on the road. I have got this idea that we could go back in time to pick up what really happened in history.”

“You can’t go back to the absolute truth, since every potential, which means the ones not ‘lived out’, is as real as the ones that were actually played out. You COULD find the one that most probably took place in your 3D reality.”

“How can potentials be as real as the ones lived out, and where do these potentials come from?”

“All these potentials burst into existence when THE ONE CONSCIOUSNESS or, as I call it, The Eternal One, abbreviated to Theo, desired to experience itself. All the potentials that it saw possible came to be, as consciousness, which you call the soul, bursts out in the image of Theo as well as energy to be the material to create from, solid or not solid. You may see the potentials as blueprints for different clay pots, the clay being energy and the soul being the potter. Since space-time does not really exist, all pots are already made, and now the potter is experiencing how the pots were made. The space-time is a tool for experiencing the potentials.”

“What about my own experiences? They must be more real than the potentials.”

“As all pots are made, none of them is less real. All your lives do not happen one after the other, so there is no past or future in that and, at the same time, all the potentials are happening at the same ‘time’ as well. It is only from a human standpoint that it is perceived to be linear and that is as it should be. Even the ‘now’ is an illusion, because the ‘now’ will always be the past. So, every event is happening now and the space-time is passing through the events to add the illusion of past and future. You’ll never find the absolute truth or, more correctly, every event is true.”

“Then it would make no sense to continue?!”

“I would not say that. You could put together a series of events that you sense are happening in a series in 3D, influenced by space-time and consciousness.”

“But then it will be just a good story and not historical fact!”

“It will be a true story!”

“If I take my calendar and trace back every event recorded, then it is a true line of events.”

“Yes, but it’s only ONE line of events from all possible lines of events, and only experienced from one narrow perspective, from one camera angle if you wish. I suggest you use your method of connecting events as much as you can, to make your intellect or mind at peace. At the same time, I want you to remember how frustrated you are right now, when you have to convince your fellow-stu-

dents to follow your thoughts about past lives and past events.”

“You’re so right. To Steve and Chris, it’s difficult, or even impossible, to grasp this view.”

“The best way to keep your sanity is to see one line of events, where each event is realized into this particular line out of the many different potentials.”

“I imagine that mass consciousness is part of this reality, so we could dive into it to retrieve data.”

“Mass consciousness of this Earth is created by this reality, BUT it is built of ANY human thoughts, feelings, perceptions and belief. You’ll even meet Santa Claus here, so you must recognize him as real too, which he is, since he was created by man and to some extent based on a real person.”

“I can see that mass consciousness is a hot, swirling soup one could dive really deep into and get completely lost.”

The sound of the latch of the outbuilding door reaches me, and I open my eyes. Ju-long is hiding his present for me there, so I must remember not to go into the outbuilding today. Saint Germain makes a low bow, gives us his blessings and pulls away.

I close my eyes, pretending to sleep as Ju-long comes into the living room. I open my eyes.

“Oh, you’re back!”

Ju-long has a tall, slender body, Asian features, short, slightly messed, black hair and brown eyes. He wears tight blue jeans and a tight red T-shirt with an embroidered dragon in warm colours on the chest. He is barefoot. He is warm after his journey.

I stretch my arms towards him, urging him to come to me on the sofa, well knowing that he would have done so anyway.

“Hi, love. Nice to find you lying here on the sofa and with the fireplace lit.”

“I wasn’t intending anything but, since you’re here, I might as well take advantage of it.”

Later we make dinner in a joint venture, as we usually do in my family, and eat it sitting on some pillows near the fireplace, watching a movie. The warmth and the wine make me sleepy and, before the movie has finished, Ju-long carries me to bed.

I wake up at 3:03 am. An event from the night that stands out is where I meet two young men, whom I recognize as Chris and Steve, though they did not look like them.

I am in nature and the night sky is filled with stars. The air is so clear that the Milky Way shines its white, curving body over the whole sky, like a grandiose river. I am a male, a teacher of some

kind, and my two students, for the time being, are sitting close to the fire preparing a meal. It looks like soup of some kind. They are cold and have the hoods on their cowls pulled over their heads. They are chatting in low voices, so as not to disturb me. We have camped not far from the road, and now I see a figure coming towards us, following a narrow path of dry dirt made from the many feet of the people who have previously used this place. A man's voice reaches us as the person in a cowl greets us.

"Greetings; I am Lord Hameth the Merlin."

My two students get quickly on their feet, bow and then stand, looking down. Lord Hameth pulls the hood away from his head and shows us a timeless face, kind and wise.

"I'm known as a great storyteller because of my many journeys, not only in this time, but through time and beyond time. Will you share your fire with me in return for some good stories?"

I feel confused, since I sense that this is Saint Germain who is visiting us. He must have his reasons to appear as Merlin. With one hand, I show him to a tree stump not too close to the fire, which I earlier had selected to be my seat at the fire.

"Yes, of course. Please take a seat, Lord Hameth."

I can see that the young man I now know as Steve is bursting to ask a question.

"So, you're really Merlin!?"

"I am a Merlin, because Merlin is a title. You could say 'The Merlin', because there is only one Merlin at a time."

Chris has now found the courage to ask a question too.

"Doesn't Merlin wear a pointed hat?"

"Oh, no. The pointed hat, as you know it, is much later in history than the time we're in now, around five hundred years after Christ. The pointed hat derived from very old times, where some used a cone-shaped hat of metal to amplify the brainwaves."

Chris asks the next, obvious, question.

"So, it's the time of King Arthur?!"

"I'm called upon by Ythr penn Dragwn, the father of Arthur to be, as well as the Apostles, so I've taken physical form to be of service at these troublesome times."

"So, you are helping us to beat the Saxons?"

"No, I'm here to unify a region and to prevent Christianity from getting away from its original core. It's only a few centuries ago that Christianity took physical form and, already, the Bible has been ripped of many of the essential truths. The church is fighting the real magic and what they call the false religions. Did you know that pagan means 'simple spirit'? The spirits of Earth take many faces, faces that people can relate to. Yes, most people in these times may have an ordinary approach to this, but

they feel the connection nevertheless.”

Now I too feel the need to ask a question.

“What have Uther and the Apostles in common? I really don’t see the connection.”

“They don’t have much in common, other than the common oppressor. King Uther sees that the Christian church is trying to wipe out the pagan connection to nature and the nature spirits, cutting off the grounding of the body and mind from the Earth, from which both mind and body derive. The Apostles, meaning messengers, see that the true messages are being distorted and amputated by the same church. The church even pulls in pagan deities to lure people into the Christian faith.”

Chris leans forward, with gleaming eyes.

“Please, tell us about King Arthur and Camelot!”

“Oh, I think you have got enough to ponder for a while; but we may meet again, so there will be time for other stories. I bid you farewell. I am The Merlin.”

Lord Hameth gets up, bows and walks back the way he had come. It seems to me that he slowly dissolves into complete transparency before he reaches the road.

After having gone through this event in my mind, I pick my pen and notebook from the drawer in the

bedside table and write down the episode. Now I am so sleepy than I haven't the strength to put the notebook and pen back in the drawer, and doze off.

My birthday

I wake up to a nice smell of breakfast; toast and coffee. I remember that it is my 27th birthday and open my eyes. Ju-long has just come through the bedroom door with a salver loaded with all kinds of nice things, including a slender, crystal vase with a red rose, which I'm sure he has picked in the garden. Ju-long smiles widely. He has been busy in the kitchen and is sweating. He looks gorgeous. As I take the napkin, a small present is revealed underneath.

"Happy birthday, love!"

I can imagine that he has taken quite some time to pick the 'right' thing for me. I wait until he is back in bed before I start to open the small gift. It's a little heavy for so small a thing. I get rid of the paper and sit with a small, light-blue cardboard box. Slowly I open it.

"Wow!"

It takes a little time to examine the thing.

Ju-long comments:

"It's made of bronze. You have many chains, most likely one in gold will go with it. It's called a har-

Author's Comments

When writing the first title in the series, *The Soul of the White Dragon*, Luzi appears as a fictional person to carry the story and present the knowledge. I could relate to the character, but there was some distance to her, like she was outside me. It is interesting to experience that, when starting to write this second title, I found the character, Luzi, was presenting herself as a sovereign person in this creation. Furthermore, I was as surprised as Luzi when she realized that she was to be a mother, and even more so when the name, Julia, came up. I didn't even know whether the child would be a boy or a girl. Julia was a special and wonderful surprise. I knew that having Luzi and Ju-long together would eventually bring forth a child, but when Julia showed up, she did not arise from a conscious idea on my part. As my work progressed, I came to realize that all the main characters are of consciousness and have their own lives that interact with me as the writer, more than growing out of an author's mind. Ju-long's father, Kong, did not show up as a consciousness until I let him open in the story. This was a special experience.

The information in this book is not meant to be adequate, but more a pointer to subjects that you can follow up on.

I have really grown close to the figures I have worked with in this book. They have all been my true and dear friends, so thanks to all of you. We, me and my friends, have been writing this book in

a forum, all adding bits and pieces to the story.

- EQ

The Adventures of Luzi Cane

- Rider of the Crimson Dragon

by Eriqa Queen

This second book in the series brings more pieces to the puzzle, to connect already-placed pieces scattered on the table-top we call 'the human experience'.

When the Christ Consciousness was prepared around 630BC, a celestial order of teachers and supporters named The Crimson Council was formed. In parallel, a human group got together on Earth and the colour crimson was used to identify individuals in the Crimson Circle. Over the years, the collective consciousness of this group has become an entity of its own and may be perceived as a crimson dragon named Shaumbra!

Luzi works with two students to discover true historical events and meet this crimson dragon. It turns out that Shaumbra has quite a personality and, together with the white dragon, Loong, the Elven woman, Josela, Quan Yen, Gaia, Merlin, Nikola Tesla, Saint Germain and others, they gain information from the past and future. What they find is not commonly accepted, but it fits with hidden and not-so-hidden knowledge dismissed by established society. Luzi's unborn daughter brings light into everyone's hearts and plays a major role in balancing a broken family. All end up having a different view on life.

Even though the book is part of a series, this is a complete story in its own right.

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