



*The Adventures of  
Luzi Cane*  
**The Soul of the  
White Dragon**

Another world, where  
imagination, magic,  
sensuality, and  
miracles are as natural  
as nature itself.

ERIQA QUEEN

## Reviews

I loved the book about the White Dragon so much, just ordered the Crimson Dragon; such a special writing-skill being performed by the author!

- *Cora Schwindt*

Love this book! It opened me to exploring more than this 3D reality. I have had so many personal adventures since reading. Even met Quan Yin! Absolutely magical, enchanting and inspiring! Thank you Eriqa Queen!

- *Sheri Reece*

The Soul of the White Dragon is a vividly penned novel where the physical and the non-physical dimensions flow into one another as the protagonist explores new terrains in her life and also the edges of her consciousness. Through Luzi, we get to experience what everyday life in the midst of spiritual awakening looks and feels like. As Luzi becomes more familiar with her inner wisdom - often through the guidance of the white dragon and other etheric beings - her life transforms, reflecting her inner landscape. We get to see the joy that lies beyond a mentally constructed world: Another world, where imagination, magic, sensuality, and miracles are as natural as nature itself. A beautiful tale of dragons, elves and curious humans, especially recommended for anyone who's into spiritual awakening.

- *Kim Seppälä*, writer and consciousness explorer.

The Adventures of Luzi Cane  
The Soul of the White Dragon

*by Eriqa Queen*

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Return of the Unicorn (Book 3)  
The Truth of the Black Dragon (Book 4)  
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## Elvendale

I must have slept. I wake up to the most beautiful music I have ever heard. I try to distinguish the different instruments until I find out that it is all voices, voices like instruments, not as a song. Lying on my back with my eyes still shut, I am simply enjoying the moment, feeling very peaceful.

A smell comes to me. It is not a common perfume, not of flowers or fruits, and not an herbal smell. It is neither female nor male in its expression. It is strange because I feel it is part of the music. Can a scent be part of music? Nevertheless, the smell kind of blends with the music as yet another instrument. It is incredible, and I feel very relaxed.

My arms are lying on each side of my body, with my palms against the sheet. I have a sense as if I feel grass has started to grow from the sheet and is now bumping against my palms, tickling me gently and in a pleasant way. I do not want to open my eyes, because I am afraid that it must be a dream and that it would end if I look around. I just slowly close my hands, and it feels like grasping on grass like I am lying on a lawn. I start to focus on smelling again. I must be able to smell the dirt and the grass, and I do! I cannot understand where I am, and do not remember whether I lay down on some lawn.

Now my thoughts are being distracted by a smell, and even a taste, of cinnamon. I have to open my eyes to make sure that it is not a dream. As I slow-

ly open my eyes, I realise that I am looking up through leaves, seeing the blue sky above. The sun is shining through the leaves and makes them glow, sending rays of light down on me. I am lying on a small mound covered with grass. Tall trees are around me and, at some distance to my right a choir is making the music. Now I sense a presence to my left and turn my head. I see a beautiful, ageless woman standing, smiling at me. She moves close and kneels at my side. She has brought the smells; cinnamon, cedar tree, and one I cannot recognise.

“Coffee.” I sense it more than I hear it. It is as if she is talking in my mind.

“It is the smell of coffee beans that have been dried, but not roasted, and then crushed.”

“Oh, it is a dream,” I say, “ But it’s so real!”

“Your body is in in a sleep state on your bed in your flat, but your consciousness is quite awake, dear Luzi.”

“Where am I then?”

“You’re in Elvendale, my dear, and my name is Joesela.”

Her gentle smile has not left her face once. She has long, dark-brown hair. She wears a dress in light beige colours draped with a broad, brown band, and a reddish-brown cape with a hood hanging down her back. On her feet she has sandals with laces up to her knees. As jewellery, she wears brace-

lets with beads in green, red and white. Around the neck, she wears a thin, bronze-coloured chain with a stone eye in black, blue and white, in a bronze setting. The eye has an unusual depth to it.

“How did I get here?”

“This place is not part of your three-dimensional world. You cannot take your body here or, more correctly, you don’t want to, but your consciousness can go anywhere in creation, meaning any universe and beyond, physical and non-physical.”

“I don’t understand. Why am I here?”

“You’re invited here at this particular visit because we want to show you that there is a place and a life that are more real than what you are used to in your human life. At the same time, we’ll introduce us, the Sidhe to you.”

“The Sidhe?”

“Yes; in your world we’re just a legend to most, and are usually called elves, but some of you know us under our real name.”

“But why me? Why have I specifically been invited here?”

“You’re here partly because your energy is right, partly because the possibilities in your future points in this direction, and partly because your soul, which is your consciousness, which is you, has agreed to be here, working with us.”

“I don’t understand anything of what you’re saying, Josela.”

“I think it is more than enough for now. It will take some time to sink in, and your mind must have some time to accept this event as being real.”

At this moment, I feel that what she tells me is true, but I don’t have any logical concepts from which to validate it.

“We bid you farewell for now, but we shall meet again.”

I feel a wash of love and then the world and its inhabitants swirl into a vortex somewhere behind the trees, as it is a large painting. Now it’s become quite dark all around me. I open my physical eyes and recognise my bedroom, where I am lying on my back on the bed, looking up at the ceiling.

It HAS been a dream... Or has it? As Josela said, it has been a journey of my consciousness, the real me, not the limited human awareness. It has been a total experience of senses and feelings. I feel her perfume at one in-breath but, when I take the next in-breath through my nose, the sense has gone. The smell of her perfume is not in this dimension.

I quickly take my notebook from the drawer beside my bed and write down the incident. Now I feel sleepy, and my eyes slowly close.

## Lucia Cane

I wake up at eleven past seven in the morning and remember the dream from last night. For some strange reason, I have started to notice specific times, which I repeat in my thoughts, seven eleven. Maybe it is just the rhyme. I reach out and take the notebook and read the whole thing again. It is a very unusual dream indeed.

Now I remember that, two days earlier, I was watching the movie *The Lord of the Rings*, based on Tolkien's novels, together with my sweet friend, Cassandra. Elves played a vital part in the movie, so I assume this has caused the dream to be so real.

Interestingly enough, at the moment I am doing research on what are called "Little People," who are mythological creatures like fairies, elves, dwarves and gnomes.

In a few days I will be visiting my grandparents on my mother's side, in Hong Kong.

My parents met in Hong Kong. My father is English and my mother is Chinese. My dad was, and still is, a businessman, and my mum worked as a skilled correspondent and language secretary at my dad's workplace.

I was born in Hong Kong in 1989, grew up there, and went to an English school during my earlier years. For the first year of my life my mother stayed

at home, but her creative spirit was longing to get back to work, so I am used to a nanny. It was not that I felt that she did not love me; she just had a job, as my father did.

I remember my childhood as a happy time. When one or both of my parents were not at work, they spent all their time with me and, later on, with my younger sister Anna too. Anna was born when I was six, and my mother chose to stay at home longer, and my dad brought her some work she could do at home. I was at school most of the day, and Anna still had a nanny. It was nice to know that she was there when I came home. Later in the afternoon my father would join us, if he was not on one of his business trips.

My parents always call me the light of their lives, which is why I was named Lucia - Luzi for short. Anna has been named after our dad's mother, Hannah. I once asked my parents why I was not named Anna, as I was the first-born. They both said, "You were not an Anna; you're the light of our life!" After that, I have always been proud of my name.

We were quite wealthy, but Anna and I were not brought up to focus on that. The nanny, Zhen, was treated as part of the family and was well-paid. At the same time, I had never felt that the nanny was trying to please any of us. Dad has always been good at judging people, so Zhen was carefully selected and never replaced. She was still with the family a couple of years after Anna had started at school. I have just looked up the name, Zhen; it means valuable, genuine and innocent, and that is

exactly how I see her. She was indispensable, true to her feelings and acted without any hidden agenda.

The house we lived in was large and with a lot of room. It was an old bungalow supplied by Dad's company. We could have had a more modern house, but we all loved the old house with the large garden, and wouldn't have dreamed of getting anything else. Everything was of wood, mostly in light wood varieties. All walls, ceilings and floors were shining in gold when the sun shone into the rooms in the morning and the evening. I can still recall the smell of lacquer when the heat warmed it up. The smell has always given me a feeling of being safe.

We had five servants - two gardeners, two housekeepers, and a chauffeur & handyman. We did not see the nanny, Zhen, as a servant; she was much closer to us than the others, even though we had a relatively close relationship with them too. Once, at an early age, Dad told me about servants.

"It's not humiliating to be a servant. It's simply a job. All services are needed. Imagine if nobody cleans the house or washes the clothes, or if the garden becomes a wilderness. If Mum and I had to do all these things, we would not be able to go to work and do what we are supposed to do there. It's a division of labour. We serve, as well as being served."

Later I learned, by looking at others' lives, that breaking the circle of becoming what your parents did for work can be quite a struggle, if you even

think of the possibility.

Grandma Hannah and Grandpa William had passed away before I moved to England. In my younger years they used to visit us in Hong Kong, and later, when Anna was old enough for a long trip, we would visit them in England. At that point they had become older and more fragile, and the last trip they made to China was when Anna became a teenager. I remember Hannah and William as two very gentle and warm grandparents, always kind and with all the time in the world, never rushing and stressed.

William and Hannah were in the trading business. They mostly traded with the Far East and India. Dad was part of the business as well, and that is how he came to live and work in China. Later, Dad expanded his business activities and joined with a few other companies. His parents' business is now part of the UK office.

I moved from Hong Kong to London in 2007, starting at the university in person. Earlier I had done some online courses, but wanted to extend my studies.

I am studying history and prehistory, with a particular interest in Marija Gimbutas' research of old Europe, ancient cultures in general, ethnographical studies, literature and journalism.

As a source of income, I work as a freelance writer for magazines, papers and on the Web. In addition to that, I work as a copy-writer and as editor of books for the university, collecting data for profes-

sors and colleges and helping them 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 significantly reduce my productivity and efficiency. I do not want to be a slave to technology - it has to work FOR me. I do not use games or music on my phone to distract me and obscure my thoughts; to me it is pollution. I listen to music in my home for enjoyment, not as a distraction. You may shake your head when I tell you that I use a paper notebook as well. I use the camera on 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 have to write large volumes of text, I need to use a real keyboard, since I use all ten fingers. Otherwise, production would be too slow.

At this moment, I have returned from work and am lying on my sofa, sorting things in my mind to clear it and calm it, so that I can forget work for a time.

## The Spiral of Life

Ju-long and I have come a long way in expanding our understanding of life. For most people, their daily struggles are all there is. They do not understand that it is just a play on the stage of life. They need to see that they are the author and director of their play and that they can change the set at any time. They have to say "CUT" or "BREAK", make different conscious choices, and then continue the play. If one thinks that suicide is a way off the stage, then one is on the wrong track. It will immediately change things, but one will be reborn with the same patterns, and everything will be even more confused, because now one does not know why one had such an urge to end this life.

Luck is something you choose. Not luck, like in winning the lottery, but to be lucky in feeling lucky. It is the feeling of happiness and love for life and one's great creation. Humans tend to fear the day when luck will run out, and that fear will surely kill the luck.

There is no end, just new beginnings. It is about eternal life anywhere in creation, not just on Earth. There is no 'circle of life' if you choose to get off that dreadful carousel, only the spiral of life, an ever-moving journey from possibility to possibility, from one conscious choice to the next.

My book about elves and other creatures of folklore still needs completion. It has taken a whole different turn from what I initially had expected, and I

must approach it from a new angle. Luckily, I have a lot of assistance from my beloved sources, with whom I look forward to continuing the work.

I am sitting here on this grass-covered hill with clover in flower, beside Ju-long and with Loong lying behind us. In front of us we have the grasslands, the lake, the bridge to Elvendale City and the city on the mountain itself. Farthest out we have the sea stretching to the horizon, where the sunlight is painting the sky in reddish colours, and soon to set, bringing up an indigo sky, blending into velvet black, filled with bright stars in many colours.

### *The End*

I hope you have enjoyed the book and ask you to take a moment to make a short review on your favourite retailer website.

Thanks in advance, Eriqa Queen.

On the next page, you'll find my short comments about this book.

## Author's Comments

The living persons in this novel are mostly fictitious, including Luzi. I came to realise that Luzi's father is based on my publisher, Erik Istrup. The glyphs are real, and can be found on the Internet and elsewhere. The souls of the dragons are real, and so are the Sidhe. At least one 'dragon' and two Sidhe are with me during the writing, as well as all the other entities, like Sekhmet and Imhotep, and I could not have done it without them. Thank you, friends. The dialogues and events that Luzi has with these entities are real too, as they happened to me, as are the octahedron crystal I found in Egypt.

You cannot connect to other realms if you just BELIEVE you can; you have to KNOW. Listen for the music, or is it the smell that is your strongest sense? Or you may just feel you must dance with joy. When you connect, you know; you'll feel the love pouring in!

I will not try to hide that the name Eriqa Queen is a pen name. Writing different genres, may otherwise confuse the audience because they expect specific contents from a specific author. Eriqa IS a part of me, and I am true to that part that you may sense behind the words or between the lines. The aspects of other lives play a role as well and often speak and act through the characters in the book, and this is ALL me. With about 1,470 incarnations on Earth, the lifespan of this one is of very little importance.

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# **The Adventures of Luzi Cane**

## **- The Soul of the White Dragon**

*by Eriqa Queen*

If you think dragons are a myth, you'll learn otherwise in this story. Further more you'll learn about the elves, and discover a whole world that you didn't know existed right under your nose.

In her search for material for an upcoming book, Luzi stumbles upon many secrets and old wisdom, signs of seemingly lost ancient knowledge. When searching for truth, one may find love and friendship that one has been looking for, even in places abandoned many years ago, or in realms not of this world.

*The Soul of the White Dragon*, the first book in the Luzi Cane series, gives you a unique opportunity to enjoy an incredible adventure. At the same time, you gain so-called lost or hidden knowledge, in a world that desperately tries to wake up from its long slumber, but is distracted by the 'noise' from the same world. The dragons are awakening, not to destroy us, but to guide us in our quest for a deeper understanding of our place in creation.

Even though the book is part of a series, it contains a completed story in its own right.

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