

*The Adventures of
Luzi Cane*

CLARITY OF THE CRYSTAL DRAGON



ERIQA QUEEN

The Adventures of Luzi Cane
Clarity of the
Crystal Dragon

by Eriqa Queen

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The crystal dragon enters

It is early January 2021. Christmas is over, and my younger sister, Anna, Mum and Dad have left us. Anna is back in London, and my parents are in Sevenoaks. Lying on the sofa, I slowly fade away from this reality while listening to the wood burner keeping the winter cold out. I know how dreams feel, and this is not a dream. Even non-vivid actual dreams give themselves away as being just dreams.

I move in my world of consciousness, but it translates into a mountain ridge, falling steeply down on all sides, with only a narrow path, half a metre wide, leading up. Far out in all directions are tall mountain peaks with deep valleys between. A slight breeze blows, but it is neither cold nor warm. There is a smell of dry grass or plants, and dust. I sense vastness, or is it infinity?

A little further up, the path seems to stop, leading into nowhere, but when I move closer, a short staircase emerges, leading down to an arched entrance which I can't see past. I stop a step before the arch. There is no door here, just a blackness, like a completely black tunnel. It could have been painted on the rock face with super-matt black paint. There are no reflections at all. A final step and I carefully stick my head into the darkness to get a glimpse of what is inside.

Now I can hear and smell an ocean; waves against a sandy beach; salt and decomposing materials from the sea. It must lie beyond a bend inside the tunnel,

because the tunnel is still pitch black. But an ocean up here in the mountains? This is more dreamlike, I must admit.

Suddenly, the archway zooms away from where I stand. As I'm pulled back from the opening an enormous dragon appears before me. I only see it for a split second, before I must look away. Its immense clarity burns all my senses, far beyond just my physical ones. Not a burning hot or a freezing cold, but simply a clear burn. I can only describe it in human words that way. You may relate it to a single sense, your sight being "burned" by a painful and sharp white light that hurts far into your brain, and then follows each nerve back into every nerve ending in your body, as if lightning struck you, but with no damage, so you couldn't even hope to die to escape the clarity.

I'm used to dragons, but this one literally throws me to the ground, where I hide my eyes behind my palms and press my head onto the rocky ground. It doesn't make any difference, though. The clear burn is the same. This is *not* a cartoon dragon breathing fire, fumes or acid.

"So, you try to sneak by me with all your shit dragging behind you! You HOPE you're clean ENOUGH to pass through the gate to oneness ... to the Ocean of Self. Your stench reaches for light years. You don't have a chance in hell to get past me. People say enough is enough, but by me ONLY CLEAN, as in COMPLETELY CLEAN, goes, and hope is fluffy pussy stuff."

The dragon speaks with a clear and loud female voice, and it continues while I huddle on the ground.

“You thought the others, the other dragons I mean, the white fluffy one, the disproportionate crimson one, and even the black one, were enough to get you in, but guess what? They’re not, not by light years, not by ... Well, just not.”

She is so agitated, she has trouble expressing herself, but she continues.

“Yeah, there has been a little cleaning up here and there, but most of these specks of dust have ended up under the Carpet of Forget Me. But IF you come by me, trying to enter the Ocean of Self, my clearness will blow you so far back into your dark hole of madness that you may never dare to consider coming near the gate again.”

Right now, I’m just considering getting *away* from this clearness and scolding, but I can’t move, and the dragon continues.

“That’s why I AM your BEST FRIEND. Well, your ONLY FRIEND, because here is only me. The rest is insignificant, a smear of beingness ... Well, mostly.”

The sharp pain eases little by little, and now I can sit up on my knees, removing my hands from my eyes, but still looking down, focusing on the dusty ground. I’m frightened, but also so angry that I dare to reply to the fear monster, picking a manipulative angle for my counter-attack.

“So that is what you think friends are for. Scaring the shit out of them!”

“Not everyone. Just you.”

“Why do you want to scare just me?”

“You just don’t get it! You’re the only one who can enter the gate ... AND I don’t want to scare you, but all your shit reacts to my clarity. You simply can’t bring it with you through the gate and into the Ocean of Self.”

I’m desperate to solve this most unpleasant situation.

“So, take away my garbage and let me pass. If you’re so powerful, it surely won’t be a problem!”

“Oh no. Don’t think going cold turkey will get you anywhere other than into Hell ... And if Hell even existed, it would be a nice cosy place in comparison. It will be hard enough if I go gently on you. And I will!”

I gather my scattered courage and lift my head so my eyes fix on the dragon’s mouth. Not because it scares me, but because if I raise my eyes further I feel the dragon’s eyes will surely burn me. Her skin is like smoky glass and whitish blue. I change tactics and become open for a constructive dialogue.

“What may I call you?”

“Well ... a human name... Claire. You may call me Claire, dear.”

“Eh, Claire? Yes, hi, Claire!”

“Oh, you expected a fancy name? Like what? Crystal Heart or ... or Candy ... I am here to bring total, painstaking, no-bull-shit clarity, so how can you expect me to use ANY NAME other than CLAIRE?!”

Claire certainly speaks with large letters. LOUD and CLEAR. I try to smooth the conversation.

“I like the term, Carpet of Forget Me. It’s very original. I’ve never heard of it before!”

“Well, that’s because I just invented it. As in creating it!”

“Can I use the term?”

“Oh, you mean, do I have the copyright?!” She laughs, then continues in her loud voice. “Of course I have the copyright!”

Now her voice becomes more gentle. “*I am* you and vice versa, so you can use it, dear Luzi!”

“What?”

“I am your I Am, or you are my expression as Luzi Cane. Ta-da!”

“Well, I guess I kind of knew that, but your ferocious approach clouded my discernment.”

“Ha, ha. You’re funny even when you think you’re not: clarity CLOUDS your discernment!”

The whole thing seems to amuse Claire, and she continues laughing. I hope she will keep the good mood, but I'm not so sure. She seems able to switch moods and go BOOM quite suddenly.

I take a closer look at the mighty beast. Has she diminished in size? She must have turned down her full expression. It seems as though I can look into her body through her skin, as if I look at a sinkhole in a clear ocean where the sunshine quickly disappears and the hole turns dark blue or even black in the centre.

"Can I look into your eyes, Claire? But I don't want to be fried again!"

"I've turned down my charm, dear. I'll promise to be a nice kitty!"

She sure has a sense of humour. This relationship might work after all. I raise my head and look into the most beautiful dark blue eyes. The colour immediately reminds me of the blue ice from glaciers, broken off and now floating in the ocean.

"We *are* the Ocean, Luzi!"

She must have picked up the image from my mind. But of course, we are not separate and we *are* the ocean. Well, to use her expression, Luzi is one smear of human lives in the *that*. That is from the quote "I am *that* I am", and truly symbolises what the consciousness has experienced about itself after the realisation, "I Exist".

"Where do we go from here, Claire?"

“We don’t go ANYWHERE. You’ll realise you’re realised—the no-time thing—and we’ll clean up this whole thing. Well, I’ll do the cleaning, and you’ll be the anchor point for all lives, and allow the process!”

I try to listen light-heartedly. “A piece of cake, Claire!”

“Hm.”

“I’m just kidding!”

“I know. Just kidding you back, Luzi!”

“So, I’ll leave now?”

“You can’t leave, silly human! You can shift perspective.”

My awareness fades into darkness, and I hear the wood burner and smell the burned wood. I hear Claire shouting from a distance.

“Remember, the realisation is just the beginning, a grain of sand on the beach of our ocean!”

Now that I have dragged myself into my 3D reality, I realise I am highly sensitive to everything, including the clothes I wear and the air I breathe. My mind races: Claire is very ... much ... well, *much!* I cannot find expressions suitable for the experience, and the description above falls short by light years, as Claire would say.

Lucia Cane and Co

Our dome house here in Hastings, England, looks like a giant igloo, the nickname the villagers have given to it. The attached garage looks like the entrance to an igloo, and transparent solar-cell tiles cover the dome. Snow covers the ground, but the dome is clear of snow because of the electric current running in the solar tiles.

Again I find myself on the sofa, and, with most of my little family gathered here, it is a good place for a brief introduction. With me in the living room, on the backrest of the sofa, are two young Maine Coon cats. One orange female named Boomer and a white male, Snow. The blue hyacinth macaw parrot, Blueberry or just Blue, and the young raven, Blackjack or Jack, are doing their feathers, sitting in the large dead tree reaching almost eight metres up inside the dome. Each of the four animals has their own platform in the tree, but we can find them anywhere in the house, even in the shower or, in the cats' case, in the bathtub, playing with the water. My partner, Ju-long, is upstairs, finishing our new study. We have moved the former study from the ground level to prepare that room for our son, William Li, surname Wang, who will arrive in August next year. It's long time until August, but we have just added the first floor, so Ju-long wants to move the study now. Julia, our daughter and firstborn, plays at the low table next to the sofa. She is eighteen months and working on her first book, a picture book, which I will edit and add the text as she

tells me to. The text supports the pictures, which are not always obvious.

A memory makes me smile. A few days back, Julia taught Jack to say, "I'm Jack the black." It has a good rhyme. They repeated the sentence many times until a point where Blue picked up the idea. "I'm Blue the blue." We all laughed, and Julia gave the large bird a warm hug.

Mum, Ya and Ju-long are Chinese, and Dad, Carl, is British. My sister Anna and I grew up on Hong Kong Island, and I went to an English school with Ju-long. I lost contact with him when we moved to England when I was eighteen, but we connected again a few years back. Ju-long and I are thirty-one years old, and Anna six years younger. None of our grandparents are alive.

After adding a second floor to half of our dome house, there are still bits and pieces to complete, but we have done the overall work. The dome building is quite high, so there was space inside to add a second floor, and, after we have covered the lower floors, we still have nine feet, or three metres, to the ceiling. We now have three bedrooms and two bathrooms on the second floor. On the ground floor, we still have an open living and dining area with an open kitchen at the end. Beyond the kitchen, the separate laundry also rises to the curved ceiling. The room is small and contains the automation of the house. This makes the room quite warm, and it would be too cramped if we put a lid on it. There are also three bedrooms and two bathrooms on the first floor.

The Dragon is the Butterfly

EQ: We are kind of mixed or joined in the following, so don't be confused in who saying what.

People use the caterpillar/butterfly transformation as a picture for the ordinary human waking up, realising it is god also, namely the consciousness. After that, the word and concept of god loses its meaning. The analogy is the caterpillar wakes up one day, realising it's a butterfly. With what I know today, we must make several changes to this analogy to make it fit. We don't blame anyone here, but you simply can't understand the concept before you realise you *are* the butterfly. Even then, the analogy doesn't go so well.

You could say that the butterfly is the transmuted caterpillar, but the butterfly was *never* really the caterpillar! You can make anything out of the mush in the cocoon. As you can write anything from code broken down to its basis instructions.

Claire and Luzi set up a dialogue below in a question-and-answer manner. Claire is really not much into this. It brings it down to something flat and grey, rather than being ... well, what it truly is. "I would rather skip this caterpillar/butterfly talk, but let's see where we can take it."

Luzi is the questionnaire. "So, why the caterpillar in the first place?"

"You're in the 3D world where matter matters. The caterpillar is the eating machine, gathering build-

ing materials for the flying machine, and the caterpillar doesn't even know it."

"Why the mush cycle?"

"You can't just grow wings on the caterpillar design, right?"

"Like wings on a train to transmute it into an airplane!"

Luzi, as the questioner continues : "So the analogy to consciousness will be ... what?"

"It's here the analogy really doesn't fit."

"Can we start with the human being the caterpillar gathering experiences?"

"No, the 'experiences' gathered is what consciousness experienced while the human experienced its lives."

"Yes, of course!"

"The mush is the experiences consciousness has of or with itself. The answer to the 'what am I' or 'what is this that *is*?' The *human* experiences were gathered in the soul construct. Because the human journey is part of the overall experience, we have this mush thing, and the 'That' we have talked about is the butterfly emerging from, and being, All it is, dragon, human and the rest."

"So, the analogy is useful after all."

“Yes, but greatly misunderstood. What the human has experienced is just a speck of dust in That; this is all about what the I Am has experienced.”

“How can we easily distinguish between the two kinds of experiences?”

“The I Am experiences through its 200,000+ senses and is fully aware, while the human does it through its 5+, and, on top, doesn’t realise it is just an actor in the show. The human is a necessary game-player, so I don’t diminish its role, but the focus on the outcome is usually totally misplaced.”

The next few lines makes a strange conclusion to the series of adventures of Luzi Cane.

The dragon was never truly the human, but *that* is *also* the human. And so, the code/energy was never not consciousness.

EQ:

The creation of The Adventure of Luzi Cane continues its own life, as all creations do, likewise does the lives of the Wang family and the other characters.

Humanity’s dragon of clarity continues clearing out old truths in the collective belief pool, making it lighter. This will frustrate people connected to these belief systems, but also assist them in mov-

ing on. This is the gift for humanity given by the forerunners, not given by choice, but as a natural occurrence from bringing up one's personal crystal dragon.

THE END

I hope you have enjoyed the book and ask you to take a moment to make a brief review on your favourite retail website or send it to me.

Hint: You may write it down now and share it later or you may share a private note with me, then just state it as such.

Thanks in advance, Eriqa Queen.

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Author's comments

I feel I have been waiting a long time to be able to share this wonderful "thing" with you.

This book is the first without even a hint of synopsis when I started writing. I just jumped in and swam with the story. As with the others, this fifth book mostly wrote itself except for the research parts. Just take the bizarre scene with the VW driver in café Ciao! While I struggle to make head or tail of it, Julia and Claire staged it all so beautifully and with a humour I could never have come up with.

It delighted me writing about Luzi's first meeting with the crystal dragon. It was easy to connect with Claire, and I felt I was in good company.

We have jumped past the Grey Dragon, which should have been book three about mass consciousness, and book four, the Blue or Indigo Dragon, about the new human connection with the planet. We have woven these two into the other books. I expect the next book, number six, will conclude this series.

We get moved by different scenarios doing the reading and writing, because we/I Am resonate with the events and the truths. It rings truth and so the I Am "rings" through its being, the "I Am That" which the human is part of.

When I sat down to begin book 6, I could only write the ending! At first, I thought the rest would come, but that was not the case. It was definitely THE END of the series. The number five also indicates change, and, strangely enough, the sub chapter title above is "The wind of change"! When the above text went to proofreading, I started on "The Adventures of Julia Wang", and it turns out to continue the story, but told by Julia.

- EQ