

Praise for Carlson's White Knight

Judy Carlson has created a mythical fantasy world that showcases a palpable, heart-wrenching battle of good and evil. A vigilant hero, a mysterious mermaid, and the Ancient One who powerfully delivers justice make *The White Knight, The Lost Kingdom, and The Sea Princess* a must read for those with an imaginative soul.

JULIE CAROBINI

Winner of an ACFW award for editing
Author of six novels, including *Mocha Sunrise*

The author's easy flowing prose pushes us gently along through a magical world that unexpectedly prompts real heart-searching as the reader increasingly realizes how strikingly the fairy tale mirrors an authentic supernatural world.

In most fairy tales, the magical is expected and becomes ho-hum. However, this is a fairy tale that mirrors Truth and drives us to look at the supernatural in a fresh way! Wow! So that is what my relationship to the "White Knight" really means!

This book lifted my spirits and increased my faith, especially at a time of living in precarious circumstances. I believe the message in this book is important for all.

KIM CONE

Foreign Emissary
Former student of the Author



The
White Knight,
The Lost Kingdom,
and
The Sea Princess

by Judy Carlson

 Noble
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The White Knight, the Lost Kingdom,
and the Sea Princess
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Desta Garrett, Managing Editor

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Manuscript Editor, Emily Kirk Phillips

Editorial Consultant, Ronald W. Kirk

Copy Editor, Mary Malcolm-Moseley

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White Knight is a work of fiction. All names, characters, places, and
incidents are the products of the author's imagination or are used
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to past or living persons, is entirely coincidental.

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Part One

The Northern Provinces of Tundrand

The Vanquished Kingdom

*Under the Laws of Providence
We have duties which are perilous.*

— Austin Phelps —

*Affliction is a treasure,
and scarce any man hath enough of it.*

— John Donne —

A deathly pall hung over the palace and the city of Ajar as the threatening presence of the insidious Black Guard escalated.

“Hurry!” called the Queen to her maidservant, “Come quickly, Dianna!”

“Yes, Your Majesty!”

“The trunk is in my wardrobe closet. Count Amas has ordered two of his trusted men to secure it for me. They will take it to the cottage of the nursemaid Elnora and secret it there. We only hope they can avoid discovery.”

“Yes, madam,” the girl answered in a trembling voice.

“Disguise it with this linen cloth, Dianna, and lay flowers upon it. If noticed at all, a covered table will arouse less suspicion than a royal trunk.” The Queen of the Eastern Islands paused and lowered her head for a moment. Then glancing up at the servant girl, she said, “If evil befalls both Lady Elnora and me, reveal the trunk’s whereabouts only to a trusted friend. Perhaps my son Loren still has breath somewhere in this dim world and will come thither to claim it one day.”



“But, Your Majesty, surely the Lord Regent would not dare to hurt you!” The girl began weeping. Queen Maybella took her by the shoulders, fighting back her own tears.

“Forgive us, maiden, for we allowed evil to enter our beloved kingdom. Weep not for us. If we perish, we shall go to the White City. Weep for those who remain here in this place.” The lady’s voice became intense. “You must flee the palace if we are...removed. This wicked Usurper *will* come to his undoing some day. Yet as for you, without my protection, you will be... Please, you must flee. Trust no strangers, Dianna. Aryel the White Knight *will* return. Be strong until then.”

(The increased power and control of the Lord Regent and his Black Guard had rendered the king and his advisors only figureheads. The royal family were little more than prisoners in their own palace. Fear of the attacks of a horrible dragon had spread like an epidemic over the citizens of the Eastern Island Kingdom of Ajar. In as much as it seemed only the Lord Regent had power over the fearsome beast, they had capitulated. *Kneel* or *perish* was his mantra. They were a free people no more. The few citizens who rebelled were killed, and so the underground resistance was born.)

The handmaiden of the queen did as her mistress bid her. When the soldiers came to take the trunk, it appeared to be a bench or table adorned for a summer tea. Several hours later, there came shouts and then screams from the royal family’s quarters. King Elmer’s voice was commanding, but to no avail. “Do not harm my sons! Take me only!”

A thunderous voice roared back, “Silence, you fool! If I would destroy *you*, why then would I leave an heir!” Following a tortuous silence, the Black Guards’ boots stomped through the halls. Then they paused behind the chapel door. The door shook from their pounding blows. The maidservant yet stayed by her mistress.

“Hide, Dianna!” The girl ran behind a curtain and flattened

Completely disengaging from the woman, he quickly stood, starting away at a slow jog. He called back over his shoulder, "I'm sorry, lady, but I was actually waiting out here for someone or a message from someone. I think I just saw him! Sorry you're lost, but I don't even know where I am, so ... gotta go! Good luck! Hope you get home!" He then took off running in earnest, while also staring up at the sky. Had he looked back he would have seen the *lady* being no kind of a lady at all. She stomped her foot and threw dirt and grass toward Ian in a furious rage. She looked and behaved exactly as her heart was — full of wrath and venom. (The spurned Petra presented not a pretty sight! Her failure to seduce Ian was a blow to the Dragon, producing far greater consequences than any revenge Ian could have devised, had he tried.)

Ian came to a small clearing. He bent over and took some deep breaths — for more reason than just the exertion of running. "Whew! That was really weird," he said breathlessly. Looking back and hoping she hadn't followed him, he felt relieved to see no one. The night continued mostly cloudy. Looking up, he saw a few stars peeking out. Then came that familiar rushing, swooping sound. It was definitely Silverton.

"Prince!" the flying horse called, circling above him.

Ian stared straight up and answered, "Silverton!" He could see the winged creature, but was puzzled he hadn't come down to land. The horse's deep voice called down again. "There is much evil afoot this night, young Sire! I cannot land down there, but will fly as close to you as possible. You must catch hold of my wing as I angle down. I know you can do this, Prince!"



In a few moments, out of the darkness, he heard the sound of wings flying toward him and then he heard, “Reach up, Prince! I am angling my wing down now!” Ian could finally see Silverton’s body and grabbed his wing with both hands just as the pegasus wing swooped him off his feet!

“Ooooo!” cried the youth, finding himself jerked upwards with a terrifying thrill!

“Hold on, Prince!”

Silverton took off rapidly before Ian could mount him.

Ian threw one arm over Silverton’s back, clutching the delicate wing. His other arm grabbed toward the pegasus’s mane. His frantic dangling legs were useless as his feet kicked through the air, only serving to let loose some silvery feathers into his face. Silverton’s heaving wings knocked Ian back and forth in the air as he hung on for dear life. He finally got his reach around the creature’s neck, then, with a yell of, “I made it!” he plopped onto Silverton’s back and gasped a sigh of relief. “Man, I wouldn’t want to try that again!” he shouted, panting and breathless. His flight from the woman doubtless gave him extra impetus to further the distance between himself and the woods. He held onto the pegasus’s mane for dear life. Silverton moved his immense wings up and down, rapidly gaining speed. As he made a wide arc, the celestial steed snorted mightily, calling back as they flew over Ian’s rescue site.

“Glad you made it the first time, Prince! Look down!”

Staring into the clearing, where moments ago he had been standing, he saw a horrible sight. There must have been ten wolves circling the area! Some jumped into the air howling furiously at the loss of their prey. Ian called out, “What are they doing there?” Then, in a quick and chilling moment of clarity, he exclaimed, “They were after me!”

After a pause, Silverton called back, “I believe they were hoping to get us both; two for the price of one. I saw them waiting at the wood line. I knew if I landed, I’d have to fight to the death before

Lael wiped his eyes. After some moments, he looked over at his mother who was quietly observing him. Pondering again his father's verses, Lael finally rolled up the scroll, bowed his head, and said softly, "Your earthly tasks are finished, Father. Farewell. We shall meet again when I have finished mine. Sleep well, noble warrior, and be at rest." He lifted his eyes, where they met the tender gaze of Estarianna. The young queen blew her king a kiss. The young husband smiled enigmatically, his mind now filling with the inscrutable thoughts of a king, a kingdom, a sea princess, and of Aryel, the White Knight, invincible warrior of the Most High.

The End



About the Author



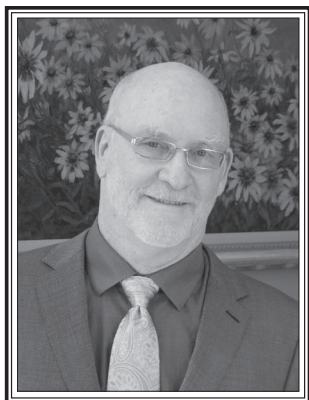
PHOTO BY ANNALISA N. SCHAMBERGER

Judy Nelson Carlson grew up in St. Paul, Minnesota, and thus began her love affair with winter and a strong attachment to her Scandinavian roots.

She received her B.A. in English from Trinity International University. Judy and her husband Tim have six children and twenty-two grandchildren and they reside with their daughter Liz in the Missouri Ozarks.

Having a lifetime passion for literature and writing, at age nine she wrote her first myth. Mrs. Carlson's particular love for the works of C. S. Lewis and George MacDonald have permeated this novel with their characteristic sense of wonder and longing. Her greatest desire is for all to know "Who goes up to heaven and comes down? Tell me, what is His name and His Son's name, if you know," (Aryel, *The White Knight*).

A Word
from
Ronald W. Kirk
Editorial Consultant



From the beginning, we knew *The White Knight, the Lost Kingdom, and the Sea Princess* was special.

The White Knight relates a tale of growing elevated character forming in essentially immature and unworthy folks. The work of honorable and powerful friends and adventurous circumstances effect this change. The goal is true nobility. Yet today too often nobility is associated with haughtiness and mean-spiritedness toward those less fortunate, as an excuse for privilege and entitlement. Almost nothing is considered sacred, holy, honorable, or noble any longer. Every comic satirist loves to demean our heroes through the magnifying of their flaws. Ridicule is easier than aspiration. Yet when everyone takes the low road, society will rapidly deteriorate. Mrs. Carlson is determined that her reader-friends find the higher road toward life.

Reviving and persuading true nobility and heroism is a great task. The Bible tells us preaching God's Word is effective. However, in our age particularly, people bristle at preachiness. How does Mrs. Carlson engage us so?

Mrs. Carlson's love for Lewis, MacDonald, Scott, and Stevenson certainly suggests a key to her story-telling style, which is part history and part fairy tale, rich in imagery and detail. And even more remarkable is the way she uniquely enhanced her story

by her thorough understanding of how Scripture should *apply* in real life. Barely a page goes by without some Biblical allusion, artfully rendered. The book's homely childlikeness, leisurely pace, relational detail, and charm are critical to its character.

White Knight was essentially birthed in Mrs. Carlson's living room as a story told aloud to family. The story is meant to immerse the reader, prompt the imagination, and evoke conversation. It is a child's book but not childish. It is an adult book but not worldly. In this sense, it is like C.S. Lewis or like Laura Ingalls Wilder's *Little House* stories. *The White Knight* is a timeless story of life-and-death truth written in an engaging, simple, and child-like manner. It is a compelling family story *with purpose*.

But Mrs. Carlson adds something even more unusual: She interrupts her own story with personal asides. These very personal admonitions buttress the essentially relational nature of the story, speaking as a wise mother to a child or friend to dear friend. These gentle personal admonitions highlight the importance of the story and they touch the heart.

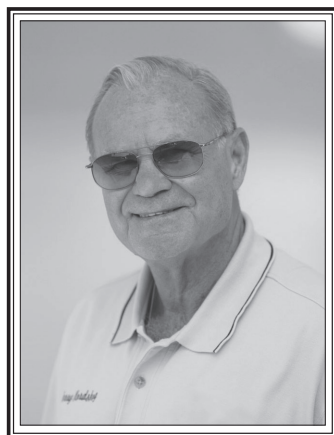
The White Knight fits into the stable of Nordskog Publishing's Noble Novels titles because it represents a much higher vision than the mainstream popular market to youth and seeks to create more enlightened readers. *The White Knight* presents a particularly pointed example of the kind of applied faith NPI has always sought. This is the sense I have of this eloquent work.

With the theme of true nobility, amazingly insightful Biblical allusions, and those grandmotherly asides, Mrs. Carlson's brilliant adventure into the Kingdom of Ajar is compelling and the great White Knight himself entrancing.

Let the adventure begin!

Publisher's Word

Gerald Christian
Nordskog



The typical contemporary view of Christianity significantly diminishes the exciting adventure the Scriptures themselves describe our relationship and walk with God in Christ to be. Nordskog Publishing exists to express the unique but Biblically sound, expansive view of what it means to be a Christian.

Most Nordskog books attempt to accomplish this purpose through non-fiction treatments of particular topics. But among our *Noble Novels* fiction, we published a wonderful little child's illustrated story *With My Rifle by My Side*, by Kimberly Simac. We have also published several unique novels. Now, with *The White Knight, the Lost Kingdom, and the Sea Princess*, we offer one of the most unique and compelling stories we have ever seen.

We saw something very special in the *White Knight* from our first introduction to author Judy Carlson. One day our office received a call from a Norwegian woman in the Ozarks. She said she was writing a novel that she felt would be of interest to a Norwegian publisher. My wife and I have a love for that area and especially Branson where we own property. We set up what turned out to be a wonderful luncheon meeting in Christian

County, Missouri with author Judy Carlson, her husband Tim, and their eldest son Kristian. We decided to pursue this adventurous project.

Mrs. Carlson is herself a compelling personage, full of Christ, life, and purpose. She is a great fan of George MacDonald, J. R. R. Tolkien, and C. S. Lewis, which shows in this book. Yet her work also bears the character of Sir Walter Scott's Christian romanticism, with its idealized and optimistic sense of God's providence through the often wretched story of man in history. It will not be hard to see their inspiration in Mrs. Carlson, even though her approach to storytelling is singularly her own. Her imagination is obvious. Her ability to give life to Biblical history and truth in her fictional characters rivals the best. Our manuscript and theology editor Ron Kirk says he has never seen anyone better able to portray with more pointed accuracy Biblical morality, heroism, and nobility in an engaging story without being preachy. Her style is full of child-like charm, but her story is never childish. She speaks as a wise mother but never nags. Mrs. Carlson forthrightly treats life and death battles against the demonic power of sin but without violating the innocence of youth.

A word about romance. Romance in its historic literary sense might be termed unrealistic expectations. The humanistic romances of Byron, Shelly, and Keats are typical. Their impossible dreams of frustrated, disappointing pessimism leave us empty. Rather, the Christian heritage of romance represented by MacDonald, Dickens, and Scott glorify honor, character, courage, true love, and hope in the face of personal failings in difficult circumstances. Similarly, the classic fairy tales in the Christian tradition dealt with sin and its destruction, but in a manner that a child's mind's eye can handle. The fairy tales ordinarily exalt good and good usually triumphs. All this and more is the romance of *White Knight*.

Mrs. Carlson tells a grand story. *White Knight's* familiarity is comforting. Yet its special treatment is compelling. In contrast

and in opposition to the typical high-action of contemporary fantasy as we see in the movies, *White Knight* takes a somewhat old-fashioned, leisurely approach. The engagement and joy comes through the plot as every good story does, but even more through its imagery and through the all too human internal struggles it treats. The outcome is glorious.

This is a timeless book for the reader of any age whose heart and imagination are open to the wonders of a heroic life in Christ. It is a family reading-aloud story. It is a homeschooler's story. It is for the young. It is for the old. It is for the 'tween. It is for girls and women. It is for boys and men. It is a book for those who love fairy tales, adventure, and a free imagination. It is a story for anyone who seeks a personal vision and purpose. It is a story for those who want to know God and with Him the fullness of life truly lived.

We believe *The White Knight, the Lost Kingdom, and the Sea Princess* is a fresh yet enduring classic. We invite your response by sending us a letter letting us know how much you enjoyed this Nordskog Noble Novels story.

— Year of our Lord 2015