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Chapter 26 A visitor for Biyu the dragon

Biyu had been a young dragon when the Norse gods lived. Sometimes, she had served them, but she had missed them when they disappeared.

Magni had been her dragon charmer.

once she had abhorred the Viking warrior's thunder, Knew only of his battles and his plunder, thought only that in him cruelty prevails, Didn't see him as a person beneath his sails, knew not of his long labors and sad sorrows, his languishes of loss of love, life, lust. thought not of his woes.

As such Magni's actions did disgust her but over time Biyu came to see Vikings differently know them now as a men, their love for family, for gods, A loyal heart, beyond earthly measure. Knowing vikings she became their guardian .

During the long years afterward, she became slowly tired of her peers. The world bore no surprises and the season-long discussions of beauty, meaning, justice, the fate of the gods and the worlds futures lost the luster they had had. She had withdrawn from all and lived her palace in human country. She

lived far from the nearest settlement so people did not bother her. Sometimes she was visited by other dragons but the widening gap between her and the rest by her race made the visits fewer as the years expired .

One day a visitor dragon Suanni long from China came to the Palace. She let the Prince Fritjof sleep so he would not disturb them or be alarmed. The visitor, Suanni long , was young for a dragon and had not yet tired of the world.

In beginning there were nine children of the dragon, Pulao long who likes to scream and make noise "My name is Pulao long I am that with no end, just like the sun.I am the Volcano Lord, I am the only one.

Qiuniu long another brother who liked music,qiuniu long is

eternal, dancing on hoards of flaming rubies

Bixi long another brother looks like hybrid of turtle and dragon, a creature with a large shell able to carry heavy objects ancient, much wiser than you.

Yazi long his brother who liked to fight, is aggressive an unquenchable fire,The center of all energy,

Baxia Long another brother likes to drink water,The stout heroic heart. truth and light,holds power and

glory in his sway.

Chiwen long whose presence disperses dark clouds.chosen to tame the fate and swallow all evil influences

Bi'an long the Eastern fire ,the mighty dragon --

Chaofeng long younger brother likes to climb and eat,called to act as guardian of the people

Youngest Suanni long who likes to sleep in a place surrounded by those who love him. and the patron of philosophers and teachers.

A thousand years ago ,Suanni long had been a little dragon

curled up, head over tail, sleeping quite happily, warm, happy,curled around something.A toy, never had he slept so peacefully,so blissfully under the tree.

Thats when Kaiwong the chinese artist had picked him up and put the sleeping dragon in a cage and given it to Princess Feng .Thats an old story but since then Suanni long didnt like humans.

"There are humans here," said Suanni long . "Do they not disturb you?"

"There is only one here. Prince Fritjof does not disturb me, he amuses me with his stories about human problems and countries. He gets bored sometimes by being alone here but then I let him

practice his skills. He does his best to impress me and I show that I appreciate it. He is civilized to be Viking . Unfortunately, he begins to feel his years, growing old and weak humans life is so short and quick.

I'm searching for his replacement ' A real viking warrior'

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## Chapter 27 Thorkell the Tall

Thorkell the Viking warrior of the Norseland ,governed the mighty seas in his longboat was built of gopher wood, made wise use of a breeze. To go on a voyage was the call, answered by all Norsemen blonde and tall and so they rode the dragon boat with him

The powers of Odin Thorkell did invoke from place where cold sea and ocean, overturn the crippled sea stacks,

Once more upon a foreign shore, spared not the weak who did implore for mercy from untimely death.

For a viking warrior was a raid unto death when the weak and feeble felt the axe ,even the strong had no hope to match

The power of its savage bite, And when the blow fell death came in sight of those yet to fall, delivered by a

norseman Thorkell the tall. Few were spared and taken slave to labour for their remaining days and a few Norsemen dead no more to roam Then the longships turned once more for home to their craggy, bleak, treeless iceland, to winter peat fires, gales, darkness, weird northern tales of gods and trolls, black nights seared by bright light curtains, a violent Viking heritage.

to live life in merriment and don't be afraid to bleed.

Thorkell the Viking was taller than the average viking men standing almost five inches more with blond hair and naughty dancing blue eyes .

He was a valiant warrior the pride of his clan but he did not have a faithful bone in his 6ft 3 inches body when it came to women .

All the Jarls wanted this warrior in their army so they set their beautiful daughters after him.

The Norse beauties with their beguiling ways could not snare this handsome man , He had a string of conquests with a longer string of broken hearts .

Thorkell the Tall indeed was playful as a kitten

He did not ask for what he wanted , but he did not have to.

Thorkell charmed the damsel , unlike other men who forced themselves to get what they desired, but

his arms were a bowl and she a bubbling, giggling

soup,  
wanting to be devoured. Thorkell laid her down amidst the currents, 'midst the choking seas of sheets that smell like lavender whenever she's around. Thorkell parted the waves like a Viking ship, riding the swells to her shores and beaching himself like a whale on her star-dappled skin. She sang like a siren with a voice that only Thorkell could hear, only he can recognize, at a frequency so low, he could mistake it for a moan. She smiled, and upon her teeth are fragments of the moon that she tore from his flesh with her nails. Thorkell rolled like a dolphin in the ocean of her, and she crests beside him in a burst of salty spray. The sun rises on a placid sea, glinting in crimson and gold off the backs of the turtles basking in its warmth. Treading water, is Thorkell, and in the arm against his chest damsel slept; dreaming her coral dreams of being kissed by fire.

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In Thorkell's dream amongst the rocky hills and terrains, between the forests and river, there was a castle made of glass, with four tiny glass towers. Inside this pretty castle, in a big cold room, is a damsel held captive, Fated to her doom. Outside this glass prison, in the garden that keeps it hidden, there's winged dragon who has locked the



damsel away, It was a horrid thing, The girl was surely doomed to do its evil bidding., The damsel was dancing to the moon and stars, Oh how she wished she was free to do as she pleased, Instead of feeling like she was behind bars. One night not to long before the eve of her birthday, while she danced on her terrace , a young Thorkell flew by on his steed, To the sweet sad melody he was drawn. He watched from afar as she sang her heartbreak, She whispered to the sky 'How I wish my true love would rescue me', The Thorkell knew from the moment he saw her face, That she was his one true love and they would be free. Drawing his sword from its sheath and letting out a cry, Thorkell and his mighty steed stormed the castles tower, Calling to the Damsel 'I am here my love!', The Dragon fought but were defeated by the Thorkell's power. On the back of the mighty steed , They flew away from the glass castle with tiny glass towers, they went on to live happily ever after, amongst Hills . When he awakened, he was still in the dreams.

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The years passed. Prince Fritjof rarely noticed them. He lived his life with his Freya and was happy with her proximity. Long time ago when the dragon had

threatened her and the palace he had ridden out to battle and drive it away.

"I feel old," he admitted to her one evening when he sat beside her in front of the fire. "My body is aching in the mornings and my armor feel heavier than it used to do.

During my last practice, I felt stiff and slow and I was more surprised than pleased that I managed to win." He was ashamed to tell Freya, but he was concerned about what would happen the next time an enemy came to the castle. What if he lost the battle, what would happen to her? "

"Do not worry, you are still a brave and skilled warrior." She held out a hand and stroked his hair.

"You fought as much as ever before." A wrinkle in Freya forehead troubled him for a while but then he was reassured her words and touch.

But during the lonely days, his concern returned and when she came to him one morning, he felt fear for the first time during his time in the castle. The only time he met her in the day was when a monster threatened the castle and he needed to fight against it. She looked worried and sad.

"Did you sleep well?"

"I have, as always. But my legs ache and my eyes are not as crisp in the mornings as they once where."

"It makes me sad to hear that. But I hope that you

can still fight for me. Today, I need you once again."

"I'm always ready to fight when I am needed. Is it the dragon?"

"It is not an ordinary attack today. It is a lot worse, that will require all your skill and courage." Freya hesitated, something she never did. "A Viking is approaching our palace. He comes from a faraway kingdom, and is here to capture me. He must not even come close to the palace, you must meet him in the forest and stop him."

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As in Thorkell's dreams the cry for help was more powerful than it had ever been. He searched in passages and among mountains after both a prisoner and prison guards, but found nothing other than new pathways to explore.

A thick fog lay heavy around him and hid anything that was more than a few men's lengths away. He saw no trees anywhere. On the ground appeared just grass, no roots or rocks that had frustrated him during the long journey through the forest. A faint sound from a brook came somewhere from the left. Thorkell pushed a twig from his face and continued forward through the deep forest. When he had left the last village they said that there were no settlements, but only wilderness along the path he had chosen. He had replied that his path was that way and that he would continue until he found what

he sought. They had not asked what he was looking for. He was glad for it because he could not answer. In recent weeks, he had felt called to search for something in the wilderness. It was as if someone needed his help, help from a imprisonment, an imprisonment which drove its victim to the madness. Here in the forest there were no animals to hunt and villagers had warned him that there were dangerous monsters farther into the woods, that nobody who had traveled the path had returned. So far, they had been right about the absence of any animals, but wrong about the monsters. He had seen neither the one nor the other. His food was running out but he did not worry about it, he knew that the source of his call neared.

He had traveled ten days from the last village when he came to the glade. His eyes had grown accustomed to the dark forest so the sudden light caused them to narrow to cracks and he held up an hand to protect them. He waited and let his eyes get accustomed to the light. In the middle of the glade a small stream coiled. Its sound made him remember the faraway places he had come from. Suddenly he came out of the fog. He was in the midst of a large meadow. At the far end of the forest began again. The air became clear as it had not been since the childhood days he sometimes remembered. Behind him the sun was setting. On the left poured the

brook, he had heard, and on the other side of it stood a Palace, built in white stone and larger than any he had hitherto seen in his life. He knew it was from there that the call for help had come.

He was halfway to the creek when he saw the warrior which was waiting on the other side of the glade. The warrior looked down towards Thorkell from the horse he was sitting on.

The warrior held a spear ready in his right hand and the hilt of a large sword was in a sheath at the horse's flank. Thorkell raised a hand in greeting to show the warrior that he was no enemy

The warrior raised his spear in answer and threw it straight towards Thorkell. Thorkell jumped to the side, he landed on his arm and rolled around to get back on his feet. The spear hit the ground with a thumping sound, and stood trembling behind.

"Stop!" cried Thorkell, "I am a peaceful traveler!"

"Do not lie stranger.

Why do you have the sword ready at your side?

'I' Prince Fritjof know you are here to abduct my Freya and take her away. But you will not succeed!"

Prince Fritjof urged his horse and rode straight towards Thorkell . In a flash Prince Fritjof drew his sword and swung it through the air.

The water splashed in the creek when the rider rode right through it without reducing speed. Thorkell drew his own sword and held it up in defense against the blows that would come.

The horse was riding up from the brook and the rider was just within reach of his sword. The horse stumbled, as if it had stepped in a hole that was invisible from the surface. The horse gave away a neigh and threw off Prince Fritjof . He fell heavily to the ground but got up on his feet again before Thorkell could attack him. The horse reared up again and then ran into the woods along the path that Thorkell came from.

On the ground seemed Prince Fritjof slow and clumsy. Thorkell still had his sword ready, while the warrior's sword pointed at the ground, as if he was already tired.

"So," said Prince Fritjof , "you have magic that makes my mount fail. She has brought me against monsters and beasts of all kinds without hesitation, but now she falls. What better proof that you are a most dangerous enemy and must die before you reaches my Lady".

"I'm no enemy of you. I have no hatred against you or your lady and I myself have been fighting against beasts."

Thorkell moved slowly around the warrior without dropping the vigilance. He did not turn his back to

the direction of that warrior had come from. There could be friends to him there even if he sounded like he fought alone.

Prince Fritjof took no account of Thorkell's words. He raised his sword again and rushed towards Thorkell. Thorkell was a sword master, but he saw clearly how Prince Fritjof left his whole body open to attack. He directed his sword to the warrior's side, and it penetrated just below his armour just as the warrior began the blow with his own sword.

Blood sprayed and Prince Fritjof's screams rang through the woods. The warrior nearly lost the grip of his sword and leaned to the side away from Thorkell. Thorkell did feel a moment of triumph before Prince Fritjof managed one final blow and hit Thorkell's head with the sword's flat side.

When he woke up everything was still. Prince Fritjof lay dead on the ground. The horse had come back to the glade and grazed in the grass near the forest edge. The sun was close to the horizon now; it would soon be dusk and night. Thorkell took a few steps but stumbled and fell again. His head was spinning. He knelt at Prince Fritjof and looked into his face. He seemed much older now than he before, an old frail man, not a warrior.

He was interrupted out of his thoughts by a warm breath on his neck. Thorkell looked up and saw the

warrior's horse standing just behind him. It lowered its body and looked back toward its seat. It wanted him to get up on it. But how could a horse want to wear his owner's murderer?

He was too dizzy and too tired to think further. He could not walk by himself anywhere, and the horse could carry him to help. Almost unconsciously he lifted Prince Fritjof's sword and stuck it in its place. He crawled carefully up on the horse. As he sat in the saddle, it rose up and began to carry Thorkell away from the clearing along a path that he had not noticed before. He leaned forward over the horse's withers. Again he felt the pain from his head where it had struck the ground. He closed his eyes and let the horse go where it wanted. He was more tired than he should be, he did not struggle but fell into a sleep filled with dreams.

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The call was strong now. He found a small bridge over the brook, and rode over to the front of the castle. He went on into its darkness. He shook, cold reached into his body. Something was wrong, he should leave the area but his yearning drove him on. The hall was dark but as he continued forward torches were lit at his side. The light showed remarkable statues depicting animals and monsters that he did not recognize, and furniture whose function he could not understand.



A door opened when he came to it. A bright light came from the other side followed by music and a song that reminded him of the longing he had felt for so long. He walked into the room and there stood a woman. Her red hair glistened like if it was of gold. She seemed naked, only wearing her hair but he saw that her hair almost imperceptibly slipped into a dress that swirled around her body. She looked up at him and he met her eyes. At that moment he was lost.

She sang him welcome to the palace. He had defeated the evil Prince Fritjof of the palace in the clearing in the woods. He would become the new ruler here of the palace.

The song led him to a chair where he sat down and leaned back. He closed his eyes, almost put to sleep by the singing and the music. Invisible servants brought food and wine to him.

"Tell me about your adventures," she sang to him.

"I've had many, but today's adventure is my biggest ever." Even his words came out as a song. He realized that it was as it should; common words would be jagged and crooked in here, song was so much better.

"I know what you have done for me today Viking warrior, tell me what you've done before, where you have been, what people do these days, what they worship and what they fear."

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