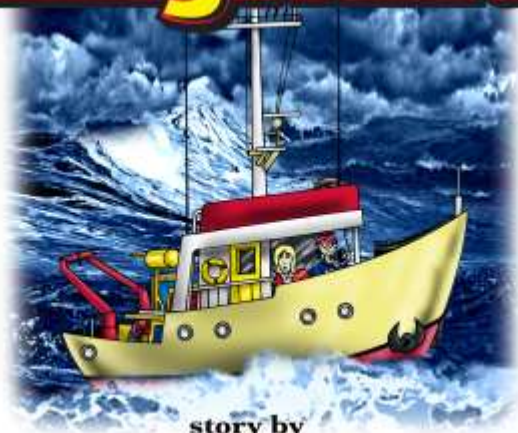


ESCAPE from **Kingsland**



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Escape from Kingsland

Colored, 3rd Edition

Book 3 of The Kingsland Series

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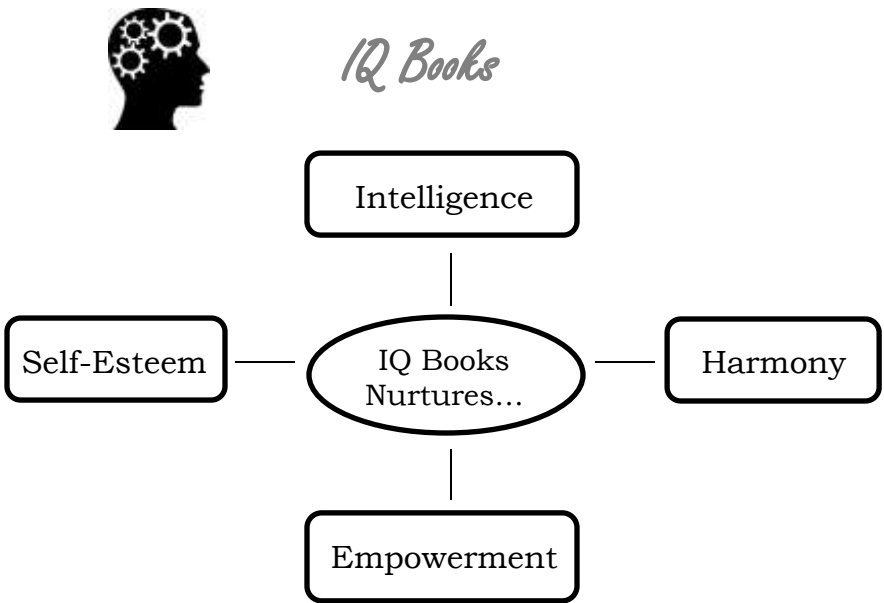
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*Special Thanks to Psychologist,
Dr. Nisha Amin*

Dr. Amin provided exceptional feedback,
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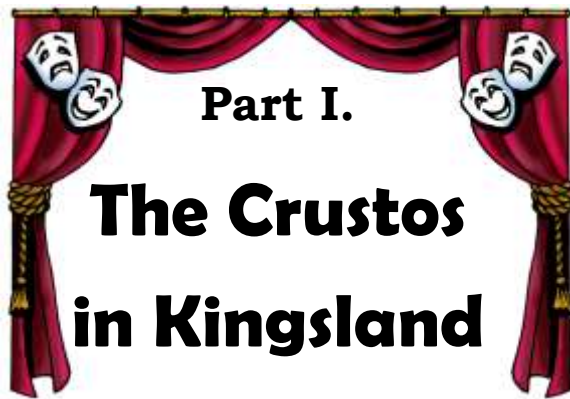
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This work is purely fictional. Resemblance of any fictional character to a real person is not indicative of a match in personality.



CHAPTER 1

At Present—Introducing Kingsland

Kingsland is a place on earth that not many people know about. Sailors from Europe were the first people to come to Kingsland in the early 1500s. However, today, most people don't know anything about Kingsland, and most people of Kingsland don't know how much the rest of the world has changed.

Kingsland is a society of many classes and craftsmen, and it also has some of the same great advances found in our world, such as plumbing and electricity. Although its people have invented many of the same things available in our world, Kingsland has evolved separately, without help from the outside world. In this land, it is common to call a person by one's job title.

For example, a brick maker can be referred to as "Brickmaker," a taxi driver as "Taxidriver," and an engineer as "Engineer."

How can a whole different world exist right within our reach, yet without us knowing?

Kingsland is on planet earth, all right. However, it is a world of its own, and to get to it, it is said that one has to travel through a portal into another dimension.

As one might imagine, Kingsland is a land of many small kingdoms.

Escape from Kingsland is about two travelers, Jack and Francine, who find themselves drawn into a portal that takes them to the dimension of Kingsland. They decide to find a way back home, but getting a chance to make the return trip proves to be challenging.

CHAPTER 2

The Bermuda Triangle

The Bermuda Triangle is a triangular area within the Atlantic Ocean where many ships dare not sail. Although many ships have passed through the triangle untouched, some have mysteriously disappeared; a few others were said to have come across terrible storms, but made it out safely.

Famous French oceanographers, Jack and Francine Crusto were on a voyage—possibly their last one! The year was 1997, and their mission was to explore the Bermuda Triangle. Although senior in age, Jack and Francine were remarkably strong, attractive, and enthusiastic adventurers.

Jack smiled as they made their entry into what people called “The Devil’s Triangle.” Francine was equally amused, as neither took the threat very seriously. As they made their way deeper into the triangle, grey clouds were seen over them. The wind started to affect the ship’s ride, and waves became choppy. Francine looked a little concerned.

“Jack, maybe there’s some truth behind the fables of the triangle. Should we turn back?”

“Nonsense!” insisted Jack, “We’ll make it through just fine. It’s just a little bad weather. The forecast doesn’t call for storms today in this part of the ocean, so these are just some isolated wind gusts. We’ll be fine.”

As they sailed forward, the waves became increasingly choppy, and the clouds grew darker. Steering the ship became challenging. Francine looked worried.

“*Should we turn back?*” asked Francine again, in a raised voice, struggling to communicate amidst the noisy wind and waves that battered the ship.

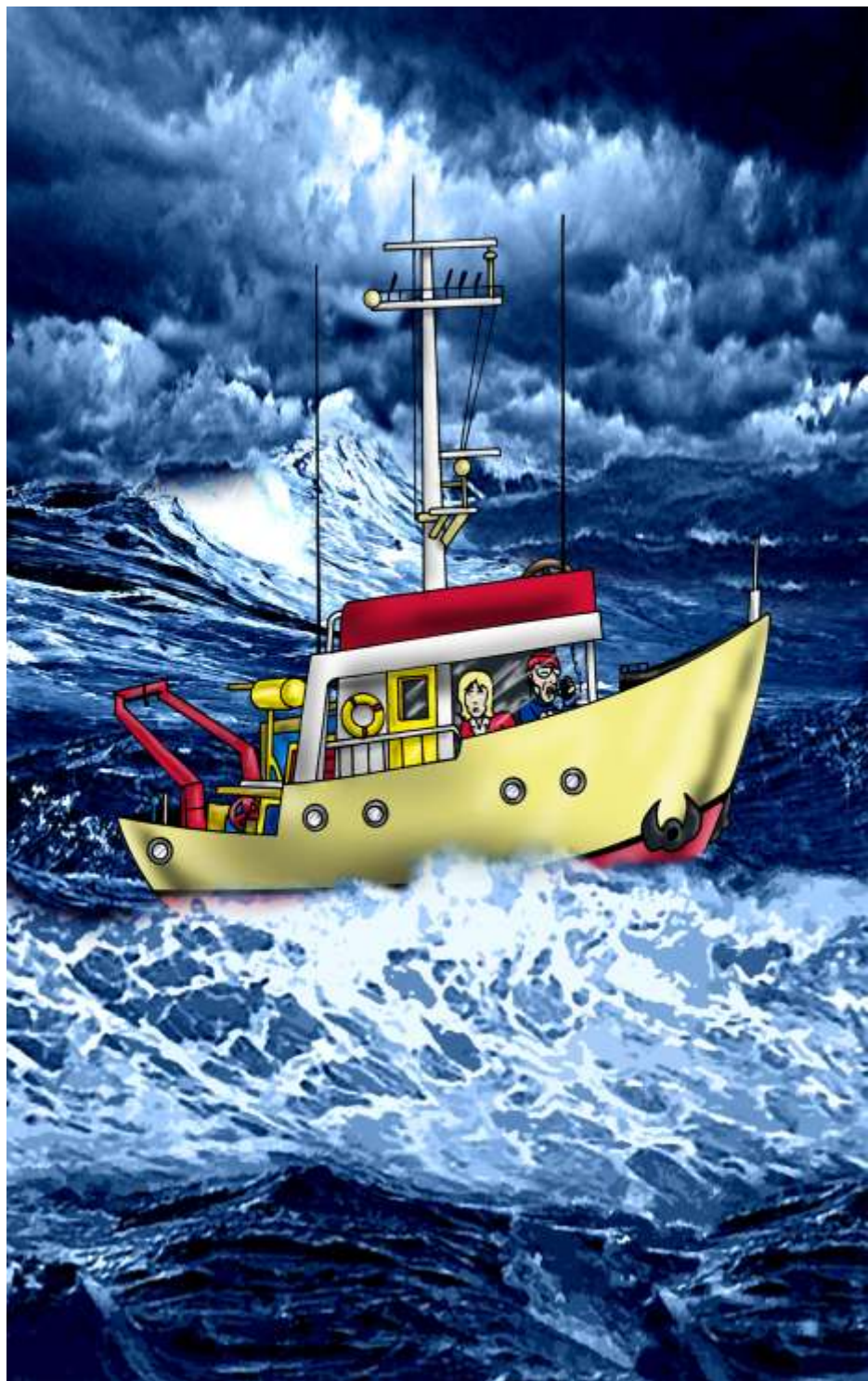
Jack kept quiet, but no longer looked certain, as they continued course.

“*Maybe Bermuda Triangle isn’t a safe place,*” said Francine, as they continued to struggle communicating over the noisy weather.

“*Nonsense!*” declared Jack, “*I admit we have bumped into some bad weather, but that is purely by chance!*”

“*How long do we keep on going like this?*”

Jack quietly steered the ship back in the direction from which they had come, but the waves did not subside.



The skies grew much darker, and the wind even stronger, while raindrops started to fall aboard the deck.

Jack started to look worried, as he struggled to control the vessel. As the boat became impossible to control, fear set in. The Crustos fearfully clenched onto the hand rails within the control room.

A drenching rainstorm hit upon them, and the waves grew enormous. Water leaked into the control room, as heavy waves continued to batter them from all sides. They prayed desperately, but to no avail.

But the seas once again subsided, and all was calm. Glad to have made it through the storm, the Crustos embraced.

But they had no idea where they were within the vast ocean. The navigation equipment was flooded, and the communication lines were inoperable.

“The waters seem calm here,” said Jack, “Looks like the sun is about to set. Better not to make a move in the dark without a compass. We will wait until morning and travel in an eastward direction, in the direction of the sunrise, which should put us on a track outside this blasted triangle. While moving eastward, we’ll keep a watch for a beacon that can tell us our position.”

“That’s a good plan, but I don’t think we

should give up on the navigation equipment. We'll try to open it up, dry it out, and see if we can get it to work," stated Francine.

"Smart lady! That's why I married you."

They smiled.

The boat floated freely on calm waters. As the sun set, they sang songs while Jack played his guitar.



The Crustos awoke at sunrise.

They heard a faint sound which seemed to be getting louder, as the boat floated slowly toward it.

The sound of gushing water became apparent, and then grew painfully loud. Jack and Francine looked through their binoculars and saw a giant funnel-shaped whirlpool pulling the ocean down into a hole. The huge funnel was slowly draining the ocean!

“Quick! Turn on the engine!” exclaimed Jack.

The boat was being pulled in the direction of the whirlpool, and they had to make a fast move. Francine cranked the engine, and they tried to pilot the boat away from the vortex. However, the Crustos found themselves moving steadily closer to the whirlpool. The boat did not have enough power to escape.

There was nothing that they could do. It was inevitable. But they were brave souls. They looked at each other and hugged. In what they thought might be their last moments, they prayed, as the boat continued to move slowly toward the vortex.

Down went the boat, in great circles! The circles became increasingly smaller and faster. Within the boat cabin, the Crustos hit the deck and held each other, but eventually fainted.

When they woke up, the boat seemed to have landed on calm ocean waters, but they were surrounded by a thick, pink light.

Everything was blurry. It was a confusing time, and the course of action was unclear. Jack noticed that up ahead the pink light seemed fainter, and he navigated the ship into that direction.

The pink faded away, and they found themselves back on ocean waters under normal blues skies.

“Wow. Where are we, and what do we do now?” asked Francine.

“Good question,” Jack answered, “I’m not sure.”

Jack noticed through his binoculars that there was land up ahead.

“At Last! There’s some hope!” cried Jack.

CHAPTER 3

Ashore

They landed ashore.

“Not sure if there are people in this place or not,” said Jack.

“Sure hope so,” replied Francine.

The Crustos started their exploration by looking through their binoculars on top of a large beachside sand dune.

“Why look at that!” exclaimed Jack, “It looks like there are trees here. Maybe there are good plants that we can eat on this island.”

Although the beach dunes were challenging, they quickly gave way to greener lands within. As they continued their exploration, they noticed at a distance that there was a tall, man-made structure resembling a light house.

“Thank heavens!” exclaimed Francine. “We’re saved! There must be people here!”

Joyous beyond measure, they started walking in the direction of the tower.

“The tower looks far away, but *there* is civilization here! I wonder if they have cell phones?” said Francine.

“Fabulous idea! I think I still have mine on me.”

Jack took out his cell phone, dialed for the operator, and put it to his ear.

“It doesn’t seem to be going through,” said Jack.

Observers within the tower were watching the Crustos.

“Intruders!” announced one of the guards.

The Crustos had landed on the beaches of Angelsland (*Angels-land*), a kingdom within Kingsland. The tower was actually a post where the kingdom’s army police observed the land and sea for intruders.

“Good job,” declared Mitchel, the kingdom’s lead army officer, “Let’s get them!”

The Crustos continued to struggle with their cell phone.

“Let me try it,” said Francine, as she grabbed the phone and attempted the same, “I guess we have to keep moving forward. It doesn’t seem to be working.”

As they continued their march, they saw the king’s army fast approaching on horseback.

“There are people!” exclaimed Francine.

Relieved, they both smiled and waved their hands in the air.

The king’s army was not so friendly. They fired shots with their army guns.

K’Pow! K’Pow!

“Oh no!” exclaimed Francine, “They’re shooting!”

Within an instant, they turned from being happy to being scared.

“Duck!” ordered Jack, as he put his head and body down onto the ground.

“*What?*” asked Francine, in a panicky voice.

Jack got up and pushed Francine’s head and body down into the ground as he ordered, “Duck!”

“What do we do now?” asked Francine.

“It looks like they stopped firing. Maybe they don’t trust us and were shooting in the air only to let us know that they are armed.”



There was no place to run and nothing to do; hope was all they had. The Crustos found themselves surrounded by an army of men on horses.

“We’ve got you surrounded!” declared Mitchel, the lead army officer, “If you try any dumb stunt, you won’t make it out of this alive! Now get up very slowly with your hands in the air!”

They were hand-cuffed.

“What do you want from us?” cried Francine.

“What have we done wrong?” demanded Jack.

There were no replies. They were quickly taken away on horseback.

Back at the jail, the prisoners were questioned.

“Who are you working with? Where have you come from? Who is your leader?” demanded Mitchel.

“We are from France; our leader is the prime minister of France, Alan Jupe, and we came to explore the Bermuda Triangle. We landed here by sheer chance, after we were lost at sea,” replied Jack.

“Nonsense! Who were you talking with through this communicator?” asked Mitchel, as he held the cell phone that the army had seized.

“Nobody. We were trying to get hold of someone, but we couldn’t get anyone.”

“Yes, precisely, who were you trying to get hold of?”

“*Anybody*. We were lost at sea and made it ashore. We just wanted to be rescued.”

“Our men caught both of you talking through this communicator. How does it work? Connect me to your leader.”

“It doesn’t work here. You must have heard me say that it doesn’t work here before I closed the lid. Francine said the same thing when she tried it.”

“Francine?”

“Yes, my wife, Francine.”

“And you?”

“Jack, Jack Crusto.”

They were taken to court where the Honorable Judge Hotcakes and his hand-picked jury pronounced them guilty. The trial was quick and simple.

“This is a short and simple case,” said Judge Hotcakes, “Our men have caught you with this equipment, and you were trying to communicate with your leader. As the charge is related to kingdom security, the rules are reversed. The accused must be considered guilty until proven innocent. Because you have not proven your innocence, the jury finds you guilty, and you must face a lifetime in prison—both of you!”

Folks on the jury and the trial audience cheered.

“No! Let us explain! Give us a chance to prove our innocence!” exclaimed Jack.

“You didn’t even call us to the stand!” cried Francine.

“Take them away,” declared Hotcakes.

“No!” cried Francine.



Just then, the king's messenger darted into the courtroom.

"All hail as King Jaaz (*Joz*) approaches!" declared Messenger. The cheering stopped. Everyone stood quietly, in honor.

"Good evening, Your Majesty," said Hotcakes, as Jaaz took the royal chair in the courtroom, reserved especially for the king.

"What seems to be the problem?"

"These intruders are a security threat, and I've just sentenced them to a lifetime in prison."

"I see," said Jaaz curiously, "On what charge?"

Hotcakes looked puzzled, and spoke uncomfortably, "Uh, they were found near the beach with this communication device. They were trying to communicate with their leader. Ever since Angelsland has prospered, we have been getting the evil eye from surrounding kingdoms, and ..."

"What's the charge?" interrupted Jaaz.

"Do we really need a charge? They are a security threat. Should they not be treated as prisoners of war?"

King Jaaz looked towards the Crustos, and demanded, "Explain yourself!"

Jack replied, "We were exploring the Bermuda Triangle, and we got caught up in a storm. We don't know where we are."

“We were glad to see people,” continued Jack, “But we don’t know what we’ve done wrong.”

“I see. Tell me. Where are you from?” asked the king.

“We’re from France.”

“Oh, France you say. Hmm... There is no France that we know of here. So what were you doing with this communication device? Who were you trying to communicate with?”

“It’s called a cell phone. Back where we come from, it is one way that people can talk with each other. And we use special numbers to dial the phone operator. I was just trying to call the operator of this land to know where we are. But obviously, you don’t have cell phones here, so there wouldn’t be any operator.”

“I see. So, tell me, what is the shape of the earth?”

“Why it’s round, like a sphere, of course.”

“Like a sphere? Ha ha ha...!” laughed Jaaz, “Certainly not! The world is flat, of course. It’s a flat triangle. Everyone knows that.”

“What year is it?” continued the king.

“Why it’s 1997, of course.”

“Well, you got that one right,” said Jaaz, “Who invented the light bulb?”

“I believe that was Thomas Edison.”

“No, it was Edward Thomas. Maybe it was Thomas Edison in your world.”

“Whatever you say must be correct, Your Majesty.”

“Release them!” ordered King Jaaz.

Hotcakes blurted, “But Your Majesty, the security of our kingdom ...”

“Do as I say!” interrupted Jaaz.

Then calmly, the king offered an explanation, “In the records of our history, it is stated that we Kingslanders came from an area called Europe. Our ancestors came from countries that we no longer know about—countries like France and England. It’s obvious that these two came through the same portal. They will stay as my guests, at the palace, and maybe we will learn a little something about the world of our ancestors.”



CHAPTER 4

The Deal with Jaaz

From prisoners to guests of honor, the Crustos enjoyed their new role shift, as King Jaaz accompanied them on his elephant, back to the palace.

From atop the elephant, their eyes feasted on the colorful streets of Angelsland. Buildings were well-painted in a beautiful variety of light pastel colors.

As they continued forward on the grand cobblestone road, the aroma of delicious pastries tempted them.

“The aroma is lovely,” said Francine.

“We have a grand feast waiting back at the palace,” replied Jaaz, “Great pastries from Angelsland are on the menu!”

From one street to the next, an array of colorful, lavish gardens, gorgeous monuments, and decorative fountains were scattered all throughout Angelsland. Government offices were decorated with emblems made of pure, solid gold.