

Avalon revealed

The Lost Kingdom



Diamond Collection

Gaëtan Algoet

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Summary

Avalon Revealed — The Lost Kingdom

This book presents a groundbreaking investigation into the enduring mystery of Avalon, the legendary island at the heart of Arthurian tradition. Based on heraldic evidence, archival fragments, and microhistorical reconstruction, it challenges long-held assumptions and proposes a new geographical and cultural context for Avalon. Through meticulous research and evocative narrative, the work reconstructs overlooked details from medieval chronicles, local traditions, and symbolic imagery, weaving them into a coherent hypothesis that situates Avalon not as a mythical abstraction but as a tangible historical reality.

Avalon

Combining rigorous scholarship with narrative depth, *The Lost Kingdom* guides the reader through landscapes, manuscripts, and forgotten archives. It offers both a compelling historical argument and a poetic meditation on memory, myth, and identity, transforming Avalon from legend into a rediscovered chapter of history.

Foreword

Found in Mist

I didn't begin this journey with a map, only with a memory that refused to fade. Avalon was never a legend I wanted to chase; it was a presence I was beginning to recognize.

What began as an archaeological curiosity became a ritual of revelation. We dug not merely through the ground but through silence. Every grave, every mound, every forgotten symbol pointed not to absence but to convergence. And in that convergence Avalon emerged — not imagined, but unearthed.

This book isn't a reconstruction; it's an acknowledgement: a breath of fresh air between stone and story, between soil and memory.

And so the first page of that memory was written in the winter of 537. I invite you to walk with me — not to search for Avalon, but to see it as I do: not lost, but waiting to be remembered.

Gaëtan Algoet

Begijnendijk, 2025

Words of thanks

This book is not only the result of research, imagination, and perseverance — it was also born out of patience, trust, and shared silence.

First of all, I wish to thank my wife Myriam. Her patience was the foundation on which I could build. While I spent countless hours lost in archives, chronicles, and forgotten maps, she carried the rhythms of daily life with grace. She allowed me to search, write, erase, and rewrite, never demanding that I return before I had found what I was seeking. Her presence was the calm behind my storm. Without her, this book would never have gained the depth it now holds.

My sincere gratitude also goes to Luboš Kordac. What began with a book in a dive shop grew into a friendship that shaped me. Luboš was not only a guide through forgotten histories, but also a mirror in my own quest. He shared his knowledge, his archives, his doubts, and his hopes — and in that sharing I learned not only about the past, but also about myself. His trust gave me the courage to continue, his sharpness helped me dig deeper, and his companionship turned this journey into a shared story.

I also wish to thank ROBtv, who conducted the first television interview with me and made my discovery visible to a wider audience. Their report gave this research a voice and brought the story of Avalon closer to the people.

With special respect and gratitude, I wish to mention my father□in□law, Pierre Neuhard, retired state inspector of Germanic languages. At the age of 91, he found the strength and clarity to read through my book. His sharp eye, his sensitivity to language, and his lifelong dedication to the study of words and meanings enriched this work with a dimension I could never have added myself. That he, at such a blessed age, took the effort to go through my manuscript is

for me a gift of wisdom and love. I also congratulate him on his own impressive testimony “Ik was pas zes toen de wereld in brand werd geschoten”.



The author with Luboš Kordac during a conversation in the Dominican Republic (2009) – the moment the foundation stone was laid.

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Prologue: The Queen of Stones

Avalon 537 AD:

Beneath a half-moon, the turbulent North Sea crashes against the darkened shore. Upon a cold stone slab rests the Queen of Avalon, her face pale in the torchlight. Silent warriors stand guard, their shadows flickering across carved pillars. A priest bows low, pressing ash upon her forehead as the wind carries both the salt of the storm-tossed sea and the scent of burning pine. Smoke curls upward, merging with the night sky, as if bearing her spirit toward the horizon.



The wind tore at the funeral torches, scattering embers into the night.

At this moment, between breath and stillness, she claims Avalon as the shore beyond this life. The wind tugged at the torches, scattering sparks into the night. A procession wound through frozen grass toward a cairn that jutted like a tooth from the headland. Behind them rolled the turbulent North Sea

beneath a half-moon, its waves speaking in a black, patient tongue older than any kingdom.

In the midst of the mourners walked the queen. Gold circled her brow, but the metal could not retain the heat in her bones. Every breath smoked in the cold, and every step was an argument against the arrow tucked beneath the fur at her shoulder. She moved without complaint. A ruler must meet the darkness with open eyes.

The cairn had been raised earlier that day under a sky the color of iron, stones brought from the coast and from the fields where farmers would later whisper that the earth felt lighter without them, as if a balance had shifted.

Three pillars carved with runes framed the mouth of the chamber. Birch and bark smoldered in braziers, casting a bitter sweetness into the turbulent sea salt and wet wool.

The warriors holding the queen did not speak. Words would not help now. You will not be cold. You will not live longer than these islands, older than the men who forged iron from peat fires, who settled like snow across the assembled lands.

They lowered the queen onto the slab. Someone placed a sword, wrapped in oil-dark cloth, at her feet. The hilt was adorned with a thin braid of silver knots that caught the firelight like a river breaking into ice.

The queen reached for it, the movement small, the meaning absent—skin against metal. A tremor crossed her mouth. The priest froze. The nearest warriors lifted their heads like hounds scenting a nameless presence. Avalon. The word had not been spoken openly in these parts for a generation. It was a rumor carried by monks in winter and traders in summer, a place that meant hope or folly depending on how the year had treated them.

Still, the queen had spoken of it as a place she had seen. She closed her eyes. Somewhere beyond the ring of torchlight, a ship's bell rang, unseen. The plate slid into place. Knobs struck. The tone hissed.

The cairn accepted its new stone, and with it a breath that would not be returned. The wind rose from the turbulent sea, catching on cloaks and pushing smoke sideways. In its current, a few still heard a sound as thin as a thread, as long as an age—the sound of several women singing. Perhaps it was only the reeds. The warriors would say it was only the reeds.

They walked away along the path, a river of shadows flowing back to the wooden hall, where the hearth had not been allowed to fail all day. Behind them, the cairn hunched like a crouched animal guarding what could not be replaced. In the longhouse, the heat pressed against the skin until the living could feel the blood again.

The hall was a forest, beams black with smoke, rafters hung with shields and dried fish, antlers bearing the weight of cloaks still wet from the salt air. Men crouched by the fire, palms outstretched like beggars seeking fortune. Women moved like tides in the dim light.

The queen's brother stood by the hearth. He had the appearance of a falcon, a straight nose, and a gaze that did not travel far enough to see far. His left hand, the one he did not show unless he had to, wore a bandage dark as peat.

An archer's rope had burned him three nights earlier during the fighting, when the ships with red sails came cutting through the storm, as if the storm itself had been an invitation. It had not been a raid for cattle or iron. It had been a raid for names.

The brother nodded once. He had known it since the arrow. He had known it since the year turned cruel and the harvest rotted on the stalk. He had known it since the first time he dreamed the same dream three nights in a row: a shoreless

lake and an island that would not stay put, like a memory that refused to remain if you tried to nail it down.

A monk from the south sat by the fire, his hands outstretched to the heat of the central flame. He was young enough to hope, yet old enough to hide it. He had come in the spring with a parchment and questions, and a way of writing that turned speech into a kind of trap. When the brother looked at him, the monk closed his eyes, unsure whether he had witnessed a miracle or invented one. You'll say the barrier hasn't been broken. The brother's mouth froze, the ghost of a smile not reaching his eyes. He answered.

The storm rolled in after midnight from the northwest, a black engine with blades in it. By then, the mourners were asleep—or pretending to be—while each met his own fate in the darkness. The cairn took the first rain like a fortress and shed it. Rough waves lashed against the headland, rejected and tried again, as wild seas do.

On the leeward side of the burial mound, a girl no older than twelve crouched beneath a hide tent with her mother. The girl had eyes too large for her skull and a patience that terrified her elders. She had been born during a solar eclipse and had never caught a fever, not even when it swept through the village like fire through dry grass.

She was the kind of child who would be asked questions by men with weapons—if the men lived long enough to ask them. The wind dragged smoke low across the grass into the tent. The girl inhaled it and whispered to her mother, who held her close without saying she believed her. In the morning, the mother could not remember the words. It is a mother's way of forgetting what she cannot protect.

Toward sunrise, the storm abated. Fog rolled in from the east, the kind of dense, silvery-gray fog that makes sounds before they become words. On the whale route, a lone cedar-brown ship headed south through turbulent seafoam,

following a wind that belonged nowhere else in the world. If anyone had seen it, they would have sworn the ship was rowing itself.

At the bow, a man in a salt-stiff cloak leaned over the dragon's head. He let the gray sky wash his face. He had been given a message to carry, a message that did not fit on parchment. Such messages change the bearer. His rowers did not speak. A bell hung from the mast, a small one, the kind a child might ring for cattle, but here it sounded useless against the surf—unless a man wanted the dense, leaden fog to know where he was.

It happened once. The damp fog responded by thickening around the ship—like sleep thickening around the eyes of a man not yet allowed to rest. A man facing no one, yet visible to the living.

In the hall, the queen's brother woke at the table, his cheek pressed against his forearm, with a brand-new pain in the old scar that ran from his collarbone to the hinge of his jaw. Dreams quickly flee when the fire dies, but the last of his lingered: the shoreless lake and the island that would not stay in one place—except this time the island held a light that moved like a hand behind a curtain.

He stood, and the bench groaned, and men who had not planned on sleeping sat down, blinking. A scout stumbled in from the door, his hair adorned with thick, damp mist.

By the time they had tied iron to leather, leather to wool, and wool to skin, the dense, silvery-gray fog had crept into the hall and spilled like milk across the floor. Men's boots left black manes in their wake. The brother lifted the bar, and the door swung, and the world outside was recreated within a cloud.

They climbed the mound in procession, opposite to those who had descended hours earlier. A man three paces ahead could be lost in the impenetrable fog. Rooks wailed in the pines. The cairn loomed out of the gray like a memory called by its true name.

Something had been left behind on the threshold, something that had not been there when they sealed the slab: a crown of woven birch with nine elderberries. No one moved to touch it. The brother did not look at his men. He looked toward the foaming, roaring sea he could not see, and listened.

A bell rang once, muffled, from the mist—then again, closer. Then the dense silver-gray fog on the path parted, forming the shape of a man, as if exempt from it. He wore no colors. He held his hands away from his body to show they were empty of all that could be seen.

“Messenger,” the man said. His voice had the evenness of one who had sailed far and long. He meant Avalon without saying so. The men behind the brother shifted. Iron breathed. Leather creaked. The brother’s face remained unchanged, though the hand beneath the bandage ached as if the strings had bitten it again.

The brother pressed his palm against the last stone, as if to feel the shape of his sister’s absence. He nodded to the warriors. They lifted the slab with poles of ash, blackened at the ends—still scarred by last night’s field.

They raised the sword together. Oilcloth whispered. Silver knotwork caught the mist and threw it back as a vague geometry of light. When the messenger reached for it, the brother did not let go. Their eyes met, and in that moment of silence the men around them felt the bottom of the world tilt slightly.

“Tell him,” said the brother, and the words were iron. “Tell him from my mouth that we remember.” “I will tell him,” said the messenger, and the way he spoke, the men knew this was not a man who forgot.

The bell rang a third time from the stormy sea, invisible behind the still-hanging mist that climbed like a cloak around the messenger. When he was gone, the birch crown remained where it had been placed—something from another grammar—and the brother turned to his men with a face that had set aside what a brother owes and kept only what a ruler must bear.

“Do it again,” he said. “Let no one here say that we opened what should not have been opened. If anyone asks, just say that the sea took what it deserved.”

They lowered the slab. Knockers struck. Tone hissed. The cairn accepted its stone a second time, and when the wind wavered, it was no louder than before.

By noon, the dense cloud hanging over the ground had thinned to a veil. Children walked along the path between the hall and the shore with ribbons, bringing the last of the storm into the room. Women beat carpets with sticks. Men mended nets and did not mention bells. The world looked as it does when something immense has happened—and decided to pretend it had not.

Down by the beach, a girl with eyes too large for her skull watched the roaring sea crest against the rocks. She picked up a piece of driftwood shaped like a sword and held it up to the water in a gesture older than the stories that explain it. The water did not respond, but a black feather fluttered down from nowhere, as if a bird had cast it into a sky none of them yet possessed.

Out of sight, a nameless ship pointed its bow toward a place without a harbor, and the man who had taken the sword uttered a prayer without any mention of God. All messages change. He had been given one to carry to a king who would become a story.

Memoria reginae non perit

The memory of the Queen is not lost.

Chapter I : The Whisper That Started the Fire .

1. The Resort

Riu Bachata, Dominican Republic June-July

The five-star Riu Bachata resort shimmered like a tropical jewel on the edge of Maimón Bay, embraced by 50,000 square meters of lush gardens and a mountainous backdrop that framed the horizon. Together with the Riu Merengue and the Riu Mambo, the Riu Bachata stood as the crown jewel of the trio—the most luxurious of them all. The air carried the mingled scent of sea salt and hibiscus, woven with the rhythm of merengue drifting softly from the beach bar.

Two swimming pools glistened beneath the Caribbean sun, bordered by palm trees, loungers, and thatched umbrellas, where life unfolded in a languid, unhurried rhythm.



By day, the pools glistened beneath the Caribbean sun; in the evening, their still surfaces reflected the warm glow and the deep blue sky.

Framed by gently swaying palm trees and thatched-roof parasols, the scene exuded a serene, relaxed elegance. My wife—slim, blonde, and naturally graceful—lay stretched out on a lounge chair by the pool the next day, a book resting lightly on her lap. Our two daughters, teenagers with the same sun-kissed blonde hair and youthful energy, lay on their stomachs on towels spread across the loungers. All three wore bikinis, their figures sharply defined against tanned skin.

The tropical sun beat down. Factor 50 sunscreen flowed in abundance. They laughed, exchanged secrets, and occasionally slipped into the turquoise water to cool off, tossing a ball and swimming toward the small waterfall in the center of the pool.

At one o'clock they always rose to watch the dancers rehearse on stage for the evening's shows—elaborate performances in dazzling costumes, staged for an international audience drawn from every corner of the world. After returning

to this tropical paradise year after year, we had come to know the dancers personally. Friendships had formed, and they had watched our daughters grow older each summer.

A wide stretch of white sand led the eye to the resort's iconic lookout tower, standing guard at the entrance to the future cruise-ship port. Gentle waves lapped the shore, leaving a lacquer-like foam on the sun-drenched beach. The view conveyed a dynamic harmony between coastal leisure and the subdued bustle of maritime life.

In the twilight of falling evening, I often wandered with the girls to the foot of a mountain near the Riu Merengue, drawn by the quiet shimmer of fireflies that my daughters watched intently. A restaurant employee once told me that nothing was allowed to be built on the hill. Some whispered it was sacred; others alluded to a long-forgotten bloodshed.

I did not know what to believe, but the silence of that slope felt heavier than the night. Out of respect for the dead, they said the remains were never moved. Shattered by explosions during a failed rebel landing in 1959, fragments of bodies remained undisturbed, scattered and silent underground. I began to investigate further.

Not far from the resort entrance, along the main road, stands a statue—a quiet memorial to what happened there. It was the first thing you saw driving from Puerto Plata International Airport to the hotel, marking the last mountain ridge before the resort appeared in the distance.

On the way back from one of my expeditions to Monte Cristi, Luboš and I stopped at a small local fish restaurant just before reaching Maimón. He did not have much, and I knew he loved fish, so I treated him to a meal. I ate nothing myself, having arranged to dine later with my family at the hotel restaurant, which was more in line with our usual standards. But I wanted him to enjoy something special. It was a quiet gesture, a moment of gratitude and companionship after a long day of diving and exploring old shipwrecks.