

Endorsement for Merrilee Beckman's *The Iron Labyrinth*

Immersion in a novel requires a certain *gravity* in one or more of a novel's essential ingredients: story, plot, characters, language, images. As well, each ingredient differs in the degree of gravity, or "pull." While each ingredient is not difficult to define (in spite of variations in views), the quality of gravity is not. But one knows it when one reads a text abounding in gravitational pull. Such is the case with Maerrilee Beckman's initial volume of a trilogy, *The Iron Labyrinth*.

You *will* be pulled into the underneath world made of iron. Man or woman, you *will* gravitate to Brian who becomes Colum, resists his enslavement by Uncle, the lord of this terrorizing place. You *will* experience the dark unrelenting pull of Uncle, and you *will* be pulled to question the strange blue light. You *will* become immersed not only in the text, but in the Iron Kingdom itself, as your psyche is drawn into the deeper and darker reaches of this book. Not just a page turner, but you *will* experience the pull of the next work, the next sentence, the next paragraph, and yes, the next page. And when you are done, you *will* experience the pull to the second volume. Its birth cannot be soon enough.