

I want to tell all readers that I had enjoyed writing this story very much and that this is probably the longest I've ever written. So I hope you don't mind the bad language strewn here and there and that you enjoy my tale, because I sure enjoyed it!

A giant alligator, a French madman, a lost archaeologist, blood thirsty mummies, and a race for the conquest over the last resting place of the book of the dead... Could this be Indy's last adventure yet?

Indiana Jones and the Conquest of the Obelisk  
by the Indyan

PART 1

*"It soon became obvious that we were but on the threshold of discovery."*  
Howard Carter, 1922

Prologue  
Part 1

Ancient Egypt, 3100 BC

Rami was an old man. He was close to death, but he still managed to stay alive. He had a small, wrinkled face and fingers dived with cuts and burns. Although one of the most elusive men in Egypt, he was also the most famous. Of all things he could do, there was one he could do best.

Rami lifted his swollen hand, and pushed open the door. It creaked open, and he stepped inside. There was a woman of middle age sitting at a table and reading a parchment. She was large, and had a pudgy face. Rami stepped up and patted her on the back.

"Good morning, Kiwu. Are you having a nice day today?" Rami spoke as he picked up the parchment with his shaking hands.

"Not really. Something has happened..." Kiwu explained as she snatched the papyrus back.

"I suppose that is why you beckoned me over here." Rami said.

"Yes. My daughter..." Kiwu whispered.

"Yes. I heard about Merit." Rami said.

"She was out selling and-" Kiwu said.

"What happened?" Rami asked.

"She was selling... a big man... stalked her... took her away..." Kiwu started to shake.

"Who was it?"

"The man who owns home next to our stall."

"I see."

"She was so young..." Kiwu explained.

"I guess you want me to use this parchment?" Rami explained.

"Yes. Please."

Rami picked up the parchment, and read it out loud. His voice was raspy and sounded eerie. The hustle outside the building stopped, as if everyone wanted to listen. The street goers stopped, and turned. A misty fog blanketed the city.

"It is done." Rami spoke.

"Yes. I can feel it. She is among us."

"I will return this to the book." Rami said.

"You may." Kiwu said.

"My fee?" Rami spoke through the mist as he stepped out of the room.

Kiwu opened a satchel, and handed Rami a package. Rami opened the cloth, and inspected it. It was a stone. An sun stone. It was large, and fit firmly in his hands.

"Thank you." Rami tucked the stone back into the cloth and exited the room.

Kiwu looked at the fog coated room, and fell to the ground.

Rami climbed down a curving stair case, and into his home. He walked over to a knick in the stone wall, and set the stone down. It sat next to a dust ridden book, one that was at least a century old. Rami picked up the book, and opened it. Dust flurried everywhere. There was one parchment set inside the first page, and he added the second.

"It is almost complete..." Rami spoke, "Before long, the Book of the Dead will be finished." Rami chanted to himself.

"I shall have complete control over Egypt!" Rami said, and lifted the stone up.

His eyes peered through it, and he set it down.

A sentry stood guard before the high priests room. He held a spear and had a bow crossing back. He looked to the side, noticing something. Rami stood at the foot of the stairs. "Halt! No one will pass!" the sentry ordered. Rami lifted his hand. The guard began to shake.

"What the-?" He screamed. His skin turned dark gray.

"AH!" The sentry fell to the ground, and grasped his face.

"Help!" he shrieked, then curled up.

Rami passed him, and pushed open the doors. The priest looked up. "Hey! Who let you in demon!" the priest shrieked.

"I let myself in." Rami rasped.

"Clear out of here at once vile beast!" The priest ordered.

"You should be watching your mouth... in my kingdom."

"*Who* gave you power of this land?!"

"The gods have granted me this privilege."

"By the power of Ra, you shall not use the name of the gods in such ways!"

"I-I am a god." Rami croaked, and lifted the stone up.

"The staff of Ra!" The priest exclaimed, "You-You found the head piece!"

"As I ever. It is now your time!" Rami screamed, and lifted the stone up.

In an attempt to escape, the priest ran from his throne. Rami pointed the stone at him, and he froze. The priest clutched his face. Like the grains of sand being blown by a passing storm, the priest faded away, and all that was left of him was his shoes, filled with ominous gray blood, left from his death.

"No one can comprehend the power of Ra." He rasped, "And it is at my finger tips."

## Blood lines

### Part 1

labi stood tall and regal. He had a long shaft in his hand. labi was the pharaohs guard, and he was one of the best at it. With his weapon, he was ready for anything.

Even though he was the pharaohs guard, he was quite soft. He liked to watch the hustle of the street goers and enjoyed staying at home and sharpening his spear. At the time, labi happened to watching the commotion of the markets below. His head was turned, and seemed quite vulnerable.

"Pharaoh! Great Pharaoh!" The messenger climbed the high stair case as he called. Momentarily, the great golden doors swung open at the hands of two young women, garnished with diamonds and gold, and the Pharaoh stepped out. He had a large golden headpiece topping him along with neck lasses and bracelets riddled with gems.

"Great Tutankhamen, I have noble news for you." The messenger announced as he knelt on one knee and raised his hand.

"What is it, Messenger?" The Pharaoh roared.

"Something tragic has happened sir!" The messenger said.

"Well?" The Pharaoh boomed.

"The priest and his guard have been killed!"

"How?"

"The people say he used black magic!"

"WHAT?"

"He has obtained the power of Ra!"

"I had that substance locked away forever! How could a man harness it?!?!??"

"He is supposedly a priest of the dead. He works for the devil."

"Who is this man?!"

"A man with the name of Rami has preformed these events sir! He has used power of Ra!"

"This man shall be terminated at once! I want every soldier looking for him! Now leave!" The Pharaoh ordered.

"Yes sir!" The messenger said as he ran down the stairs.

The Pharaoh began to step inside, and said: "labi! I want you on full guard! I will lock the doors from the inside, and I want every window, nook and cranny to be guarded! I will be the only one allowed in and out!"

"Yes sir!" labi said.

The army of men stormed the market streets. They looked in every house, stall and shop, but could not find the one named Rami.

A branch of twelve soldiers climbed down the stair case to the murders home. They kicked open the door, and as it flew to the left, they pointed their shafts into the room, as if he was still there. They charged inside, and began to search.

"I can't find him!" A soldier complained.

"He is too good at this! Lets go." Said another.

One soldier stepped up to knock in the wall where the book lay. He picked it up, and examined it.

*Strange, I thought this book belonged to the pharaoh..* The soldier thought, and opened it.

"The book of the dead!" He screamed, "This must be reported to the pharaoh at once!"

The soldiers charged up the stairs and handed the messenger the book.

"The book of the Dead! I thought this was in the Pharaoh's hands! I must go and report this at once!" The messenger said, "And keep searching! If I come back and Rami is not found, I will have each and every one of you slaughtered and fed to the poor! No go!"

Rami stepped up to the pharaohs door. labi spun around and pointed the shaft to his neck.

"Halt! No one will enter!" labi ordered. Rami lifted up the stone, and pointed it at labi. He shook, and fell to the ground. Rami passed the guard, and reached for the doors.

"No..." labi whispered.

Rami shook the door, but it did not open. He set the stone on the handle, and chanted six words. It exploded. Molten gold spilled to the ground along with steamed shards of metal. The stone fell to his hands, and he walked inside, the messenger blown in a heap of blood behind.

The pharaoh looked up.

"Who let you in?" The Pharaoh asked in a regal voice, his knife in his hand.

"I have already gone through this today." Rami said, and pointed the stone at the Pharaoh.

"No.." The Pharaoh screamed.

"Yes! YES!" Rami screamed. He was mad.

The Pharaoh shook, and his skin turned pale.

"NO!!" The Pharaoh shrieked, and drew the knife.

"I can't let you do that!" Rami laughed with insanity. The knife fell to the ground.

labi struggled, and got up.

"It is your time now, great pharaoh. Prepare to-" Suddenly, Rami coughed. Blood spilled out of his mouth, and the stone fell to the ground and shattered.

"Damn you." Rami cursed, blood spewing out his mouth as he spoke.

The Pharaoh looked up, and laughed.

"May all of Egypt be damned with the curse. The power of Ra shall rise again!" Rami coughed, and fell to the ground, drowning in his own blood.

A shadow casting through the room, labi stood, his spear lodged in Rami's back. He fell to floor, knowing he saved his land. His pale skin coating his poor body reflected off the newly shining sun brightening the world, knowing that a great evil has passed, yet only rise again.

## The Rise of the Obelisk

### Part 1

The pharaoh stood tall above hundreds of people. In his hand he held a long leather strip in one hand and a key in the other. Behind him stood a great obelisk, towering high above the palaces and temples of the city below it. Along it rung golden markings resembling a curse. A curse to anyone who happened to stumble upon of it, and take the power locked away within it.

"Bring me.. The book." The pharaoh ordered. Passing up from the hands of the crowds was the book of dead, the exact one used by Rami. When it finally reached the pharaoh, it was handed it to him by the women. He opened it, and said.

"I will now store the power of Ra inside this book." He said.

A chest was brought up to him, and opened. He moved his lips, and spoke.

"Silea along seing yeh!" He recited.

Beams of light emanated from the book, and he closed it.

"It is done." He said, and placed it in the chest. He slammed it shut, and wrapped the leather around the chest, and locked it with the key. The people marched up to the obelisk in unison, and forced the door open. The chest was passed down through the crowd, and into the front. The people were carrying the book into the obelisk.

In front marched a man. He was wearing a cloak and wore a dagger at his belt. Behind were two men carrying the chest, followed by the crowd of civilians. The man was paying no heed to the crowd when he drew his dagger, and stabbed it into the man on the left.

"Ah!!!" He screamed, and toppled into the blood stained floor. Trying to fulfill the pharaohs wants, the man on the right kept moving, the chest in hand.

The man reached for the chest, and grasped it.

"Let go!" He rasped. The man kept moving, not paying attention. The man with the cloak lifted his fist, and punched the man. He fell to ground, and reached for the chest. With a strong thrust, the cloaked man drove the blade into his chest, and kept it there. He picked up the chest, and ran away from the close behind crowd of witnesses. He came to an intersection, and took the left. There were hundreds of golden embroidered markings

following the walls, each one shining like the morning sun. Suddenly, he stopped. It was a dead end. Quickly, he sunk his teeth into the leather, and ripped it into. He dug his fingernails deep into crack of the chest, but could not pry it open. Coming around was the crowd of civilians, trying to reach the chest and take it to its rightful spot. Suddenly, the chest gave way. Its lock broke with a loud crack, and fell to the ground. He picked up the book, only to see the crowd standing in front of him, each with a gloomy gaze searing their face. The women now in the front picked up the book, and marched on in the other direction. The man ran after them, but something was weighing him down. He spun his head around, but could not find anything. Knowing he was obviously going to be slaughtered, he ran and joined the crowd, being as elusive as he could.

Finally, they reached the room where the book was to be kept. It was blank, and had a small stand where the chest would be. Once the book was in place, the crowd moved on. A large stone slab was fit over the passage way to the book room.

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The man rushed outside, and began to run for the city.

“Over that dune and past the Nile! That is where I must go!” He said as he ran. He jumped the dune, and landed painfully on a sentry carriage. He got up, but this time too he was being weighed down. He spun around to see the sentry, his hand on the man's neck.

“You will make a nice part of the obelisk, my friend.” The sentry said.

The stone slab covering the entrance of the obelisk was opened, and the man thrown inside.

“NOOO!!!” He shrieked, his fingernails tearing at the slab that was blocking the light. Finally, he gave up. He fell to the floor, the darkness enveloping him. He was part of the curse.

## PART 2

*“It was a sight surpassing all precedent, and one we never dreamed of seeing.”*

Howard Cater, 1922

Port Said, Egypt, 1898

### The Tower of Babel

#### Part 2

James Marten sat in an enclosed mud brick room on an oak desk. He sat in a small wooden chair. He held a torn map in his hands, and was studying it. To the left of his desk was a holy bible. He looked at every turn, nook, and cranny. He flipped the map upside down, turning his head with the movement. He set the paper down, and reached inside his desk. He opened a cupboard, and reached inside. He felt around intensively. He drew out a few filing papers, and reached back inside. Finally, he managed to find the small compass. He took it out, and set it on the desk. With the compass, he marked out three points of passage on the map.

It was not any map. It was too special for that. He drew a line between the points, and lifted it above his head. He mumbled, and brought it back down. He wrote some more marks.

“Its not good enough..” He trailed off. He drew some points, then took out his chained clock. Forty-Five minutes past three AM. A trail of drool glistened down his mouth. He dropped the watch, and slammed into the

desk.

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Slowly, his eyes opened. In his vision, he a tall man. He was brandishing a cane, and wore a suit.

"Oh! Hello!" Marten said as he snapped up.

"Did I happen to interrupt anything?" The man asked.

"No sir."

"Good." He said, "I must say...."

"What?"

"That I am very disappointed in you, Marten."

"I'm sorry sir, I haven't had a wink of sleep in days."

"I'm sure of that."

"Please.."

"Listen, you have all but twelve months to locate the tower, or I'm calling off the expedition."

"But-"

"No buts! If you don't find your goal, you are fired."

"Please I,-"

The man slammed his hand against the desk and roared: "Damn it Marten! I will not settle for anything else!"

"OK... But don't expect much."

"Now, may I see your progress?"

"Yes sir." Marten said, and handed him the map of possible locations.

"Right." He rolled the map up into a paper tube, and stuck it in between his arm. He strode out of the room. Marten sighed, and sunk into his chair. He sat for a moment. Like coming to a conclusion, he sat up. He swung open the drawer, and took out the dusty bottle of scotch. He pulled the cork out, and slowly chugged it. In his enjoyment, he noticed the man still standing in the doorway. Marten dropped the bottle. It shattered in the ground.

"Remember, you have all but a twelve months."

Sweat spilled over his face.

## Bloody Saddles Part 2

Alexandria, Egypt 1899

James Marten bumped up and down on the saddle as his camel trotted through the desert. Marten was an archaeologist for the museum of musee` fesch, located in France. He held a small barreled rifle in his arms. Marten was in search of the Tower of Babel, from the bible. He had seen a few points of evidence, but nothing to his avail. To Marten, the trip had been quite dull and arid.

Following Marten were two white men and an Arabian guide, Abbud. The Arab rode far behind, a colt in his hand, flailing about. He kicked with his heels and the camel burst in its tracks. In his speed, Abbud flew past every person of the crew.

“Ya!” Marten said as he kicked the camels side. It spun away, the white men following.

Suddenly, Marten's mouth dropped and he fell off his camel. He stumbled up, his jaw still ajar. Abbud lay on the ground, the camel on top of, still with the gun in hand. His face was pale, and the camel was bleeding. Marten ran up to his guide, and examined him. This is strange, he thought. There was no sign of attack, except on his camel. He got up, and called for the men.

“Damn... What happened here?” Tom, a burly man of middle age cursed as he rode down the hill of sand.

“Don't know.” Marten said, “Lets get out of here before we find out.”

The other man, who happened to be named Henry stepped up and said: “Hey look at that! A stone!”

Marten looked down. Indeed, there was a stone. It was lime stone, sharp and jagged. It rose out of the sand, which is where the camel had probably tripped on it. Marten fell to his knees, and uncovered the stone.

“I'll be damned. Its part of a building. You can see. This is part of a window, the stone headed up until you reach this alcove cut into the corner, where the window would be. If I'm not mistaken, this is part of a building from thousands of years ago. Right here we are near the land of ancient Mesopotamia, which is supposedly where the first culture of building and cities adapted from.”

“This could be a discovery of the ages! Think about it! Finding a lost city! Its a perfect discovery for the new year of 1900!” Marten explained, “We'll be rich! Its perfect timing!” He picked up the stone, which happened to be the size of his entire arm, lugged over to his ride, and tucked it safely into his camels satchel.

“Well? Aren't we gonna do something about the guy?” Tom asked.

“We should. Come' on, help me pick this guy up.” Marten said as he reached for the Arab.

They rode through the desert as fast as their rides could go, with Abbud safely tied on Martens camel. Dust kicked up behind them. Marten jolted to a stop.

“There.” He pointed. Tom and Henry rode up, and laughed.

“What is it?” Henry asked.

“If I'm not correct, its exactly what we're here for.”

## A Cliff to High Part 2

They lay there in suspended animation, once again, their mouths ajar.

“Look at it.” Tom said.

“I know...” Henry said.

“But how the hell are we gonna get down there!?” Tom asked angrily.

“Easy. Some rope and courage is all we need.” Marten concluded.

They stood at the edge of a tall, arduous precipice looming over a sand stone tower far below, maybe what they came for. A tower indeed, Marten thought. He uncoiled the rope, and tossed it over the side.

“Here!” He handed tom the end of the rope, and instructed him to stake it to the ground two times, and double knot each one. Once the job was done, Marten grasped the rope, tied it through his belt loops of his khaki pants, and then knotted each end together. He slipped a handkerchief around his neck, and flew off the edge. Tom and Henry watched over the edge with astonishment. The rope tightened. It bounced, and then tightened again.

Marten scaled down with ease. He had passed each hard points, a shelf sticking out of the side of the wall like a mushroom near the bottom, and many jagged rocks along the way. He unclipped the rope, and Tom pulled it up.

Like Marten, Tom climbed down with ease. Near the middle, he started to shake, which was not good for the stake. Henry was the last one. He heaved the rope up, tied it around his hands, and jumped off the edge. Admittedly, his hands started to burn. He screamed with pain, his whole body swinging around like a horse would.

The stake came closer and closer to coming out. Finally, the rope gave way. It slipped from his hands, which was a relief, yet he was falling. He reached for the rocks, but all they did was dice his hands. Suddenly, he face planted into the shelf, blood spilling off the edge. He rolled off the side, and fell on his back in the sand.

"Is he dead?" Tom asked.

"Eh... I'm sorry to say but.... Yes." Marten said, patted the man in the chest, and sauntered off, Tom following. He stepped up to the tower, and felt it.

"Ah... This is why I'm here..." He said.

"Yes...." Tom mumbled.

"Well... Lets get this baby open." He said.

Tom stepped up, drew out his revolver, and fired at the door. The shot was unbelievable. It echoed for miles through the canyon.

"Lets try this again." Tom said, and fired again. The sound drummed through marten's ears. The slab started to crack. Tom stepped back and lunged at it. In a flurry of dust and stone, the door crumbled to the ground. Blue flames escaped from the room, filling the air with a shattering whistle.

"Eaaa!!" Tom shrieked, clutching his face. Blood dripped down his body, and he died. He fell to the ground, his face melting at the heat. Marten covered his face, and fell to ground.

Sand blew into the canyon at a great speed, knocking Marten from his spot. He wiped his face, and looked, only to see more sand fly into his eyes. It was unbearable. The sand coated his. Suddenly, it stopped. The sand spilled to the ground. He let go of his face and looked around him. Nothing. There was nothing. The tower, gone. The bodies, gone. The only thing he saw was sand. All around him. Nothing but it. A sheer sign that this area was cursed. But that was not what bothered him. He was lost.

### Part 3

*"Here before us was sufficient evidence to show that it was really an entrance to a tomb, and by the the seals, to all outward appearances that it was intact."*

Howard Carter, 1922

### Amazon

Amazon River, North East Brazil, 1937

Mist ambled across the banks of the mucky amazon river. Slowly, a small wooden canoe drifted through the fog abundantly. Indiana Jones gripped the paddle firmly. Treads of water drifted from his oar. Behind him sat his old friend, Bernard. Bernard was very ignorant but wise. He was of Guatemalan decent.

"Very careful, Jones. Piranha and Cayman live in these parts." Bernard said.

"I know, thats why I have this." Indy lifted up a shot gun.

"Fish hunt in swarms. That do no good."

"I heard Piranhas were scavengers."

"You hear wrong."

Indy tilted his head to the water. He shivered. Bernard laughed. He glared at him, then back at the water. On the raft Indy had supplied a few boxes of food, his whip, a few loaded revolvers, the shot gun on Indy's back, Bernard's knife, many bottles of water, a map of the amazon, three lanterns, a set up tent, a harpoon, and a book on the amazon.

A snake slithered somewhere, leaving Indy with his hair on end. He grasped an extra revolver, and slipped it in his coat.

"Ha! You here one sound that is slightly unusual to city folk and you in fight or flight response!" Bernard cackled. He fell back in the canoe, laughing maniacally.

"Alright, its not that funny is it?" Indy said.

"It hilarious!" Bernard screamed, then started to rock.

"Stop that."

"Why? Is city man embarrassed? HA HA!" Bernard shrieked. The boat was now tilting rapidly. He quickly tumbled over side. Indy found himself reaching for his screaming friend. Bernard thrashing about, causing Indy to almost fall over the side. Suddenly, Bernard began to drift slowly behind the raft. Indy spun around, only to see the boat lurching toward steep rapids. He unclipped his whip, and thrashed it around Bernard's hand. He tugged against the weight, but could not help. Bernard grasped the whip, and started to climb up the wet leather. Indy help by pulling violently on the whip. Bernard managed to pull himself aboard at the peak of the rapids. He was soaked from head to toe. Indy wiped his face clean of water.

"How the hell did that happen?" Bernard asked.

"Carma." Indy said.

The boat crashed and thrashed against the rocks. White foam sprayed from the side of the canoe. Once again, Bernard was tossed from the side, but this time Indy with him. Quickly, the rapids ended, leaving Indy and Bernard floating down the amazon. Indy swam up to the boat, and climbed aboard. Bernard tugged himself into the back.

"We get lucky there."

"Right."

Night slowly drifted over the horizon. Indy had hung a lantern on the shot gun's barrel. He had loaded both of his revolvers. Behind him, Bernard sharpened the harpoon. The screech of the metal against stone gave the creatures of the forest goosebumps. A corner in the river loomed ahead. The boat turned slowly at the bend, and came to a sudden stop. Before them floated a split canoe. Harpoons, maps, kegs, and bits of wood loomed by it.

"Theres no one on board." Indy said.

"Strange."

A quiet splash broke the silence. Bernard spun around, the harpoon aimed at the water. Indy watched the front. Treads of water advanced toward the canoe.

"CAMEN!!!!!!!!!" Bernard shrieked. Suddenly, a giant cayman the size of a small airplane gaped at the boat. Its mouth rose as high as ten feet. The teeth were at least six inches long. Bernard lunged the harpoon into the Cayman's mouth. Blood sprayed from the reptiles jaws. Indy noticed rows of razor sharp teeth lining his mouth. Slowly, the harpoon began to slither down its throat.

"What in hell fire?!? It digested the harpoon!" Indy cursed. Suddenly, the boat tipped upward. It was sinking! The canoe was now vertically in the air. Bernard slipped from his seat, and splashed in the water. Indy held with all his might, noticing the cayman heading toward the screaming Bernard. Indy drew up the revolvers, and open fired on the over sized alligator with both pistols. The shells deflected off the hard exterior of the cayman's back. Bernard swam with all his might, but noticed it would do no good. He took out the knife, and swam toward the cayman. The alligator's mouth peak high over the top of the canoe, which was now sinking, and Bernard raised the knife high in his hand. He jumped past the row of teeth, and stabbed the blade into the roof of its mouth. The jaws closed on top of him, leaving him out of sight from Indy. Suddenly, blood began to pour from the reptiles mouth. It sank quickly to bottom of the river, leaving no air bubbles to indicate its life. Indy jumped down, and swam away.

“Ah Bernard....” Indy said, “ It wasn't your time.”

Indy swam up to a small alcove in the river. He noticed a circular entrance covered by jungle creepers and ferns. He pushed them back, and stumbled into the darkness. He reached into his pocket, and pulled out a box of matches. Each one was soaked and soggy. He dropped them in the water and crawled on. Every few minutes, he would stumble across a fish or snake, and fire at the water. Indy stopped when he bumped his head against the side of of a wall.

*An intersection!* Indy thought. He took the right passage. Slowly, the drone of falling water came to earshot. He moved very fast now. Indy saw a light! He kept moving forward, and saw what it was. A torch was posted on the side of the wall. He past it. Suddenly, his submerged knee landed on a platform. It clicked, and he looked down.

“Damn.”

The sound of falling water was sound behind him. He spun around to see the passage way being filled up with water. Just about fifty feet in front of him, an almost invisible slab was sealing up a passage way. He moved fast. The water was gaining on him. He stepped up to the passage way, and stretched his hand through. He pulled it back just as it sealed. The water slammed into him, submerging everything. He drew out the revolvers, and fired at the slab. It cracked after the fifth fire. Indy's lungs began to hurt. He kicked the wall, waited, and kicked again. His chest began to burn. He slammed his fist into the slab, then brought it back. Remembering the shot gun, he pulled it down, and slammed the butt into the crack. The slab shattered in a rain of rock and dried mud. He spilled over the side, and landed on a floor of water and brick. The room was misty and covered with creepers and ferns. He looked up to see what he had come for.

“The Golden Fetish.” Indy said in awe. He walked up to a stone shrine with the statue on top of it, and examined it. He drew out the revolver, and grabbed the statue. He ran back, his hands shaking. Finally when he realized that the fetish was not rigged he turned around. In front of him stood half a dozen Cubans with MP-40's. A quiet clapping sound emanated from behind the group.

“Good job, Dr. Jones. Good job.” A man stepped out.

“Who are you?” Indy snarled. He was tall, wore a safari hat, and brandished a Luger in his hand.

“Sense you will not live to see daylight again, my name is Rene' Alain', and I will be taking that fetish.”

“Right.” Indy said. He shoved Alain' the statue, making him drop the Luger. Quickly, he drew out the shot gun, and fired at the Cubans. They slammed against the walls, and toppled to the ground. Rene' quickly picked up an MP 40, and slowly backed out of the room with the machine gun aimed at Indy. He turned around, and walked out. Indy lashed the whip out, and slung it around Rene' with a load “Crack”. Rene' dropped the gun, and said,

“Once again, good job.” He drew out a knife, and cut the leather. He picked up the Luger and with the fetish, ran out of the room. He blasted the ground near Indy as he turned the corner. Indy picked up the limp whip and said, “Well Marcus, too bad.”

## PART 4

*"There were many types of seals, all bearing the insignia of the king."*

Howard Carter, 1922

### Waiting Part 4

New York, Spring, 1943

Indiana Jones stood under an umbrella in an attempt to escape from the soggy April weather of New York city. He held a warm mug of coffee in one hand and the umbrella in the other. Every few seconds he would lift the mug to his mouth and take a sip of the steaming liquid, then bring it back down. Indiana Jones was waiting. He had an urgent call to meet somebody outside of the coffee shop, and he wanted to show him something. It had been two hours, and Indy hadn't seen anybody he knew. Just as Indy began to take the last sip of his empty coffee mug, when Marcus Brody ran down the street.

"I'm sorry I'm late Indy..." Marcus panted, "I got held up in traffic."

"Please, what is it you wanted to show me." Indy asked.

"It's back at my place, If you be see kind to come and-" Marcus said.

"Sorry, Marcus. I don't have the time." Indy explained.

"But-"

"Sorry, buddy. Gotta go. If you had come any time sooner, I would for sure come see it, but I have a class in thirty minutes, and I have to catch a train."

"Alright, Indy. Will you stop bye tomorrow and check it out?" Marcus asked.

"I'll try."

"OK. Any way, would you like a coffee, I'm buying." Marcus said.

"Sure." Indy said, and stepped up to the counter. Marcus handed the man a quarter and took the coffee. He poured it into Indy's mug and sipped the rest. Indy gulped the liquid, and smashed the mug onto the counter.

"Ah... Thanks buddy, gotta go." Indy said and patted Marcus on the back. Indy took his fedora, fitted it on his head and walked off.

"Indy! You forgot your... umbrella." Marcus said, and examined it.

"Aw well." Marcus concluded, and walked off in the other direction.

### Train Part 4

Indiana Jones stepped out of the black Sudan and shut the door. He held a leather suit case in one hand and his hat in the other. The heavy rain had subsided, and the sun was shining. Indy sauntered over the platform, and into the station. The room was mainly cherry wood, and seemed quite formal. He stepped up to the clerk and handed him a bill.

"Ah.. Dr. Jones? I heard about your last expedition in the amazon, how did that go?" The danish clerk asked. He was old and wore a pair of reading glasses.

Indy rolled his eyes and said: "Eh... Not so well.."

"Why? Natives? Traps? Other people in search?" The clerk asked.

"Listen, I'm sorry. I have a class down at Princeton and I really need to make this train...." Indy said.

"Oh sure... No worries." The clerk said as he gave Indy his ticket.

"Thanks." Indy said as he left quickly. He walked out the door, swinging the door as he left. He stepped up to the platform, and walked into the train. There was a nice velvet red carpet trailing down the compartment. He followed the numbers until he found his, 15. He pushed the curtain open, and found he was not alone. There was young woman seated on the left. She was wearing a large fur coat and was smoking. She held the daily paper in her hands. Indy looked up her slim body, and out the window. Surely she was not the one for him, Indy thought.

"Who are you, hansom?" The woman asked. She had a deep southern accent.

"Indiana Jones, and you?"

"Indiana Jones? What kind of name is Indiana?"

"Its a nick name..."

"From who? A DOG?" She cackled.

Indy looked out the window with a scowl.

"So... Who are you?" Indy asked.

"Whats it to you?"

"Well..."

"Of course. You are attracted to my beautiful body."

"Not exactly."

"Well then?"

"Never mind."

"If it means so much to you... Its Tia Martez."

"Yes! Your uncle, Bernard."

"And how do *you* know *him*?"

"I just worked with him on my past assignment..."

"And what is that that you do?"

"I'm an archaeologist for Princeton... The college in Jersey."

"Yes... I remember your name know."

"Right. Tell your father I said hi."

"Why? Do you know him?"

"I know him and his brother."

"Are you leaving?"

"Yea. I'm gonna go get a drink." Indy said.

He stepped up to the bar.

"Get me a coffee..." Indy said.

"Yes sir!" The man said. He took the mug, and filled it.

"There you are!"

"Thanks." Indy said, and flew the guy a 5 bill. He walked down the carpet, and into his compartment.

"I'd think of you to be a drinker." Tia said.

"Me to." Indy said, and gulped the liquid.

"Your very hansom." She said, studying his body.

"Thanks." He said, and set the coffee mug down.

"Mr. Jones! We just met!" Tia complained.

"What?"

"You set your mug down!"

“And?”

“Well... usually...”

“Will ya' just be quiet? I'm gonna go to sleep!”

“Oh...” She almost seemed disappointed.

Indy set the fedora on his head, and tipped it over his eyes and face. He slumped into his seat, and fell asleep.

#### Princeton Class Part 4

Indy stepped into the class room. There was a full class, the boys in the back and the girls in the front. Indy took out a piece of chalk and wrote on the board: Howard Carter.

“Dr. Jones?” A girl asked.

“Yes, Ms. Dawson?”

“I know who Howard Carter is!”

“That's very nice....” Indy said, “Keep it to yourself for now.”

“Sorry, Dr. Jones.”

Indy drew a small diagram on the board, and then said: “Howard Carter was an archaeologist. Does anyone know what he did?”

A girl raised her hand and said, “He discovered the tomb of king Tut.”

“That's correct, Ms. Marten.”

“Howard Carter was born in 1874. After a full life of archeology and Egyptian art, he did something amazing. It was 1922 in Luxor, Egypt. Howard Carter was at his peak. He had hired Lord Earl Carnarvon the third to help him open the tomb of Tutankhamen. Many of the locals believed in the curse inscribed on the stone slab working as a door. The curse reads: *He who opens the tomb of the pharaoh shall be blessed with the fire of heaven.* Many people believed this, even some of the workers. After many months of excavating, the tomb was uncovered. There was a long hall way inside, the walls littered with strange dots.”

“The treasure was unbelievable. Statues of hundreds of animals, like lions and hippos, golden pots and jugs, masks, statues of gods, even mummified soldiers.”

Indy drew a diagram of the tomb. There were hall ways, treasure rooms, and finally, the tomb.

“The coffin of Tutankhamen was spectacular. The head piece was pure gold. A treasure among treasures.”

“Dr. Jones?” Marten asked.

“Yes?”

“Wasn't there a curse that was put on the workers?”

“So they say, I was just about to get to that.”

“Many of the workers then died at the site, or months later. Probably, it was not a curse. There were little speckles of a poisonous fungus, and when inhaled, the poison infects the body-”

The loud and obnoxious bell interrupted the class, and as the flow of eager students, ready to enjoy their afternoons, Indy said: “Tomorrow we will cover the rest of Carters discovery's, homework for today is read the rest about him in your books and we will discuss it tomorrow.”

Marten sheepishly stayed in the class room, not minding the rush of her class mates, urging her to join them. She stepped up Indy, a blush on her face.

"I-I really liked your... lesson today.. Dr. Jones..." Marten stammered.

"Good."

"Well... bye now." She said, and stormed off.

Indy watched her leave, and rolled his eyes. He looked at the ceiling, set down his book and ran after her. When he finally caught up with her, they were half way out the doors.

"Hi. I was wondering if I had hurt you back there..."

"No. Why?"

"Never mind, well.."

"Well..."

"I just hoped I didn't hurt you."

"You didn't, see you in class tomorrow." She strode away, leaving Indy alone to think.

Indy sat at his desk, loading away his books and papers for tomorrow. He packed them neatly away, and remembered: "Marcus!"

## Marcus and the Papyrus

### Part 4

Indiana Jones sprinted off the central train and down the street. He was running now through down town New York in the middle of the day, not a good time. Most people were working at this time, leaving the streets bear. Indy ran down an alley, and onto another street. His nice suede pants flushed with soggy rain water, and his jacket was spotted with mud. He ran into another alley. Indy stopped. There was a man, holding a knife and clutching a young girl.

"You're gonna make me happy aren't you?" The man asked. His clothes were tattered and torn.

The girl nodded. He lifted his hand, brushed her hair away, just when Indy came up.

"What are you doing?" Indy asked.

The man got up, scowled, and said: "Why would you care?"

"I have a sense for things."

"Better get out of here, or I'll skin ya' alive." The man rasped, and lifted the blade toward Indy. Indy lifted his arm, and swung it. The fist caught the man in the cheek, sending him sprawling to the ground. Indy kicked the man in the rib. He got up, and swung a fist at Indy. He dodged it, and slammed the man in the chest. He flew to the ground, got up, and ran away.

"Sorry you had to see that."

"Thats OK, mister."

"Call me Jones."

"Dr. Jones?"

"Yes."

"You teach for my sister."

"Really? Who?"

"Alexia, Marten."

"Ah.. Yes. Shes very bright."

"Mr. Jones, what are you doing down here?"

"I'm going to the museum. What are you doing down here? Its really dangerous."

"I was walking down the street, going to pick up some milk for mother, when the man pulled me into the alley, and then you came along."

"Run home, and be cautious." Indy said.

"K," The girl said, and ran off. Indy wiped some sweat away, and ran to the museum. He pushed open the double doors, and walked up to Marcus.

"I made it."

"I see that." Marcus said, "Look at this." He lifted up a papyrus.

"It looks of ancient Egyptian descent." Indy said.

"Exactly!" Marcus said, "Do you know what these say?" He pointed at the Hieroglyphics.

"By the power of RA, the man who possess this book..." Indy paused, "the Book of the dead, shall have complete control of the power of RA, the power in which a simple man can bring back the dead."

"Something even old Dr. Jones himself cannot comprehend." Marcus said. Indy stood in awe.

"Indy, what is the Book of the Dead?" Marcus asked.

"An ancient Egyptian book that gave the powers of the dead to anyone who possesses it." Indy whispered.

"Really."

"The real copy is yet to be discovered."

"It seems very dangerous."

"If it really exists." Indy said.

"And that is what I want you to find out." Marcus said. Indy looked up with a question on his face.

"What do you mean?"

"I mean I want you to find the Book of the Dead."

"What?" Indy asked.

"Thats right." Marcus said, "I want you to find out where its located."

"You mean go out and stumble in the Egyptian desert with no heading?"

"No. Just find out where its supposedly hidden, then we might get to where your headed."

"Great. I don't know where to start."

"Just play along... please?"

"Fine, I'll see what I can do."

"Thank you Dr. Jones."

"Right." Indy patted Marcus on the back, and stumbled out of the museum. He came out onto a busy street, and just down the road was the alley he had traveled through. He started to motion toward that direction, then stopped. A drop of rain plopped on the brim of his fedora. Slowly, the cascade of rain began to pour down on the unfortunate city folk of New York. He moved his thumb up and down, and a cab pulled up.

"Hey buddy, need a ride?" The man asked.

"Sure." Indy opened the door, and slammed it.

"Hows your day."

"Fine."

"Whats 'the name?"

"Indiana Jones."

"Really? You? In my cab?"

"Yep."

"How was that expedition in the jungle?"

"Fine..."

"Where ya headed?"

"Train station."

"Fine, just in my direction."

"Thats good."

"What was that?"

"Nothing." Indy said.

"Right."

"Its just around the corner."

"I know..." He spun around a corner, then put his foot on the gas. The car sped up to the train station, and Indy hopped out. He handed the man a bill, then ran toward the station. He opened the double doors and strode inside. There were many people inside, one reading a paper. The head line was: James Marten lost in Egyptian north in search of fabled Tower of Babel, located in Egypt locals say. The same clerk was there from before.

"Back for "another" ride?" The clerk asked.

"Yep." Indy took his ticket, and ran onto the platform. He stepped into the compartment. He moved along until he found room "8". He opened the velvet curtain and stepped inside. There was a man asleep on the right seat with a bible on his chest. He looked at it. He picked it up, and opened to the page he was at. The train jerked to a start.

"Tower of Babel." Indy whispered. He thought for a minute and said out loud: "Thats it!"

The man got up, noticing his bible in a strangers hand. He wiped his face and put his hand out. Indy look up, and set the bible in his hands. He took it back, and set it down.

"Thank you." He sullenly said. He laid back down. Indy sunk into his seat. The looked at Indy, closed his eyes, then opened them and sat up.

"Dr. Jones?" The man asked.

"Yes?"

"Its You!" Indy rolled his eyes and slumped deeper into his seat. He looked out the window, and could still see the train station looming behind.

"Yep. Its me."

"I don't believe it!"

"Me neither." Indy mumbled. All this attention was bugging him. When he began an archaeologist he knew he would get attention, but not this much. It was getting annoying.

"What was that?" The man asked.

"Nothing." Indy got up, and walked out of the room. He stood in the hallway for a while then thought to himself, *I need to see Marcus pronto. But how the hell am I gonna get out of this?* He looked around, then started to stumble down the hall way. He stopped at the end of the compartment looked around to make sure no one was there. He peered out of the window on the door, and noticed that the train station was far away, but still in sight. He adjusted his fedora, and grasped the door handle. He took one final look around, confirmed his safety, and hit the switch. The handle clicked, and the door swung open. *I can't believe I'm doing this.* He put his hand on his head, took a practice, and jumped out. He landed hard on the soggy gravel and stumbled up. The train was zipped past him, faces peering at him as he vanished over the horizon. Indy brushed his coat, and walked quickly down the rail road path.

Finally, after about a half an hour, he reached the train station. The train yard guard looked up, and screamed, "Hell man! What are you doing?" Indy walked up to him and patted him on the back.

"Listen," He handed the man a twenty dollar bill and walked away, "This didn't happen." The guard looked at the money, and nodded. Indy stepped onto the street, and waved down a cab.

"Hey!" The cab man looked at him, and the train station, and back at Indy, "I thought-"

"Don't ask. Take me to the museum pronto!" Indy patted the man, and pointed.

"Yes sir!" He sped away toward the Museum of Natural History. He pulled up, and opened the door, flew the man a bill, and ran up the stairs. He pushed through the doors and walked up to Marcus.

"Hey, let me see the rest of those papyrus's." Indy said to the wandering Marcus.

"Sure." Marcus looked up from his haze, and ran to get them. He came back with a pile of papyrus's. Indy unfolded the top one, and read it: "The final book of the dead will be lost among the desert, beyond a ray mountains, is its resting place," Indy set that one down, and picked up another one: "It lies within the peak of a tall obelisk rising higher than the sun itself."

"Well?" Marcus said.

"That's it!" Indy laughed, "That's it!"

"What?"

"Have you read today's paper?"

"Yes."

"Good... The headline is about James Marten searching for the Tower of Babel, located in northern Egypt!"

"And..."

"An obelisk, the Tower of Babel, both supposedly in Egypt..."

"I don't see where you're going with this."

"The obelisk is the Tower of Babel! That is where Marten was searching!"

Marcus put his hand on his chin and said, "Oh yes! Now I remember! A group of men came in search of you earlier today, they were from the government."

"What did they want?"

"That wanted you to join them for the search for Marten! They needed an Archaeologist for the group!"

"Who was all there?"

"Three men and a girl."

"How old was the girl?"

"About 32, 33. Red hair."

"I know her."

"About the expedition..."

"Oh yes. What about it?"

"I don't know if you are prepared for this, but you say that the Book of the Dead happened to be in the Tower of Babel, what Marten was in search of. If you find Marten, you find the tower of Babel, and the book of Dead. Now, Indy, in the Bible, it says that the Tower of Babel is located in ancient Mesopotamia, same with with the Garden of Eden."

"You're asking me to go out with a group of Government explorers to find a lost man, the Garden of Eden and a sacred tower?"

"No. All I want is the Book of the Dead, and the news of the reality of the Tower of Babel.."

"Who's in the group I'll be going with?"

"The girl, an Arabian Guide, a radio operator, and a military strategist."

"What's with the military strategist? Is there competition for the tower?"

"Well... yes. It seems that the Nazi's want the book for themselves... their leader is a French man named... Rene' Alain'."

"Damn."

"What?"

"I've had experiences."

"Well... What do you say?"

"Listen, if the Nazi's find the Tower of Babel, and the Garden of Eden, the powers that they would wield would be too much for them to comprehend."

"Another reason why you need to stop them."

Indy scowled. "Why is the girl going?"

"She has a field in Ancient Egyptian history."

"And my class?"

"I guess."

"When do I leave?"

"Friday, that gives you time to pack."

"No thanks."

"What?"

"I can't face another tragic event like that one again."

"Alright. Think about it."

"I will. Trust me.

Home in thought  
Part 4

Indiana Jones paced the floor with his endless thought of decision. This could be the biggest event since WWII starting. On the other hand, he might lose another loyal friend. Of course, it would give him a chance to get away from it all, but he'd be on the job the whole time. Alysia is going to be there though, but she might get taken away by bandits or raiders. He pressed his palm to his sweaty forehead. The payment would be spectacular, if managed to make it back alive. He turned to his half packed suitcase, and the half full closet. In the suitcase lay his revolver. It seemed like smoke had billowed from sense the last time he had to use it. The pistol gave him an idea. He would get to meet up with that French bastard again. He started to pace the floor again. He flopped down on his couch, and sighed. He closed his eyes as if to sleep. Suddenly, the phone rang, waking him up from his haze. He leaned over to his lamp stand where the obnoxious phone rang.

"Hello?" Indy sighed.

"Indy! This is Marcus."

"Great."

"Are you deep in thought?"

"Sure am."

"I have just received a telegram indicating your payment."

"Wonderful."

"It twelve thousand for the search, and for the book, another ten thousand."

"That's twenty-two thousand dollars round trip?"

"You bet."

Indy sat up, "Good."

"For *you*. Now listen the military strategist, Corporal Graham needs to speak with you."

"About what?"

"The problem with the Nazi's and their leader."

"Get him on the phone."

"Right."

Indy heard a click, and waited for about a minute till a booming voice drove through the phone and into his ear.

"Jones?"

"Yes sir?"

"I need to talk to about about the competition."

"What about it?"

"Brody tells me that you know this French guy?"

"That's right."

"What's he like?"

"He's a control freak, he works good with weaponry, and he's and plain-out bastard."

"Exactly who the Nazi's need."

“Right, what type of weaponry are we gonna need, Corporal?”

“We will be armed with machine gun turrets, revolvers, and shot guns. We will be passing these throughout our men.”

“What men?”

“I've hired two men to help with the crew.”

“Their names?”

“Fransisco Trevar, and Eugene Cedar.”

“Are they good workers?”

“Damn right they are.”

“Good.”

“I think if fate demands it, we will arm the girl.”

“Good.”

“So are you in on the trip?”

“I think so. Where and when are we headed.”

“We leave on Friday at six 'o' clock from New York on a plane, then we pick up the radio operator in Greece, take a boat down the coast of Turkey, stop at Cyprus for refueling and restocking, then down Lebanon and Israel, then get off at Port Said, Egypt, where we will then take our excursion of camel to Alexandria.”

“Sounds good. And long.”

“Well, if it wasn't for the Radio operator, we would just fly.”

“Right.”

“So are you in Jones?”

“I'm in.”

“Good. See you on Friday Dr. Jones.” He hung up, leaving Indy to think about the decision he just made.

“ 'Sigh'” He walked into the closet, and pulled down his mended leather whip, which he tossed in the suitcase.

## The Airport Part 4

Indiana Jones stepped into the nice terminal of the New York airport. He had his leather jacket on, and carried two bags. One suitcase, and his satchel. He strode across the nice lobby to the bag check. He got in line for the only two bag checkers. After fifteen minutes of waiting, Indy stepped p to the counter. He handed the woman his bag, and got out of line. He walked silently through the crowd, searching for his accomplices. Somewhere, he thought he saw Alexia. He to the spot, be she was gone. A minute later, he saw a glimpse of her turning around a corner. He ran after her, and put his hand on her shoulder. She spun around. Indy was shocked.

“Well hello hansom!” Tia Martez said.

“Hello.”

“What are you doing down here?”

“Egypt. Have you seen a-”

“Egypt? What are you doing down there?”

“Looking for a guy. Now have you seen-”

“Gotta go!” She sprinted off with a blush on her face.

Indy wiped his face with his hand, and started to go in the same direction as Tia. Suddenly, a hand flopped on *his* shoulder.

“Hi!” Alysia cheered. Indy turned around to see Marcus, Alysia, and Graham. The corporal was tall, about mid twenty's, and had short, brown hair. He shook hands with Graham and Marcus.

“Good luck, Indy, and be careful.” Marcus said.

“Thanks.” Indy patted him on the back, and started to walk away with his accomplices.

“Good by!” Marcus waved.

“Bye.” Indy said. Marcus strode off with a smile of content on his face. Indy looked at him, and turned back to Alysia.

“Listen, I'm sorry about your father.”

“Its been hard without him at home.”

“I'm sure it is.”

“It is. Oh yeah! You saved my sister a little while back!” Alysia said.

“Thats right! Now I remember that.”

“Thanks.”

“You're welcome.” Indy said. The Corporal walked up to them and said,

“If I may interrupt, I should tell you we will be picking up the two men in Egypt.”

Indy looked up and asked, “I have a question, Corporal. Why are taking a boat down the Mediterranean rather than a plane?”

“Because, we pick up our weaponry in Cyprus. We have a station there where the weaponry was directly sent when it was intercepted in Spain.”

“Ah....”

“Alright. Our plane leaves in a fifteen minutes. We should go.” Alysia said.

“I agree.” Indy picked up the pace, swiftly walking toward the gate.

“Alright, we are at Gate 17.” Alysia said. When they entered the open area, the Tarmac had already be opened. The trio strode up to the desk, and handed the later their tickets.

“Thank you. Enjoy the flight.” The woman said. Indy and the rest enter the tarmac. Their feet clanged against the metal floor. While entering the plane, the weather hit them, but they were soon warmed by the plane. It was a large Delta aircraft. Indy sat down on row 15 next to Alysia. The Corporal sat across the row, like to watch over them. The signal of the take off was sounded, and the trio buckled their seat belts. The plane jerked, and started to move very quickly. Indy sat back in seat as the wheels lifted off the runway and into air. The plane hit a patch of turbulence just after take off, and the plane bumped up and down. Alysia's hand landed firmly on Indy's. Indy looked over to see Alysia shaking.

She turned her head and said, “I'm scared of flying.”

Indy smiled, and looked out the window. The last ruminates of New York vanished over a blanket of clouds.

## The Ride Part 4

Indy sat in his seat, enjoying the view of the cold Atlantic below. The drink cart slowly wheeled up to them, and the woman asked Indy and Alysia for a drink. Indy asked for a coffee, and Alysia asked for a soda. When they received their drinks, Indy had lost his temptation for liquid. He set the coffee on the cup holder, and watched Alysia chug hers. Across the row, the Corporal sipped his whiskey, and raised his hand in content.

During the everlasting flight, Indy and Adara talked about the expedition, and every once and while the Corporal would throw something in. As the night drowsed on, the plane soared over the horizon.

## PART 5

*"All we have to do is peel the shrines like an onion and we will be with the king himself."*

Howard Carter, 1922

### Welcome to Greece

#### Part 5

The plane ride was load, long, and very obnoxious. After hours of chatting, Indy and Alysia came to the attention of the landing in five minutes. They all buckled their seat belts as the plane dipped down through the layer of clouds. In minutes Indy could tell the details of Greece. The streets was crowded with flowing people.

"Its hard to believe I'm from this rat hole." Alysia said.

"What?"

"Look at the streets! Piled with pedestrians!"

"No, no. You're Greek?"

"Yes..."

"Really!"

The plane started to head down at a vertical angle. The nose was pointed directly at the Mediterranean sea. Alysia began to shake.

"Ummm... Indy?" she sheepishly asked.

"Yeah?"

"Why is the plane heading toward the water?"

"We landed on the cape, down there." Indy pointed to the cape to the west. They could see the run way faintly. The plane started to turn, and was now heading in that exact direction. The air craft roared as the tires shredded against the hot concrete. After several loops and turns, the plane came to a stop. A small ladder was put at the main exit door. Rows after rows of passengers came cascading down and onto land, eager to enjoy their spring vacation. Indy hardly thought of it to be a vacation. They stumbled into the open airport.

"So wheres are luggage."

"Down to the right." Alysia directed. The duo followed her down the passage way and into baggage claim. Indy heaved up his luggage. The Corporal swung his large hiking pack on his pack and marched toward the rest. Alysia carried a small back pack. The left the air port with sore legs.

The cab pulled up on the busy side walk. The trio stepped out, and blended with the crowd.

"This is market day, be aware for merchants. They are ruthless bums trying to get another penny. Another thing, these people stay here all day and night, just to tell you, and they'll leave in the morning." Alysia explained.

*There were to many people here, even at night.* Indy thought. Indy started to move fast. He weaved this way and that, trying to escape the commotion. He jumped onto another sidewalk, and ran that way, the Corporal and Alysia following. A short stubby man with a scar on his cheek and whiskers jumped up to the Corporal and lifted up a tie.

"This looks perfect on you, just perfect!"

The Corporal began to push him back, still trying to see Indy.

"Theres no hurrying in Greece! Take some time and shop!"

"I can't, I'm following a friend."

"Bah! Follow me!" The man dropped the tie and pulled the Corporal out of the crowd and next to a wall. There were broken bottles spread every where. He picked up a tooth brush and said, "Look at those teeth! You

need to try to brush those sometime or another. Lucky for you, they are on sale today.”

“Let me go!” The Corporal roared.

“Of course not! Look at this cake of soap! Fit for a Queen.”

“No thank you! I need to go!”

“You're not going anywhere!” The sales man grasped Graham and caught him in a headlock. He lifted his fist and slammed it into the Corporal's jaw. Graham swung his foot, which collided with the the Sale's man. He tripped, and got up. He swung a fist, missed, then grabbed the Corporal' collar and slammed him into the side of the wall.

“Get of Greece now.” He rasped.

“Or what?”

“Or you ain't gonna see light again, you son of a bitch!”

Graham kneed the man in the groin, which sent him sprawled to the ground. He picked him up by the shirt collar, and sent him cascading into the wall. He swung his fist which collided with his jaw in a perfect uppercut. Blood fell from his mouth like a waterfall. Graham swung a left curve at the mans cheek, missed, and then swung another. The man reached down to the ground, and grasped a bottle. It flew from his hand and smashed into the Corporal's head. Graham kicked the man in the cheek, and he grasped his face in pain. Graham picked him up, and shoved him into the crowd. Faintly, he could hear the drone of the man's screams as feet trampled over him over the busy, market sounds. He wiped his hand on his bleeding head. He started to run in the direction of Indy. He darted in between the busy street goers until he noticed something out of place. In the distance, he saw a fedora bobbing up and down. It seemed different to the bare headed civilians. The Corporal ran up to Indy.

“Hey? Where have been?” Indy asked.

“Being attacked by merchants. Somebody wants us out of Greece.”

“Who knows we're here besides Marcus?”

“Apparently someone with a quite a nerve.” Graham said. Indy looked up and said,

“Hey, where's Alysia?”

“I thought she was with you.”

Indy looked behind Graham. He scanned the area, but could not find her.

“Aw, Damn.”

“Lets find her.”

“Right.” They ran down the street, turned the corner, and kept running. Faintly, they could hear woman screams in the distance. Indy sprinted in that direction, the Corporal following close behind. The crowd got thicker. There were many merchants selling random items. A tall, grizzly man offered Indy a bottle of scotch.

“Finest in the country!” He said.

“Thanks.” Indy took the bottle and slammed it on the man's head and kept running. Indy could hear the sound of water. He pushed through the heavily packed crowd to the drone of water. Indy saw Alysia's red hair flailing about. Merchants kept stopping them, leaving Indy and Graham no choice but physical violence. They kicked, punched, kneed, and shoved until they found they dock. On dock 15, the one farthest away from any people, stood two men. One with short hair, a mustache, as Indy could see, a sheath and a torn shirt. The other with a shaved beard yet whiskers, a pouch and a scar. In front of them, on the edge of the deck stood Alysia. Indy and the Corporal ran as fast as they could down the docks. *Dock 2, 3, 4, 5, ten more to go!* Indy thought.

“Hurry Renaldo! They're coming!” The short haired one shrieked.

“OK, Benny!” Renaldo stammered. He opened leather pouch and drew out a 39 mm. Automatic pistol. He closed his eyes, and fired. *8, 9, 10,* Indy thought. The Corporal noticed the man aiming a pistol.

“Damn it Jones!” He shoved him out of the way as dock 12 exploded in a blast of shrapnel. *Two more docks to go!* Indy thought. Renaldo fired again. Pieces of wood and metal flew every where as dock 14 exploded. Indy and Graham stopped in front of the two bandits.

“You're that merchant!” Graham said to Renaldo. Alysia stood blindfolded on the edge of the dock, facing the water. Benny made a fist at Indy, and charged him. Indy lifted up his fist, which caught the man in the chest. He flew to the ground, and unsheathed a long cutlass.

“What are ya, a pirate?” Indy asked. He unclipped his whip, and cracked it around Ben's wrist. He pulled him up to his body, punched him in the jaw, and caught him in an uppercut. Meanwhile, the Corporal and Renaldo circled each other, ready to fight.

“I thought I got rid of you back in that parade!”

“Well I'm gonna get rid of you here, American boy!” He lifted the revolver up, and took aim. Indy knelt Ben in the groin, threw a fist at him, missed, and tripped him. Ben got up, kicked Indy, and charged him. Indy braced himself. The impact sent Indy to the ground. He rolled backwards and got up. Ben swung the cutlass at Indy, missed, diced him in the coat, then attempted a stab. Indy grabbed the hilt of the blade, flung it off the dock, and threw his fist at his skull. His knuckles collided with Ben's forehead, which sent him flying off the edge and into the bitter water. Meanwhile, Renaldo had caught Graham in a duel. The pistol was aimed at his head, and was loaded. Graham swung his foot which crashed into the bandits hip. He flew to the ground, and fired. The slug shook the dock as it blasted through the wood.

Alysia began to fall, only to land in the safety of Indy's cradle. He undid the blind fold to see her sweet smile. He brought her up to his face, and she kissed him. Indy pulled back to see Graham in a struggle with Renaldo.

“What?” She asked.

“Graham.” He left her arms and ran up the dock. He pried them apart, and punched Renaldo. He flew to ground, and rolled off the side and into the sea.

They walked through the parade of people, more cautious now.

“Who would want us out of Greece?” Alysia asked.

“Who knows.” Graham said.

“I think I know.” Indy spotted the man in the distance, “Rene' Alain'.”

## Leaving Greece Part 5

The trio followed the French man through the thicket of people. They weaved in and out of the crowd till they came to a stop. Up the street, Alain entered the Hotel Carnap. It was a tall stucco building with twenty rooms and three floors. They ran through the parade of people until they reached the nice open lobby. Indy pushed back against the side of the wall.

“What is it, Indy?” Alysia asked.

“Nazi's.” Inside stood half a dozen of Nazi soldiers and their leader, Alain'. Indy set down his luggage, and opened his satchel. He drew out the 38 mm revolver. It was small, had a stubby barrel, and six shots. He peered inside. Rene' was telling the clerk something while smoking on a large cigar.

“So are you're clear' with the' plan?” He asked the clerk.

“Yes...yes. Room 19.” The clerk nodded.

“Good. Make sure you don't forget.”

“Yes sir.”

“Right, you men,” He pointed toward the two standing near the exit, “I want you to be here, just in case he comes.”

“Yes sir!” They replied in German. They walked up to the fine leather couches, and took a seat.

“The rest of you can enjoy yourselves.” He picked up key and walked down the hallway. The soldiers walked out of the lobby. They laughed and lit cigarettes as they enjoyed their break. Indy pulled out of the crowd and said, “They walked blindly past us!”

"We had such a good cover." Alysia said.

"Right." Indy said, and ran into the lobby. The soldiers got, dropping their lighters.

"Gutan Tag, bastards." Indy cursed as he fired the revolver at the soldiers.

"Sheize!" The soldier cursed in German as the bullet shot through him. The other toppled to ground, not able to say one more thing. The clerk's hand moved to a bell, shaking. Indy lashed the whip around it, and slung it down. The clerk's hand receded down below the desk. Indy ran past him, heading toward the room Alain' stayed in. He sprinted up a series of stairs till he saw the last hallway, and room 19. He heaved open the door, and ran inside. There was an unpacked suit case laying on a bed. A German pistol lay strewn on a table. He picked up, and tossed it back down and noticed the fold in the carpet near the ajar window. The curtains flapped about at the wind. Indy stuck his head out the window. A black jeep with a swastika on the side pulled away below him, a machine gunner at the top. It opened fired at him, emanating a "Rat tat tat" sound as it shattered the half open window. A bullet pierced Indy's right arm. "Ah!" He murmured in pain. A droplet of blood splashed into the cold stucco.

The moon was now full and the stars were shining, yet the city folk were still busy with the marketing. Indy walked down the cold stairs and into the lobby. He pushed one of the corpses away, and sat in the chair. The Corporal sauntered up, a cigarette in his mouth.

"Hello, what happened to you're arm?" Graham asked.

"To hell with that! Alain' got away, probably gonna send another dozen of those Germans our way."

"We need to get a' here, pronto." Graham stammered.

"Well what about the Radio Operator?" Alysia asked.

"We'll pick him up tomorrow, as for now... we need some sleep." Indy said.

"Right, I know a place we can go to other than this German infested bog." Alysia laughed.

"Lets go." Indy directed as he pried himself from the chair.

They pushed through the heavily packed crowd till they found the building, *The Blue Shark*.

"This looks like a bar." Indy said with a questioning tone.

"I know the manager. He can get us a place upstairs for free." Alysia said.

"What about the drunkards?"

"He closes the bar at midnight."

"Good." The Corporal cheered. He opened the swinging door and stepped inside. As Alysia's boot set foot inside, all the commotion and partying stopped. People gaped at the returning woman. They passed through the crowd toward the bar.

"Get me a brandy." Graham said, and spit the cigarette on the ground. He handed the man a bill, and took the tall mug. He sipped the strong liquid.

"Get me a room and a glass of wine, Fredrick." Alysia asked.

" Ah!! Alysia! You have come back!"

"Sure have, about the rooms."

"Of course! Of course. You do know that the bar closes at midnight."

"Sure do."

"Good, now who are these men you have brought into my bar?"

"Dr. Indiana Jones, and Corporal Connor Graham."

"Nice to meet you men!" They shook hands, " Now I must ask you, Alysia, why have you come back?"

"My father. He is nowhere to be found, and this is our search party. We are picking our radio operator here."

"What happened?"

"He was out in the desert and he gets lost! Imagine that!"

"I'm so sorry."

"Me too."

The man looked at the clock on the wall and yelled, "Midnight! EVERYBODY OUT!!"

"Ah man!" People shouted as they filed out the door. Fredrick handed the trio three keys and told them,

“Alright there you go.”

“Thanks Freddy.” Indy said, and took a key. They walked up the stairs into a long, narrow hall way. Indy opened one of the rooms, and flopped on a bed. The room was small, had one window, a bathroom and the pull out bed in the middle of the room. The Corporal opened one room, and slammed the door. Alysia sauntered into Indy's room, and shut the door.

“Uh... Alysia..”

“Yes?” She hoisted him up by his collar and pressed her lips against his. He put his hand on her cheeks, and closed his eyes. She wrapped her arms around his body, and backed them up against the wall. Indy opened his eyes, and attempted a breath. Their passion took over their body's, sending them into a haze. Indy's eyes fluttered, and settled. His body fell back from hers.

“ Indy?” She asked.

“Jones?” She asked again, a tone of frustration in her voice.

“Sigh” She said, and flopped the asleep Indy on the bed. She took her key, and stormed out of the room.

The sun rose high above the glistening Mediterranean sea. The rays of light shed through Indy's room. A drizzle of drool dripped from his mouth. He lay on the bed, sleeping noisily. Suddenly, Indy woke to a load banging on the door. He fell of the pull out and on to the hard wood surface. He stumbled up, and walked to the door. He opened it. Graham grabbed him by the arm and heaved him into the hall way.

“Hell man!” He sucked on a cigarette, “Do you know what time it is?”

“What time?” Indy asked.

“Its Nine 'O' clock!”

“Well.” Indy walked down the stairs and asked Fred for a cup of coffee.

“Get me some Joe'.” Ind said.

“Sure thing. Good luck with your pappy.” Freddy poured him some coffee, and handed it to Indy. He gulped it, and through the glass on the bar.

“Thanks for the rooms Fred.” Alysia said.

“Lets go.” Ind picked up his luggage, and walked out of the room. Strangely, the streets were barren.

“Thank you!” Graham prayed.

“Remember, its Saturday, market day is Friday.”

“Good.” Indy said.

“So wheres this Radio Operator?” Alysia asked.

“He said he'd meet us at the docks, where we will then sail off down the coast of Turkey and the Mediterranean.” Graham explained.

“Thats fine, because we're not to far from there.” Alysia pointed out.

“Lets hope the dock is fine.” Graham said.

“Right.”

Indy, Alysia, and Graham set foot on the creaky dock 13 where the vessel, *The Humpback* floated. It was a small freighter, two decks, and six cabins as far as Indy could see. On top of the deck, a tall man walked down the ladder and onto the dock.

“Good morning' Dr. Jones.” The man said in a West Indian accent. Without a doubt, he was Jamaican.

“Good morning, Mr. Gregory.” Graham shook hands with the radio operator.

“Mr. Graham.” He shook hands back.

“Hello.” Alysia said.

“And who is this fine lady?” He took her hand and kissed it. Indy glanced over, and scowled.

“Alysia Marten, has a field in Archeology, and is a scholar in Ancient Egyptian history.” Graham explained.

“And I will introduce myself as Phillip Gregory, and I will be your Radio Operator and captain of this ship. Welcome to the humpback!”

“Good morning.” Indy shook hands with Gregory.

“Well? Shall we set sail?” Graham asked.

Gregory replied, “Of course. I hear we must get to the Tower first, because whoever reaches it first gains conquest over it. Its a race to the death, my friends. Are you prepared?”

## PART 6

*“In neither two chambers did we see any traces of mummy of mummy's- the one pious reason for making a cache.”*

Howard Carter, 1922

### The Humpback and its tales

Off the coast of Turkey- 1943

Fog rolled in over the sloped wooden deck of the Humpback. The cold Mediterranean water sloshed over the side of the small freighter. Indiana Joneses hand gripped the frigid handle of the bottom deck's railing. On the top deck, Phillip stood at the wheel. It was midday, but the sun was covered by a layer of ominous clouds. Indy wore his leather jacket zipped up and his fedora on his head. A drop of water sloshed on the brim of his hat. Following it came sheets of rain. The water cascaded onto the deck. Suddenly, his eyes fixed on something.

“Nice little breeze isn't it?” Gregory laughed. Indy snarled at him. Phillip walked down the stairs and onto the bottom deck. He patted Indy on the back and strode inside. Just crossing his back came Alysia. She walked up to Indy, and flopped her red hair back.

“Enjoying the weather?” She asked. Indy glared at her with the same glare he gave Gregory.

“What?” She laughed. He grasped Indy's hand, and pulled it to her body. The rain began to wipe the makeup from her face. He stroked up her torso, then retracted his hand. She giggled. Indy snarled, then looked at the sea.

“Whats wrong?”

“That blotch in the sea, off the west.”

“About it?”

“It looks strange, out of place.”

“So what? You're ruining the moment.” She said, and kissed him. He pulled his body away in disgust.

“I don't like fast woman.”

“I'm fast? Its been leading up since I began your class! Oh, if only you could see the look in your eyes as you hovered over me!”

“My glare? You mean yours! You would stare at me all day!”

“That is a problem to you?”

“No but-”

“I think you love me, but you're to sad to admit it!”

“I'm sad? Look at yourself!”

“Oh! Now your getting defensive!”

“These are the things I talk about!” Indy yelled. She slapped him, and stormed into her cabin. Indy

grasped his stinging cheek, and strode into his cabin. It was a small room with a bunk and a desk. He flopped on the bunk. He sighed, and rubbed his aching head. It was the mix of stupidity, and self pity. He moaned, closing his eyes. He felt around the floor till he reached his suitcase. He unclipped the lock, and heaved it up and onto the bed. Inside were piles of khaki shirts and pants, a tie, and the whip. He took the whip from its place and put it to his side. He dug through the layers of clothing till he found the 38 mm revolver. It had four bullets left, on account of the mishap with the Nazi's at Hotel Carnap. He holstered it and threw the contents of the suitcase on the hard metal floor of the humpback. On a coat hanger was a leather belt. On its side, a sheath with the inscription, Humpback, hung close to the ground, a machete inside of it. He took it off the hanger, and looped through his belt. It dangled helplessly next to his leg. On cue, the lunch bell rang. Indy hobbled through the doors located on the lower deck and into the large dining hall. There were three tables and Gregory was already eating at the first one. Indy sat down next to him, and eyed the gumbo that was served for him. Gregory looked up, and said,

"Why aren't ya eating?"

"I will."

"Good, tis' da' only ting you're gonna get here for a while."

"Wonderful." The doors swung open and Alysia stepped inside. She sat down next to Indy.

"Yuck!!" She snorted as the steaming soup was placed before her.

"Whats this slop?" She spat.

"Its all your gonna get, sugar, so eat up." Indy commented.

"I'm not eating this fish gut soup, and don't call me sugar." Indy shrugged, and sipped the liquid. He spat it back out, and Gregory scowled at him.

"To hot." Indy said. He blew the steam away, and took another sip. This has got to be the worst Gumbo he's tasted, Indy thought.

"There's no such ting as to hot on dis' boat! My mother used to make soup that would burn your own living' tongue off!" He chortled.

"Is your mother still hear?" Graham blurted out.

"My own mother?" He shook his head, "She was lost back in 41'."

"What happened?" Alysia asked.

"Tis those damn Nazi's! Dey' invade my mothers home land of Curacao, and take her to da' camps, cause she be Jewish, I tell ya!"

"I'm sorry. Is your father around?" Graham asked.

"He be' lost long time ago out in Debil's Mouth on fishin' trip!"

"I thought ships didn't sail into the Devil's Mouth, due to the sharp coral outline..." Indy explained.

"Yes! Dat be true! But me own fathers ship be small, not big enough for da coral to hurt it."

Indy nodded, and took another sip of the liquid. It was cooled now, but it still had the robust and disgusting flavor it had before. He looked at Gregory, who happened to be steaming.

"Tis' right, I be getting me revenge on dose' Germans and their guns." He cursed. Indy sloshed the spoon back and forth, then asked: "Why are you living in Greece?"

"Because when I lost me own mother, I was taken to Greece cause of me friends of me parents live dere'."

"Excuse me, but I'm to tired to eat." Graham concluded and marched away with pride. Indy and Gregory looked at each other. On cue, the almost silent sound of Grahams foot steps echoed down the galley of the Humpback. Following then, he backed through the doors, a panic on his face.

"U, U-b, U-boat..." He stammered.

All hands on deck!

Part 6

The unsuspecting crew of the Humpback stood in unison on the wide deck. Sure enough, the German U-

boat lay on the water only fifty yards away. In firing range. This is bad. Really bad, Indy thought. A creaking sound echoed down the sea as the hatch to the submarine opened. Indy could notice the blond hair anywhere.

"Damn you Alain." Indy cursed. The Frenchman chuckled.

"Ha ha Dr. Jones! Looks like we have finally had a chance to be in person again!"

"And not to soon." Indy quipped.

"Very, very. It seems my hit men did not do the job I asked?"

"Thats right."

"Ha ha... Yes, yes. That has already been dealt with."

"Listen, we both know why we're here, and thats to find the book of the dead, so stop playing games with me and lets get down to business."

"If you insist..." He started to back down from the hatch, "Good bye, Dr. Jones." On cue, two German soldiers climbed on board the south deck. Indy turned around to see the barrel of a Mauser aimed at his head. The hand brandishing the gun motioned him to back away. Indy did so.

"Schnell." The other soldier commanded. They looked around, then admittedly grasped Alysia's arm. They forced her into the long boat, the Mauser's still aimed at Indy. She screamed. The German cupped her mouth while the other rowed back to the U-Boat.

"Not the woman!" Alain' cursed. The soldier hit the other chanting: "Dumcopf! Dumcopf!"

"Alright, fine. We'll take her. It will break down the American." Alain stammered, and gave Indy and the crew one last Nazi salute before sinking beneath the pathway. The Germans shoved Alysia inside. Indy quickly drew and fired the revolver. The two soldiers tumbled from the U-Boat and into the sea. The hatch shut and clicked.

"Don't even think of it." Graham held Indy. The U-Boat submerged beneath the frigid waves.

"All hands on deck!" Gregory shouted, "If we're lucky, we can reach Cyprus before them! Lets move!" The humpback slowly sped away, Indy still on deck. Graham paused and turned around.

"What are you doing?"

"Its to easy." Indy muttered, "They wouldn't just leave us like that." In fact, he was right. The U-boat turned, and aimed.

"Torpedo!" Gregory called. They caught a glimpse of the small explosion before they saw the treads of water speeding towards them.

"To the left!" Indy shout. It began to move slowly.

"No! My left!" Indy called again. The boat lurched and turned to the left. The torpedo passed behind the boat.

"Good! We missed that one! Now full speed away!" Graham called. The propeller spun furiously.

~\*~

"Kaiser Alain!" The German officer said.

"Yes sir?" The French man replied as he stepped down a small platform.

"Ze' American is heading toward Cyprus!"

"Good. Here is the plan." He handed the officer a map of Eurasia. He took out a pen, and drew a dotted line from Greece, toward Cyprus, dipping suddenly under the island, and catching them at the southern point.

"Should ve' blown them out of zhe' sky now?" The officer asked.

"No we will save ammo. Once they reach Cyprus, we will have a little something arranged." Alain' sauntered off.

Inside the small condensed room sat Alysia Martin. The large door swung open and Alain stepped inside.

"You bastards. Let me go!" She screamed.

"Why? Its too late now! Your friends are already heading toward Cyprus!"

"They wouldn't leave me. I know Indy. He'll come."

~\*~

Indy and Graham stood in the leaky hull of the Humpback. Indy loaded slugs into the compartment of a shotgun, and slung it over his back. Graham added some clips to the machine gun, and grasped it firmly in his hand.

“We will soon reach Cyprus.” Graham commented.

“Right.” Indy loaded six bullets into the revolver, “And thats hopefully where we'll get to meet up with the “Kaiser” again.”

TO BE CONTINUED

Next Book:

Indiana Jones and the Gates of the Underworld

Indy travels into the heart of the Egyptian desert in search of a fabled tower in which the ancient Egyptians hid the Book of the Dead. Inside the tower, Indy must face true peril in order to survive.

I hope you enjoyed reading the first half of this Indy story. Please consider reading some of my other great tales to!

Indiana Jones and the Red Moon  
Indiana Jones and the Veins of the Outback  
Indiana Jones and the Lost Palace  
Indiana Jones and the Mask of Cortez