



The Himalayas, 1932

Yee Wang stamped his feet and rubbed his hands together to fight off the cold of the caverns. He watched with chattering teeth as Doctor Indiana Jones picked up another of the odd stone disks from the cave floor.

The archeologist held his lamp closer to the disk to get a better look at it. He didn't seem to notice the cold, which annoyed Wang no end. The occidental was clearly mad to want to come up here. And Wang was even madder for agreeing to lead him. The pay was good, but that wouldn't matter if Wang wound up frozen in a block of ice.

"Incredible." Indy muttered beneath his breath as he ran his thumb over the stone disk. It was round with a perfect circle hole right in the middle. A thin line was cut into the stone and spiraled out from the middle.

"You satisfy?" Wang tucked his frozen hands under his armpits.

"This is an amazing find." Indy glanced about the room. More stone disks lay scattered about the floor. "I can't place the style, but these things are old. And you're sure no one else knows about them?"

"No else. No cares." Wang shrugged. "Why come for old rocks in cold mountain when can be by warm fire."

"Hm?" Indy looked over at Wang as if just realizing how cold the place was. Then he surveyed the stones again. "There's too many here for us to take them all. We'll need to arrange a proper excavation of this."

"We go then?"

"Yeah." Indy spoke slowly, then nodded. "Yeah, we'll go. I'll get in touch with my college. They'll need to wire me more funds."

Almost reverently, Indy placed the disk he was holding back on the floor with the other ones. He stood up and brushed his hands off.

"You not take?" Wang frowned at the archeologist. Had they come all this way for nothing?

"I don't want to risk damaging any of them." Indy settled the fedora he wore more firmly on his head. "It's hard to make out, but those little spirals have something carved in them. Could be some kind of writing."

Indy started out of the caverns, still mumbling about the stupid stones. Wang chose to look on the bright side of all this. At least now they'd be heading back to some place warm.

They followed the tunnels back through several rooms. The occidental was even fascinated by these tunnels. They weren't regular caves but seemed to have been carved out of the very rock of the mountains. That gave Wang chills beyond just the cold. He tried to think of all the money that he'd get when they got back down the mountains.

As they came out of the tunnels back onto the mountainside, Wang almost bumped into Indy. The archeologist had come to a dead stop and was holding his hands out to his sides.

Wang stepped further out of the cave and came to an abrupt halt as well. Another man stood several yards away wrapped in a thick coat that went nearly to his feet. Wang would have envied the stranger his cigarette if it weren't for the gun he was holding.

"Torelli." Indy grimaced. "What're you doing here?"

The stranger grinned around his cigarette. "Oh, just following a lead, my friend."

"What lead?"

"Why you, of course." Torelli laughed. His voice was tinged with an Italian accent. "After all, the great Indiana Jones is so very good at finding things of interest. Too bad you're not so skilled at bringing them back."

"Sorry to disappoint you." Indy smiled lopsidedly. "This one's a dry hole. There's nothing here but snow and rock."

"Then you won't mind if I examine the cave for myself." Torelli waved his gun at the archeologist. "Stand aside, Doctor Jones."

Indy's eyes flicked to Wang then back to the Italian. "I'm telling you, there's nothing here."

"We'll see." Torelli laughed again. The Italian brandished his gun at Indy and Wang and the two shuffled to one side away from the cave entrance.

Torelli moved up to the cave, his gun trained on Indy. The entrance wasn't very wide and he warily sidled past the archeologist. For the barest moment his eyes flicked to the cave.

It was the opening Indy needed.

Indy slammed his fist towards Torelli's gun hand. The gun went off, but not before Indy had shoved it away from himself. The crack of the shot was deafening this close to the cave and Indy, Wang, and Torelli all froze.

The echo of the gunshot died away into silence.

Torelli launched himself at Indy. The Italian was wiry but very strong. Unlike Indy, he was also properly dressed for the cold.

Indy hadn't noticed the chill before, but now he felt it slowing his movements. He tried to block Torelli's attack, but the Italian punched Indy in the stomach.

Indy doubled over, gasping. The sharp cold of the air made it difficult to get his breath.

Torelli brought his knee up into Indy's chin. Indy's teeth clicked together and he narrowly avoided biting his tongue off. He fell back into the snow as Torelli advanced towards him.

Wang came out of nowhere swinging a tree branch at the Italian. Wang didn't particularly care for the downed archeologist, but he needed the man alive if he was going to get paid for all this.

As Torelli fell back before Wang's onslaught, Indy held up a hand. He managed to wheeze out, "Wait. What's that sound?."

Wang and Torelli stopped moving and glanced around nervously. There was an ominous rumbling about them. As one, the three men glanced up.

Small streamers of snow we're falling from the cliff above. Then a sheet of white came flowing down.

"Avalanche!" Indy called to the others. They spun and started running down the mountainside. "Damn you, Torelli!"

"Me!" Torelli looked askance at Indy as they ran. "You're the one who had to try for my gun!"

Wang shook his head and concentrated on running, even though he knew it was futile. The snow was almost upon them. There'd be no money now.

Indy abruptly yanked Wang off to the left. They had been running down a slope with a large cliff towering up over them to their left.

"Stop struggling, damn it!" Indy pulled Wang into the lee of the cliff as the sheet of snow burst past down the mountain behind them.

The snow fanned out, bubbling around the edges of the cliff. Some started pouring down from above, splattering on Indy and Wang.

The last thing Wang heard just before the snow covered him was the man Torelli screaming, "Jooooonnnneesss!"

* * *

Half an hour later all of the snow and debris had settled. All of it, except for one small patch near the base of a tall cliff. The mound of snow was much thinner here, as most of the avalanche had fountained by above it, instead of dropping straight down.

A hand pushed its way up into the air. It flailed about for a few moments, scattering the snow.

Indiana Jones, feeling colder than he'd ever been in his life, pulled himself out of the hole. Wang clambered up after him.

Both men were half-frozen and puffing hard. Wang lay back on the cold ground. Funny, it didn't feel so cold anymore. In fact it was actually starting to feel pleasantly warm. He probably didn't even need the thick coat and vest he was wearing.

As Wang started to unbutton his coat, Indy hauled him back to his feet. Indy slapped Wang across the face to bring him back to his senses.

"We've gotta get off this mountain."

Wang nodded mutely. He turned to start making his way back down the mountain. He paused after a few steps, sensing that the archeologist wasn't following. He turned to see Indy peering up at the mountainside.

There was no sign of the cave anymore. It was hidden somewhere beneath all the snow and rock. The mountainside looked so different now that it was impossible even to tell where the cave had been.

"Doctor Jones." Wang spoke hesitantly. "You all right?"

"Yeah." Indy sighed and turned to face Wang. "Yeah, fine."

* * *

France, Three Weeks Later

Indiana Jones watched the cab drive off back to Fréjus. He hiked his rucksack up on his back and canted his fedora against the wind before turning to survey the village.

Brignoles was a small village near the Mediterranean in the southeast corner of France. Narrow streets cut their way through the squat stone buildings of town. Here and there the odd tree had been set in small plots of dirt to add a bit of color to the gray structures.

Indy rooted around an inner pocket of his leather jacket and pulled out a creased piece of paper. He unfolded the letter one-handed and ran his eyes down its text until he found the passage he wanted.

Following the directions on the letter he headed into town, glancing at buildings and people he passed. Brignoles was a mining village. It was the middle of the afternoon and there were only a few women and old men moving about, shopping and gossiping. Several eyed Indy curiously, but passed on their way.

When Indy had returned to his college after the fiasco in the Himalayas, his long time friend Marcus Brody had given him the letter he now carried. It was from one Michelle Getaund, the curator of a museum here in Brignoles. Seeing the size of the village now, Indy was surprised to hear it even had a museum.

The letter had been sent care of the college, but had been intended specifically for Indy. The archeologist couldn't image why. The letter had requested Indy's presence urgently over some fantastic find curator Getaund had made. Indy didn't know why the curator hadn't called upon the French archeological community and the letter didn't say.

The archeologist had still been stinging from the loss in the Himalayas. He was only too happy to get out from the scrutiny of the college's board.

Indy turned down one last side street and slowed to a halt. He glanced up and down the road he was on, looking for anything that seemed like a museum. The street was lined with the same little buildings as the rest of the village.

He double checked the letter and followed the street, watching the address numbers. Finally he stopped before a door looking identical to the ones of the buildings on either side. A small blue sign, faded from years of wind, rain, and sun, was mounted on the front of the building. In flaking yellow paint it proclaimed this the Brignoles Museum of Antiquity.

Indy glanced up at the old building one more time, getting a sinking feeling. He sighed and tried the door. It was locked. He frowned and knocked several times but there was no answer. It seemed like the museum was closed.

Indy glanced around. One of the first story windows was slightly ajar.

Checking quickly to make sure no one was in sight, Indy hastened over to the window. He pushed it open more fully and tossed his rucksack inside. Then he pulled himself up and clambered into the dark room beyond.

Indy was just picking himself up when he heard the unmistakable sound of a revolver cocking. A voice spoke out of the gloom in French, "Stay where you are! Don't move!"

* * *

Guy held the gun loosely in his hand. He licked dry lips and glanced again at the headlines of the village's little newspaper sitting on the wooden table before him. The poor girl. Four going on five.

Guy swallowed and screwed up his courage. He raised the gun to his temple with a shaky hand. Tears began trickling down his face.

He looked guiltily at the newspaper one last time. Slowly, carefully he started to squeeze the trigger.

A knock came at the door of Guy's little home. It almost startled him enough to fire. Almost.

Shakily he laid the gun back on the table and pulled the newspaper over top of it. Then he pushed himself up and headed to the door.

* * *

"Turn around," the voice commanded Indy from the darkness.

"Which is it?" Indy stood still, his hands raised in the air.

"What?" The voice was puzzled.

"You told me not to move. Now you want me to turn around." Indy grinned despite the seriousness of the situation. "So which is it?"

"Turn around." The voice sounded annoyed as Indy started to turn. "Slowly!"

Indy finished his turn and ran an appraising eye over the woman standing before him. She wore a tan jacket open over a tight gray shirt. Cream colored jodhpurs clung to her shapely legs down into her black high boots. Her face was pretty, if a bit plain, with curly dark brown hair pouring over her shoulders and down her back.

She held a revolver in her right-hand, late nineteenth century by the look of it. It was trained steadily on Indy's chest.

The woman arched an annoyed eyebrow at Indy. "You're not from around here. And your accent... Where are you from?"

"You mind putting the gun down?" Indy waved the fingers of one hand in a lowering motion.

The woman raised the gun to Indy's temple. "I asked, where are you from?"

"I'm from the U.S." Indy shrugged fractionally. "My name's Indiana Jones. I got a letter from the curator of this...museum. He wanted to see me."

Now it was the woman's turn to look Indy up and down. The gun in her hand never wavered. "Let me see this letter."

Indy started to reach for his inside jacket pocket, where the letter was kept. The woman tightened her grip on the gun. Slowly Indy pulled the letter out and held it towards her between two fingers.

The woman grabbed the letter with her free hand then stepped back out of Indy's reach. She flipped the letter open and her eyes flicked to it briefly.

Finally, the woman uncocked the gun and placed it on a nearby table amidst several similar weapons. Indy frowned as he realized the table was a display case.

"Was that thing loaded?" Indy gestured to the gun as he lowered his hands.

"Do you keep loaded guns in *your* museum, Mister Jones?"

"Good point." Indy grinned lopsidedly. "And it's Doctor actually."

"Or course it is." The woman passed Indy and headed deeper into the house, still clutching the letter. The archeologist scooped up his rucksack and followed her.

"I didn't catch *your* name." Indy caught up to the woman in a small room cluttered with display tables.

The woman pursed her lips in annoyance as she stared back at Indy. She sighed. "Jeanette. Jeanette Getaund."

"Getaund? Then you're the curator's...?"

"Niece." Jeanette leaned back against a table as she watched Indy. "He's my uncle."

"And you're uncle's where exactly?" Indy adjusted the Fedora on his head. "His letter said he had some great find he wanted my help with."

Jeanette didn't say anything. Instead she scooped up a thin weekly newspaper from the table next to her and tossed it to Indy. The archeologist read the French headline: *LITTLE GIRL KILLED IN VICIOUS ATTACK.*

* * *

Michelle staggered through the narrow streets of Brignoles clutching at his chest. His breath came in ragged gasps and once or twice he fell to the ground. Somehow he found the strength to push himself back up and keep moving.

Blood seeped through his long coat and down over his fingers. He was having trouble focussing. He'd been attacked shortly after leaving Guy's place.

The curator berated himself for his impatience. He should have waited for Doctor Jones. But the young girl's death had changed things. There wasn't time to wait anymore.

It was out there stalking him. Michelle didn't know why it hadn't killed him outright. Was this some sport for it?

All Michelle knew now was that he had to get back to his niece.

* * *

Indy scanned over the newspaper article quickly. He handed it back to Jeanette. "So you've got some kind of wildlife problem here. What's that got to do with me?"

Jeanette looked appraisingly at Indy. She'd read the letter her uncle had sent to him while he'd been perusing the paper. "Uncle Michelle didn't tell you why he sent for you."

Indy noted that it wasn't a question, but he answered anyway. "No, he didn't. Look, what's going on here?"

Jeanette bit her lip. For the first time she looked uncertain about something. "My uncle, well, he told me the most fantastic story. And he told me that he was trying to get help."

"Meaning me?"

Jeanette laughed. "Typical. Arrogant American. No, not you. He tried with our own government first. And with our military. And with anyone else he could think of here in France. You were just the last in a very long list."

"List for what?" Indy frowned.

"I can't believe he decided to send for some stupid American archeologist."

"Tell me," Indy growled. Jeanette was attractive but it wasn't enough to keep him from getting annoyed at her. "What's this story you said your uncle was going on about?"

"You wouldn't believe me." Jeanette pushed past Indy.

"Where are you going?"

"To find my uncle."

"Yeah? Where're you gonna look?" Indy crossed his arms over his chest.

"Somewhere." Jeanette waved dismissively over her shoulder as she left the room.

Indy shook his head and muttered under his breath. He turned to survey the room he was in. Michelle Getaund obviously ran the "museum" out of his own house. There were a few pieces of mild interest to Indy, but most of the stuff was just old junk from the Great War. Very little of it looked to be older than fifty years or so.

Indy heard the front door of the little home open. Then he heard Jeanette scream.

* * *

It had trailed the old man to his little curio shop. Every step of the way it had wanted to spring on him and finish the job. And it was so very hungry. The little girl the other night had hardly been more than a snack.

But every time it had moved to pounce on the old man, that annoying little whisper at the back of its mind had stopped it. It hated that whisper. The whisper that told it to stop, that told it to run, that told it to hide.

It glanced up at the sky. The sun was finally sinking towards the horizon, but it would still be some time before it set. That was when the voice went to sleep. That was when it was free.

It had been following the old man along the rooftops of the village. Few people ever came up here and no one walking below ever bothered looking up.

It watched the old man stumble up the steps to the museum door. Again it wanted to pounce and again the voice held it back.

The door opened just before the old man reached it. A tall woman was standing there. She saw the old man and screamed.

It almost leapt down then. The cry of panic from the woman driving it nearly to bloodlust. The voice reigned it in, but only just. The voice wheedled and prodded and finally convinced it to withdraw. It turned its head towards the nearby forest and fled towards the trees.

* * *

Indy was at the front door in an instant. Jeanette stood there unsteadily, clutching the body of an old man with wispy gray hair in her arms. Tears were streaming down her face, but aside from her original shriek of panic she was silent.

Indy gently pulled the old man away from Jeanette and was surprised to find him still alive. Indy carried the old man back into the house and laid him down on the floor.

The old man was in bad shape. His clothes were torn in several places, as was the flesh beneath. His lined face was ashen gray and his breath came in irregular wheezes.

"Uncle!" Jeanette knelt next to the old man. She reached a tentative hand out and ran it through his hair.

Indy wasn't sure if it was Jeanette's touch or her voice, but something reached the old man and his eyes fluttered open. He glanced up at Jeanette and then his eyes moved to Indy.

"Doctor Jones?" Getaund's voice was weak, but the old man suddenly reached up and grabbed a fistful of Indy's shirt. He pulled the archeologist towards him. "You are...Doctor Jones?"

"That's right. Try not to move." Indy tried to loosen Getaund's grip. He turned to face Jeanette. "Jeanette. Jeanette! Go and get a doctor."

Jeanette dragged her gaze away from her uncle and stared blankly at Indy for a moment. Then she nodded and started pushing herself to her feet.

"No. No time." Getaund shook his head weekly. "Jeanette. It's true. What I told you. All true."

Jeanette shook her head as if trying to dispel her uncle's words.

"What's true?" Indy leaned closer to the old man to hear him better.

"Knew...if I told you truth..." Getaund looked into Indy's eyes. "You...you wouldn't come."

"What truth? What truth, Getaund?"

"Lou...Loup..." The old man's eyes dimmed.

Indy and Jeanette sat silently next to the old man for a few moments. Jeanette bit her lip to hold back more tears. Indy closed the old man's eyes and slowly lowered him to the floor.

Indy got back to his feet and pulled Jeanette up after him, his hands on her shoulders. She shrugged out of his grasp and disappeared into a nearby room. She came back a moment later, with a knitted blanket in her hands that she lay gently over her uncle's body.

* * *

Getaund's death had shaken his niece, but Indy had to admire her for getting all the details taken care of so quickly. Within a couple of hours the village doctor had come and then later the undertaker. They'd taken Getaund's body away and now only a few stains of blood were left on the floor to indicate anything unusual had happened.

While she'd been busy making arrangements, Indy had let her be. He'd gone foraging through Getaund's kitchen and had pulled together a meager dinner. It didn't taste very good but Jeanette didn't seem to have much appetite anyway. She listlessly pushed her meal about on her plate.

Indy pushed his own plate away and leaned forward across the table. The old man had been trying to tell Indy something when he died. Something he'd already told his niece. Indy needed to know what it was.

"Jeanette." Indy's voice was soft. "Jeanette, I need to know. Your uncle? What was he going to tell me? Why did he send for me?"

"He thought you were the only one who might believe him." Jeanette stared at her plate.

"Believe him about what?"

Jeanette chuckled sourly. "About what's been happening. Here. In Brignoles. I know I didn't."

"Didn't what?"

"Didn't believe him." Jeanette shut her eyes. "Or maybe I didn't want to believe him."

"Tell me!" Indy took Jeanette's hand roughly. He was getting tired of all this piece-meal nonsense.

"About the deaths." Jeanette finally looked at Indy. She pulled her hand free of his. "It started a few weeks ago. Animals were turning up dead. Pets mostly, although some of the miners found others dead out in the forest.

"And there were the sightings." Jeanette turned her head to stare out the little kitchen's window. "People were catching flashes of...something out in the woods. No one ever got a good look at it."

"A wolf or something?"

Jeanette smiled sickly as if Indy had told an off color joke. "Then things came to a head two days ago."

"The little girl from the paper." Indy leaned back in his chair.

"She was stolen from right out of her bedroom." Jeanette shook her head before looking back at Indy.

"They found her the next day. Or rather, they found what was left of her. Well, you read the paper."

"And now it's killed my uncle." A spark of anger entered into Jeanette's eyes.

"Yeah, but what exactly is *it*?" Indy frowned at Jeanette.

"A loup-garou, Doctor Jones." Jeanette stared into Indy's eyes. "A werewolf."

* * *

Sun had set and the voice in its head had finally quieted. It sniffed at the air. It could smell the fear of the village. First the child, then the old man. The villagers were becoming frightened. Delicious.

It sniffed the air again. There was the barest whiff of something new. A stranger. A stranger with the old man's daughter. The stranger didn't fear. Not yet. Not yet.

It wound its way through the trees back towards the village. Back towards the museum.

* * *

Indy would have laughed had Jeanette's face not been so earnest. Instead he rubbed at the stubble forming on his chin. "A werewolf?"

"You don't believe me." Jeanette shook her head. "I understand. I didn't believe my uncle when he told me."

"Werewolves are just a lot of superstition." Indy shrugged. "Creatures from myth. That's all. Maybe you've got some kind of large wolf or some other animal around here. People catch glimpses of it. Get spooked. Someone remembers a story they heard when they were a kid. Next thing you know, the village is being overrun by werewolves."

"Come with me." Jeanette took Indy's hand and pulled him to his feet. She guided him down a narrow hallway to the back of the house. It opened into a small room that must have been Getaund's study.

"My uncle has...had been researching all this." Jeanette waved her hand vaguely at a number of books and old documents on a desk. She lit an oil lantern and set it on the desk so Indy could see.

Indy glanced sidelong at Jeanette then lowered himself into the chair in front of the desk. He began looking over the texts but Jeanette was impatient. She started pointing out particular items she thought important.

"1693 in Benais." Jeanette tapped a paragraph Getaund had copied out from one book into a little journal. "Over 100 people were killed in the area. Locals described seeing creatures like wolves but not wolves, with large teeth and tails.

"1764 to 1767 in Gévaudan." Jeanette pointed to another paragraph. "More detailed descriptions about large creatures with ferocious teeth and lashing tails. Coarse red fur with a terrible smell. They attacked more than 200 people and –"

"The Beasts of Gévaudan." Indy looked closer at the journal.

"You've heard of them?"

"Yeah. Yeah a bit." Indy spoke slowly. He scanned over the little journal. "Yeah, thought so. Your uncle's also got stuff here on the attacks in Vivarias between 1809 and 1813."

"Still." Indy pushed the journal away. "Doesn't prove that what you're dealing with is a werewolf. Or even one of the Beasts of Gévaudan for that matter."

"Then how do explain my uncle being attacked?"

"What do you mean?"

"He thought he knew who the werewolf was." Jeanette planted her fists on her hips. "He was going to wait for you to get here. But the girl's death must have changed his mind."

"Why me?" Indy looked up at Jeanette.

"I told you." Jeneatte glared back. "He tried our government and our military and God knows who else. None of them would help. None of them would even believe him. But he said that you would. He said that you've seen things. He told me about some of your...exploits."

"Oh, did he?" Indy scowled. "They've probably been blown all out of proportion."

"Probably." Jeanette nodded. "But you were his last hope. He didn't want to deal with the monster by himself. He wanted your help. And now he's... Well. It seems like the least you could do is help finish his work."

"Finish his work?" Indy pushed himself to his feet. He shook his head. "I'm just an archeologist. Try your government again. Tell them it's just some regular wolf or something. I'm sure they'll send someone to take care of this."

Jeanette was shaking her head. "It wouldn't help. Uncle Michelle told me the werewolf couldn't be killed by normal means. That it's death could only be found in the pages of history."

Indy held up the journal that Jeanette pointed to. "This is just a collection of historical sightings and folklore that your uncle put together. It's not going to tell you how to kill a werewolf, because they don't exist."

The window by the desk shattered inwards, spraying bits of glass over Indy and Jeanette. Indy heard something heavy land behind him and a horrid stench filled his nostrils.

He whirled about. Indy and Jeanette stared at the creature in horror.

It stood on all fours and even then was nearly as tall as Indy's chest. The creature was covered in bristly red fur. Two-inch fangs lined its long wolfish snout. A thick tale nearly as long as the rest of the creature swished back and forth, scattering more papers and books about the study. Its coal black eyes stared straight at Indy and the archeologist could almost see a human intelligence at work behind them.

The werewolf tensed, preparing to spring at Indy and Jeanette.

Years of surviving desperate situations kicked in for Indy. Without conscious thought, he pushed Jeanette roughly out the door of the study and slammed it behind them.

The two raced down the hallway. A moment later, they heard the door splinter behind them and the soft slap of the creature's paws on the floor as it chased after them.

Indy pulled Jeanette into the kitchen, where he'd stowed his rucksack. He leapt and slid over the kitchen table, scattering the remains of their dinner, and landed next to the rucksack. He could hear the creature getting closer.

Indy dug in the rucksack and pulled his gun just as the werewolf rounded the corner. Indy's aim was true and he placed several shots into the creature's chest.

The werewolf reared back in pain and howled. Indy fired another bullet up through its jaw into its brain. The werewolf staggered back and fell to the ground.

"Is it...?" Jeanette stared at the creature's body.

"Dead? Yeah." Indy nodded and grinned faintly as he lowered his gun. "That wasn't so hard, now...was...it?"

The werewolf had started twitching on the floor. Indy could hear an odd bubbling sound coming from it. The creature's eyes opened and it gazed malevolently at Indy. It slowly pushed itself to its feet, stumbling once or twice.

Indy's grin faded from his face. He swore under his breath and scooped up his rucksack before grabbing Jeanette's arm. "Time to go!"

Indy pulled his fedora down over his face and slammed into the kitchen window. It broke apart and he tumbled outside. Jeanette jumped out and landed lightly next to him. She reached down and helped pull him to his feet, and then both of them were running.

* * *

The werewolf staggered upright and glanced down at its chest. The bullet holes had already sealed, leaving nasty scars behind.

The werewolf was angry. How dare this stranger think he could kill it? It sniffed the air, getting a good feel for the stranger. The stranger was scared, but the fear was under control. The stranger was using it for strength. Not like one of the cowardly villagers.

The werewolf padded across the kitchen and leapt easily out into the night. The moments it had spent recovering had given its prey the chance to escape. But that didn't matter, it would find them soon enough.

* * *

Jeanette took the lead as she and Indy ran from the house. She was the local and knew the area better than Indy. Indy was concerned though, as they seemed to be heading away from the village.

"Where're...we going?" They'd been running hard for a while now and Indy was starting to gasp for breath.

"Out of town."

"What? Why?"

Jeanette shook her head. She obviously didn't want to waste her breath talking while they ran. Every now and then, she glanced back to see if they were being followed.

It was well into night now, but the two could still see fairly easily. A full moon had come out and cast an eerie glow on the countryside.

Ahead in the darkness Indy could make out the silhouette of a building. He couldn't pick out too many details but it seemed to be some kind of church. Jeanette was leading them straight towards it.

They raced up to the door of the church and Indy was relieved to find it open. The two darted inside and shut the door behind.

A thick wooden plank was next to the door and Indy and Jeanette wrestled it into two metal brackets on either side of the door. Indy stepped back, brushing his hands as he admired their handiwork. Jeanette leaned against the door with her head back as she tried to regain her breath.

Indy pulled a lighter out of his rucksack. On either side of the large door stood two tall, dribbly candlesticks. He flicked the lighter open and lit the candles.

"Right." Indy went over to one of the old wooden pews in the church and dropped his rucksack on it. He started pulling items out of it and secreting them about his person. "Now, why'd we run away from the village?"

Jeanette watched Indy strap a gun holster about his waste. "I don't want anyone else getting caught up in this."

"Yeah?" Indy pulled his haversack out and slung it about his neck. "Did it occur to you that the rest of the village could maybe help us?"

"You shot it, Doctor Jones. You shot it several times and it kept coming."

Indy didn't say anything. He dug around distractedly in the bottom of the rucksack.

Jeanette's eyes widened as the archeologist pulled out a coiled bullwhip and secured it on his hip. "What's that for?"

"Useful archeological tool," Indy said distractedly. "So you got us out of town. What's the next step of your marvelous plan?"

Jeanette shrugged as she moved over to Indy. She took his lighter and headed deeper into the church, lighting more candles as she went.

"Will we be safe in here, do you think?" Jeanette looked back over her shoulder at Indy.

"Why ask me?"

"Because my uncle thought you'd be of some use." Jeanette frowned angrily at the archeologist.

"I've never dealt with anything like this before." Indy paused and smiled a bit ruefully. "Well, not exactly like this."

"Meaning?"

"You ever read anything by Bram Stoker?" Indy shrugged. "Nevermind. It's just that some of those exploits of mine your uncle told you might not have been blown out of proportion."

Jeanette opened her mouth, closed it, looked away, then looked back. "Right now I'd be willing to believe just about anything."

Indy grinned lopsidedly at Jeanette. "Let's see what your uncle thought. He did the research after all."

"How are we going to do that?" Jeanette was puzzled until Indy held up her uncle's journal. "You held onto that?"

"Yeah." Indy moved over to one of the candlesticks and opened the journal up. "I figured your uncle wouldn't mind."

Jeanette's eyes looked hurt at Indy's flippant reference to her uncle. Indy glanced at her uncomfortably, then gestured her over.

"Come on. Help me look through this thing." Indy raised the journal with both hands so she could see. "See if there's anything useful in here."

The two poured over the book for several minutes. There was a lot about the history of werewolf sightings in France and abroad over the centuries but nothing that indicated how to definitively kill one.

"Here's something." Indy paused as they flipped through the book. A small scrap of paper had been wedged between two pages. It was covered with more of Getaund's cramped writing. "Something to do with silver?"

Jeanette took the scrap of paper and held it closer to the candle. "It's hard to make out. Uncle Michelle must have written this down in a hurry."

"Can you read any of it?"

"I'm not sure." Jeanette frowned at the paper for a few moments. "It looks like my uncle thought being a werewolf was, I don't know, some kind of disease."

"Disease huh?" Indy rubbed his cheek as he considered this new information.

"Does that mean something to you?"

"Maybe." Indy started pacing back and forth as he put things together. "What does the paper say about silver?"

Jeanette angled the paper towards the candle. "Not much. It just says 'silver' and 'cure'."

"Yeah, yeah that might make sense."

"Might it, Doctor Jones?" Jeanette asked sarcastically, clearly annoyed that Indy was holding something back from her.

"Goes back a long time." Indy shrugged as he turned to face Jeanette. "In the 4th century B.C. Hippocrates wrote about the healing power of silver and how it was useful in curing diseases.

"Now, some legends from the 19th century talk about how silver is effective against werewolves." Indy pointed towards the book. "If your uncle's right, and being a werewolf *is* a disease, then his other reference there maybe means that silver's an antidote to it."

"I see." Jeanette nodded. She looked up and smiled at Indy. She had a *very* pleasant smile he noticed. "Maybe my uncle was right to get in touch with you after all, Doctor Jones."

"My friends call me Indy."

"Indy?" Jeanette tried the word out, then nodded. "Indy."

There was a loud thud at the door and Indy and Jeanette both jumped.

"It's here!" Jeanette looked at Indy with fear in her eyes.

"Any other way out of this place?"

"I...I don't know."

"Great."

The door thumped again and the heavy plank bounced uneasily in the metal brackets.

"Jeanette, stay behind me." Indy started backing away from the door. It took him a moment to realize that Jeanette was gone. He hadn't seen her slip off.

Indy was just about to call out for the French woman when the door gave a horrible splintering sound. The werewolf peered in through the hole it had smashed. It spotted Indy and let out a deep howl.

Indy backed away to the altar at the head of the church. The werewolf battered at the hole it had started and soon had it large enough to get inside.

It slowly moved towards Indy down the aisle between the pews. Its pace quickened with each step. When it was perhaps a dozen feet away, it jumped through the air towards the archeologist.

Indy spun aside at the last moment. His fist sailed around and caught the werewolf on the nose as it landed next to him. The beast stepped back from the archeologist, more out of surprise than pain.

In the few moments he had, Indy flicked his whip out and lashed it around one of the church's rafters above. Quickly he pulled himself upwards.

The werewolf paced about in a circle below Indy. It stared balefully at the trapped archeologist. Indy smiled lopsidedly, safe on the beam.

The werewolf knelt on the ground and Indy thought it was going to lie down to wait for him. Well, let it wait. Indy was an archeologist. He'd developed a high degree of patience in his career.

But the werewolf wasn't lying down. Instead, it bunched its muscles and sprang up towards the rafters. Indy started backwards and nearly fell from the rafter. His arms pinwheeled in the air for a moment until he could catch his balance.

The werewolf grabbed the beam with its arms. Indy watched in horror as it pulled itself up onto the wood. It crouched with its paws gripping the beam. The werewolf growled low in its throat and tensed to leap at Indy.

"Indy, I've found it!" Jeanette ran back into the hall of the church from some side room. She was holding something in her hand that glinted faintly from the candlelight. She looked around confused when she didn't see Indy right away.

"Jeanette, run!" Indy hollered down to the French woman. The werewolf was staring intently at her, but its head whipped back to Indy at his voice.

"Indy! Down here!" Jeanette beckoned to Indy as he backed away from the werewolf.

Indy was rapidly running out of room to retreat. The werewolf was having no trouble moving quickly along the beam. It was almost upon the archeologist now.

Indy pulled his whip back and lashed it across another beam as the werewolf jumped. Indy felt the beast's claws rip through the back of his leather jacket as he swung back down to the floor below. As Indy landed he nearly collided with Jeanette.

"Damn it, Jeanette! We need to get out of here!"

"No, Indy, it's all right." Jeanette pushed herself in front of Indy.

The werewolf dropped back to the floor and sprang towards Jeanette. As it sailed towards her, she thrust her hand out. Tight in her grasp was an engraved silver cross.

The werewolf impaled itself on the cross but its bulk drove both Jeanette and Indy to the ground underneath it. They were flattened as it rolled and writhed across the floor, the silver cross jutting from its chest.

"Silver," Jeanette whispered to Indy as they scrambled away from the beast.

The werewolf howled horribly. It flopped about, scattering several of the pews. A white lather of foam gathered at the corner of its mouth.

The werewolf fell back on the floor, its paws jittering in the air. Indy could see its massive chest rising and falling with the effort of breathing.

* * *

It was agonized. It had never experienced such pain before. Fire ran through its veins and it thought it would go mad.

Somewhere deep inside, the little voice at the back of its mind was cheering. This was salvation.

It growled and pushed the voice back into the dark recesses of its brain. It was hurting and angry and almost blinded by pain.

Then it saw the stranger.

It narrowed its eyes, as if focusing every ounce of anger on the man with the hat. It bent its head down to its chest and wrapped its jaws about the cross. Its mouth burned, but it ignored that.

It pulled the cross out and flung it off into the darkness.

* * *

"That can't be good." Indy tugged at Jeanette's shoulder as he backed towards the door.

"But it was silver." Jeanette watched horrified as the werewolf slowly rolled over and tried to get its legs under itself again. "It was silver!"

"Come on!" Indy hauled Jeanette around and shoved her towards the door.

The two clambered through the remains of the door. Jeanette didn't seem inclined to lead the way this time. Indy grabbed her hand and pulled her down the lane after him. He heard the werewolf howl behind him, but it sounded more agonized than malevolent now. Maybe the silver had done something after all.

They were running along the edge of the forest now. Bushes and branches tugged at their clothes as they passed. Jeanette had recovered from her shock and was running strong again. She tapped Indy's shoulder and pointed off to the right. The archeologist changed his course to follow.

They came out into a large clearing and Indy saw what he thought at first was a cave. As they drew nearer, he could see it was the entrance to a mineshaft. A wooden beam had been placed across it with a sign. The French words on the sign read DANGEROUS – KEEP OUT.

Indy and Jeanette ducked underneath the sign and plunged into the darkness.

* * *

It was chasing its prey again. It still felt weak and disoriented from the annoying metal cross, but it could feel its strength returning with each step.

It stopped short in a clearing where the moon glowed down. Ahead it saw the entrance to an old abandoned mine. The scent of its prey went right inside.

It slowed down and eyed the cave warily. It had already underestimated these two twice, and it wasn't about to do so again.

Carefully, it prowled towards the dark cave. It couldn't see any movement and the spoor it was following was already a few minutes old. It sniffed once more at the entrance, then crawled over the barrier and slipped into the mine.

* * *

Indy led the way deeper into the mine, his lighter providing scant illumination. The air had a musty smell to it and the few tools and mining implements they passed were covered in layers of dust.

"Doesn't look like this place is used anymore."

"It's not." Jeanette shook her head as she followed Indy. "It closed down, oh, six or seven years ago. They mined too fast and too far. A lot of this is unstable."

"Great. Any other way out of here?"

"There used to be a second entrance off to the west somewhere."

"Used to?"

"It could be blocked." Jeanette shrugged. "I don't know. But you know how fast that creature runs."

"Yeah." Indy nodded grimly. "We wouldn't stand much chance if we were out in the open and..."

"What is it?" Jeanette nearly bumped into the archeologist as he came to a sudden halt. "Indy, what –"

"Sh." Indy held a hand up to silence Jeanette. The two stood in the flickering light of the lighter silently for several moments. "Thought I heard something."

Jeanette glanced around nervously. "It's an old tunnel. Probably just the rock settling or maybe the wind."

"Yeah." Indy looked unconvinced. "Yeah, maybe."

Indy turned around and felt something hit his fedora. He jerked back, his heart racing wildly. Then he let out a short laugh. He'd bumped into an old oil lantern hanging from the low ceiling of the mine.

Indy pulled the lantern down and shook it, listening carefully. "There's still oil in here." It was the work of a moment to get the lantern lit. "At least now we can see a bit better."

"Yes, that's a big improvement." Jeanette rolled her eyes. She could see maybe a dozen feet in front of her now. The mine walls were rocky with occasional support struts placed along the path.

"Come on." Indy led the way farther into the gloom. He fumbled in the haversack at his side and pulled out a compass. "You said the other entrance was off to the west?"

"That's right."

"Let's see if we can find it."

They proceeded in silence for several minutes. Though neither would admit it to the other, they were both listening hard for any sound of the werewolf. Their nervousness increased with each passing minute.

"Indy?"

Indy nearly jumped when Jeanette spoke up suddenly behind him. He took a few calming breaths before answering. "What?"

"Why did you come here? To Brignoles I mean?"

Indy frowned back over his shoulder briefly. "Your uncle invited me."

"Yes, but he didn't tell you why he wanted you here. Not really."

"I don't think this is the best time to go over this."

"Please. I want to know."

"I don't know." Indy shrugged in annoyance. "Some small town French curator goes to the trouble to find out where an American archeologist works? The question why was pretty intriguing to me."

"That's why you do what you do, isn't it?"

"What do you mean?"

"That's why you're an archeologist." Jeanette smiled, even though Indy couldn't see it. "You want to find out the why's behind all these mysteries."

"Yeah, I –" Indy came to a stop.

"Don't tell me you hear something again?" Then Jeanette came to a stop as well.

The mine went on ahead of them another ten feet or so before ending in a mass of collapsed rock and timber.

"Let's head back." Indy turned around. "Maybe one of the side tunnels will get us to that other exit."

As they began wandering back the way they came, Jeanette pulled Indy to a halt. He was about to question her when she held a finger to her lips. He strained his ears. In the distance he thought he heard the soft pad of a paw on gravel.

* * *

It was very close to the two of them now. Their smell was heady in its nostrils. Its chest still ached from where it had been stabbed, but it knew it was more than a match for these two.

Unfortunately, the voice was back. The voice was usually silent at night, but ever since the stabbing it had gotten louder and more insistent. The voice wanted it to let these two go. The voice wanted it to run away. Of course, the voice also had wanted it to die when it had been stabbed so what did the voice really know.

It came around a bend in the mine. The scent of its prey was very strong now. It was almost on top of them.

It suddenly halted in puzzlement. A cave in ahead blocked the tunnel, but there was no sign of its prey. It padded forward slowly, wary of a trap.

* * *

Indy and Jeanette were pressed back into a small nook that had been carved out of the side of the main tunnel. He'd dowsed the lantern and they stood in darkness as the werewolf prowled past them.

Indy held Jeanette tightly against him, his arm around her waist. He could feel her trembling at the sight of the werewolf. Or was it he who was trembling?

Hopefully the werewolf would get bored, give up, and go away. And then Indy heard something that really did make him start trembling. The damn thing had stopped in the corridor and was sniffing at the air.

Indy cursed himself. He should have realized that the thing was tracking them by scent. He could just see the werewolf in the corridor. It turned its head this way and that as if to get a better smell.

The werewolf slowly turned towards the nook. It growled low in its throat.

As one, Indy and Jeanette jumped out of the nook and started running back towards the mine entrance. The werewolf let out a snarl and started after them.

Jeanette screamed out as the werewolf slammed into her. She fell painfully to the ground. She rose her hands to try to fend off the werewolf but it had turned away from her to confront Indy.

The only thing Indy had to hand was the oil lantern. He spun about towards the werewolf, swinging the lantern with all his might. The lantern connected with the werewolf's head and cracked open, dumping oil on Indy and the werewolf.

The werewolf's body collided with Indy and he sprawled backwards but managed to keep his feet. Before he could catch his balance, the werewolf leapt at him and bore him to the ground.

The werewolf's jaws snapped inches from Indy's face. Indy brought his forearm up and pushed it against the throat of the werewolf to keep it at bay. The beast was stronger than Indy and it pushed steadily closer to him.

"Get off of him!" Jeanette scooped up a piece of planking from the mine floor and swung it at the werewolf.

The werewolf caught the plank in its jaws and tore it from Jeanette's grip. She cried out as slivers bit deep into her hands.

It was all the distraction Indy needed. He squirmed out from under the werewolf. His eyes stung. Some of the oil had splattered into them.

Indy's head came up. He rifled through his pockets and drew out his lighter. As the werewolf turned towards him again, he flicked the lighter on and tossed it forward, hoping he was far enough away.

For one terrifying moment it looked like the lighter was going to go out. Then it fell full on the rough fur of the werewolf. Instantly the oil on the beast burst into flames.

The werewolf jumped back howling. It rolled about trying to put out the fire. The werewolf slammed into one of the support struts of the mine and knocked it loose. An ominous rumbling started to come from the rocks.

Indy grabbed Jeanette's wrist and pulled her after him. "We gotta go!"

The two started running back towards the entrance to the mine.

Behind them the werewolf, singed and burned, finally managed to get the flames out. It stood up and raced after Indy and Jeanette, putting every ounce of anger and pain into its charge.

* * *

It was furious now. It could see its two tormentors trying to escape. With each bound, it saw the distance between them shrinking.

Dimly it was aware of the rumbling of the rock around it, but its focus was on the two running away. It was going to catch them and make them pay.

The woman was closest. It would break her neck then tear out the throat of the stranger.

It bunched its muscles preparing to leap.

At the last moment, the voice from the recesses of its mind screamed out.

* * *

Jeanette glanced back in terror as the werewolf drew nearer. She saw it preparing to spring and knew she couldn't escape.

Then the most astounding thing happened. Just as the werewolf leapt, it let loose a horrible almost human cry and twisted about in mid air, its legs flailing.

The werewolf fell to the mine floor just behind her feet. It snarled ferociously and struggled to rise.

The rumbling in the mine had grown steadily louder. Suddenly there was a large snapping sound as another of the mine supports gave way. Large slabs of rock started falling from the roof of the cave.

"Run!" Indy shouted. The two could see the faint light of the entrance ahead.

Rock tumbled past them. Dust churned into the air stinging their eyes. Even the ground was shaking now.

Indy and Jeanette leapt as they neared the mine entrance. They cleared the wooden barrier over the front of the tunnel and tumbled to the ground outside. A large cloud of dust blew out over top of them.

Slowly the rumbling faded.

Indy glanced around. His hat had been knocked from his head in the fall. He scooped it up, dusted it off, and settled it back in place before looking back at the mine.

The mine entrance had completely collapsed. Indy could see a long score wending back along the hillside, tracing the path of the fallen mine tunnel. Dimly he could hear a mournful mewling coming from the cave in.

"My God." Jeanette stepped up next to Indy. "After all that, it's still alive."

"Maybe not for long."

The two stood beneath the moon. As they listened, the sounds of the werewolf grew fainter and more pained. Within twenty minutes they had stopped altogether.

* * *

"Ow! Damn it, Indy!" Jeanette would have slapped the archeologist if she knew it wouldn't hurt more.

"Hold still." Indy suppressed a chuckle as he bent over one of Jeanette's hands. Carefully he used a pair of tweezers to pull out another large sliver.

Jeanette hadn't noticed how much her hands were hurting until she and Indy were halfway home. She had gritted her teeth and kept her hands tucked in her pockets so no one else could see.

The sounds of her little adventure with Jones had woken most of the village. What with windows smashing, gun shots going off, a wolf howling away, and then the sound of the mine collapsing it was no wonder they were almost mobbed when they'd staggered back into the village.

Indy had made up some lame story about how he was eager to see old Michelle Getaund's significant archeological find down in the mine. Why, he was even so eager he couldn't wait until morning. Somehow it came out in the story that there may have been someone else in the mine as well. A bunch of the villagers had hurried up to see if they could do anything.

Indy and Jeanette had returned to her home, a couple of blocks from her uncle's place. It was only then that she'd shown Indy her ravaged hands. With her directions he'd scrounged up the pair of tweezers and some wine to use as disinfectant. He'd also cut up one of her shirts for bandages.

Indy had painstakingly pulled all the slivers from Jeanette's left hand and was studiously working on the right one. Her left hand was bandaged and when she flexed her fingers it still felt sore, but not nearly as bad as it had done.

"There, all better." Indy set the tweezers aside with the last of the slivers. He tied the remaining bandages around her hands.

"Thanks, Indy." Jeanette looked up from her hands at the archeologist, suddenly aware of how close he was sitting to her. Their eyes met and he leaned forward.

There was a knocking at the door.

"I, uh, I'd better see who that is." Jeanette pushed herself from the table, wincing as she put pressure on her hands.

She crossed to the front of her home, aware of Indy following her. She opened the door and saw one of the search party standing there. The sun had already risen behind him.

"Morning, Miss Getaund."

"Good morning, Maurice." Jeanette wrapped her arms about herself to ward off the chilly air from outside. She'd taken off her jacket when they'd returned home and was now standing in her short sleeved shirt.

"We're still searching around up there." Maurice jerked his thumb over his back to indicate the old mine. "No one's really expecting to find anything else at this point."

"But you did find something?" Indy stepped forward and leaned against the doorframe.

"Yeah, that's right." Maurice eyed Indy warily. He'd heard the American's tale. It had seemed to confirm his belief in the stupidity of foreigners. He turned back to Jeanette. "We found what was left of Guy up there. No one knows why he was up at the mine. Or why he didn't have any clothes on."

"Did you find anything else?" Indy spoke up before Jeanette could.

"No, that was it. Just Guy's body." Maurice threw another suspicious look at Indy.

"Thanks, Maurice." Jeanette nodded to the searcher.

"Sure." Sensing he'd been dismissed, Maurice stepped back as Jeanette closed the door.

"So I guess that's it?"

"You sound disappointed." Indy headed back to his makeshift surgery table and started cleaning up.

"After everything we went through last night." Jeanette shook her head. "Do you think Guy was actually the werewolf?"

"Could be." Indy shrugged. "I don't see how else he'd have gotten up there. With no clothes."

Jeanette nodded as she stepped up next to the table. "Indy?"

"Hm?" Indy finished tidying up and turned to Jeanette.

"Just...just before the cave in, I looked back. At the werewolf, I mean. It was going to jump at me, then it looked like, I don't know, like part of it decided not to jump at the last moment."

"Lucky for us." Indy leaned against the table. "We probably wouldn't have gotten out otherwise."

"I just wish we knew how it died in the end." Jeanette canted her head as she regarded Indy. "I mean after everything else that it survived."

"It was buried under all that rock." Indy shrugged. "And if you believe the myths, it would've had to become human again eventually. Could be werewolves can only really be killed when they're in human form."

"I suppose. It's just..." Jeanette shook her head. "There's no proof of it now. I mean, there's no actual werewolf body. Just Guy's. People won't believe us."

"Then we shouldn't tell them."

"You seem to be rather fine with this." Indy's attitude was annoying Jeanette.

Indy shrugged and looked away in, what? Embarrassment? "Yeah. No proof. You tend to get used to that after a while. Trust me."

"What do you mean?"

"You know those stories your uncle told you about me?"

"Yes?"

"You want to know what actually happened?"

"Sure. I think a bedtime story would be nice right about now." She looked pointedly over to the door to her bedroom. "Don't you?"

Indy smiled lopsidedly as Jeanette guided him from the table. "I do at that."

Afterword

Indiana Jones and the Curse of Loup-Garous is obviously a work of fiction. But as with the Indiana Jones movies, much in the story is based on historical reports and mythology.

As our story begins, Indiana Jones finds himself in a series of tunnels buried in the Himalayas examining a collection of stone disks. Although Indy can't identify them, these disks are known as the Dropa Stones.

The Dropa Stones are a collection of over 700 carved stone disks. They were discovered and brought to the world by Chi Pu Tei, a professor of archaeology at Beijing University. Chi Pu Tei discovered the stones in 1938, some six years after Indy's unfortunate mishap.

In 1962 Doctor Tsum Um Nui studied the recovered stone disks. He discovered that the spiral carvings in the disks contained hieroglyphics that formed a story. The story is one of many in human history suggesting early contact by a race that "came down from the clouds in their aircraft."

After his harrowing adventure in the Himalayas, Indy is off to the village of Brignoles located in the Var department in southeast France. It's here that he runs afoul of the werewolf, or loup-garou as it is called in French.

France has a documented history of supposed werewolf activity. During the sixteenth century, many people were persecuted, tried, and executed as werewolves. Although evidence was found in some of these cases for murder and cannibalism, no proof was ever provided that the accused could in fact transform into wolves.

Indy and Jeanette also discuss the Beast of Gévaudan, which once terrorized the Lozère department located in south-central France from 1764 to 1767. This creature was described as a frighteningly large wolf of particular viciousness and was responsible for killing over 100 people in the area. Several attempts were made to hunt down the animal and were believed to be successful by 1767, when the string of attacks ceased.

Reports of attacks similar to the Gévaudan ones were also made earlier in Benais in 1693 and later in Vivarais from 1809 to 1813. Such reports are used for the basis of the idea that the creature may have migrated in a southeasterly direction across the country until arriving in the area of Brignoles.

Brignoles has several historic buildings from centuries past, including the seventeenth century church where Indy and Jeanette fail to deal with the werewolf.

It's here that they strike upon the thought that silver is fatal to werewolves. Turning into a werewolf has been likened to being under the influence of a disease and Hippocrates did indeed write of the medical benefits of silver against disease. However, the idea that silver could harm or kill a werewolf was only added to the mythology in the 19th century.

Indy and Jeanette flee the church to a nearby aluminum mine. During the time of our story, the town of Brignoles was a mining center. Numerous aluminum and bauxite mines were scattered around the area and it is here that the werewolf is finally dispatched, freeing the town from its curse.