

**Indymag** presents



THE UNTOLD ADVENTURES OF  
INDIANA JONES

VOLUME ONE



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INDIANA JONES



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**Indymag** *publication*

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INDIANA JONES

THE LOST SCROLLS  
by Canyon Nobrega-Jones

To Indy. Thanks for the many  
adventures over the years



## Chapter 1

1938

### **The Canyon of the Crescent Moon.**

Sallah and Marcus had run out of the Grail temple and Indy and his father, Henry had followed.

Indy stood, looking at the temple as smoke and debris spilled out from the entrance.

Henry studied his son for a moment.

“Elsa never really believed in the Grail. She thought she’d found a prize.”

Indy turned to his father.

“And what did you find, Dad?”

“Me?”

Henry thought a moment.

“Illumination.”

Marcus had ridden ahead and Sallah had caught him up, leaving a chance for Indy and Henry to talk together as they never had before.

“Dad...” began Indy.

“Son”, said Henry at the same time. They both laughed.

“You go first, Dad.”

“Sorry about that back there. I was just...”

Indy held up a hand.

“Ah, I don’t care. It doesn’t matter anymore what you call me. We came through this adventure together. That’s what’s important.”

Henry smiled, reflecting on the last few days adventures that he had shared with his son.

“Well, if it’s all right with you, son, I would like to call you Indiana.”

Indy smiled. He was flabbergasted.

“That would be great, Dad.”

Henry was silent for a moment.

“Ah, I can’t believe that we lost it”, he said, his Scottish lilt coming through.

“Tell me about it”, said Indy glancing over at Henry.

“I nearly had it, Dad.”

“I know son. You were so close but the risk of losing you was just too great.”

“I’m pretty sure I could have reached it. I’m sorry I failed.”

“Son, you didn’t fail. At least we knew that we found the true Grail.”

Henry looked at his son.

“So, Indiana. What have you been doing for the past twenty years or so?”

Indy smiled. He didn’t know where to begin.

“Well...”

Up ahead, Marcus Brody looked behind him and was thrilled to see Indy and Henry getting on so well.

“Sallah, look!”

The Egyptian turned round in his seat and smiled at what he saw.

“Mr Brody! It is wonderful to see them getting on so well! My heart is leaping with joy!”

“Yes”, said Henry. “I did hear about the Ark of the Covenant. Ah, I’m sorry you lost it, son.”

Indy sighed.

“Thanks Dad. Yeah, I’m sorry I lost it, too. So Dad, how have things been with you?”

“Me? Oh you know, son. The usual things. Lecture tours, teaching, that kind of thing. But, never mind that now, Indiana!” He smiled exuberantly, and his eyes shone. “I want to hear all about your adventures!”

Indy was overwhelmed. He never ever expected to hear his father take so much interest in his life.



Ninety minutes later, Henry was still listening with rapt attention.

“And then the Thuggee guards began to fire arrows in my general direction and I remember thinking that I’d like to go home at that point. The British cavalry came to our aid and the rest of the Thuggee surrendered.”

“Fascinating”, muttered Henry. “And then what happened?”

“Well, we returned the remaining Sankara stone to the village, and of course, the children as well.”

“Wonderful!” exclaimed Henry. “I would imagine that adventure left you feeling quite exhausted.”

“You got that right. Me and my friends were exhausted by the end of it, physically and emotionally.”

“Yes”, began Henry. “Marcus mentioned something about a young lady called Willie Scott...”

“Yes,” muttered Indy.

“That’s right. Apparently, she said that after your adventure, both of you and the young Chinese boy...”

“...Short Round.”

“Yes, the three of you returned to the palace where all of the trouble had begun...”

**1935**

### **Pankot Palace**

Indiana Jones was exhausted but was determined not to stop. Willie and Short Round followed him and behind them, Captain Blumburt and his cavalry followed. Short Round tried furiously to keep up with his hero, taking three steps to Indy’s two.

“You okay Indy?” he huffed.

Indy placed a hand on the boy’s shoulder and smiled.

“Yeah, I think so.”

He glanced at Willie and smiled.

“You okay, princess?”

She smiled back at him. “Oh yeah. Just great, Dr. Jones”

Just as they reached the path leading up to Pankot Palace, Captain Blumburt caught up with Indy.

“Captain, thanks for rescuing us back there. We really appreciate it”, smiled Indy.

“Oh, that’s quite all right, Dr. Jones”, smiled the Captain. “You are most welcome”, he said, as they neared the palace.

“Now”, began the Captain. “Me and my troops will search the palace, just to make sure that there are no more children hiding.”

Indy gasped and nodded. Willie took his arm.

“Come on, Indy. Why don’t you get some rest?”

Blumburt agreed. “Miss Scott is right.”

“No,” began Indy. “I’ll just get my stuff and then I want to return the stone to the village.”

“Indy,” began Willie. “It’s gonna take the Captain and his troops a while to find the children. The palace is huge!”

“Miss Scott is correct. It will take some time.”

Willie turned to Blumburt.

“Thank you.”

She then turned to Indy and grabbed him by the arm.

“Come on Indy. Time for you to rest.”

“But...” he began to protest.

Short Round grabbed his other arm and they both pulled him gently toward the entrance.

As they entered, they noticed that the entrance was very dark. At that moment, a Thuggee guard ran towards them, brandishing a sword above his head and charged, letting out a yell.

The guard stopped dead in his tracks as a bullet that had been fired found its mark, and he fell to the floor, the sword clattering on the marble floor.

Indy sighed.

“Best damn troops I ever had!” exclaimed Blumburt. “Well, done, Singh.”

“Okay”, began Indy. “I definitely need a vacation.”

The proceeded on and Willie and Short Round took Indy to the guest suite that he had stayed in a few days ago. Short Round hugged Indy.

“Hey, Shortie”, said Indy affectionately.

“Dr. Jones”, said the boy, looking up at his role model. “You did good, Indy. Get some rest now,” he smiled, and walked out of the room and into the opposite room, the room that Willie had stayed in.

“Thanks Short Stuff”, Indy called after him.

“Okay, Indy!” the boy called, and shut the door behind him.

Indy glanced at Willie.

“Hey Willie. You okay?”

“Yes. Just tired”, she said, walking to the bathroom.

The room was decorated with a marble floor and there were still some towels and a bathrobe. She turned on the taps and began to run a bath. She added some frankincense from a bottle of fragrant bath incense that had been left on the side.

Indy walked over to her, well, more like ambled.

“I’m gonna lie down for a while. Enjoy your bath”, he smiled.

“Indy, this is for you.”

“For me?”

“Yeah.”

He sighed, holding up a hand.

“You win.”

As the bath was running, Willie checked in on the room opposite and Short Round was led on the bed, fast asleep. When she returned, to the other room, Indy was taking off his shirt, well, what was left of it, and placed it on the bed.

Willie glanced admiringly at his chest and strong arms and smiled.

Not bad for a college professor, she thought.

She walked over to him, and began to undo his gunbelt.

“Here, let me help.”

She undid the belt and with the attached holster, put it with the whip that lay on the nearby dressing table.

“Miss Scott. You’re a lady of many talents”, smiled Indy.

He looked into her eyes and they kissed. The kiss was wonderful. Wow! This one’s even better than the last one! She thought.

She sighed.

She dashed over to the bath and turned off the taps.

“Indy, honey.”

The archaeologist smiled.

“Yeah?”

“I’m gonna leave you to it.”

“Hey, but what about my help?” he smiled slyly.

“Indiana Jones! What am I gonna do with you?!?”

Willie closed the door behind her and returned to her suite, where Shortie was still asleep.

Some time later, there was a knock at Willie’s door. It was Blumburt.

“Oh, hi there Captain,” she smiled.

“Hello, Miss Scott.”

Blumburt handed her Indy’s leather jacket and some ammo.

“I believe that these belong to Dr. Jones.”

“Oh yes. Thanks for returning them.”

“Speaking of which. How is he?” asked the Captain.

“Tired and in need of a long vacation.”

“I see. We’ve managed to locate some of the children and they are staying in some of the rooms her in the palace. My troops are still searching for any Thuggee guards that might be in hiding. Rest assured, Miss Scott, that we will finish our inspection tomorrow.”

“That’s great. I’ll let Indy know.”

Blumburt left and Willie placed Indy’s jacket and the ammo on the dresser and led down on the bed. She tried to sleep but found it impossible. All she could think about were the horrors of the past few days or so. She was relieved that Indy had come out of the black sleep as for a moment there she thought she had lost him for good.

She thought back to their first kiss. She had been a tease, shamelessly flirting with him and was upset when he abruptly stormed off and wanted nothing more than to go over to his suite and tell him how she was feeling. She had felt instantly attracted to him in the nightclub and although she sometimes found him slightly arrogant at times, she had to admit that Indy was an extremely handsome man who had a great talent for survival.

Indy hadn’t meant to storm out of her room quite so abruptly but he was trying to prove a point. Although he didn’t want to admit it, he liked Willie from the moment that he first saw her, but there was no way he was going to give in. And then they began to stride around in their respective suites.

“Palace slave”, chuckled Indy.

“Nocturnal activities!” growled Willie.

“I’m a conceited ape?!? He muttered incredulously.

“I’ll tell you in the morning”, she fumed.

She was seriously hacked off.

A few moments later, Indy had burst into her room and she was so glad to see him.

“Oh Indy”, she had sighed, romantically.

But, Indy had dove for the bed.

Wow! He’s certainly forthright!

But Indy was not here for the same reason she thought he was.

Willie had later learned that Indy had been attacked in his room by a Thuggee assassin and he thought that there might be one in her room also. Still, she was more than impressed with his entrance.

She gradually fell asleep with Indy being the last thing she thought of.

Indy, lay back in the warm, soothing bath. He closed his eyes and tried to relax, but images flew through his mind. He vaguely remembered snatches of their recent adventure and he tried to push these images from his mind but found it difficult. Some time later, he stepped out of the bath, dried himself off and wrapped himself in the luxurious white bathrobe. He wandered into the bedroom and sat on the bed, rubbing his eyes tiredly. He really needed to get in touch with Marcus to let him know what was going on. Indy saw something by the chair. It was Shortie’s carpet bag. He went over to it, opened it, rummaged around and found a clean shirt. He dressed in pants and shirt, but on his boots and went to find Willie. Indy entered her room and found her sleeping. She began to toss and turn and muttered something in her sleep.

“No! I cant, I... Go away! No!”

She then yelled. “Indy! Help me!”

Indy bolted over to her and shook her awake.

“Willie! Wake up, honey!”

She opened her eyes and was momentarily disorientated.

“Uh?”

“Willie. Are you okay? You were having a nightmare, baby.”

She looked at him.

“Indy. Oh Indy! It was horrible! I could see, see everything!” she wailed.

She sat up and Indy hugged her.

“Ssh”, he soothed. “It’s okay. It’s over now.”

She drew back.

“How are you feeling, Indy?”

He smiled wanly.

“Tired”, he answered.

Indy looked over at Short Round who was still fast asleep.

“How is he?” he asked.

“Oh, he’s just fine. Went out like a light.”

Indy smiled.

“Good.”

Indy took her hand and led her out of the room.

“Indy, what’s going on?”

He turned to her and smiled.

“Trust me.”

He led her to his room and closed the door behind him. He then turned to Willie and led her to the bed and he sat down. She followed, sat on the bed, and he kissed her gently at first and then more passionately. As they came up for air, Willie gasped.

“Wow. That was one helluva kiss!”

He smiled.

“I’ll take that as a compliment.”

He kissed her some more and she nuzzled his neck and kissed him...

Indy woke up.

He was disorientated and it took him some time to realise that he was in his suite at Pankot Palace. For a moment, he wondered if he had dreamt the whole thing, the children in slavery, the Sankara stones, and the fight with the mad priest, Mola Ram on the bridge. Then he remembered. They still had to take the stone to the village. He got up, got dressed in his pants and shirt, put his boots on and then put on his leather jacket. He left the room and went to Willie’s suite. Empty. He then returned to his room and then put on his gunbelt and attached the whip to the whip holder. Indy then walked to the Pleasure Pavilion, where they had previously attended the banquet. The long dining table, once finely laid out with plates, cutlery and food was now a mess, covered with broken glass. He heard voices and followed them. There, he

found Willie, Short Round and Captain Blumburtt outside in the Pleasure Pavilion gardens.

Short Round smiled when he saw Indy.

“Dr. Jones!” he exclaimed, running over to Indy and throwing his arms around him.

“Indy! How you feel?”, he asked, genuinely concerned for his friend.

“I’m okay, Shortie. And you?”

“Oh, he great”, beamed the boy.

Short Round let Indy go and the archaeologist turned to Willie and Blumburtt.

“Hey, Indy”, she said.

“Hey Willie. Captain. Is everything okay?”

“Absolutely fine, sir,” replied Blumburtt. “You look well, Dr. Jones.”

“I feel better, that’s for sure.”

“Well”, began Blumburtt. “We are ready as soon as you are.”

They left the temple and were escorted to the village by Blumburtt and his troops and left them on the outskirts of the village. The three said their goodbyes to Blumburtt and his troops and continued on walking back to Mayapore village, and stopping as they entered the village, as the children appeared behind them, and ran into the village to their parents, hugging them with joy.

“My God!” muttered Henry. “The three of you were lucky to get out of there alive.”

“We were. Marcus was beside himself when I told him what had happened.”

Indy and Henry caught up with Sallah and Marcus.

“Is everything alright?” asked Brody.

“Couldn’t be better”, said Henry, smiling at his son.

“Well, I must say. It’s wonderful to see the both of you getting on so well,” said Marcus.

“Well,” began Henry. “I nearly lost him twice on this adventure, and that was two times to many.”

“But it was fun”, quipped Indy.

“Fun?” snorted Henry. “You think this was fun?”

He turned to the others.

“My son was telling me about the time in Kazakhstan and the rather irate sultan who...”

Indy shot his father a look.

“Dad!”

Some hours later, they arrived in Iskenderun where Indy, Henry and Marcus said farewell to Sallah.

Sallah pulled Indy into a great bear hug.

“Indy, my friend. It has been wonderful seeing you again. I am so sorry that I have to say goodbye to you once more.”

He let Indy go and the archaeologist smiled.

“I’ll miss you too, Sallah. Take care, my old friend, and thanks for everything.”

Sallah hugged Henry and then Marcus and then turned to Henry.

“Henry, before I go, I must tell you. You are very lucky to have a son like Indy.”

Indy smiled.

“You don’t have to tell me”, said Henry, smiling at Indy. I already know. Indiana can be quite reckless at times.”

Indy rolled his eyes. Oh, here we go, he thought.

Henry continued. “He takes risks and he rushes headlong into danger.”

Indy was about to say something, when Henry broke into a huge grin.

“But, he is resourceful, brave, stubborn and makes a pretty good opponent in a fight. Ah”, he sighed. “I taught him everything he knows.”

“Dad”, began Indy. “I hate to break it to you, but, yes, my knowledge of languages and ancient cultures is all down to you, but the fighting. Sorry dad, that all mine”, he smiled.

Marcus piped up. “Oh and Henry, don’t forget.”, putting a hand on Indy’s shoulder. “Your son turned out to be one of the most popular professors on the campus.”

Before Indy could reply, Henry broke in.

“What?” he snorted, playfully. “More popular than me?”

Everyone laughed.

“Thanks for the compliments”, said Indy.

Henry smiled.

“You deserve them son. We’re just glad that you’re alive, Indiana. No-one more than I.”



Indy, Henry and Marcus said their last goodbyes to Sallah and headed towards the airport. The three men boarded the plane and Marcus, not used to the adventurous lifestyle that Indy was so accustomed to, instantly fell asleep in his seat. Henry had to admit that he did feel tired but also felt exhilarated after their recent adventure.

As soon as they were settled, Indy wanted more to close his eyes and sleep. He was thrilled that he and his father were talking and getting on so well and it was great that after all this time they could be friends. Indy took off his fedora, rested his head on the back of the seat, put his hat over his face and closed his eyes. He was just about to drift off, when Henry put a hand on his shoulder.

“Indiana.”

Indy’s eyes opened and he reached his hand up to his fedora, and pushed it up onto his head.

“Dad. What is it?” he asked tiredly.

Henry smiled.

“Son, you never told me.”

Indy was confused.

“Told you what?”

“Well, my boy. What happened after you returned the rock to the village?”

“Oh, that. No offence Dad, but it’s been a really long adventure and I’m really tired.”

“Oh. Of course, son. I’m sorry. I was just curious.”

“It’s okay. I appreciate the sentiment.”

Henry nodded.

“Get some rest, son.”

Indy placed the fedora over his face, leant back and closed his eyes.

Some time later, Henry woke up and glanced over at his son who was sat back in his seat, asleep, his fedora covering his eyes. Henry, smiled, grateful that his son was still alive and couldn’t believe how close he had come to losing him.

Henry, smiled, closed his eyes and drifted off to sleep.



## Chapter 2

### **New York**

### **Two months later**

### **On Campus**

Outside of the campus, a gentle breeze scattered the leaves about as autumn season began its slow approach.

Inside the classroom, Professor Henry Jones Jr. or Indiana, and also known with affection as Indy to his closest friends was stood and wrote on the blackboard. He turned to his students and smiled. His class was made up of an assortment of young men and women, and it was no secret that his female students of his classes were higher than the number of male students that attended his lectures. Dr. Jones was absolutely without a doubt the most popular professor on the campus, and this was especially true amongst the female student body.

At the end of the lesson, Indy looked up and smiled.

“Okay, that’s all for today. Please see my assistant for the list of assigned reading on this topic.”

As the students left the room, a female student placed a folded note on Indy’s desk. Indy smiled back at her and the girl looked completely besotted as she left. Indy rolled his eyes.

Ever since he had begun his teaching career in his early twenties, Indy was never short of female admirers.

Of course, there had been rumours on the college campus that Indy was involved with one of his students, but the rumours were not true.

Indy was currently single but certainly not without a shortage of ladies interested in dating the handsome, charismatic professor.

Marcus Brody, Indy's colleague, friend, confidant and someone who had been a father figure in the past, was always reassuring Indy that the gossip in regards to him was nothing to worry about and that he should take it in his stride. He said that the cause was most likely jealousy. After all, Indy was allowed to travel extensively, getting a chance to visit some of the most exotic countries in the world and also got the opportunity to find some of the most incredible artefacts that would go on to be displayed in Marcus' museum.

As Indy was gathering his things together, a familiar figure strode into the classroom. It was Indy's father, Henry Jones Sr.

"Hello son."

Indy looked up and smiled. "Oh, hi Dad. How are you?"

"I'm fine. And yourself?"

Indy sighed. He was feeling tired from his last adventure.

"Yeah, I'm good."

"Son, I've been thinking."

"Yeah?"

"Well, how about a vacation?"

"Uh, well Dad. You see, the thing is..."

"Yes Indiana?"

Indy smiled.

"Dad..."

"I've given it some thought," continued Henry "and well, I thought it would be a good idea if perhaps we took a vacation, you know, together."

"Uh Dad. I'm not sure. The thing is, I've just gotten back from the Galapagos Islands and well, we were away for some time over the Holy Grail adventure and..."

Henry held up a hand.

"It's okay. I cleared it with the Dean."

"Yeah?"

Then Indy's face fell. He sighed.

"Wonderful", he muttered.

"Son, what is it?" Henry asked curiously.

“Well, he probably only agreed to it because of the reputation you have at the college and...”

Henry shook his head.

“No son. They know that we found the Grail. They agreed. Indiana, you were well known and respected before that adventure, but now, well, people have an even greater respect for you”, he smiled.

Indy smiled, a warm feeling growing in his chest.

“Really? Okay then. I think I can live with that.”

Indy picked up his things and with Henry, walked to his office. Irene, his secretary greeted him and made coffee for him and Henry, who both sat down.

Henry and Indy were so deep in conversation that they almost didn't hear a knock on the door. Marcus Brody entered the room and smiled when he saw Indy and Henry talking together.

“Indy. Henry. Hello”, he said warmly.

“Oh, hi Marcus”, said Indy.

“Indy, how have you been?” asked the Englishman.

“Terrific, tired though. Still, what else is new? Marcus, I'm afraid I lost the artefact”, he said sadly.

Brody smiled sympathetically. “Well Indy. Not to worry. I'm sure next time you'll be more successful.”

“I sure hope so.”

Moments later, the three men headed towards a nearby restaurant for lunch.

As they waited for their food to arrive, Indy filled Henry and Marcus in on the artefact and what had happened.

Henry glanced over at his son sympathetically.

“Son, I'm sorry.”

“It's okay, Dad. That's the thing about archaeology. That's just the way it turns out sometimes I guess.”

Just then, a young woman approached Indy and smiled.

“Hi, Dr. Jones. Oh, I guess you don't remember me.”

“I remember you”, smiled Indy.

The lady had been a student of Indy's two years ago. He remembered her, especially as after he had returned from an adventure in Peru to seek out the Idol of the Chachapoyan Warriors. She'd caught him off guard

during Indy's lecture about a Turkpean barrow near Hazelton. Indy remembered that she had written LOVE YOU on her eyelids and had blatantly flashed her message across to Indy, which had left him completely bewildered in the middle of class.

"So Laura, how are you?"

"Oh, I'm fine", she replied. "Should be qualifying as an archaeologist soon", she beamed.

"That's great!"

"Dr. Jones, allow me to say that it was thanks to you and your wonderful classes that I decided to go ahead with archaeology."

Indy smiled at this news.

"Why, thank you. That's very kind."

"I always loved the way that you taught. You always made the classes so interesting."

"Thanks. I appreciate that."

"Well, it's been great seeing you again, professor and I would just like to say that you always cut a dashing figure in the classroom."

Indy was momentarily taken aback.

She put a mouth to his ear.

"And all of those rumours about you going off on adventures searching for ancient artefacts. It's okay. I know they're just not rumours."

She straightened her composure.

"Well, Dr. Jones. I must be going. Hope to run into you one day soon", and with that she smiled and walked off.

Henry and Marcus looked over at Indy as if they were going to say something.

Indy half smiled. "What?"

"Well, she seemed very friendly", said Henry.

"Well, she was a student of mine", said Indy.

"We gathered that, son", smiled Henry. "Something to do with that dreamy look in her eyes."

"Dad!"

"Ah, takes me back to when I was younger. It used to happen to me as well. As a matter of fact, one student wrote me a rather long and detailed letter..."

“And?”

“Well, she went on to say how much she liked my Scottish accent.”

Indy couldn't help but laugh.

“Now son. It was a very long time ago, and...”

“What did mom think?”

“She actually thought it was quite funny. She used to tease me about it.”

Indy and Marcus laughed.

“I miss her”, said Indy, he said in a quiet voice.”

Henry put a hand on Indy's.

“I know son. I miss her too.”



### Chapter 3

That evening at Indy's house, there was a knock at the door. Indiana Jones had just finished grading some long overdue papers and looked up at the clock and just realised what time it was. He rose from his comfortable seating position from the couch, went to the door and opened to it a very happy looking Henry Sr.

Before Indy could say anything, Henry took him into a bear hug.

"Well, at least someone's happy to see me" Indy mused.

Henry pulled back.

"Oh, I'm sorry son. I just get a bit carried away sometimes."

He smiled.

"Well", he began, "I've got good news!" he said, taking off his coat.

"We're booked!"

"Booked?" asked Indy as they headed to the living room.

"Yes", began Henry. "I've booked us both on a flight to Florida! We leave next week."

Indy smiled. "That's great news, Dad!"

Henry smiled again. "Yes, and instead of a regular flight, I've booked us onto a Zeppelin!"

Indy looked confused. "A Zeppelin?"

"That's okay, isn't it?" asked Henry.

"Yeah of course. Hey, as long as we're not going to Germany, I don't mind. Drink?" asked Indy, getting up to pour himself one.

"Don't mind if I do!"

Indy and Henry spent the evening just talking in general, reminiscing about their Holy Grail adventure and the adventures that they had shared.

“You know”, began Henry. “After we came back from that Grail adventure, I found myself wondering just exactly what I would do, now that you had found the Grail.”

“We found it, Dad.”

“Well, you chose the right one”, he beamed.

“Okay”, said Indy. Let’s just say it was a joint effort.”

“Good enough for me. Anyway”, continued Henry. “I realised that I had spent too much time on that damned Grail, when you were here, right in front of me, only I was too immersed in the Grail to care.”

Indy was taken aback. “Dad, I...”

Henry held up a hand.

“Let the old man finish a second”, he said, warmth in his voice.

“I also realised that the world is a big place, and a place that can be full of adventures, and I began to realise, that I not only gained a son, if you will, but that I also realised that I wanted to spend the rest of my life following him on his adventures. Not that I have to go on every one, you understand. But that I want to experience, well, I want to experience the kind of adventure that we had getting the Grail. Do you understand where I’m coming from?”

Indy nodded. “Yeah, I think I do.”

A week later, Indy was finishing off some last minute things when the doorbell rang. He opened it and Henry entered the house.

“Hi Dad.”

“Hello, son. Are you almost ready?”

Indy nodded. “I just need a few minutes.”

Henry noticed that Indy’s suitcase was still open and that his leather bullwhip lay coiled up in the case.

“Indiana, you’re bringing your whip?”

“Yes”, replied Indy.

“But you’re not going to need it, son.”

Indy looked up.

“Dad, I’ve learned that over the years, when I’ve left it at home, I need it more than ever.”

Henry smiled. “Well, let’s hope that it doesn’t come to that.”



Moments later, Indy had finished getting ready and the doorbell rang again. It was Marcus.

“Right, Indy, Henry. Are you both ready?” he asked.

They replied that they were.

Marcus drove Indy and Henry to the airport and on the way, Henry found himself talking non-stop about, well, anything and everything. Indy was still getting used to his father always asking him about his adventures, which was a new experience for him, but he was pleased about it nonetheless. Marcus pulled into the airport and found a parking space. They then got out of the car, gathered their luggage and said their goodbyes.

“Indy, Henry, have a wonderful time, won’t you, and Indy, don’t worry about any artefacts or anything like that. You’re on vacation now!”

Indy nodded. “Will do, and Marcus, take care of yourself, okay?”

Marcus nodded. “Of course.”

Indy and Henry boarded the dirigible and as they did, were stunned by what they saw. Inside of the ship there was some of the most beautiful décor that they had ever seen. On the back wall was a bar, made from walnut oak with a varnish finish.

“Well, son. What do you think?”

Indy nodded. “It’s beautiful.”

Indy and his father spent the next few hours talking, and of course, Henry had asked him about his many adventures over the years. Luckily, Indy had spent several years recounting most of his adventures in his journal, so found himself going over that to remind him of the smaller details of his adventures.

Indy went to the bar to get some more drinks for himself and Henry, when he couldn’t help but overhear two ladies talking at the other end of the bar.

“He’s quite well known, isn’t he?” said the redhead.

“Absolutely,” replied the other, a brunette lady.

“I mean, he just returned from that Holy Grail adventure. I’m sure he’d be free now.”

“You really think so?”

“I loved reading about that adventure in the papers. Apparently, he took out a bunch of Nazi’s and everything.”

Indy smiled and looked over, and he wasn't just smiling at the comment. He and the brunette woman locked eyes and she smiled. "Wow, he thought. She's a knockout!"

They continued talking and Indy realised something. Hey, wait a minute! I'd recognise that voice anywhere!

He got up from the bar stool, and walked over to the two ladies. He no sooner went to address the redhead, when she turned and stared, her eyes widening as she did so.

"Indy! What are you doing here?"

He grinned. "I could ask you the same question."

Sophia Hapgood stood up, threw her arms around Indy and gave him a hug.

"It's been a long time, Jones. How are you?" she asked.

Indy nodded. "I'm good. And you?"

"Very well, thanks. So, off on another adventure?" she asked curiously.

"Not exactly", he replied. "Believe it or not, I'm actually on vacation."

"Vacation?! Wow Jones. That's a first, isn't it?"

She turned to her friend. "Oh excuse me, I'm sorry. I haven't introduced you. Indy, this is my friend, Cassandra."

Cassandra stood up. She was almost Indy's height.

"Indiana Jones, it's a pleasure to meet you", she said, shaking his hand. "Are you here alone?"

"Actually, no", replied the archaeologist. "I'm here with my father."

Cassandra's eyes widened. "Really?" She was almost taken aback. "Well, then I really must meet him!"

Indy had first met Sophia Hapgood on an expedition in 1926 at the Jastro dig in Iceland. They became good friends but had lost touch some years after the dig. Sophia had originally started out as an archaeologist but then later announced that she was in fact, a psychic. She then abandoned her career, much to Indy's surprise and went public with her change of career.

After introductions were made, the four of them sat at the same table and various conversations were exchanged.

"So, where are you headed, Indy?" Sophia had asked.

He told her that they would be in Florida.

"We're actually going to the Bahamas!" she told him.

“The Bahamas? That’s great!”

Henry overheard this, and smiled.

Later that evening, Indy was at the bar, when Cassandra came over and sat next to him.

They were making small talk when she began to ask Indy about his dad.

“I guess you’re wondering why I’m asking you all these questions about your father.”

“The thought had crossed my mind.”

“Indy, I’ll be honest with you. I really like you a great deal, and I know we haven’t known each other for that long, but I can tell you are an incredible person.”

“Why, thanks.”

“But I had to admit something.”

“Yeah. What’s that?”

“I’m really interested in your father.”

Oh boy! Thought Indy.

“I know what you’re thinking. You’re thinking I’m far too young for him. The truth is, I’m actually older than I look.”

“Just exactly how old are you, if you don’t mind me asking?” asked Indy.

“Indy, I just turned fifty.”

Indy’s eyes widened. “Wow! I mean, you look incredible for a fifty year old!”

She smiled. “Yeah, I get that a lot. I’ve always looked younger than I am. I’ve got good genes and I’ve always taken good care of myself.”

“Hey, said Indy. “I like you a lot, but if you are interested in my father, then I’m not going to hold you back.”

She kissed him on the cheek.

“I knew you’d understand”, she told him.

Some hours later, the dirigible began to make its ascent for landing in Miami.

“I guess we’re here,” said Indy.

“Not exactly,” said Henry.

Indy looked confused.

“Did I miss something?”

“Surprise! We’re not staying here in Florida. We’re going to the Bahamas!”

Indy’s eyes widened. “Really?”

“You hear that, Sophia?” he asked his friend.

“Well, this is turning out to be a coincidence!” she exclaimed.



## Chapter 4

It had turned out that Indy, his father and Sophia and Cassandra were staying at the same resort in the Bahamas.

They left the dirigible and boarded the plane headed to their destination. The plane was small, enough for at least twenty people, was departing for take-off and moments later, they were settled into the flight.

Some time later, a man appeared from the front of the plane from one of the passenger seats and walked over to Sophia.

“Well, Sophia. It’s been a while”, he smiled thinly.

She was taken aback. “Martin, what are you doing here?”

“I think you know, my dear”, he replied, brandishing a gun.

“Okay”, growled Indy. “Who the hell is this?”

“He’s an old boyfriend”, she told him “who obviously can’t stand the fact that it’s over.”

“Oh yes,” said Indy. “I remember you now. You’re that conniving snake that was after Sophia’s money.”

“Watch it, Jones!” he said, pointing the gun at Indy.

Indy slowly undid his seatbelt and stood up.

“Or what?” he asked. Careful, Jones. He’s armed.

“I’m sure you can guess, Dr. Jones. Now tell me where the scrolls are, and nobody gets hurt!”

“Oh, for crying out loud”, began Sophia. “You’re not going on about that again are you?”

“What scrolls is he talking about?” asked Indy.

Sophia turned the archaeologist. “He’s convinced that I had a vision where to find some of the Dead Sea Scrolls, and now he won’t let it go.”

“Tell me now!” yelled Martin “or you all die!”

We’ll see about that, thought Indy, as he lunged for the man.

“No!” yelled Martin as they struggled with the gun. Unfortunately, the gun went off and hit the pilot in the right arm. He yelled in pain.

Martin went to fire at Indy but the gun clicked. Damn it! Thought Martin. The gun is jammed! He then went to pistol whip Jones, but Indy ducked just in time. Indy drew a fist which found its target, hitting Martin in the jaw. Martin staggered back with the force of the blow.

“Damn you, Jones!” he cried, as he went to lunge for Indy again. They once again wrestled with the gun, getting close to the door of the aircraft.

Henry was now on his feet, watching the fracas.

“Dad!” shouted Indy. “Get the door!” as the plane began to sway slightly.

Without hesitating, Henry strode over the door, pulled the handle and the door opened, wind whipping through the aircraft.

Indy’s back was now to the door and the wind threatened to blow off his fedora. Martin lunged again but staggered and tripped up as Indy ducked out of the way. At that moment, the plane swerved to the right and Martin fell out of the aeroplane, screaming all the way to his death. Indy gasped, holding on to whatever he could. The plane swerved in the other direction. Indy took a second to catch his breath, went over and closed the door, panting as he did.

“Well”, began Indy, turning around to his friends. “That was a close one!” He offered a lop sided smile.

“Well, son. I think that vacation is past due!” exclaimed Henry.

Indy pointed to his father. “Hold that thought.”

The pilot was now completely out cold. In his seat, however, was Sophia.

“Hey, sweetheart. How are you doing?”

“Okay, I think. I’ve never really flown anything like this before.”

Indy nodded.

“And Indy, I really need a co-pilot.”

Indy sighed.

“Okay, I must warn you though, I never got my pilot’s licence.”

“But you can fly a plane, yes?”

“Yes, but my landing needs a bit of practice.”

She smiled. "Don't worry about that part. I'll take care of it."

"Indy, I need to tell you something."

"What is it?" he asked.

"I can't seem to find any maps or charts here. Basically, I'm flying blind and have no idea which direction to go in."

At that moment, the cockpit became very cold.

"Did you feel that?" asked Sophia.

Indy nodded. "Something strange is going on here."

"Indy", whispered a female voice.

"Did you just...?"

Sophia nodded.

"I heard it, but it wasn't me!"

Slowly, a greyish mist began to appear in the cockpit and a human form began to take shape. The form continued to take shape which was unmistakably a woman. The vision became clearer now. It was indeed a woman, but not just any woman.

Amelia Earhart, the first female pilot to circumnavigate the globe now appeared to Indy and Sophia. She was also an old friend of Indy's and an old flame as well and had rescued Indy from a misadventure in the Marquesas Islands in early 1935 when the ship that Indy was on was on its way to Davy Jones' locker.

"Amelia?!" said Indy in surprise.

Henry had gotten up from his seat to see how Indy and Sophia were doing and saw Amelia from where he was standing.

"My God!" he muttered.

Sophia simply stared, hardly believing what she was now seeing.

"Amelia", began Indy. "How is it you're here? You disappeared last year!"

"Indy, I know", she replied. "It's a long story and I don't have much time. You need to take the plane in a south-westerly direction and there you will come to the islands of the Bahamas."

Sophia nodded, trying to make sense of it all.

"Indy, there's something else. I cannot rest until my body is found and taken back to the States."

Indy nodded. "Okay. Where exactly did your plane go down?"

“That’s the thing. I’m not exactly sure. But I do know this. I heard sounds of several whale cries and remember seeing something about some rolled up parchment. I know it sounds crazy, but that’s all I can remember.”

Indy nodded, feeling a sudden wave of sadness about Amelia’s passing.

“Indy, please. Please get my body back to the States, so I can finally be at peace.”

“I will, Amelia”, he told her. “I promise”.





## Chapter 5

Indy had gradually woken up from a deep sleep, and it took him a few minutes to remember where he was. He slowly realised that he was at the Grand Bahama Hotel. He thought back to the strange experience on the plane when the ghost of Amelia Earhart had appeared to him and his friends telling him that they needed to find her body and take it back to the States, so that she could finally be at peace. For a moment, it felt as if it was just all a dream, but Indy knew that it was indeed, very real. Yesterday, they had continued on to their vacation and he, along with Sophia, had gotten the plane to their destination. Once the plane had landed, they found themselves being questioned by the airport staff about their recent misadventure.

Indy slowly got up, trying to clear the cobwebs from his brain. He wondered how on earth they were going to find Amelia and thought about what she had told him about the sounds of whales and rolled up parchment. If Indy didn't know any better, he guessed that she might be talking about the Dead Sea Scrolls, but as far as he knew, they had only been found, like their name suggested, in the Dead Sea.

He got up, showered and changed into clean clothes and then went to find the restaurant where breakfast was being served.

He entered the restaurant and saw his father and Sophia sat at one of the tables and he went over to join them.

"Ah son", began Henry. "You're awake!"

"Hi dad. Sophia", he said, acknowledging them both. As he sat down, a waiter came over and poured Indy some coffee. Indy thanked him.

"So son, did you manage to get some rest?" asked Henry.

“I think so”, he replied. “I guess I’m just tired from yesterday’s adventure.”

At that moment, Cassandra came over to the table and sat down.

“Good morning. Did I miss anything?”

“No”, said Indy. I just got here myself.”

Over breakfast, Indy told them the idea that he had had that morning.

“You know, I think that Amelia might be talking about the Dead Sea Scrolls but I’m not entirely sure.”

Henry nodded. “That could well be the case.”

“I just had another thought”, said Indy. “I was thinking of calling on another friend for some help.”

“Really?” said Sophia. “Anyone I know?”

“I don’t believe that you’ve met. Her name is Gale Parker and she is a pilot friend of mine who I met some years ago. She and Amelia were good friends and I’m wondering if she would be able to provide us with any clues and insight to Amelia’s way of thinking.”

“Sounds like a good idea”, said Sophia.

Indy stood up. “Okay, I’m going to give Marcus a call and see if he can track her down as I’m not entirely sure of her whereabouts.”

A few hours later, there was a telephone call for Indy. It was Marcus.

“Indy, old boy, I’ve found information on Gale’s whereabouts. She’s actually not far from you and says that she’ll fly over to you within the next day or so.”

“Wonderful!” said Indy.

The next afternoon, Gale Parker found herself in the lobby of the Grand Bahama Hotel. Moments later, a familiar figure appeared with a smile on his face.

“Indy!” she exclaimed at the sight of her old friend. She threw her arms around him, giving him a hug.

“Gale How long has it been?”

“Too long!” she told him.

They both pulled back from the hug.

“Marcus didn’t get around to telling me your location.”

“Oh, well, I was in Puerto Rico testing some planes, and when I heard that my old friend, Indiana Jones needed some help, I came as soon as I heard.”

“Listen honey”, he began. “I am so sorry about Amelia. She was a good friend to both of us.”

She nodded sadly. “Yes, I know. I still can’t believe she’s gone.”

Indy put a hand on his friends shoulder.

“If there’s anything I can do...”

“Just help me find her.”

Indy nodded.

As they made their way to the pool area, Indy said “By the way, I’m not here alone”.

Henry, Sophia and Cassandra were sat by the pool.

Before Indy could say anything, Henry stood up and smiled.

“Well, who is this lovely young lady?”

Henry took her hand and kissed it. “Enchanted”, he said.

Indy rolled his eyes.

Gale smiled. “You must be Indy’s father. I recognise where Indy gets his charm from.”

“Dad, this is my good friend, Gale.”

“It’s a pleasure.”

Cassandra and Sophia both stood up and Indy made the introductions.

They all sat down.

“Indy!” began Gale. “I’m so proud of you landing the plane!”

“But I didn’t...”

“It’s in the newspaper!” she told him. “Marcus told me.”

“Oh no”, he began. “What on earth...” he said, his voice trailing off.

“The header is something like ‘Famed Archaeologist in Harrowing Adventure lands plane over the Bermuda Triangle’.”

Oh great!, thought Indy.

He shook his head.

“But Sophia landed the plane, and I helped. Aww, I’ll have go to the newspaper and get them to issue an apology to Sophia.”

Sophia held up a hand. “Oh Indy, don’t worry about it. It’s fine, really.”

“But Sophia...” began Indy.

So much for a vacation, thought Henry.

They still had two days' vacation left and Indy was anxious to work out where to find Amelia's body. He was not used to taking a break and he found himself feeling rather restless.

That afternoon, Indy and his friends, including his father talked some more about this mystery.

"You know son, we only have a couple of days left. You should be taking it easy and enjoying yourself. Instead, you're getting mixed up in this, this, situation. You really need to take it easy!"

"But, dad..."

"Son. You had that misadventure on the Portuguese Coast just before our Grail adventure. You've just come back from the Galapagos Islands and now, here you are. Take advantage of this vacation while you still can."

"I agree", said Sophia.

Indy sighed.

"I second that" said Gale.

"Aw, not you as well!" said Indy, feeling his will dissolve.

"If I may", began Cassandra, "I think your father is right."

Indy stood up. "Alright, I go find something relaxing to do."

"Indy", said Sophia "I believe the Spa does a relaxing back massage. You sound like you need it."

Indy nodded. "Sounds good to me."

Fifteen minutes later, Indiana Jones found himself led face down on a massage table, and all the knots in his back began to slowly loosen up, as the female masseuse worked her magic.

"My my, Dr. Jones", she began. "You certainly have a lot of tension in your back. What is it you say you did for a living?"

"Archaeologist", Indy muttered, getting lost in her relaxing touch.

"Well", she said. "That sounds like a fascinating occupation, if I do say so."

"It has its moments," Indy murmured.

After the massage had ended, Indy found himself slowly drifting off to sleep.

"Dr. Jones", began the masseuse. "You can get up now."

"Huh? Oh, I'm sorry. It's just that massage was so relaxing, I could have just fallen asleep right there and then."

“That means I’m doing my job right”, she smiled.

That evening, Indy joined his friends for dinner.

“Indiana, you look much better”, said Henry.

“I have to admit, I feel a lot more relaxed.”

“You see”, said Sophia. I told you that a massage was a good idea.”

“So, I’ve been thinking about how we’re going to find Amelia, and I may have come up with something” began the archaeologist.

“Really?” asked Henry.

“Yes. In Princeton, New Jersey, there’s a café on the corner of Nassau and Wetherspoon called the Nassau. Inside of the café, they have several pictures of whales on the walls. There is a place called Nassau in the Bermuda Triangle.” Indy thought a moment, then sighed. “I don’t know. It could just be a long shot.”

“Son, I think you might be onto something. I remember reading that just before Amelia’s plane went down, sounds of several whales could be heard. This could indeed be the location of her body and the scrolls!”

Sophia said: “There’s something else. There was a theory that the scrolls were in that part of the world and they even did a search for them, but nothing was found.”

Indy sighed. “I don’t know. We could be way off track.”

“But son”, if we don’t try, we’ll never know.”

Indy nodded. “You’re right, dad.”

Indy asked everyone if they were okay to cut the vacation short by one day. There was no hesitation and everyone agreed that they would accompany Indy and his father to find Amelia.

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## Chapter 6

The next day, they set off early so they could get the best start possible. They checked out of the hotel, took a cab to the airport and once there, Gale led them to her plane.

Indy whistled.

Gale's plane was a de Havilland DH.89 Dragon Rapide. The prototype first flew in 1934 and this aircraft, was in the last of this series. This aircraft was, in essence, an updating of the twin-engine D.H.84 with more powerful engines and improved performance.

"Well folks", said Gale. "This is my baby!"

"She's beautiful!" said Sophia.

"She sure is", said Indy.

They all boarded the plane and Gale, after getting in the pilot's seat and strapping herself in, started the engines.

A few minutes later, she turned to her passengers "Okay. Is everyone ready for take-off?"

They replied that they were.

A couple of hours later, Gale's looked back at her passengers had noticed that most of them had their eyes closed, including Indy. The archaeologist was, in fact, in a deep sleep, dreaming about the Bermuda Triangle, aeroplanes and rolled up parchment which was a jumbled mess, but made perfect sense at the same time.

Suddenly, his eyes flew open. He unbuckled his seatbelt, got up out of his seat and went towards the front of the plane.

"Gale", he said. "I need to take the controls."

She hesitated for a moment, but without a word, she nodded, and got up out of the seat.

Indy had heard Amelia's voice in his dreams telling him to take control of the plane. He sat down in the seat, looked at the readings on the dashboard and slowly steered the plane slightly to the right.

"Indy, is everything okay?" she asked.

"Yes", he replied. "Everything is fine", he said calmly.

About an hour later, Indy told Gale that she could take the controls and moments later, they began their descent to the island of Nassau in the area of Adelaide. Gale landed the plane smoothly on an abandoned airstrip and moments later, the plane came to a stop.

Gale's passengers were now fully awake.

Everyone departed the aeroplane and as they did, Gale asked Indy: "Indy, I presume that you had some kind of vision with regards to Amelia?"

He nodded. "I did. She came to me in a dream and told me I had to take the controls. Sorry I didn't say anything, but I felt as if we were somehow linked and I didn't want to lose the connection."

"I understand", she told him. "I would have done the same."

They began walking to try to find signs of civilisation. However, it wasn't long before they came across some signs. Several houses scattered the area and it wasn't long before they came across a tavern called The Thirsty Worm. They entered the tavern, and as soon as they did, a tall man behind the bar welcomed them immediately.

"Welcome, travellers!" he said. "What can I do for you?"

Indy and his party ordered some drinks as a courtesy and then asked the man if he was aware of any part of the island that whales frequently inhabited.

"Now you come to mention it, yes!" he told them. "Several whales tend to gather at South Ocean Beach, which is not too far from here."

Great! Thought Indy.

Once they finished their drinks, they thanked the bartender and called a cab to take them to the beach. It turned out to be a short drive to South Ocean Beach and once there they found a boat that offered to take them out into the ocean to where the whales had been last sighted. Indy, along with a few other divers, geared up in diving suits to increase the chances

of them finding Amelia. Henry, Sophia, Gale and Cassandra stayed on the boat.

The diving suits were of the latest style and not made of hard canvas like Indy had previously been used to. The suits also made it easier to move around whilst in the water.

After going into the water, Indy did, in fact, feel that the suit made it a lot easier for him to move around in. It was some time before he found himself coming across something which was unmistakably several parts of a broken aeroplane. Amelia had gone down in a twin engine Lockheed Electra and Indy was no aeroplane expert, but he had a feeling that he had found her plane. He dived further and moments later, he found something which took his breath away. It was the rest of the Amelia's plane and the cockpit was mostly intact. He swam into the cockpit and gasped. Floating there, was a skeleton. The skeleton wore a leather flying cap fastened at the clasp, a flying scarf around the neck and wore a suede jacket, like the one that Indy had seen in photographs. He could hardly believe what he was seeing. He now wondered how he was going to move her remains to the boat. He swam out of the cockpit and it was there that he saw one of the other divers and he motioned for him to come over. With the other divers help, Indy was able to move the remains out of the cockpit and swim up with them towards the boat. Someone shouted for a wicker box used for fishing to be lowered down. Carefully, Indy put the remains into the box, closed the lid, and fastened it. The box was then pulled up onto the boat. Indy smiled and was pleased that he had found her. However, there was no sign of the scrolls.

Indy asked if the boat could be moved a bit closer to the whales and once again dove down to the bottom of the ocean floor. Then he heard it. It was as if Amelia was calling him. He kept swimming and followed the voice, and then he saw it. A large treasure chest lay on the ocean floor. He swam up to the surface and asked for a line with a hook so that he could get the chest onto the boat. The boat hauled up the chest onto the floor of the boat and once Indy and the other divers got back on the boat, he opened the chest. Inside the chest were several rolled up scrolls and after changing out of his diving suit, Indy carefully picked one up, unrolled it and examined the script. The text was in Hebrew and he translated some of it to the others.



Indy looked over at Henry.

“Well, what do you think, dad?” he asked.

Henry studied the scroll for a moment. “You know, they look like they might be the real thing!”

It was getting late and they decided that the next day, they would prepare Amelia’s body for departure. Gale suggested she fly them all back to Florida.

The next day, after getting Amelia’s remains ready, they made arrangements to take them back to the United States. Once again, they boarded the plane and Gale made sure that everyone was ready for take-off, and they began their journey back to Miami, Florida.

Half an hour into the flight, Indy unbuckled his seatbelt and went to the front of the plane, to speak to Gale

“Hey. How’s it going?” he asked.

She nodded. “Fine. How are you?”

“I’m good. Real glad that we found her.”

“You mean, you’re glad that you found her. Indy, listen. I think you should be the one to land the plane.”

He was taken aback. “Me? Oh, I’m not sure that’s a good idea.”

“Why not? You said yourself that you’ve been having lessons for the past couple of months and from that Sophia has told me, you seem a lot more confident with your flying.”

Indy put a hand on her shoulder. “I’ll think about it.”

Some time later, they began to approach the airport and Gale began to make her ascent. She called Indy over to the cockpit.

“Well, Dr. Jones. Are you ready?”

Indy sighed. “Sure, why the hell not!”

She got up out of her seat and let Indy take the controls.

“Now, remember everything I taught you and everything you’ve learnt at the flying school. You’ll do just fine, Indy.”

“I’m going to apologize in advance in case I break your aeroplane”, he told her.

“Oh Indy. Have some faith in yourself!”

“But...”

“For God sake Indy, stop talking like an archaeologist, and start flying like a pilot!”

“Where have I heard that before?” he muttered.

As they began their ascent, Indy’s mind went blank but he forced himself to stay calm. And then something incredible happened. All of the lessons that he had suddenly came back to him in flashes. He found himself gently lowering the plane until he could see the runway and landed the plane relatively smoothly, much to his own surprise. He slowed the aircraft down until it came to a gradual stop. He gasped. He had done it! Henry and the others cheered and clapped.

“Son, you did it!” shouted Henry

“Well, I’ll be!” Indy muttered to himself.

Gale kissed him on the cheek. “Indy, you see. I told you that you could do it!”

Gale had arranged to leave her plane at the airport and boarded the dirigible with Indy and the others. Once they boarded they all sat round a table and ordered drinks.

“Indy”, began Gale. “I just want to thank you for finding her. It really means a lot to me.”

“You’re very welcome”, he said. “I only wish that we were bringing her back alive.”

“I know”, she said sadly, “but at least she will now be finally at peace.”  
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## Chapter 7

Indy, along with Henry, Gale, Sophia and Cassandra attended Amelia Earhart's funeral in her home city of Atchison, Kansas. It was a beautiful ceremony and was attended by several hundred people. George Putnam, Amelia's husband personally thanked Indy and his friends for bringing her home.

"I can't tell you how much it means to me", he had told them. He had also told them that there would be a special ceremony in her honor and that he would be honored if they would be able to attend. The next evening, they did just that. The event was to be held at a hotel and Indy and his friends had stayed at that same hotel the night before.

Indy walked into the room where the ceremony was being held, along with his father. He was wearing a black tuxedo with a red silk carnation. His father was also dressed in a tuxedo. Indy saw Gale stood over by the punch bowl and she was joined by Sophia and Cassandra. At that moment, a familiar friend of Indy's entered the room. It was the museum curator, Marcus Brody, who was also dressed in a tuxedo. He joined Indy and Henry.

"Indy, Henry! Wonderful to see you!" he exclaimed

Henry, pulled his friend into a hug.

"Marcus, it's so good that you were able to come."

"Well, I didn't want to miss it. I may have only made Amelia's acquaintance a couple of times, but she was a very special lady indeed."

Henry looked over at Cassandra and he looked at Indy.

"Son, I noticed that you and Cassandra were getting on quite well. But I'm surprised that nothing has happened between the two of you."

Of course, thought Indy. He doesn't know. "Dad, we like each other, but we're just friends."

Henry nodded.

"There's something you should know, though", began Indy. "She is interested in someone else."

"Really? And who might that be?"

"You, as a matter of fact."

"Me?!" said Henry, flabbergasted. "But she's, well, she is a few years older than you, and..."

"Dad, she told me that she just turned fifty."

"Really. My God, but she looks so young!"

"That's what I told her. You know dad, if you want to go out with her, I don't have a problem with it."

"I appreciate that, son."

"I thought that she was talking about me at the bar for a moment, but turns out she was talking about you."

Indy looked at his father.

"Well, what are you waiting for? You should go over and talk to her."

Indy, Henry and Marcus all joined the ladies at the punch bowl and Indy poured them some drinks.

"Indy", began Marcus. I must tell you. The scrolls were examined and they are, in fact, the real thing!"

A huge smile began to spread across Indy's face.

"Marcus, that's wonderful! You hear that, Dad?"

But his father wasn't listening. He was too lost in Cassandra's eyes to care.

Henry and Cassandra went off to dance, and Marcus went to the buffet table, leaving Indy stood by the punch bowl with Sophia and Gale.

Indy had been wondering about something. "Sophia, when your ex-boyfriend mentioned the scrolls, how did he know?"

"Well, I tend to talk in my sleep and I think I must have been having a psychic vision about the scrolls and he must have overheard me."

Indy nodded. "That would make sense."

A moment passed.

"Oh well", sighed Indy. "I didn't save the world, or get the girl, but I did find the artefact and kill the bad guys, well, the bad guy, in this case."

“Poor Indy”, began Sophia, linking her arm in his. “You’ve still got us though”, she said, meaning her and Gale. She kissed Indy on the cheek.

“Yes”, said Gale, linking her arm to Indy’s other arm. She also kissed him on the cheek.

“Well”, smiled Indy. “What more could a guy possibly ask for?”

THE END

To Mike. Thanks for being there on  
many of our life adventures



THE UNTOLD ADVENTURES OF  
INDIANA JONES

THE HANDS OF TIME  
by Canyon Nobrega-Jones



## Chapter 1

### **San Jose, Costa Rica March 1937**

Indiana Jones had almost made his way into the temple and dust and debris rained on the ground. Indy's guide Ramirez, who was crouched down beside Indy coughed and spluttered as dust flew about in several different directions.

"I think we're almost there," said Indy, readjusting his fedora. He chipped away some more at the entrance.

Ramirez, Indy's guide, had been given the directions to this temple by Fasil, a friend of his who lived locally.

It had taken them all day for him and Indy to find the temple. The structure was extremely well hidden and legend said that its hidden location prevented looters and grave robbers being able to find it. It was beginning to get dark and Ramirez lit a couple of torches as Indy chipped away some more at the entrance.

"That's it," said Indy. "Are you ready, Ramirez?" Ramirez nodded. "Yes, Señor."

Ramirez passed him a torch and Indy began to crawl through the tunnel. Even with the light, Indy couldn't see much further ahead. Indy crawled further into the tunnel and Ramirez followed.

"This is fun, eh Señor," he said.

"Yeah. Not everyone's idea of a great time, though."



A few minutes later, Indy came to a large room and pulled himself upright. Ramirez followed.

Ramirez looked at the end of the room and gasped.

“Do you see that, Señor?” he asked.

Ramirez was referring to the clay statue of a winged bird that stood about twelve inches tall.

Indy stepped forward and paused for a long moment.

“Señor, what are we waiting for? Why don’t we just...”

“Trust me. It would be a real bad idea to go over there and grab it.”

“I understand, Señor. But how do we get it?”

“I have an idea.”

Indy scanned the surround walls. He then unfurled his whip and held the handle in his mouth. Indy began to climb up one of the walls and moments later, cracked the whip towards a beam, and pulled it to test the strength. Indy used the whip to pull himself up, as he moved up the whip and grabbed hold on the beam.

“Señor? Are you all right?” asked his companion.

“Yeah, fine.”

“But, how did you do that?”

“Ah, this is kid’s stuff,” he said, as he pulled himself up.

The idea was to swing on the whip and grab the statue, but Indy decided that wasn’t going to work, as his feet might hit the floor triggering any traps that might lay in wait for him. He then had another idea. He tested the whip’s strength again, leaned back over the edge of the beam, wrapped his legs around the whip, similar to a style of climbing a rope, only he would be going down and not up. He slowly moved down the whip and was beginning to feel dizzy as the blood rushed to his head. Indy moved down, very slowly now. Indy was almost in reach of the statue and smiled as he touched the top of the figurine.

Then, something happened.

His hat, which he had completely forgotten about, fell off of his head and landed on the floor.

“Oh, no,” whispered Ramirez.

Indy’s smile faded into shock as he realised that his hat would quite possibly be the source of setting off any traps that were hidden in the temple.

“What now, Dr. Jones?” asked Ramirez, sweat rolling down his face. He dare not move an inch in fear of setting anything off.

“I don’t know. If you have to move, just do it very slowly.”

Slowly, Indy grabbed the statue and put it in his MKvii bag. He moved up the whip, grabbed hold of the beam and pulled himself up. Indy then grabbed the end of the whip, jumped off the beam onto the floor where his hat lay. He unfurled the whip and then grabbed his hat, running towards Ramirez. Then, it began.

That all too familiar rumbling sound.

“Oh great!” muttered Indy, putting on his fedora, as he and Ramirez ran toward the exit. Unfortunately, the exit had now been blocked off by stone and rubble.

Ramirez began to run in the other direction.

“Wait!” shouted Indy.

“Señor, we have to get out of here!” he said, his voice growing more desperate.

“I realise that!” yelled Indy. “But how?”

“Follow me!” he replied.

Ramirez ran over to the wall that Indy had climbed up.

“Somewhere here,” said Ramirez, looking for a weak spot in the wall. He found it and started hitting it frantically with his pickaxe.

The room continued to shake even more now. Indy looked around him, as all hell was breaking loose. Rocks and rubble began to rain down throughout the temple.

“We’re nearly there!” yelled Ramirez.

He stopped digging and the two men began to clear the entrance of the rubble. A few moments later, they began their escape.

They were now outside of the temple.

It was dark now and Indy and Ramirez were covered in dust and debris. Indy then heard an unfamiliar voice.

“Ah, the eminent Archaeologist, Dr. Jones. I thought I might find you here.”

“Señor, who is that?” asked Ramirez.

A man dressed in a white suit and holding a torch stepped forward. Indy didn’t recognise the man.

“Who the hell are you?” he asked.

“I really don’t have time for pleasantries. I am however, more than aware of who you are. I have followed your career very closely. You have quite a reputation as a...”

*If he says grave robber, I’ll kill him,* thought Indy.

“...renowned treasure hunter,” he finished. “And I’m positive that you have something for me. Of course, I am unable to do the finding myself. I prefer to let others do the work and...”

Suddenly, as the man raised the gun in his hand to point it at Indy, someone hit the man in the face and he went down, groaning. Ramirez stepped forward.

“Sorry. He was really beginning to get on my nerves,” he said.

“Mine too,” said Indy, as he stepped over the unconscious man.

They began walking to Ramirez’s village, and when they arrived, a familiar face was there to greet them.

“I’m surprised,” said Jock Lindsay. “I thought that you’d be heading off those bad guys by now, Indy.”

“Took care of them already. There were at least ten,” he said, smiling.

At that moment, gunfire began to break out.

“Get down!” yelled Indy, as he, Ramirez and Jock crouched to the ground.

“Damn!” exclaimed Jock.

“Looks like you spoke too soon,” said Indy.

“Me and my big mouth,” muttered Jock.

Indy looked over at Ramirez.

“Ramirez, we gotta be going now. Thanks for all your help. Take care of yourself!”

Ramirez smiled and shouted through the gunfire.

“No problem, Señor Jones. Have a safe trip!”

Indy and Jock ran to Jock’s plane, whist dodging bullets. They had almost made it when a bullet zipped past Indy and skimmed Indy’s right arm, injuring him slightly.

“Jones, you okay?!” asked Jock, as they approached the plane.

“I’ll live!” he said as Jock got in the plane and started up the engines. Indy got in the passenger seat to better inspect the wound.

“It’s just a flesh wound,” said Indy.

“You should be more careful, you know!” yelled Jock.

“Yeah, I guess,” said Indy, his wound had started to bleed. Jock began to steer the plane in the direction for take-off and moments later, they was airborne.

“You okay, Indy?” yelled Jock.

“Yeah. Terrific!” shouted back Indy.

“C’mon Jones. Let’s get you back to the States. Your students will be missing you!”

Indy smiled, leaned back in the seat and moments later, he was fast asleep.



## Chapter 2

**New York**

**One week later**

**On Campus**

The weather outside was fairly pleasant and trees swayed calmly and students went about their business with an almost casual air.

Inside of the university, Professor Henry Jones Jr. was giving a lecture on the ancient city of Ur.

In the academic world, Indy went by this name, and was a world-renowned archaeologist and someone who was very well regarded in his field.

He had a great talent in archaeological skills, and was fluent in several languages and dialects. He was also an expert on the occult as well as being very well versed in the knowledge of ancient and modern rituals and customs. However, when he was out in the field, he was Indiana Jones, an archaeologist-adventurer who searched the lands for ancient artefacts braving danger and almost imminent death at every turn. He was very well respected and liked by his colleagues and students alike, and his classes were always full.

“Ur,” he began, “is the modern name for Tell Muqayyar, which lies near the bank of a former branch of the Euphrates River in the deep south of Sumer, which is southern Mesopotamia and is near the former head of the Persian Gulf. This location, convenient for transportation and long-distance trade, early attracted settlement whose beginning recedes into the mists of prehistory.”

He paused for a moment and looked over at the class. The students consisted of young men and women, mainly women, who seemed to be completely captivated by him. One glanced at him and smiled, although Indy did not see as she passed a note to her friend.

“Archaeologist Sir Leonard Woolley, dug at Ur from 1922 until 1934, during which time he gained a comprehensive understanding of the city’s history from its prehistoric beginnings nearly 7000 years ago, to its final abandonment around about 400 BC. The Mesopotamian civilisation set down its deep urban roots during the fourth millennium BC, when Uruk was the premier Sumerian city. Woolley found only traces of monumental architecture. The following thousand years was a period of very big change because for much of the third millennium BC, southern Mesopotamia was divided among competing city-states that formed shifting partnerships in a perpetual dance for supremacy. During this Early Dynastic period, which was from circa 2900 to 2300 BC, Ur was sometimes the seat of powerful dynasties. Magnificent palaces, temples and other buildings adorned this Early Dynastic city, but such structures remained mostly obscured by later construction. Woolley came across a Royal Cemetery. This had been active for over five centuries, contained more than 2000 graves of which Woolley distinguished only sixteen as being royal. These few tombs are subterranean chambers rather than simple pits, often graced with vaulted roofs. Some objects, which were inscribed with people’s names, seem to identify the burials of Meskalamdug, Akalamdug, the queen Puabi and other members of a ruling house of Ur around 2500 BC. The royal cemetery yielded many celebrated pieces of Sumerian art, like the ‘Standard of Ur’, a panel showing scenes of warfare and peace composed with nacre and lapis lazuli inlay; inlay decorated lyres, gaming boards, and figures of ram caught in a thicket; and the electrum helmet of Meskalamdug. Some tombs also contained the remains of oxen yoked to wagons, and the skeletons of many male and female attendants, all apparently sacrificed to serve the royal personage in the afterlife.”

He paused a moment and looked over at the class, noticed a female student smiling and passing a note to her friend.

He continued.

“The early Dynastic dance of city-states ended when Sargon, circa 2330 to 2280 BC, who was the Akkadian upstart, defeated all of the Sumerian cities and then extended the weight of his hand well beyond the previous ambition of Sumerian dynasts. Woolley could find little at Ur that he could attribute to the new masters of Sumer. The third dynasty, although only spanning for about a century marked the Peak of Ur’s power and wealth. Its kings seized all of Mesopotamia as far north as Ashur and imposed an orderly, even rigid, bureaucratic administration over its large domain. Naturally, the city greatly benefited from its new role as the imperial seat, and Ur III construction projects radically changed the city, even giving it a new skyline. Mesopotamian builders had been elevating temples by placing them on platforms. This practice gave rise to ziggurats, which were large stepped towers composed of smaller platforms stacked on top of each other. Although earlier examples exist the first Ur king erected the oldest surviving ziggurat. Ur-Nammus’s ziggurat rose in three stages, each terrace with slanted sides to give the effect of a stepped pyramid and a grand staircase mounted the structure, leading directly from the facing plaza to the cult chamber that perched on the ziggurat’s summit. Two ancillary stairways rose from the adjacent corners to meet the central staircase at the top of the first stage. The ziggurat formed one element in the precinct of the temple dedicated to Nanna, moon god and patron deity of Ur. Nanna’s main temple lay against the ziggurat’s northwest side, while several other major buildings, and plazas filled the remains of the walled sacred precinct. One important building was the Giparu, the residence for the chief priestess of the Nanna cult, a position often filled by royal daughters. The next two centuries circa 2000-1800 BC represented a return to the squabbling politics of petty kingdoms. The King of Babylon at this time was King Hammurabi, 1792-1750 BC. Ur no longer maintained its independence, at first falling within the domain of stronger neighbours like Isin and Larsa, and then succumbing to Hammurabi’s army. The foreign kings, conscious of Ur’s imperial heritage, invested in restoring and maintaining the city’s monuments, including the ziggurat, giparu and other structures within the ritual centre.”

At that moment the bell rang.

“Okay. Please see my assistant for the list of assigned reading on this subject.”

As the students filed out, a young lady approached Indy.

“Professor Jones?”

He looked up. It was a student of his. Her name was Ann.

“Hi. Can I help you with something?” he asked.

“Just wanted to say, that was a great lecture. I really enjoyed it and I was wondering if I could ask you something?”

Just then, Marcus entered the room. Ann looked over at him, and then back at Indy.

“It’s okay. I’ll come back at some other time.”

“Of course. No problem,” said Indy.

Ann exited the room.

“Marcus,” said Indy.

“Indy, I hope I wasn’t interrupting anything.”

“No, not at all.”

Marcus asked how Indy’s trip was and Indy told him that he had successfully obtained the statue.

“Wonderful news, old boy!” Marcus exclaimed. “Well, Indy, there is another artefact that you may be interested in obtaining.”

“Really?”

Marcus told him about an artefact that was rumoured to be in Guadalajara in Mexico. Marcus also told him that the artefact looked just like a regular pocket watch, but is in fact the fabled Pendant of Ehecatl. Ehecatl, I believe, is another name for Quetzalcoatl,” said Indy.

“That’s right. And Indy, there is a myth that suggests that it has the ability to take time back,” he told Indy.

“That sounds interesting. Could you look into that some more, Marcus?”

“Of course,” replied the museum curator.





### Chapter 3

That evening, after Indy graded several papers at his house, he got ready to meet up with Marcus. They went into town where Indy's friend, Willie Scott, was performing in a local show.

Indy had first met Willie two years ago in Shanghai, when he tried to exchange the ashes of Nurhachi with a diamond that an enemy of his was in possession of. Willie was a singer, and a good one at that, and after they had met at the Club Obi Wan nightclub, they were then caught up in a whirlwind adventure, which later led them to India.

After the show was over, Willie came over to Indy and Marcus's table.

"Great show," began Indy. "You were as lovely as ever."

"Why, thank you Indy."

She looked over at Marcus.

"Marcus, how are you?" she asked.

"Very well, thank you," he replied.

They exchanged conversations and Indy enquired as to how she was doing.

"I'm really happy with the way things are going right now," she told him. "The show is going well. However..."

"Yes."

"Indy, I feel like I need a break."

"It's interesting that you should mention that," said Marcus. He turned to Indy.

"What do you think, Indiana? You could probably use the company."

"Off on another adventure, Dr. Jones?" she asked.

He smiled. "You guessed right."

“Where to this time?” she asked.

“Mexico.”

“Ooh, that sounds like fun.”

“Well, what do you think?” asked Indy. “It probably wouldn’t be much of a vacation.”

“I would love to go. But there’s just one other thing. I haven’t been home in a long time and I would really like to visit my folks in Missouri.”

Indy nodded. “That won’t be a problem.”

He looked at Marcus. “I take it that’s okay with you.”

“Of course,” said the museum curator. “I’ll make all the arrangements.”

“Wonderful,” said Indy. “Thanks, Marcus.”

Two days later, Marcus picked Indy and Willie up from Indy’s house and drove them both to the airport.

“Good luck Indy,” said Marcus, drawing him into a bear hug.

“Thanks, Marcus.”

“Do take care, won’t you,” he said to both Willie and Indy.

Unbeknownst to them, they were being followed by a man. Vladimir Belousov had heard about the pendant and he wanted it for himself for much more nefarious reasons than Indy’s.

A few hours later, Indy and Willie’s plane landed in Jefferson City. They took another aeroplane to Butler, located in the southeast part of Missouri.

Willie’s parents lived in Polar Bluff, which was about half an hour away. They then took a train from the station and Willie went to get something to drink and Indy, tired from the flight, leant back into the seat and covered his face with his fedora. However, his moment of relaxation was short lived, as someone grabbed his fedora from his face. Indy’s eyes blinked open and he found himself staring at a man standing there.

“What the hell is going on?!” he asked, angrily.

The man was about six foot one, had black hair and green eyes and was dressed in a black suit. “My name is Vladimir Belousov,” he said in a thick Russian accent “and you have something of mine!” Without warning he lunged for Indy and both men engaged in a tussle. At that moment, Willie had just come back from the bar. She opened the compartment door and her eyes widened when she saw the man smashing Indy in the face.

“What are you doing?” she yelled to the man, but he just ignored her and kept on hitting Indy in the face.

Willie grabbed a fire extinguisher and hit the man over the head, and he went down, unconscious.

“Willie,” gasped Indy. “Get someone, anyone!”

Moments later, the man woke up and was being questioned by security. Even after being questioned he would not say a word to anyone.

“We can’t seem to get him to talk,” said the security guard, now sat with Indy and Willie in their compartment.

Just at that moment, the door to their compartment was pushed open.

“Sir,” said one of the staff, who was dressed similarly to the security guard. “The prisoner!”

“What about him?” he asked.

“He’s gone!”



## Chapter 4

Indy and Willie got off the train after she tended to the cuts on his face. “Indy, who was that guy?” she asked.

“Damned if I know. He said his name was Vladimir Belousov and he’s apparently after the pendant.”

“There’s always one, isn’t there?” she said.

She looked over at her friend, who had some cuts and a bruise on his face.

“Indy, are you okay?” she asked, concerned.

“I’ll live,” he said. “Don’t worry about me, kiddo. I’ll be fine.”

It was a short walk to her parents’ house and Willie rang her parents to let them know that she and Indy would be arriving soon.

A few moments later, Willie said to Indy: “We’re almost there.”

“Glad to hear it,” said Indy.

They took a few steps further and then Willie saw him. The man who Indy fought with on the train. Vladimir. He ran over to Indy, brandishing a sword.

“Indy, look out!” cried Willie.

Before Indy could react, Vladimir thrust the sword at him, cutting into his upper arm and shoulder. The blade tore through his shirt, leaving the archaeologist completely stunned.

“Indy!” yelled Willie. She looked around frantically. “Help us! Someone!?! Anyone!”

Willie could see her parents’ house in the distance and then Vladimir hurriedly looked around at his surroundings and then he ran off.

*I can't go after him. I've got to stay with Indy,* thought Willie frantically. She then ran over to Indy.

*My God! We've got to get him to a hospital!*

Indy now lay on the ground, gasping in pain.

He tried to get up, but a white hot pain shot through his arm and shoulder. Indy now began to crawl over to Willie.

Willie's parents had been waiting by the porch and had heard their daughter's cries for help and immediately began to run over to them.

Indy gritted his teeth and slowly tried to stand up. He barely staggered over to Willie, as her parents ran towards them.

It was going to be okay, thought Willie. She'd tell her parents about what had happened and Indy would... but Indy didn't make it that far. He collapsed onto the grass, his arm and shoulder throbbing and after that he didn't remember any more because everything went black as he closed his eyes and gave in to unconsciousness.

Two farm workers ran over and helped Willie's mom carry Indy into the house where they took him up to one of the bedrooms.

The room was sparsely decorated, except for a dresser and a bed with white sheets.

The local doctor had been called out urgently and upon his arrival he had looked at Indy's injuries, cleaned the wounds and applied bandages to the arm and shoulder. Indy had been dressed in pyjamas and his clothes were taken away to be laundered.

Willie had spent some time talking to the local Sheriff about the incident and she was told investigations would get underway regarding the man known as Vladimir Belousov.

After Willie spoke to the Sheriff, she went to check on how Indy was doing, but unfortunately for the archaeologist, he was not at his best. His wounds were causing him quite a bit of discomfort and to make matters worse, a fever had begun.

Willie and her mom, Margaret, had taken it in turns to stay with him. Indy's fever was raging and one minute he was kicking covers off the bed and the next moment he was pulling the covers over himself and shivering. He seemed to be muttering in his sleep, and occasionally, he would mention various names of people that he knew.

Willie and her mother were contemplating taking him to hospital, but decided against it, as the nearest one was nearly twenty miles away, and due to the long journey, they felt it would be best if Indy stayed at the house.

It was probably the best thing to do in the current circumstances and besides, the doctor had told them to let him know if Indy got any worse. Willie went and sat in the huge garden at the back of her parents' house, alone, thinking about the changes that had taken place in her life.

Her life had certainly changed for the better over the last two years, in fact, ever since she'd met Indy; her life had definitely been better. Two years ago, she had been working in a club in Shanghai, when her boss tried to make a deal with Indy and that was when she had first met him. She had just finished a number and then she was introduced to him.

Willie found out that he was an archaeologist and a famous one at that. She hadn't planned to go with Indy on the adventure in India, but it somehow turned out that way. She emerged from the adventure as a stronger, more positive person, and the experience had definitely changed her for the better. She considered Indy to be one of her closest friends and sincerely hoped that the adventuring archaeologist that she had come to know and love was going to be all right.

It was late afternoon when she returned to the house and she and Margaret spent some more time with Indy, keeping an eye on his condition.

After a few hours, he seemed to lapse into a deep sleep and they decided it would be best to leave him to carry on sleeping.

Both ladies went down to the kitchen to get some coffee and it also gave them a chance to catch up on news.

Willie had left home quite a few years ago and didn't feel that she saw enough of her parents as it was.

"So" asked Margaret, "How have you been? I really miss having my daughter here," she said, her emotions welling up.

"And I miss you too, Mom. Lately, things have been going really well. My singing career has really taken off."

"Yes," replied Margaret "and I'm really proud of you. It's great to see you again and a pleasure to finally meet your gentleman friend. From what you've told me I would imagine that Indy's parents are proud of

him as well. He's had quite a career so far. It must be wonderful travelling to all of those exotic places searching for artefacts, not to mention being able to speak all of those languages."

"Mom," Willie began. "I'm afraid that Indy's mother died when he was very young."

"Oh no. I'm really sorry. I had no idea. I was intending on asking him how his parents were. Thank goodness I didn't."

"It's okay, really," said Willie.

Margaret looked upset.

"How old was he when she died?"

"About twelve years old or so."

Margaret looked crestfallen.

"Oh, that's really sad. He must miss her."

"He does, but feels a bit awkward talking about it."

"And his father. How do they get on?" asked Margaret.

"Indy still keeps in contact with him and they get on very well which is wonderful."

"So," asked Margaret. "You say you both met in Shanghai?"

Willie laughed.

"Yeah, that's right. Remember I told you about the fight that broke out at the club where I was working?"

"Oh, yes. I remember you telling me about the exit that you both made through the window and then as I recall you also mentioning the fact that you crashed through some canopies," she said, laughing. "From the way you told the story, it seems that he made quite an impression on you that night, even though you wouldn't admit it at the time."

"Mom..."

"C'mon Willie, I think that I know my own daughter pretty well by now. I know very well that your feelings for Dr. Jones are more than platonic, even though you may think that you are 'just good friends'".

Willie looked at her.

"Okay, so I like the guy. He's resourceful and a good person to have around, especially in a fight, and he sure has livened up things ever since I met him, not forgetting the fact that he's saved my life more than once and we really value each other's friendship. Okay, so he's not bad looking, either!"

They both laughed and Willie said. "I better check on him. I hope that the fever breaks soon. He has some pretty bad injuries."

As Willie went out of the kitchen door her mother said: "Remember, daughter. Your feelings can sometimes betray you," she teased.

Willie rolled her eyes.

Mother!

Willie crept up the stairs as quietly as possible.

When she reached the top of the stairs she moved along the corridor to the room where he was sleeping and slowly opened the door.

Indy was in the bed, asleep, his breathing heavy.

Willie looked over at him and yet again, remembered the first time that they had seen each other that night in Club Obi Wan. He was impressed by her beauty, charm and grace and she was impressed by his confident and knowledgeable demeanour and had never forgotten the first time that she saw those clear hazel eyes that belonged to the handsome stranger that had walked into the club. After that, along with Indy's young friend, Short Round, they had gone through hell and high water to rescue hundreds of children that had been stolen from a village in India where their plane had crashed. They managed to defeat the High Priest and the evil Thuggee cult that stole a Sankara Stone from the village. They had made it through the adventure which in some ways felt more like an ordeal, and Willie had stood there and told him that she would never, ever go on any adventure with him again.

Until now.

She was broken from her reverie by the sound of Indy talking in his sleep. She walked over to him and sat on the edge of the bed and gently moved her hand across Indy's forehead, which was hot from fever. He stirred slightly.

"Mom, is that you?"

"No Indy. It's me, Willie".

He muttered something about a dig that he'd recently been on.

He's delirious, she thought.

She stayed with him for what seemed a very long time and just as she was starting to fall asleep herself, Margaret came into the room and checked on Indy. She felt his forehead.

"My God. He's burning up!"



“I think that it’s getting worse,” said Willie.

“And that’s not all. There’s a storm about to start out there,” said Margaret, gesturing to the window. “Willie. You must be exhausted, dear. Do you want me to stay with him?”

“No Mom, it’s okay. I’ll stay,” she said looking over at Indy.

Things weren’t looking too good at the moment and Indy began to stir slightly and mumbled and if he were in pain.

“Are you sure?” asked Margaret

“Yes, it’s something I need to do. After all, he’s looked out for me in the past”.

“Okay. Just let me know if he gets any worse. We might have to take him to the hospital if it gets really bad.”

Willie stayed with Indy, soaked a cloth with cold water and draped it across his forehead. Occasionally he would move about, kicking off covers, pulling them about, cursing something about ‘god damn bad guys’.

She was faltering now and was very tired but really wanted to stay with him.

Despite them now being ‘friends’ she was beginning to care for him, maybe more than she should have. She was so used to seeing him outside, running through jungles, searching for artefacts and (doing quite well so far) at saving the world, and to see him lying here, injured, in her parents’ house, made her feel overly protective towards him, as she was not used to seeing him so vulnerable. Maybe her mother was right. Were they just friends or did she feel as if she was falling for him again?

Margaret had gone into the room where Indy lay to see how he was doing. She found her daughter slumped in a chair, exhausted. Outside, a storm was raging and Indy’s fever was at breaking point. Margaret changed the dressing on his arm and chest. The bleeding seemed to have stopped and after a few murmurs from Indy, the fever seemed to have broken. Margaret had then left him to sleep and went to bed herself.

Some hours later, Willie woke up in the bed in her old room, and gradually remembered the events from the last few days.

Indy awoke with a start.

For a moment he was disorientated, unsure of where he was and why he was here. He then realised that he was in a bed with white sheets and had bandages around his arm and shoulder. He also noticed he was dressed in white cotton pyjama bottoms and idly wondered how that had happened.

Willie got up and headed off to the bathroom at the end of the hall to have a shower. The door to the room that Indy was in was halfway open and as Willie walked past his room she did a double take as she saw Indy not only awake but sat up in bed looking slightly bewildered. Indy's okay!

"Indy!" she yelled, "you're awake!"

"Willie." He glanced over at her, unshaven and looking very tired. She ran over to him, happy that the fever had broken. She then put her arms around him, careful not to hurt him. He returned the greeting but winced slightly.

"Honey, you look as if you haven't slept in a week," he told her.

"Thanks for the compliment!" she exclaimed.

"Sorry. Hey, you know what I mean. What happened? Where am I?"

Willie explained the events of the last few days.

"You must have been up all night!" he exclaimed, realising that she had done just that.

"Yes, that's right," said a voice, which came from the door.

It was Margaret and she was stood in the doorway.

"She's been here most of the time."

Indy looked at Willie.

"I don't know what to say, except thanks," he said, smiling at her. She looked somewhat upset.

He took her hand.

"Look, I'm sorry. I just didn't know that I scared you so much."

"It's okay," said Willie, "We were really worried when Vladimir stabbed you."

She paused.

"Oh Indy, it was terrible. We had to call a doctor out and everything." Indy then suddenly remembered the events. The fight on the train, Vladimir coming at him with a sword before he had a chance to block it, the pain, and him blacking out...

“Right” he said. “We’ve got to find him.”

Indy went to get up.

“I have to go after him.”

Suddenly getting up didn’t seem like such a good idea. He felt dizzy, the room spinning around him. Margaret stepped forward and Willie steadied him and he collapsed onto the bed.

“Hey, Indy. Take it easy” said Margaret. “You’ve just woken up from a fever.”

“How long was I out for?” he asked

“For about two days” she replied.

Indy couldn’t believe it.

“I don’t understand. I only thought that I was out for a few hours.”

“I’m afraid not,” said Willie. “Indy, we’ve been so worried. At one point we thought that you might not make it”.

Indy didn’t realise just how serious things had been.

“I’d just like to say thanks to both of you for looking after me. I really didn’t mean to cause any problems. It’s just that I didn’t get a chance to defend myself against Vladimir. One minute I was stood there, and the next minute he...”

Willie broke him off.

“Hey, it’s all right. We both know how grateful you are. Really.”

Margaret nodded.

“Well,” Margaret began, “it’s great to see you awake, Dr. Jones.”

“Please, call me Indy,” he told her.

“Well Indy, I’m going to prepare breakfast, if both of you are hungry.”

“Yes,” they replied in unison.

After Margaret had left the room, Willie went to leave the room. As she was going to leave Indy said:

“Hey, Willie. Thanks. You’re a good friend.”

“No problem,” she replied. But are we really just friends, she thought.

After a hot shower and putting on clean clothes that Margaret had kindly washed and pressed during his fever, Indy felt a lot better though he still hurt from his recent injuries.

Even though he and Willie should be on their way soon, he would still have to take it easy for a few days.

Indy made his way downstairs and into the kitchen where he found Willie and her parents sat round a wooden table where all kinds of food was laid out consisting of fruit, cereal, bread, muffins and orange juice.

The three of them were so busy talking, that for a moment, they didn't notice him come in.

"Indy. I'm really pleased to see you out of bed, and you certainly look better."

"Thanks, Mrs. Scott," said Indy as Willie's father turned to him.

"Well, it's nice to finally meet you, Dr. Jones."

"And I'm very pleased to meet you, Mr. Scott, and please, call me Indy."

"Please, call me Henry," he replied in return.

Indy couldn't help but laugh.

"I'm not sure if your daughter told you, but my real name is Henry," he told him.

"Yes, she did mention it," he smiled in return. "Please, sit down and have some breakfast."

"Thanks," said Indy, sitting down at the table next to Willie and smiled at her.

*He looks great*, she thought and all of the old memories came flooding back. His clear hazel eyes and the way that you could just get lost in them, the way that he was so self-assured and confident, his taut and masculine physique...

She snapped out of it when her father asked her a question.

"I'm amazed how you both escaped from that Indian palace back in '35. Just how did you escape?"

"Well," she replied. "It wasn't easy, but once Short Round, that's the young Chinese boy whom we were with, managed to break free, he got Indy out and then Indy came and rescued me."

"That reminds me," began Henry. "I would like to thank you for saving our daughter's life. From what I understand of it, it was a pretty close call, and you were very lucky to get out alive."

Indy nodded. "Yes we were."

"It was very much appreciated," said Margaret. Indy smiled.

"And it's no problem, really. Your daughter is definitely worth saving." Indy glanced at Willie and smiled. Her heart leapt into her throat.

“Coffee, Indy?” asked Margaret

“Yes, please,” he replied.

“Help yourself to food also,” she told him.

He thanked her.

As they ate, Henry asked Indy: “So, were there really Thuggee Guards around in this day and age?”

“Yes,” replied Indy.

“Hmm, hard to believe that such people could exist today. These people, were they dangerous as they sound?”

“Very. I was convinced that there was something going on at the palace. Basically the whole thing began around 100 years ago and started up again a few years ago. Despite the fact that they tried to kill us, we were extremely lucky to escape.”

“And I understand that you’ve had a few confrontations with the Nazis?”

Indy sighed.

“Yes, I have. Definitely not my favourite people in the world.”

Henry nodded.

“And I can’t say that I blame you. Nazis and fascism. Like you, I despise both.”

At the other end of the table, Willie and Margaret listened to this conversation with some interest and Margaret said to Willie: “Well, they certainly seem to be getting on okay and you’re very lucky to know someone like Indy. He seems really nice.”

“Well,” continued Henry, “I’m pretty sure that they won’t be around for many more years. The world has no place for these kinds of people.”

Indy nodded.

“I agree. I only hope that one day it will end and Nazism is wiped out completely.”

“Well, Indy, I know that people like yourself will continue to do your best to rid the world of such atrocities.”

The telephone rang and Margaret got up to answer it.

“Excuse me,” she said to both of the men.

“Indy, there’s a man on the phone for you, a Mr Brody?”

“Marcus!” Indy exclaimed.

“Excuse me,” he said to Henry. Indy took the call in the hallway.

“Marcus...”

Before Indy could ask how he was, Brody cut in.

“Indy, how are you?”

Indy told him the events of the past couple of days.

“My goodness, Indiana! You’re all right. Well, I take it that you’re all right as you are talking to me. How is the wound?”

Indy didn’t know where to begin.

“Uh, Marcus I’m okay, really,” he said, moving his shoulder and winced slightly from the pain. “Well, kind of okay. Really didn’t mean to worry you. Seems I worried everyone...”

“Don’t worry,” Marcus assured him.”

“The thing is,” Indy began “I didn’t see this guy coming until it was too late. The wound got quite bad and I was out of it for a couple of days with a fever. Listen Marcus, I really appreciate you calling me, but I’ll be fine.”

“That’s good,” said Marcus “I’m glad I called. Indy, listen, I may also have some more information regarding the Pendant of Ehecatl. The person who attacked you was posing as a government official and apparently discussed the pendant with someone. This official came to the University and was asking a lot of questions about you and your lady friend. That’s how he managed to track you down. It just so happens that a colleague of mine overheard him discussing the pendant with someone and that’s how I found out this news.

“Marcus, that’s great. What is it?”

“Well, apparently,” began his old friend, “the rumours are true. The pendant does, in fact, seem to act as some sort of time travel device.”

“Really?” said Indy, his curiosity growing. “That’s very interesting, Marcus.”

“Any idea how it works?” he asked.

“Not at all, old boy, but I’m sure you’ll figure it out. Oh, and one more thing, Indy. If this pendant is really a time travel instrument, please ensure you take care not to alter any events that have taken place.”

“Of course,” said Indy. “Marcus, trust me. I will treat this with the utmost care.”

“Very well,” said Marcus. “Please call me when you find it, won’t you.”

Indiana Jones and Willie Scott left Willie's parents' house the next day, as Willie insisted that Indy get some more rest before the next part of their journey.

Margaret had given them a ride to the airport where they would board their flight to Mexico.

"Willie, take care of Indy. I know that in the past, he has taken good care of you," said Margaret, as they got out of the car.

Margaret gave her daughter a hug. "Take care."

"You too, mom, and thanks for everything."



## Chapter 5

They boarded the plane and some hours later they landed in Guadalajara. It was late in the afternoon when they arrived at their hotel and when they entered the room that they would be staying in, they realised that there was a double bed instead of two singles. Indy rang down to the reception area and was told that was the only room that was available.

“It’s okay,” he told Willie. You can have the bed and I’ll sleep on the floor.”

“Indiana Jones!” she began, incredulously, “You’ll do no such thing! Besides, you have a recent injury. There is no way I’m going to let you sleep on the floor!”

Indy held up a hand. “Okay, I give in.”

Willie said: “We can share the bed.”

“Are you sure?”

“It’s okay,” she told him. I’m pretty sure I can trust you,” she smiled.

That evening, they went out for dinner in the restaurant attached to the hotel and after, they began to explore the marketplace.

As they were wandering about, Willie turned to Indy.

“Hey, Indy. How is Short Round doing? I haven’t seen him in a while.”

“He’s doing great,” he told her. “He’s getting on very well with his adoptive family.”

She sighed. “It’s a shame that you couldn’t adopt him. You would have made a great father.”

He smiled. “I appreciate that. Yeah, it was a real shame, but they just wouldn’t let me because I travel around so much and am rarely home.”



“That’s understandable,” she commented. “So, Indy. What’s the plan for tomorrow?”

“The plan is that we find the location that Marcus provided and we go from there. Hopefully we’ll find the pendant, and once we have it, we can take it back to the museum.”

“Yeah,” she said. “Of course, that’s the plan. What is really going to happen is another matter.”

Indy smiled. “Welcome to my world.”

The next day, they were up early, and after having breakfast, they began their journey to the location that Marcus had provided, the location being the cathedral of Guadalajara.

Indy was wearing his usual attire of taupe cavalry wool pants and a safari shirt with action pleats down the front and he had rolled up his sleeves. He had left his leather jacket at the hotel as it had been too hot to wear. His outfit also consisted of a gun belt complete with gun, holster and his trusty bullwhip. Indy had learnt over the years that it was a good idea to take his whip wherever he went, as it had proven to be an invaluable tool in the past.

Willie was dressed tan linen pants and a white cotton shirt.

When they reached the cathedral in full view Willie just stopped and stared.

“Oh Indy, it’s beautiful!” she exclaimed.

“Yeah, it sure is,” replied her companion.

“So Indy, how are we going to find this pendant? This place is huge!”

“That’s what I’m wondering. Let’s start with the grounds first.”

They had spent some time wandering around the gardens, which were situated at the back of the cathedral. Sometime later, Indy came across a deserted part of the garden, where an old sundial lay. The sundial had three parts of stone missing and Indy then had an idea.

“Hey, Willie. We need to find three parts of this sundial and then I think we’ll find the pendant.” Of course, this was easier said than done, and several hours later, just as it was about to get dark, they had found all three pieces, which had been scattered about in the grounds. Indy slotted the three pieces into place and for a moment, nothing happened. A few moments later, Indy heard a sound of stone rubbing against stone and looked down towards the stand that the sundial was stood upon. There,

he saw a small compartment that was now open, and he noticed that a box lay inside. Indy slowly took the box, rested it on the top of the sundial and carefully opened it. Inside was a pocket watch with various roman numerals inscribed onto it.

“I think this is it!” exclaimed Indy. “We’ve found it!”

“Yes, Dr. Jones,” said an all too familiar voice. “Yes, you have. And now I’m going to take it from you!”

Indy and Willie turned towards to sound of the voice and Indy’s heart sank when he saw that Vladimir stood there pointing a gun at them. Vladimir moved closer to them.

“Now, if you would be so kind as to let me have that, I’ll let you both go.”

“The hell you will!” growled Indy.

Vladimir tutted. “Why, Dr. Jones. I would have expected better manners from you.”

Vladimir looked around. “Who would have thought that it would be so easy to take the pendant away from you?”

Indy took advantage of Vladimir looking away for a moment and he pounced on him. Fists began to fly, and Indy and Vladimir began to wrestle with the gun. For a moment, Willie thought that it was going to go off. Vladimir twisted the gun around to Indy.

“No!” Willie cried.

Indy twisted the gun so that it was facing Vladimir, but instead it flew out of their hands and landed on the grass a few feet away.

Vladimir, more than aware of Indy’s injury kicked him in the shoulder and the archaeologist howled in pain. Vladimir grabbed the pendant, but Willie wasn’t going to let him get away this time. She ran over to him, and jumped on his back and began hitting him over the head with a small rock. He shook her off.

“Damn you, woman. Get off of me!” he cried.

Vladimir got up and ran off as fast as he could. He had the pendant. Willie ran over to Indy. She put a hand on his shoulder, which was now fresh with blood.

“Indy, he took it!” she cried.

“Wonderful!” he groaned.

She helped him up. “Come on. We’ve got to get you to the hotel!”

“But we have to go after Vladimir. There’s no time!”

“Indy, he’s gone and I have no idea where he went!” she cried.

Indy stood up, his shoulder now throbbing.

They caught a taxi to the hotel and once there, in the hotel room, Willie had ordered bandages and supplies from downstairs. Indy sat on the bed, whilst she began to change his bandages. Indy winced when she cleaned the wound but Willie didn’t notice as she was momentarily distracted.

She found herself looking into his hazel eyes and she allowed her eyes to gaze onto his chest and she found herself once again admiring his strong arms and taut physique.

“Are you okay?” he asked.

“Uh, what?” She shook her head. “I’m fine, though for a moment there, I thought he was going to shoot you.”

“I have to admit, so did I,” he told her.

“Oh Indy. What are we going to do now? We have no idea where Vladimir is and no idea where he has taken the pendant and what he plans to do with it!”

“Hey,” said Indy soothingly, as he touched her shoulder. “We’ll figure it out. We figured out how to get out of Pankot Palace alive and we’ll figure this out as well.”

She moved her face closer to Indy’s and found herself suddenly kissing him. She remembered her first kiss with Indy back in the palace and she remembered thinking what a great kisser he was.

The kiss now definitely did not disappoint and she kissed him some more, and Indy began to lean back onto the bed.

Willie pulled away slowly.

“I’ll leave you to get some rest,” she said.

“Where are you going?” he asked tiredly.

“I’m going to look around to see if I can find any clues as to Vladimir’s whereabouts.”

“Be careful out there,” said Indy. “Perhaps you should take my gun.”

“You think so?” she asked. “Indy, you’ve seen my right hook.”

“I have. Take it just in case, okay?”

She smiled. “Okay.”

Willie took a cab back to the grounds of the cathedral and moments later, she found something white on the ground. It was a scrap of paper. She moved her torch closer and looked at it. She could hardly believe what she was seeing. On the piece of paper were a name and a place scribbled in black handwriting. Vesuvius. Porcupine Plane. She took the same cab back and couldn't wait to get back to the hotel to tell Indy. Once there, she went up to the room, and as she slowly opened the door she noticed that Indy, who was now in bed under the covers, was fast asleep.

She smiled. She could not believe that when she had first met Indy, she didn't really like him at all, but as their adventure progressed, she found herself slowly falling for the adventurous archaeologist. They had survived through an incredible adventure together and one that was altogether quite dangerous. If Short Round had not escaped to come and rescue them, there is no telling what might have happened. She sat down on the chair next to the desk and began to reminisce in her head about their adventure, and their further adventure in Delhi.

It was getting late, so Willie changed into her pyjamas and careful not to wake him, crept into bed and turned off the bedside lamp.

That morning, when she woke, she noticed that Indy was no longer in bed. It took her a moment to realise that he was in the shower, and the faint sound of his singing voice could be heard.

She smiled to herself. Contrary to what he had told his friends over the years, Indy had quite a melodious singing voice. She had an image of both of them singing on a stage. Her dream was interrupted when the sound of the shower stopped and moments later, Indiana Jones, with a towel around his waist exited the bathroom.

"Well, good morning, princess," he said, kissing her on the lips. Before Indy could ask her about last night, she leaped up from the bed.

"Indy, you're not going to believe this. Last night, I found a scrap of paper with some very important information on!"

"You did?" he asked, drying his hair with a towel. "That's terrific!" She showed him the piece of paper and his mood immediately changed.

"I went back to the grounds and found it on the floor. It must have fallen out of Vladimir's pocket."

"This is incredible! Well done for finding it!"

“So, Professor Jones, does that mean I get top marks?”

“Absolutely,” he said, kissing her gently.

“Uh. Indy. Where exactly is Porcupine Plane?”

“Somewhere a lot colder than here,” he told her. “Saskatchewan, Canada.”



## Chapter 6

After Willie had applied new bandages to Indy, she showered and after they had both dressed, they went down to breakfast. After packing up their things and checking out of the hotel, they headed to the airport and took a plane to Saskatoon and then onto a smaller airport in Star City. After they departed, they took a train to Porcupine Plane and once there, they wandered into the town and asked a local where they could find someone by the name of Vesuvius and he told them that he could be found in The Spiky Pine bar. Shortly after speaking with the man, they made their way to the bar. They entered and the interior looked like something out of the Wild West. Wooden chairs and tables littered the room and several ceiling fans moved around slowly. Just like the Wild West, the bar also had balconies overlooking the ground floor.

Indy and Willie went up to the bar and asked where they could find Vesuvius.

“He was here a short while ago,” said the bartender. “You know, he might be in the back room playing cards.”

Indy thanked him and they made their way to the back room. Once at the door, Indy heard voices.

“For the last time, tell me where it is!” said an unmistakable Russian voice.

“I’m not telling you a damn thing!” yelled a man with a thick British accent.

Indy heard the click of the safety being taken off of Vladimir’s gun.

“If you will not tell me, then you leave me no choice.”

Indy now had unholstered his gun and burst through the door.

“That’s enough talk, Vladimir!” shouted Indy, pointing the gun at him.

“Let him go!”

Vladimir pulled the trigger and Indy ducked out of the way. Vladimir pulled the trigger again but the gun was no longer a threat, as he had run out of bullets.

“Damn it!” he said in Russian, which Indy understood.

Indy lunged for Vladimir and they rolled about on the floor. Indy threw a punch that connected with Vladimir’s cheek and he cried out in pain. Vladimir went to hit Indy, but the archaeologist moved out of the way. Indy hit the man again and blood began to appear on his face. Indy hit him again, his fist connecting with the man’s jaw.

Vladimir lay sprawled out on the floor while Willie untied Vesuvius from the chair.

Vesuvius stood up.

“Thank you,” he began. “I’m Charles Vesuvius and I think I might be able to help you with the pendant.”

As he said that, Indy reached into Vladimir’s vest pocket and pulled out the pendant.

“Okay,” said Indy, standing up. “I’m listening.”

“I knew that Vladimir wanted to use that thing for evil, so I wouldn’t tell him how to open it and use it.”

“So you did know,” murmured Vladimir, still lying sprawled out on the floor.

Willie suggested that they tie Vladimir to a chair and after they had done so, the three of them left the bar and went to a local inn to talk.

Once sat down, Vesuvius showed them how the pendant worked.

Indy followed Vesuvius’s instructions and he squeezed the pendant. The back of the pendant then opened and inside were three numerical dials and a gold button below them.

“Now,” began Vesuvius. “I imagine that a man of your academic reputation and resourcefulness can figure out what you do next.”

Indy nodded. “Those three dials are for hours, minutes and seconds.”

“Exactly!”

“You would move the numbers to how far back you wanted to go and then press the gold button.”

“Shall we try it?” asked Vesuvius.

Indy thought for a moment. “Okay.”

They looked at the clock on the wall which read 11:25 and dialled the pendant back to five minutes. Indy then pressed the gold button and in a flash, the clock on the wall read 11:20.

Indy's eyes widened.

"I can't believe it!" he exclaimed. "It really works!"

He thought a moment.

"Marcus said that I should be careful about this falling into the wrong hands. We've got to get this thing home before that happens."

After they had learned this new information about the pendant, Indy and Willie checked into the inn and they planned to fly back the next day.

This time, they had separate rooms.

That night, as she was led in bed, Willie thought that she heard a noise but countered that it was probably just her imagination.

Moments later, she heard something again and turned on the bedside lamp. She jumped when she saw a man standing there. Her mind raced. Vladimir! What does he want with me?

Indy, lying on his bed, still in his clothes, also thought he had heard something. There it was again. Little did he know that he was hearing the sound of Willie kicking out at the door, as Vladimir dragged her through the room and into the hallway.

Indy shot off the bed and grabbed his gun from his holster.

He ran out into the hallway and ran into Willie's room. The bedside lamp was turned on, but there was no sign of her.

"Damn!" muttered Indy, running down the corridor.

Again, no sign of her.

Indy ran out of the inn, frantically looking around for Willie but he could not see her anywhere.

Indy ran back up to his room, put the rest of his gear on, and left the hotel. He headed for The Spiky Pine bar in the hopes that he could find Vesuvius.

As soon as he entered, he saw Vesuvius sitting at one of the tables, drinking a beer.

As soon as he saw Indy, he smiled.

"Ah, Dr. Jones. It's good to see you." He noticed that something was wrong. "Is everything alright?"

"Not exactly," said Indy.



“My dear fellow, what’s going on?”

“They’ve taken my friend, Willie. She’s been kidnapped. Vladimir must have taken her.” He sighed. “I have no idea where they are.”

“But I think I might have some idea where,” said Vesuvius. Indy looked surprised. “Where?”

“I’ll bet you anything that he’s taken her to Alaska. You see, Vladimir believes that the pendant only works in a particular place. That place is a temple in Juneau.”

“Great,” said Indy. “Do you have any idea where this temple actually is?”

“Actually I do. Vladimir is just arrogant enough to boast about where he planned on taking the pendant.”

“Wonderful,” said Indy. “The only trouble is that he’s got a head start on me. It’s late at night and I have no idea how I’m going to get there.”

Vesuvius stood up. “Leave that to me, old chap.”

Indy quickly found out that Vesuvius was not only a pilot, but had his own plane as well.

“I can’t tell you how much I appreciate this,” said Indy, as they boarded the plane.

“Don’t mention it,” said Vesuvius.

Vesuvius started up the engines.

“By the way, he may be ahead of you but he still needs the pendant, which I presume you still have.”

“I do,” Indy told him.

“And he knows that I’m going to tell you where he is, so you’ll follow him. He’ll most likely want to trade your friend for the pendant.”

“I was thinking the same thing,” sighed the archaeologist.

Some hours later, they arrived in Juneau and Vesuvius landed the plane at a deserted landing strip.

“How far away are we from the temple?” asked Indy.

“About ten or fifteen miles away,” said “Vesuvius.

They exited the plane and walked to a local village, and rented out a dog sled, pulled by eight beautiful huskies.

“Well, Dr. Jones,” began Vesuvius. “This is where I leave you. Good luck!”

Indy thanked him and steered the sled in a north-westerly direction.

“Mush!” he shouted and the huskies began to pull the sled, gathering speed as they did.

Sometime later, Indy stopped the sled and made his way up the hill which led to a mountain.

He gasped, catching his breath.

Indy saw a wooden beamed structure at the top of the hill. That’s gotta be it!

He walked a little further up the hill and there he saw a familiar figure. Willie was now dressed in thick wool pants and a winter coat, with a scarf around her neck and a thick rabbit fur hat on her head.

She was sat down in front of a slow burning fire and her eyes widened when she saw Indy.

“Well, aren’t you a sight for sore eyes!” she exclaimed.

“Willie, are you okay? Did he hurt you?”

She shook her head. “No, but he’s completely crazy. He keeps going on about that damned pendant. He said that he knew you would follow us here. Indy, he’s inside the temple.”

“Okay,” said Indy. “I’m going to finish this for once and for all!”

Indy loaded his gun and walked over to the temple entrance.

Vladimir appeared out of nowhere and without warning hit Indy square in the jaw. The archaeologist flew backwards with the impact and his gun flew out of his hand. The gun had fallen down on a lower ledge and Willie ran down the hill to get it.

Indy drew back a fist and hit Vladimir in the face and the man cursed in Russian.

The two men rolled around on the snowy ground, and Vladimir grabbed a knife out of his coat pocket. Indy grabbed Vladimir’s hand, trying to turn the knife towards him, but was unsuccessful. Indy head-butted Vladimir and the Russian staggered backwards for a moment. Indy was about to get up off the floor to give himself a better advantage when Vladimir sliced Indy with the knife. Indy gasped. Vladimir had cut Indy on his back right leg and the archaeologist had to steady himself. Vladimir got up, quicker than Indy could have imagined and hit him once again in the face. Indy crashed to the floor, his leg bleeding with some severity now.

“Hold it, right there, mister!” yelled Willie, now pointing Indy’s gun at Vladimir.

Vladimir took out a gun from his coat pocket and aimed it at her.

“If you don’t give me the pendant, I will kill both of you.”

Indy staggered to his feet.

“You’re bluffing,” said Willie.

“Am I?” asked Vladimir.

Without warning, Vladimir shot Indy through the heart and he fell to the floor, dead.

“No!” screamed Willie, hardly believing what she was seeing. Indy was dead.

Willie wanted to shoot him Vladimir but she had never killed anyone before. Instead, she found herself still aiming the gun at Vladimir as he took the pendant from Indy’s leather jacket pocket.

Vladimir then ran into the temple.

Tears were now streaming down Willie’s face. She had to stop Vladimir. But how? Indy was dead and had no idea how far she was from civilisation.

Then an obvious thought occurred to her.

The pendant. She could use it to take time back five minutes and warn Indy. There was just one problem.

Vladimir had the pendant.

Willie suddenly ran over to the temple, and once inside, found Vladimir starting some kind of ritual. She wanted to shoot him there and then, but knew that she had to take time back, and Vladimir would still be alive. She slowly snuck over to where he was standing and hit him over the head with the butt of Indy’s gun.

Vladimir went down, groaning. He went to get up and then Willie, using all her strength, hit Vladimir in the face, hard. The Russian was out cold.

Willie grabbed the pendant from his hand, ran out of the temple, and opened the pendant by squeezing it, and then moving the minutes dial to the number five. She then pressed the gold button. Time flashed back to five minutes before.

“I’m going to finish it once and for all!” said Indy.

Indy turned around and started to load his gun.

Willie muttered under her breath that she was sorry for what she was about to do.

As Indy turned around, Willie hit him in the jaw, hard, and he went down, lying sprawled out on the ground, blood on his face.

Willie now knew what she must do.

“Sorry Jones,” she said. “It would have been a lot worse if I’d let you do it all over again.”

At that moment, Vladimir came out of the temple, and Willie, now with Indy’s gun in her hand, shot Vladimir in the head.

A few minutes later Indy woke up and it took him a moment to realise where he was. He got up, walked toward the temple and saw Willie sat down in the entrance, rocking backwards and forwards.

Willie was crying and Indy ambled over to her.

“What’s going on? Willie, honey, you okay?”

She didn’t respond.

“Willie, talk to me! What’s going on?”

“I...I... killed him,” she stammered.

“What do you mean? Killed who?”

“Vladimir. I shot him in the head.”

Indy looked around.

“What happened here?”

She looked up at him.

“Indy, you were dead! Vladimir killed you. I took time back and I...I killed him.”

Willie looked into Indy’s eyes.

“Indy, I’ve never killed anyone before.”

“I know, sweetheart,” said Indy, taking her into his arms.

Willie sobbed into his chest and moments later, she looked up.

“Indy,” she sniffed. “Can we go home now, please?”

Indy didn’t say a word, but just nodded.



## Chapter 7

Indiana Jones stood in the familiar surroundings of his classroom and continued on with his lecture regarding Gournia in Crete and King Minos.

“Although the Minoan civilization was literature, Bronze Age Crete is essentially prehistoric. Writing formed an integral part of the palace administration of Crete, and numerous clay tablets used to record economic transactions in a syllabic writing system, Linear B, have been found. But they are in an unknown language which has yet to be deciphered and which is neither Indio-European nor Semitic, and has no known relative. The main body of texts are from the palaces, but none have been found at the so-called Palace of Gournia.”

Just at that moment, the bell rang.

“Ladies and gentlemen, please see my assistant for the list of assigned reading. Thank you.”

As Indy’s students filed out, Marcus Brody entered the room.

“Ah Indy,” began Marcus. “It’s good to see you back! How’s the injury?”

“Which one?” asked Indy. “That Vladimir guy had a thing for blades! Seriously, though Marcus. I’m fine.”

Indy told Marcus how they returned to where Indy had left the huskies. From there, they returned the dogs to the village and made their way home.

“And how is Miss Scott?” asked Marcus.

“She’s good. She should be coming to the museum for this evening’s exhibit.”

“Splendid!” exclaimed Marcus. “Well, I look forward to seeing you both there.”

That evening, Indy, dressed in a black tuxedo with a red carnation on his jacket lapel, entered the front doors of the museum. There he was greeted by Marcus and a couple of journalists and a photographer. After having his photograph taken with Marcus, both men entered the hallway and walked into the main exhibit area.

There, displayed in several glass cases, were artefacts that Indy had acquired over the past several years.

Willie, now dressed in a gold evening gown entered the room and smiled when she saw Indy.

She walked over to Indy and Marcus.

“Gentlemen.”

Both men turned around.

“Willie,” began Indy. “You look gorgeous!”

She smiled. “You don’t look so bad yourself.”

She looked around the room.

“So, these are some of the artefacts that you found?” she enquired.

Indy nodded.

“So, I guess you’re not just a lion tamer after all!” she teased.

They wandered over to the glass display that held the Pendant of Alcatraz. Willie looked at the description which read: The Pendant of Ehecatal discovered by Dr. Henry Jones Jr. of Barnett College in Guadalajara, Mexico. Of particular note is a design not found anywhere in the world.

“Indy, I meant to tell you. Vladimir believed that the pendant had dials for years, months and days. He was so intent on taking time back and changing the fate of the world.”

“I’m just glad he didn’t, but even if he tried, he wouldn’t have gotten very far.”

He paused a beat.

“So, Miss Scott. Are you ready for another adventure?” he asked her.

She turned to him. “With you Dr. Jones, anytime!”

She leaned in to kiss him, but then stopped.

Indy looked confused. “Did I do something wrong?”

“Not at all. I just think it would be best if we were just friends.”

“Yeah, maybe you’re right.”

“Besides,” she began. I know you’re still in love with that woman...”

“Marion,” said Indy. “Yeah, well. We have some things to work out.”

Willie nodded. “I understand.”

Indy smiled. “Well, I guess we’ll always have Delhi.”

## About Author

### Canyon Nobrega-Jones

For Stella (aka Canyon Nobrega-Jones) the adventure began almost thirty years ago. Leaving school at the age of 16 in 1989, her sister mentioned that she and her boyfriend were going to see the new Indiana Jones movie, and as a child of the 80's, she knew who Indiana Jones was and had read about the upcoming movie in a magazine. She had seen Raiders for the first time in 1985 on television and had vague memories of also seeing Temple of Doom a few years later. She remembers liking Harrison and saving an article from the weekend paper supplement which she lost (and later found!) about Harrison Ford in Frantic.

On seeing Indiana Jones and the Last Crusade she remembers this being the exact moment that she really noticed Ford during the scene in the catacombs where they discover the second marker. It was as if she had been hit by a bolt of lightning. She fell in love with both the actor and the character. She also fell in love with John Williams's score, and his music in general, not to mention a newfound respect for Steven Spielberg and George Lucas.

Her love for Indy has taken her to the United States many times, where she met her husband (Mike), and where the couple now resides.

She has previously written for [www.TheIndyExperience.com](http://www.TheIndyExperience.com) and has met and interviewed several actors from the trilogy (Paul Freeman, John Rhys-Davies, David Yip, Julian Glover, Wolf Kahler and Karen Allen).

She feels that if it were not for Indy her life experiences would have been different. Because of Indy, she has travelled to several different countries, and has a passion for archaeology and history.

For her, it has been a very interesting ride and she looks forward to the next 30 years of being an Indy fan.







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