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## Encounter

by [Sheila Paulson](#)

The letter had been wandering from continent to continent for almost four months before it arrived at Marshall College in late May of 1935 and was delivered to the office of Doctor Indiana Jones, Professor of Archaeology. It was waiting on his desk when Indy finished his last class of the day and came to his office to begin grading final exams. In just a week, he'd be out of here on his way to North Africa, and his thoughts were a very long way from these ivy halls. He was anxious to return to the field.

The letter was crumpled and dirty, the writing unfamiliar. It looked as if it had been written left-handed by someone in the last stages of drunkenness, the letters weaving unsteadily across the envelope. Indy's curiosity was aroused. He tore it open and read:

*"Doctor Jones,*

*I don't know if you remember me or not, but I took your class three years ago. This is urgent. You must come at once. I have made a find--it is incredible. They know about me. I've got to hide. The boy Jonathan knows. Find him. Trust him. I'm hurt, but I'll hide. Come at once. Delhi. Hurry."*

Tucked away in the letter was a crumpled, tattered photograph that jerked Indy to his feet in blank disbelief. If it wasn't a hoax...

The signature on the letter was Sigfried Waterston. Jones remembered him as a brilliant, if erratic, student, who would go far once he got his priorities straight, assuming he ever set them in the first place. How he'd ever wound up in India making a find like this... Indy abandoned the ungraded tests without a qualm and set off in search of Marcus Brody.

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"It's a hoax," Marcus said.

"I'll admit it looks like one," Indy conceded, but reluctantly. "And this picture isn't clear enough to tell. It might prove to be a very clumsy mess, if we could see it clearly. But maybe, just maybe, it isn't a hoax, Marcus. Aren't you curious? Don't you want to know more?"

Brody nodded. "I would anyway. But look how long it's taken this letter to get here. He wrote it in late January. It's nearly the end of May. Anything could have happened in that time."

"If word of this had gotten out," Indy reminded him, waving the photograph, "the world would still be reeling. This is something big. I can't really see the advantage for a private collector--well, I suppose I can. Some people will collect anything. But this is something that needs to be studied. Waterston said 'they' knew about it. Rival archaeologists?" He thought immediately of Rene Belloc. He'd jump at a chance like this.

Brody pointed to the photograph. "Them?" he asked doubtfully

"Oh, come on, Marcus? Alive today? That's not possible, at least not in a place as heavily populated as India. Someone would have known, and I've never even heard any legends."

"There's the Yeti."

"That's in the Himalayas. Nowhere near Delhi. And nothing like this." He lay the photo on the table and stared at it.

It was the photograph of a skull, sitting propped on a table. It looked human, or rather, it would have looked human if it were not for one major difference. It had horns. They curved out from just above the ears, forward and upward, extending out past the planes of the face. The lighting in the picture was bad and the picture a bit fuzzy, so Indy could not tell just from this flimsy evidence if someone had simply added some kind of animal horns to a human skull or whether the picture were actually genuine. Brody's skepticism was written all over his face, but Indy wasn't quite so sure. Waterston had been erratic, true, but Indy remembered him well enough to believe that he wouldn't deliberately perpetrate

an archaeological hoax. Whether he was gullible enough to be suckered into one was another matter entirely.

"I want to follow this through," he said. "Think of it, Marcus, what it might mean."

"It might mean something as basic as a bizarre genetic accident."

"That doesn't seem likely. God, I wish I had more information. Has it been dated? Were there any others? Where he found it..."

"If he's even still alive to answer your questions..." Brody frowned. "What's your theory about all this, Indy?"

Jones hesitated. "I don't know exactly, Marcus. But if creatures--people--like that lived on Earth sometime in the past, then I want to find out more about it. If it's a hoax, I can expose it. But if it's not, then I've got to be in on it, Marcus. I've got to be."

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Six days later, Indiana Jones arrived in Delhi after a harried rush across continents that would have left him breathless if he weren't used to sudden arrivals and departures. He found himself in a sprawling, crowded city with a lot of streets wearing British names in contrast to the milling crowds of hurrying natives, snake charmers, holy men in saffron-colored robes, cattle walking down the middle of the streets. And British army officers and high caste Indians looking down their noses at everybody else. Where in all these teeming multitudes was Indy to find one young American archaeologist?

He started with hotels, and it took the better part of a day to get even a hint of where Sigfried Waterston had been. Burton's Hotel, British-founded and British-run, remembered Waterston and not with any degree of kindness. It seemed that he had disappeared without even paying his bill.

Under the circumstances, that seemed awfully suspicious to Indy. "Did he take his bags with him or did he leave them here?" he asked.

"They were gone when we examined the room. It had been stripped clean of his possessions."

"Somebody must have seen something if he'd tried to leave without paying his bill. Look, I don't want to pry or anything, but I knew Waterston back in the States. He owed me money, too." It seemed a valid excuse for looking him up. "I'm Doctor Jones." The title couldn't hurt.

And it didn't. "I wish I could help you, Doctor Jones," the desk clerk told him. "Someone was seen, a boy. We made inquiries, of course, when we discovered that Waterston had gone, and one of our residents, Mrs. Hardcastle, saw a boy coming out of Waterston's room with several boxes. She thought nothing of it at the time, of course, but when we realized Waterston was gone she very properly called it to our attention."

"This boy--do you know where I could find him?"

"No. I wish that I did. He was English, perhaps fourteen or fifteen years old. He had dark hair. Mrs. Hardcastle paid little attention to him. She is quite nearsighted and does not feel that she would recognize him again if she saw him."

Well, that helped a lot. Mentally cursing the nearsighted Mrs. Hardcastle Indy gave up his interrogation. Waterston had mentioned a boy named Jonathan in his letter, but he hadn't even given a hint of where he might be found.

Four months was a long time. Assuming Jonathan was the same boy who had come to the hotel, there were no guarantees that he was even still in India. He could have returned to England to go to school. Indy knew vaguely that English schools broke for the summer later than American ones did. But January should be part of the school year. There might be British schools out here, too, for all he knew.

Indy got a room at Burton's Hotel, though he didn't expect to learn anything from any of the other residents there. He knew it might be risky--the possibility that rival archaeologists might be watching the place was a bit alarming and could lead to trouble. But Waterston or the boy might be watching, too. If so, it wouldn't hurt to be visible, so long as he was wary.

Dressing in his field gear, complete with pistol and whip, Indy went back out into the crowded streets of Delhi to see if he could learn anything more.

It wasn't very long before he realized that he was being followed. He didn't want to let on that he knew about it--it might be the opposition, the mysterious "they" from Waterston's letter, and he wanted to get a look at them before they made any moves. So he led them at random through a bustling bazaar, hoping to get a look at them as he stopped at various stalls, ostensibly to inspect the merchandise. It wasn't until he stopped at a small shop where elaborate brass statues, vases and carved objects were sold that he thought he had someone pinpointed--Indian, slightly built, wearing dirty white robes and a turban. He was so deliberately not looking at Indy that Indy was convinced he had found the tail.

Never one to put off trouble, Indy decided it was time for a confrontation. He left the brass shop and headed quickly down a side street. As soon as the Indian was out of sight, Indy ducked into an alley, taking his whip from his belt in preparation for trouble. It ought to be more than enough to handle one skinny little pursuer.

Except that it wasn't one pursuer; it was three, and the one he had spotted was a midget compared to the other two. They towered over him on either side like gigantic bookends holding one small book. Indy tightened his grip on the whip and muttered, "Oh, shit."

They moved in on him, knives in hand, and Indy lashed out expertly with his whip. He managed to disarm both of the big men with a few quick lashes and get one of them down on the ground, but the little man rushed in and slashed with his knife. Indy jumped back as the blade slid past his arm and brought the handle of the whip down hard on the little man's head. He promptly lost interest in the proceedings.

The big one who was still on his feet moved in before Indy could bring his whip into play again and slammed him hard on the jaw. Indy fell back against the wall and slid down to the ground, dodging the kick that was aimed for his head. He grabbed the foot as it swung toward him and jerked, dumping his assailant unceremoniously in the dust. Even as Indy struggled to get back on his feet, he was aware of the second big man coming toward him again.

A voice called out suddenly in an Indian dialect, and the man froze just before he could fling a second knife at Indy. Indy's punch hit the man he had upended hard enough to stun him, then he was looking up to identify the new source of danger. But the two men on the ground lay unmoving, and the other hand-sheathed his knife and was running. At the head of the alley stood a figure outlined against the setting sun, with what looked like a gun held firmly in one hand.

"Shit," Indy muttered again and started to drag himself to his feet.

"Are you Doctor Jones?" the person said in very British English. "You ought to have more sense than to wander down dark alleys." He stepped forward so Indy could get a better look at him.

"You're just a kid," Indy exclaimed, rather resenting being rescued by a child.

The 'kid' drew himself proudly to his full height of five feet, three inches. "I was able to help you when you needed it," he pointed out. He looked about fourteen or fifteen, and he had dark hair and eyes. He wore shorts and a pullover and knee socks, which gave him an odd air of formality.

The fact that he had known Indy's name seemed most urgent right then.

Indy said, "You must be Jonathan."

The boy nodded. "That's correct. Did Sigfried tell you about me?"

"Yes. His letter didn't reach me until a week ago, or I would have been here sooner. I want you to tell me..."

But Jonathan was shaking his head. "Not here. Besides, you're hurt. That arm looks jolly nasty."

Indy looked down in surprise. In the heat of the fight, he had not felt the sting of the little man's knife across his arm. Now he drew in his breath sharply as the pain of it caught up with him, sudden and unexpected. It wasn't much more than a scratch really, but it had bled freely. He said hastily, "It's all right. And aren't you a little young to be carrying a gun?"

"It's only a target pistol," said Jonathan with real regret. "But he didn't know that, did he?" He grinned. "Well, come on then. Let's go before they wake up." He grabbed Indy's good arm and all but dragged him from the alley.

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"Sigfried was my friend," Jonathan explained as he deftly bandaged Indy's arm in one of the bedrooms of a very comfortable bungalow. He'd explained when they first arrived, "The Colonel and the memsahib are off on a tiger hunt," and it had taken a moment for Indy to realize that he was speaking of his parents. "And Kishan always does what I tell him to do." He'd unleashed a flood of Hindi on the houseboy who had gone at once to fetch bandages without evidence of curiosity, then Jonathan had dismissed him so they could get down to serious business.

Indy looked up sharply as Jonathan spoke. "Was your friend?" he demanded. "Is he dead?"

Jonathan looked distressed. "I don't know. I had found a place for him to hide. He'd been shot, but it was only a flesh wound--he said it was a competitor who did it and wouldn't say any more--it wasn't any worse than this," he finished with a gesture at Indy's arm, "except that it was in his leg. I took him food every day, and I posted the letter to you. But one day about three months ago, when I went to take him his food, he was gone, and I couldn't find him. I've looked and looked, but if he is dead, they've buried him or hidden the body. If he's alive, I don't know where he is. Maybe you could help me find him."

"Yeah, I will. What about what he found?"

"That's gone too."

Indy muttered a profanity that sharpened as Jonathan pulled the bandage tight.  
"Damn it, that hurts."

"Sorry."

Indy gave him a grin. "Not your fault. How'd you meet Sigfried anyway?"

"He had a letter of introduction to my Uncle Mortimer."

"Mortimer? Not Sir Mortimer Drake? He's your uncle? But he's an Egyptologist. What was he doing in India?"

"Visiting the memsahib. Sigfried came in December, and the Colonel liked him and began to invite him to tea and dinner parties. And he was my friend. I spent a season with Uncle Mortimer in Luxor when I was thirteen so I know a bit about archaeology. When Sigfried made his find, he needed help, and I was the only one he could trust, especially after he realized that he was being followed."

"Those characters who were after me today were just hired help," Indy said. "Did Sigfried know who the boss was?"

"He thought it was a rival archaeologist. But that wasn't the only one after him. There was someone else, someone he didn't want to talk about. He wouldn't ever tell me, but I think it must have been very dangerous, because he wouldn't let me help him after that. Maybe if he had, he wouldn't have been shot. I could have kept watch for him."

Indy didn't blame Waterston for refusing to take a fifteen-year-old boy into danger, but there wasn't any point in saying so to Jonathan, so he said instead "Did you get to see what Sigfried found?"

Jonathan nodded eagerly. "Yes. Sigfried was positive it was real, but he didn't know if you would come because the photograph that he sent you was so poor. Did you think it looked real, sir?"

"No way to tell. Sigfried wasn't the type to fake something like that, but I didn't know if he could be fooled or not. If it was real, I wanted to be in on it."

"It's Sigfried's find," said Jonathan hotly. "You can't just take over when he's done all the preliminary work."

"I know that," Indy said. "Don't worry about that. I think we'll need to find Sigfried, and if he's still alive, we'll need his help to find what he's discovered. Can you take me to the dig?"

"It's not a real dig," Jonathan admitted, somewhat mollified. "Only Sigfried and I were working there. But we can go there. Do you know how to ride, sir?"

"I can get by," Indy admitted. He'd been to enough places where horses and mules were the only form of transport that he'd learned pretty thoroughly.

"Jolly good. Then we'll go tomorrow. You can sleep here tonight, and I'll go in the morning and check you out of your hotel."

"I'll check out Someone might remember you from when you took Sigfried's things."

"How did you know about that, sir?"

Indy grinned. "Experience."

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The next morning found them on horseback, riding out of the city. "It's not really very far," Jonathan explained. "But it is hard to find if you don't know where to look." He guided his mount effortlessly with the kind of skill that comes from excellent training and much practice, and his form was superb. Indy's slouched position in the saddle looked rather awkward in comparison, but at least he was in no danger of falling off. He suspected that Jonathan would rather enjoy it if he did.

The place would be hard to find for the uninitiated. It took them an hour, along no discernible trails, weaving this way and that until Indy was halfway lost and asked if there were not a more direct route.

"Yes, but if those men were following you again, I wanted to see if I could discover them. I haven't seen them. Have you?"

"No. But if they're the ones responsible for Sigfried's disappearance, they might already know where the site is and not have to follow us. They might be waiting for us there. As soon as you've taken me there, I want you to go home."

"You've no right to give me orders," Jonathan said hotly. "Besides, could you find your way back without me? You don't even speak the language to ask for directions."

That was a good point, but Indy didn't like admitting it. He temporized by changing the subject to avoid answering. If it looked like someone had been there, then he'd have to send Jonathan back and he said so.

Jonathan gave him a rather shrewd look. "Then I'd have to go back all by myself-if it's dangerous, then perhaps I might be captured like Sigfried." He shot Indy a sideways look to see if his reasoning had had any effect.

Indy cursed. The boy was right; it was dangerous. He should not be wandering around the countryside alone, especially since he was probably known to the opposition as Sigfried's companion. What Indy would have to do would be to bring him back to Delhi and then return, or else let him stay on the site and accept his help. And Jonathan knew it. Years of manipulating his parents had taught Jonathan how to get around adults when necessary. He was pretty bright for a kid.

He was also listening to Indy's profanity with great interest. Indy noticed and shut up, a sour look on his face. He did not like being outmaneuvered, and by a boy at that.

Realizing that he had won, Jonathan grinned and dug a hand into his pocket. "I didn't show you this before," he said. "Siegfried found it at the site. He didn't know what it was, but I think I do."

"You know a bit too much for your own damn good," Indy said, but he held out a hand for the object all the same. It proved to be a ball a bit smaller than a baseball, metal and very heavy with patterns in relief on the surface. It was the most impenetrable black that Indy had ever seen, as if no light could ever escape from it, and there was something about it that made him slightly uncomfortable, as if there were an electrical storm coming. Indy's hackles rose.

"Sometimes it tingles when you hold it," Jonathan said helpfully.

Indy wondered why. Maybe the weather affected it; some gemstones seemed to reflect the weather, so why not an artifact of some certain material. He had never seen anything like this before; he did not recognize the metal and he had seen nothing like it on any of his digs or in any museum. "You shouldn't have brought this out here," Indy objected. "It could be dangerous. You don't want to risk losing it."

"No. But I always have it with me. It's as if it were attuned to me somehow."

"What d'you mean?" Jonathan just shrugged; he didn't seem to know. "So what do you think it is?" Indy asked him.

"I think it's a globe."

Indy studied it more closely. The patterns could represent continents and islands, but there was a major problem with Jonathan's theory, one that no scientist could overlook. "The earth never looked like that," he said, "Even allowing for

continental drift. It's just too different. Look at these markings here; there's only one major continent in this hemisphere--well, that's assuming that this side is up," he added, frowning. Oddly enough it felt right that way.

Jonathan said, "I think that's up, too. I said it was a globe, but didn't say it had to be the Earth. Maybe it could be another planet."

Indy stared at him. "That's kind of farfetched, isn't it, kid?"

"Well, Sigfried says it's farfetched to think that people could have evolved on earth with horns without anyone ever finding remains before now. You didn't see the skull, only that picture, and it wasn't very clear. Sigfried said the brain case was a little bigger than human and he said it wasn't likely that pre-man could be that much bigger. I don't see why it couldn't have come from another world, possibly in some sort of spaceship." And he waited stiffly for Indy to laugh at him.

"Mars?" Indy asked skeptically. Life on other worlds had never interested him very much. He was far more interested in the past of this world to spare much interest for others.

"I don't know," Jonathan said. "I know it sounds foolish. Sigfried thought it did. But it could be that way. And until you find a better explanation, I'm not going to give it up."

*Stubborn kid*, Indy thought. On one hand, it almost made sense, but on the other, it was so far removed from reality that he didn't buy it. Creatures from other worlds seemed highly unlikely to him--but maybe not quite impossible. He looked at the ball again, feeling the odd tingle in his hand, and then, uncomfortable, he shoved it into his pocket. Jonathan started to protest, then thought better of it.

Very soon, they reached the dig. On the surface, there seemed to be no evidence that work had been done there, but Jonathan led the way through a small copse into a cleared place and down into a rocky grotto. "Here," he said.

"Where?"

"Behind here." Jonathan ducked behind a slab of stone that rested against the wall at an angle. His voice muffled, he called, "It's in here. I'll light the lantern." Then, with a cry of alarm, "Doctor Jones!"

Indy squeezed through the narrow opening to discover the boy holding the lantern aloft. It gave off a dim and flickering light, but it was enough for Indy to see the body that lay sprawled at Jonathan's feet. He had obviously been dead

for some time. The damp of the cave and various small animals had added to its considerable state of damage and decay.

Jonathan gave a choked sob and flung himself at Indy, forgetting the adult dignity that he had been trying to assume ever since they had met, and Indy put an arm around him comfortingly, deftly removing the lantern from the boy's unsteady grip with his other hand.

"It's Sigfried," Jonathan told him through his tears.

The explanation was unnecessary. Though Indy didn't remember Sigfried Waterston well enough to identify him in this state, he knew enough about Jonathan by now to realize that the boy would not be this upset over finding the body of a stranger. Indy kept his arm around Jonathan for a few minutes until he collected himself and pulled away, rubbing a hand across his eyes in embarrassment. "I'm sorry," he mumbled.

"Nothing to be sorry for, Jonny," Indy assured him. "He was your friend." He patted the boy on the shoulder. "Here, let me see if I can tell what killed him." He approached the body and made a quick examination. A doctor would have made a better job of it, and would have to do so later, but right now it looked to Indy like someone had bashed Sigfried over the head. The blow might not have been meant to kill him; there was no way of telling. Indy was certain he had been dead a couple of months.

With a glance at Jonathan, who was avoiding looking at the body, he stripped off his jacket and covered Sigfried's face with it. "I'm sorry we couldn't have saved him," he said, "but it looks like there was nothing anybody could have done."

Jonathan nodded. "I don't think he had any family," he said. "The Colonel will arrange for his burial. He'll be back tomorrow."

"I'll help," Indy offered and won a gratified look from Jonathan. Then he got a better look at the chamber where they stood and his interest was caught.

It was not a natural cave. It may have been one originally, but it had been smoothed and polished and shaped and the walls were covered by a pale pink covering that looked like a translucent glass. Indy touched it with a curious finger and found that it was softer than glass and more resilient. It gave under his touch, then sprang back, warm and firm, almost as if it were alive. Indy jerked his finger away as if he had been stung. The same tingle that had throbbled through Jonathan's 'globe' ran through these walls. Indy held up the lantern and began to study them carefully.

On the far side of the cavern, he discovered shelves set into the wall, built of a firmer version of the same curious material. Behind him, Jonathan said, "That's

where we found the artifacts. The globe and the skull and some other things that we didn't understand or recognize. One of them was a flat box that we could never get open. There weren't any hinges on it and none of the sides would slide, but it had something in it because it rattled when it was shaken. Then there were machines."

"*Machines.*" That was jerked out of Indy in blank astonishment. kind of machines?" he demanded.

"I don't know. I thought one of them might have been some sort of a wireless; it had dials and what could have been numbers and when we turned it on, it sounded like a wireless does when the reception is bad and there is static. We could not pick up any transmissions; Sigfried said it was probably not a regular wireless, that it was for communications like a short-wave radio. And there were other devices, and one of them had a panel on it that would light up. It was like a very tiny film screen."

Indy suddenly found the idea of creatures from other worlds much less unlikely than he had a few moments before. He had been thinking along the lines of ancient civilizations, and while he knew that ancient peoples had possessed their own form of technology, it had not, in his experience, included devices with miniature film screens.

"And Sigfried left it all here?" he asked. "That doesn't seem very safe to me."

"No. We took most of it back to his hotel and he kept it there, locked up in his room. When Sigfried was shot, he sent me to fetch his things, and all the artifacts were gone. Someone had torn the place apart searching for them. All that was left were Sigfried's clothes and books. Even his notes were gone."

"But you had your 'globe'?" Indy asked.

"Sigfried let me keep it for a bit," he explained. "I would have given it back when he was ready to announce his findings."

Indy took it out of his pocket and studied it again. "Here," he said, "You'd better have it back then."

To his utter astonishment, the globe floated out of his hand and drifted over to Jonathan, who held out his own hand to catch it. He said, with a faint grin, "It does what I tell it to do sometimes."

"Make it do something else," Indy suggested, not quite believing the evidence of his own eyes.

"All right. I'll make it go around in a circle," Jonathan said and closed his eyes in concentration. The globe made a small loop and returned to his hand.

"Okay, I believe it," Indy said. "Have you ever been able to do anything like that before?"

"No. It's the globe. When I first had it, I handled it a good bit. You'll find this interesting, Doctor Jones. I was sitting in my room staring at it and wondering what else it could do, and all at once, it floated up and hung in the air in front of me. It jolly well scared me, then I realized that it would do things I told it to do. I don't know what it's for, even now, but I'd like to keep it." He sighed. "I know I can't," he said. "It's all that's left of Sigfried's find."

"No, you can't keep it."

The new voice spun them around and they found a man standing in the entrance to the cavern, holding a gun pointed directly at Indy. "Doctor Jones," he said in interested tones. "When I heard you were here, I was very interested. Waterston contacted you before we...before he met his unfortunate end, I see."

"Wells," Indy said without enthusiasm. Colin Wells was an old enemy, a British archaeologist. Usually, Indy got the better of him in their encounters but this time, it looked like his luck had run out.

Wells smoothed down his bristly red beard with a smug gesture. "I'll have your weapons now," he said. "You, boy, stand back out of the way. I don't like to hurt children, so if you behave yourself, I'll let you run home to your parents when this is all over."

"I'm not a child," Jonathan said furiously. He caught Indy's eye, and then closing his eyes, he concentrated. The globe flew out of his hand and struck Wells' gun, sending it flying from his hand. It went off, but the bullet went wild and impacted in the wall above Indy's head. As he realized what Jonathan was doing, he had moved, and as the gun went flying, Indy hit Wells in a flying tackle, sending him crashing to the ground beside Waterston's body.

"Get the gun, Jonny," he yelled as he pinned his enemy to the ground.

Jonathan started to comply, then he jerked his head up. "Doctor Jones!" he cried warningly.

Something crashed down on Indy's head, bringing with it a moment of pain, followed by darkness.

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When Indy revived, it was night. His hands had been bound behind his back, the knots cruelly tight, cutting into his wrists painfully. He made a futile attempt to wriggle his hands free but all that happened was that the ropes dug into his skin and the knots tightened.

It felt like someone was beating him over the head with a sledgehammer at regular intervals, *thud, thud, thud*, in rhythm with his heartbeat. He did not want to open his eyes; he was sure it would hurt, but he did it anyway, peering out at his surroundings, wincing away from the glare of a small campfire. He was lying on his side near the fire, in the grotto outside the entrance to the cavern, and Jonathan was sitting across the fire from him, his hands tied behind his back. He looked conscious and alert and worried; when he saw Indy's eyes open, he cried, "Doctor Jones!"

"So you're awake again," Wells said, coming into Indy's range of vision. "You almost had me there," he admitted ruefully. "But, fortunately, I don't wander around dangerous places alone or with children. I have my assistants." The assistants came into view and Indy recognized them as his assailants from the alley. The little one grinned wickedly and the other two only glared. One of them must have come into the cave and rendered him unconscious.

"What are you going to do with us?" Indy asked.

"I'll let the boy go," Wells said unconvincingly. "No one will believe him. I've watched him off and on since Waterston's death, and he didn't cause me any trouble. He has too much imagination for his own good. No one will believe him if he tells tales about mysterious artifacts and dead archaeologists."

"The Colonel will believe me," Jonathan said stiffly. "And if we found Sigfried's body, someone else could too."

"Not likely, boy. We'll move it."

Jonathan was obviously frightened, but he tried not to show it. "I know you're going to kill us," he said, "But we don't have anything you want and we can't prove that you killed Sigfried, so I think it's rather stupid of you to try. There are no more artifacts here."

"There was that little thing you threw at me."

"I *didn't* throw it."

"Do you think anyone will believe that?"

"Don't waste time arguing with him, Jonny," Indy told the boy. "It's not worth it. I suppose they have the globe now?"

"They've got it," Jonathan said sullenly, then added, "for now."

"I'd like to see you get it back," Wells said. He turned and added something to his men in a dialect that Indy didn't understand, and one of them moved out to the perimeter of the camp. One of the other big men pulled a knife from a sheath and began to sharpen it on a stone, whistling cheerfully through his teeth as he did so.

"It will be quite painless, I promise you, Doctor Jones," Wells said without much reassurance. "But, really, I cannot let you go and tell the story of what you found here. You and the boy together, you would be believed."

"You'll really let him go?" Indy asked. He knew that Wells would lie, but he had to ask. He should have sent Jonathan home despite his arguments, though if Wells and his thugs had followed them here, then Jonathan would have encountered them anyway.

"I give you my word as a gentleman."

"Gentleman," Jonathan muttered scornfully. "You're no gentleman."

Wells cuffed him hard across the face. As Indy struggled furiously with his bonds and Jonathan fell back, his eyes closed, Wells straightened up, smiling. "There is one thing I must know before I do anything more," he said. "I must have the rest of the artifacts."

Jonathan's eyes flew open at that. "You took them!" he accused. "You took them out of his hotel room."

Trying desperately to free his hands to meet the attack he was sure would follow, Indy did not immediately notice the noise that began to sound through the clearing. At first it was so faint as to be almost undetected, but then it began to make itself felt, insidiously, slowly, vibrating through the air until it felt like the tingle caused by holding Jonathan's globe. As it got worse and worse, Wells flung up his hands to press them over his ears, and the two Indians drew back uneasily, huddling together as if for protection.

The light came then, bright and sharp, like a spotlight, coming down on the clearing and the people there. Down? Indy raised his eyes and saw that it hovered silently overhead as if someone in a balloon or a zeppelin had flown over and hung there in the air. He glanced over at Jonathan and saw the boy

staring up, too, awe filling his eyes, grinning from ear to ear. He yelled, "They're here. They came."

"Who's here?" Indy demanded, wondering whether the boy's father and the British Army had somehow managed an old-fashioned cavalry rescue.

"Them!" Jonathan shouted.

The light intensified until it was too bright to look at, and Indy squeezed his eyes tightly shut, the brightness evident even through his eyelids. When it suddenly went away, he opened his eyes cautiously again. What he saw almost made him close them again.

A horned creature stood there before him, looking down at him.

The creature was as tall as a man, and he looked quite human except for the horns that stood out dramatically, decorated with patterns of paint and capped with little metal balls, perhaps a form of jewelry. His skin was a dark bronze, rather like that of Wells' assistants, but with a more golden tone to it than either of theirs. He wore a tunic of a pale blue, belted, and sandals on his feet that laced all the way up his legs. He was muscular and strong-looking, and he held something in his hand that could have been a weapon, a small blunt object that lay flat in his palm. He pointed it at Indy.

*Who are you?*

The voice echoed inside his head and did not match the words that the creature had produced when it spoke, and Indy realized that the device was not a weapon after all, but a mechanism that translated his speech into words that Indy could understand.

*Are you the one who summoned me?* the being asked.

"I did," said Jonathan, unexpectedly.

"What?" Indy cried in surprise. "What does he mean, you summoned him?"

"With the globe," Jonathan said. "I didn't know if it would work, but it did other things for me. I thought maybe it would get help. If Wells didn't have the artifacts, maybe they came and took them back. So I thought I would use the globe and see if anybody would come. And he did." Jonathan was still grinning.

*Yes, the voice said. Only a member of your world who was not yet an adult would be free enough in his thoughts to use one of what you call the 'globes'."*

"What are they really?" Indy asked.

*They are personal monitor devices. Everyone of the Confederation who is a star traveler must carry one. He can bend it to his will and use it in case of emergencies, and those of his family whom he wishes to stay in contact with can signal to him across the stars with them.* He turned to Jonathan. *Your signal was untrained and not very strong, but we were nearby and we came to see if one of our people was stranded here. We no longer use this world as a stopover; your race becomes advanced enough to detect us.*

"Oh, come on," Wells said uneasily. "You can't tell me you come from out there? I don't believe you." He raised his gun and pointed it at the alien.

The being simply looked at him and suddenly he gave a sharp cry of pain and dropped the gun. "It's hot," he said.

*Or so you believe,* was the reply. *There is much violence in you. In all of you, he added distastefully. This is another reason why we avoid contact with developing cultures. But you two mean well,* he added to Indy and Jonathan. Their bonds fell away and they massaged their wrists to aid circulation.

"We had a friend," Indy explained, "who found artifacts of your people in there." He pointed to the entrance to the cavern. "That man tried to take them away from him, with violence, and when we came here and found the body of our friend, he planned to kill us."

*You are what is known among your people as an archaeologist?* Indy nodded. *We respect your views, but we do not permit our dead to be disturbed,* the man said. *We removed the remains of our comrade here when we discovered that they had been disturbed. It is no longer safe to leave such remains here on your world. Archaeology becomes a more complex science, and men such as you will discover perhaps more than we want you to know--yet.*

"It's my job to discover the unknown," Indy objected

*Yes. And it is your right to discover what is unknown on your planet. It is not your right to discover ours.* He turned to Jonathan. *Perhaps a hundred years from now, you might have qualified for the space service. Both of you. But it is too early for your world. You will not remember this encounter, any of you.* He looked at Wells pointedly. *And you will not harm either of them. I think you should go now. By the time you return to your city, you will have forgotten this.*

"But..." Indy protested. He didn't want to forget a discovery as great as this one.

"May I keep my globe?" Jonathan asked,

*I wish that I could permit it, but it is not to be.* He held out his hand and the globe popped out of Wells' pocket and drifted over to him. Jonathan heaved a regretful sigh and watched it go.

The light grew too bright to look at it, and they closed their eyes. When they opened them again, the being was gone.

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Indy sat by the campfire writing furiously. The being had said he would forget, and if that was so, he was going to get it all down before he did so. He wanted evidence that it had happened. Jonathan sat beside him and watched him write without speaking. Every now and then, he would shiver a little.

Finally Indy was satisfied and put his notebook back into his pocket. "Cold, Jonny?"

"Scared," Jonathan admitted. "It really happened, didn't it, Indy?"

"Yeah, kid, it really happened."

*I think,* he added to himself.

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The sun woke Indiana Jones, and he opened his eyes and climbed to his feet, a little stiffly as a result of his night of sleeping on the bare ground. He looked over at Jonathan who was curled up under one of the saddle blankets still asleep and grinned a little. He hated to wake the boy. Yesterday had not been a good one. Finding Waterston's body had been a real shock, and the disappointment of discovering nothing even worth bothering with on the site of Waterston's dig on top of that, was bound to affect him. Indy sighed. He'd have to arrange for the body to be brought back to Delhi and an investigation begun. It must have been a simple robbery attempt, and after all this time, the Delhi police or the British army weren't likely to be able to track down the culprit. But the effort had to be made. Waterston had been a decent sort and had deserved as much. As to his find, too bad it had not panned out. Indy began to cover up the embers of the fire.

Jonathan awoke, grimaced and climbed to his feet. "We'd better get back quickly," he said. "The Colonel will be furious when he finds I've been out all night. If I'm not there when he gets home, Kishan will have to tell him when I left." He looked over at the cave entrance. "What about Sigfried?"

"We'll find someone to come for the body," he said. "I'm sorry, Jonny." Jonathan nodded. Indy dug out his notebook to make a few notes and stopped. "What the hell..."

"What is it?" Jonathan asked, coming to peer over his shoulder.

"Did you do this, kid?"

"Do what? I never touched your notebook."

"Well, someone did." Indy displayed the book. Page after page of pure gibberish was written there. Indy stared at it in disgust, then he tore the pages from his notebook and watched them blow away in the morning breeze.

"Well, come on, Jonny," he said. "There's nothing to keep us here, is there?"

Jonathan frowned, perplexed, and then he shook his head. "No," he said and went to saddle the horses.

But Indy had an uneasy feeling that he had missed something. Watching the last of the pages blow away, he shrugged. "Then let's get going."

**end**

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