

[Back To Index](#)

This story was written just for fun and is not an attempt to make money or infringe on any copyrights or trademarks. Only the original ideas contained within the works on this nonprofit web site are the property of their authors, and please do not copy or link these stories to any other website or archive or print without permission of the author.

---

## **Here Abide Monsters**

by [Sheila Paulson](#)

(This story was written prior to the TV series, The Young Indiana Jones Chronicles; therefore it does not fit the canon of that series.)

Indiana Jones sat on the end of the dock, his legs dangling over the water, idly watching the boat tied nearby. He was angry and hurt and bored and he wished he were back home in America, or even at school, anywhere but here at Loch Ness. He had thought this vacation would be different, had looked forward to it for months. Yesterday on the train he had been so excited that Dad had been forced to tell him to settle down and behave at least three times.

But that had been yesterday. Today it was different. All along, he had looked forward to this vacation, for a chance to spend some time with his father. During the school year, Dad was always busy, with his classes, with his meetings, with the research that spilled over into his free time. Indy remembered other years when he was little, when his mother had been there too, when it had seemed like they were really a family, when his father would sometimes put aside his books and spend time with the two of them, but since last year-- Indy blocked out the thought. Since last year, his father had closeted himself in his study, working all the harder at his research. Indy wasn't quite sure what research was but he knew it meant a lot of hard work with books, in libraries, studying old papers. He knew all about the Holy Grail too, and that his father wanted to find it more than

anything in the world. They had come here because his father had found what he called a good source for research material.

But this was a vacation. Surely his father wouldn't work all the time. Surely he would take Indy out in a boat, go fishing with him, go exploring. Indy loved exploring new places, learning a place and discovering all its secrets, looking for exciting things like buried treasure. Growing up in his father's house, he had learned early that if he went to a new place, he should find out about it first. That was what research must be, learning about new things. Before leaving home, Indy had read about Scotland, and now that he was here, he wanted to go all over, to see places like Edinburgh Castle and the sites of famous battles.

But it was just like home. Yesterday afternoon, Dad had stopped off to meet with his source, coming away with several thick stacks of books. Today he was closeted away in his study, hard at work, and Indy was left to his own devices. He didn't even have the companionship of his dog, Indiana, from whom he had chosen his name. His pet must be left behind, his father had decreed. The Fergusons would watch him for the summer. Though Indy had been sorry to leave him, he had looked forward to the fabled holiday.

The fabled holiday had proven to be more of what he got at home. He was told to behave, to be quiet about the house, to mind Mrs. Grant, the housekeeper, and stay out of trouble, then he was turned loose on his own.

He wound up on the dock, where he took a good look at the MacArthurs' new power boat. He would have liked to go aboard, but he didn't dare to go without permission, though he didn't think Mr. MacArthur would mind. For a man who kept a library full of the dusty old books that Dad preferred, Mr. MacArthur was a decent type who seemed to like boys.

Hearing footsteps, Indy turned quickly to see Jamie, the oldest of the three MacArthur children. He was short for nineteen, solidly built with curly hair the color of old copper, and wide blue eyes. He wore an old fisherman's jersey and a rather tattered kilt in the green, black, and yellow of the MacArthur tartan. Yesterday Indy had been unable to take his eyes off the kilt Mr. MacArthur was wearing, even though he'd read about them in his research. Catch one of the men back home wearing a skirt! Never. But a kilt was different and finally Indy had ventured to ask questions about it that Mr. MacArthur answered with tolerant good cheer. Indy was fascinated by the man's accent.

Jamie was friendly, too, and Indy admired the older boy, delighted when he realized that Jamie didn't mean to treat him like a kid. As Jamie approached, he brightened, wondering if this vacation might not prove interesting after all.

Now Jamie smiled and said cheerfully, "Hi there. Your dad called you Junior, but you didn't look like you liked it much."

"Call me Indy," the boy insisted. "It's short for Indiana. That's one of our states," he added in the tones of a professor lecturing a student, something he had picked up without realizing it from his father.

"It's a bit lonely sitting all by yourself at the end of a dock, isn't it?" Jamie wanted to know, sitting beside him. "My brother Ian's about. Maybe you could meet him. He knows all the interesting places round here."

Stiffening, Indy recalled his earlier encounter with Ian MacArthur, who was fifteen and who had stated in no uncertain terms that he considered Indy too young to be interesting. But complaining was not Indy's way so he kept silent.

Jamie nodded knowingly. "He's a bit conceited, is Ian. Give him time. He might come around. Do you like boating, young Indy?"

"I don't know," he replied honestly. "I've only gone in a rowboat before. I can row--I learned in Scouts--but I've never been in anything like that." He gestured hopefully at the MacArthurs' boat.

"I need to work on the engine a wee bit. It isn't running smoothly. Do you know anything about engines?"

Although Indy's experience with engines involved poking about under the hood of an automobile exactly once when a mechanic had come to repair something on his father's car, he nodded. "A little bit." He had been interested, and he wasn't his father's son for nothing. If he wanted to know something, he went to a book and looked it up.

"What a bit of luck for me. How would you like to come aboard and pass me my tools?"

"That'd be great,"

"How old are you, Indy?" Jamie asked as they set to work on the engine.

"I'm nine. But I'll be ten in a few months."

Eyeing the purposeful way the boy was setting out the tools and examining the engine, Jamie grinned. "You look like you know more than 'a little bit' about this. Where'd you learn?"

"I looked it up," Indy said. "We have a car and once it broke down so a mechanic came. It was interesting."

"Want to be a mechanic when you grow up?" Jamie inquired, leaving a streak of grease across the bridge of his nose when he rubbed it thoughtfully.

"No. I'm going to be a professor," *Like my father.*

"Literature, is it?"

"Dad's a professor of medieval literature, but I want something to do with history. I'm best at it." Maybe archaeology, like Uncle Marcus. Indy wasn't sure yet.

"What does your father say about that?"

"I have to get top grades," Indy confessed. "He says there's no excuse for anything less. He says a good brain and I'm expected to use it." He sighed. "I want to be as good as he is one day. But..."

"Don't you think you can do it?"

Indy hesitated. He was young enough to find the thought of his father's obsessive scholarship both boring and impossible to emulate, and was sure he could never be that good. Shoulders sagging, he admitted, "I don't think anybody can."

"I bet when your father was your age, he couldn't have imagined it either."

That was a whole new concept and Indy considered it with fascination, but he couldn't picture his father young, somehow. He couldn't imagine him climbing trees and romping with a dog or neglecting his studies to play with his friends. Not that Henry Jones ever really reprimanded Indy for anything but lack of scholarship, but Indy could see the disapproval on his face when he did something wrong--if his father bothered to notice, that is. He sighed.

If Jamie noticed the sigh he said nothing, concentrating on the engine with Indy's eager assistance. Though he did not know that much about engines, he had learned enough to be useful, for Jamie praised him when he did something right and it felt good. When he did something right at home, it was treated as merely the expected thing. His father would never reward him for doing what was expected.

When the engine was repaired, Jamie tried it and grinned at the sound of its smooth purr. "Listen to that. We make an excellent team, young Indy."

Indy grinned happily at the praise. The day was a success after all. Now he would have something interesting to tell his father when he went home for lunch.

They took the boat out for testing and Jamie even let Indy steer. It would have been perfect if his father could have seen him handling the boat, or even if they could have encountered the haughty Ian, but the ride was still great fun.

It was all too short, of course. Soon Jamie and Indy parted at the end of the dock and he headed back toward the house his father had rented for the summer.

Mrs. Grant met him at the door, her face set in lines of dour disapproval. She regarded everyone disapprovingly but Indy hadn't realized it yet. "Look at you, lad. You're all over grease. I have no idea how I will clean your new jersey. Go and change at once and wash your face and hands. It's past time for lunch. You're late."

"Where's my dad?"

"He is working. I took him a tray in his study. You must be quiet and not disturb him. Go along now. Hurry."

Indy went dispiritedly. He'd been so eager to tell his father about his morning and now he couldn't. Mrs. Grant wasn't interested either, even if she had been a more satisfying auditor. Dutifully he changed his clothes and washed up, but his happiness had faded and when he came downstairs, he had grown silent. He looked with longing at the door to his father's study but he knew better than to invade the sanctuary uninvited. His lunch was cold. Somehow that seemed the last straw.

Mrs. Grant hovered silently and impatiently in the background waiting for him to finish, and it wasn't hard for him to see that she considered him a nuisance. As soon as possible, he escaped outdoors again.

He didn't go back to the water, setting off the other way along the road for a bit, then into a pasture where sheep grazed and a little bum danced brightly down toward the tranquil waters of the loch. As he trailed it, he found a place where a stone slab shielded an overhanging bit of bank and made a cave. It was too small to be really exciting, but it was better than nothing.

As he scrambled down the bank, a small voice said brightly, "Hullo,"

Annoyed to find his discovery already inhabited, and, even worse, by a girl, he stopped, glaring. "What are you doing here?" he demanded in annoyance.

She was a tiny thing, maybe six years old, and small for her age. Her eyes seemed almost too big for her face and her hair was so blond it almost looked white. At his tone, her smile faded, and it made him feel mean.

"I was just playing," she said apologetically.

"All alone?"

"There's nobody to play with. Can I play with you?"

He imagined the scorn of his friends back home or even the look on Ian's face if he agreed to play with a little girl. He didn't want her; he wanted Jamie or his father. But Jamie wasn't here, and his father was busy as usual. Besides, she looked as sad as he was. "Who are you?"

"Jean MacArthur."

"Are you Jamie's sister?"

She nodded, smiling at the mention of Jamie 's name. "Who are you?"

"Indy Jones. I'm going to be here all summer. What're you doing in here?"

"Pretending it's a real cave. Maybe there's a dragon hiding inside with a horde of jewels."

Indy started to scoff at her fantasy but stopped himself just in time. "It'd have to be a baby dragon," he corrected.

She nodded. "I've never seen a real cave before. Do you think we could find a bigger one?"

"We could look." He hadn't read about any caves near here, but looking would be something to do and if they found one, he could tell Dad about it.

"Where shall we look, Indy?"

"Down by the loch," he decided. " Along by the shore."

"What about the monster?" she asked hesitantly.

He grinned. Some of the boys at school had teased him about the Loch Ness monster--a strange beast reputed to live in the loch--when they heard where he was to spend his summer vacation. On the ship from New York, Indy had asked his father about it. "My dad says there's no such thing," he announced informatively.

"Yes there is. Morag saw it once, a great fierce beast that eats up children if they're not good."

Indy was inclined to doubt the latter part of her statement. But if someone had really seen the thing... "Who's Morag?"

"She works at our house."

"She really saw it?" he demanded with growing excitement.

"She saw it and it was so big and scary she ran all the way home."

"Did it chase her?" He was torn between skepticism and excitement.

"No. It can't come out of the water."

"What did it look like?"

"She said it was big with a long neck--and it had a lot of teeth."

That was daunting, but he stiffened his shoulders, excited by the thought of an adventure like the ones boys had in storybooks. "If we see it, we can run, but my dad says there isn't one, and Jamie and I didn't see it when we took the boat out this morning. Are you afraid?"

She lifted wide blue eyes. "Yes," she said frankly. "Are you?"

"No." He hesitated, then added honestly, "Not very much."

He was curious and nervous at the same time. This could really be something to tell people, that he'd actually seen the monster. "I'll take care of you," he promised grandly. "Come on, let's go." He grabbed her hand.

The water was calm, rippled lightly by a slight breeze as they stood on the shore and stared, trying to notice any unusual movement "My dad says it's really deep," Indy told her. "Seven hundred and fifty feet deep."

She turned awed eyes upon him. "Is that a lot?"

"It's big enough for the monster, maybe a lot of them. But I don't think they eat people. Morag was just trying to scare you to make you behave."

"Really?"

"Really," he said firmly. "If they ate people, they would've eaten somebody before now. The police would come and try to shoot it. Or scientists would be studying it "

"What are scientists?"

"People who do research about animals and stars and things like that," He scooped up a handful of pebbles and began to fling them, one at a time, as far out into the loch as he could,

"You might hit it on the nose," she objected nervously. "Don't, Indy."

"It won't hurt anything," But he tossed the pebbles aside. "Let's climb up a little higher for a better view. I wish I had some binoculars. My dad has a pair."

"Will he let you use them?"

"I can't bother him. He's working and I'm never supposed to interrupt when he's working. But where he keeps them. We could borrow them. He wouldn't mind if we're careful. Come on."

Indy wasn't quite sure if his father would mind. He slipped into the house quietly to avoid disturbing Mrs. Grant, but the housekeeper was busy in the kitchen. Slipping the binoculars from their case he rejoined Jean outside, hanging the strap around his neck. As they raced back to the water, the binoculars thumped against his chest and he enjoyed the feel of it, as if he were a great explorer setting off into the unknown.

It took a few minutes to get the glasses focused right, but then the water sharpened and he could see a great distance. Loch Ness is long and narrow, about twenty-four miles long and varying in width from one to three miles. Indy studied as much of the surface of the loch as he could, then, sensing Jean's impatience, he showed her how to look through the binoculars and helped her to hold them. "Do you see anything?"

"Just water," she replied, disappointed.

"It might take a while," he consoled her. "Maybe it's sleeping. But we can look every day. We're sure to see something. Let me look again."

She passed him the binoculars and he had just raised them to his eyes when a voice behind him said sharply, "What do you think you 're doing?"

It was Ian MacArthur. As Indy spun around, the binoculars slipped from his grasp and hit a rock, echoed by the tinkling sound of breaking glass. Indy froze in horror, grateful that Ian hadn't seemed to notice.

"What are you babies doing?" demanded Ian scornfully.

"Jean isn't a baby ," Indy defended her automatically. He felt almost numb. When his father found out about the binoculars, he would be furious. Indy didn't want to think about it

"Yes she is, and if you 're playing with her, you must be one too."

"Shut up, Ian," Indy cried and flung himself at the bigger boy. Laughing, Ian fended him off and pushed past them, whistling to himself, while Indy stared after him, pure hatred filling his eyes.

When Ian was gone, he bent to retrieve the binoculars, biting back a moan when glass trickled out and fell to the ground around his feet.

"Oh, Indy," cried Jean, her eyes wide. "Will your father be mad?"

"Yes."

"Maybe you can put them back and he won't notice."

"No, I have to tell him,"

"What will he do?"

"I don't know. But I'd better go home now."

"I've got money to help you pay for the binoculars," she offered, catching hold of his shirt sleeve. "I've got sixpence."

"I broke them, not you. I'll pay for them myself if I have to."

As he watched her scamper away towards the MacArthur house, he heaved a sigh, then reluctantly started home. For a wild moment he toyed with the idea of running away, but that would only make it worse. It would be best to confess to his father, to get it over with. He was scared but he wasn't a coward. Better to face the music.

But first he had to face Mrs. Grant. When he came in, she was in the hall, dusting, and her eyes went at once to the binoculars in his hand. "What have you done, lad?" she asked sharply. "Those are your father's. Did he give you permission to use them?"

"No. I borrowed them. I was going to put them back, but I broke them."

"Broken!"

"I'll tell my father about it," he said hastily.

"See that you do. If not, I will tell him myself."

Indy stiffened at the suggestion that he might lie. "I'll tell him now,"

"No, you'll wait until teatime. He does not wish to be disturbed until then. Go to your room and wait "

"Yes, Mrs. Grant." He trudged wearily up the stairs to his room, setting the broken binoculars on his bed and backing away from them. He was miserable.

Nothing had gone right. It wasn't fair. He hadn't meant to break the binoculars. It was Ian's fault, but he could never use that as an excuse, or any kind of an excuse, for his father would never tolerate it.

Professor Henry Jones was a tall, imposing figure of a man. Solidly built, he was dark-haired and brown eyed and wore a thick beard and mustache. Slighter of frame with lighter hair and eyes, Indy took after his mother, which pleased him, but which seemed to annoy his father these days. He was in awe of his father and a little afraid of him. If questioned, the Professor would have said he loved his son, but he was not good with children--that had been his wife's task. Indy had loved her very much and missed her fiercely. Since her death, Professor Jones' obsession with finding the Holy Grail had grown, a quest that fascinated his son, who had heard stories about Grail legends all his life. Knights and quests thrilled him and he had wild dreams of growing up to do daring and dangerous deeds himself. He kept such dreams to himself, because his father, even though he buried himself in the legends of King Arthur and other tales of the past, was much more down to earth than his son and he valued hard work and dedication to goals more than he valued dashing deeds.

When Indy entered the dining room, he saw at once that his father was looking stem and that meant he should walk warily. Holding out the binoculars, he went forward quickly. "I broke these, Dad."

Frowning, Professor Jones reached down to take them from his son. "Yes, you certainly did. I was not aware that I had given you permission to use them."

"I would have asked you," Indy defended himself, "but Mrs. Grant said you were busy and I wasn't supposed to bother you,"

"Mrs. Grant, eh? That's different Mrs. Grant gave you permission to use them, did she?" He unbent a little.

"No, sir. She only said you were busy."

"So you thought you would help yourself! I thought you were old enough to understand about respecting other people's property. Evidently you are not."

"I was going to put them back. And I was going to be careful."

"But you weren't careful. Good binoculars are expensive. They are not toys. Perhaps you would like to tell me what was so urgent that you needed the glasses immediately and could not wait for my permission?"

"Jean and I were looking for the Loch Ness Monster." He knew it was a mistake as soon as he said it.

"That, of course, makes all the difference," the Professor said sarcastically. "If you had taken an intelligent interest in our conversation on the way here you might remember that the Loch Ness Monster is a mythical creature. In plain English, it does not exist. "

"Jean said Morag saw it and that it was huge with a lot of teeth," Indy burst out, feeling very ill-used.

"Who are these people?"

"Jean MacArthur. Morag works at her house."

"Wonderful," said Professor Jones. "You choose to believe a child and someone's servant rather than your father."

"I told Jean what you said. But if Morag really saw it..."

"That will be enough. I think there are things more important for us to discuss."

Indy stiffened as he waited for the lecture. "Yes, sir."

"I've put off talking to you, Junior, because I hoped the situation would improve on its own, but it is growing worse. Your schoolwork is adequate, but you spend your time involved in fanciful dreams of adventure. Games with your friends are all well and good, but your imagination goes too far. There will have to be changes."

"What kind of changes?" Indy asked uneasily, shifting from one foot to the other.

"I will consider it and give you an answer. As for now," he added in more kindly tones, "this is your vacation. I want you to enjoy it, but to enjoy it properly. I will expect no more tall tales from you. Is that understood?"

"Yes, sir," Indy repeated. It did no good to argue with his father.

"Good. Then, as punishment, you may go to bed without your tea and your supper. That will be a lesson for you, not to take things without permission." He rose to indicate that the interview was terminated. "Go to your room."

Indy went quickly. He felt the sting of his father's discipline more strongly than if his father had used a strap on his backside, especially since he felt it wasn't entirely justified. Punishment for the binoculars was reasonable, but punishment for believing his friend's story was not fair. Struggling with angry tears, he stormed upstairs to his room, relieved that his father had not noticed.

In the north of Scotland, summer nights are very short, and when Indy woke very early, it was already light. He rose and dressed quickly, then slipped downstairs hoping his father and Mrs. Grant wouldn't hear him. When no one appeared, he breathed a sigh of relief and tiptoed into the kitchen.

He had fallen asleep before supper time, stretched out resentfully on his bed fully dressed, and had awakened astonished to find himself snug in his bed in his pajamas. Maybe he'd changed without remembering it. He couldn't imagine his father doing it.

He was ravenously hungry. Investigating the kitchen, he found some cold chicken in the icebox and wrapped three pieces in a cloth, which he stuck in his pocket. Munching on a thigh, he let himself out the back door. He had to get away for a little while, but he would return in time for breakfast. One good thing about his father was that he was unlikely to mention yesterday's escapades this morning.

He had not expected to encounter anyone so early, but it seemed he was not the only one who felt the urge for an early morning's walk. Down by the water he met a stranger sitting on a stone and smoking a pipe.

At the sound of Indy's approach, the man spun around hastily, looking alert and wary, but when he saw Indy, he relaxed and smiled. "Hallo, kid. Sorry I'm a bit jumpy."

It was an English voice, and though the man was dressed in shabby tweeds, he looked out of place as if he would be more comfortable in a city. But Indy liked meeting new people, so he smiled. "Are you from England? You sound like it. Are you on vacation too?"

"Yes, that's it, a holiday. Me mate and me, we're camping out. Having a look for the monster, like."

"My dad says the monster doesn't exist," Indy returned with great dignity, suspecting he was being patronized. "It's a mythical beast."

"Is that a fact, young American? Too bad, I say. What's your name, old son?"

"Indiana Jones,"

"Jones, eh? Tell me, Indiana, do you know some folk hereabouts named MacArthur?"

"Yes, sir. That's their house up there, the big one--see? And that's their boat, down at the dock. Jamie MacArthur let me steer it yesterday."

"Is that a fact? You must know your stuff. Do they use the boat often?"

"I think so. Every day."

"Do the MacArthurs have a family then?"

"Three children. Jamie and Jean and Ian. Jamie's grown up."

"He's your friend?" The Englishman had the good taste to realize that was important and Indy thought better of him.

Indy nodded. "Yes, and Jean's my friend too. She's only six, but she's pretty good,"

"Does Jamie use the boat often?"

"Yes. He might take you out on the loch if you asked him."

"Do you think so? That would be a real break for me." His pipe had gone out and he knocked the ashes out against a stone and rose. "I'll start back now. Me mate'll wonder where I've got to if he wakes up."

"It's still early," Indy consoled him.

"True, but he's an early riser too. Goodbye, Indiana, I enjoyed our talk."

Indy watched him stroll away whistling contentedly, then he sat on the stone the Englishman had vacated and took out another piece of chicken, wondering if the man had really come all the way from England to look for the Loch Ness Monster. That was probably why he wanted to go out in the MacArthurs' boat

Indy knew his father was very intelligent, and he insisted there was no monster, but people had seen it. Morag wasn't the first, and she must have seen something. There were all sorts of fascinating things grown-ups never believed in. Indy doubted most of them himself, but the Loch Ness Monster was different. It was more like the Abominable Snowman.

Professor Jones didn't believe in the Abominable Snowman either.

But he did believe in the Holy Grail.

Pondering this paradox, Indy was startled by a sound behind him and he spun around as Jamie MacArthur greeted him cheerfully. "You're up early."

Indy grinned. "Hi, Jamie. Want a piece of chicken?"

"That sounds good to me." Jamie sat down on the bank and took the last piece. "What a beautiful morning. I can't imagine why people sleep late, They must be mad to let the best part of the day go by."

"I like early mornings too," Indy agreed happily, licking his fingers to taste the last of the chicken.

"Wee Jeannie was saying she met you yesterday. It was decent of you to play with her. It's lonely for her here."

"She's not bad for a girl. I like her."

"To tell you the truth, I like her myself. She's a good-hearted little thing. Not like that wretch, Ian."

"Don't you like Ian?" Indy asked, concealing his satisfaction at the thought. He wrapped the grease- stained cloth that had held the chicken around the bones and jammed it into his pocket.

"Not all the time, no. He gets a bit above himself and thinks he's superior to other people. But you know, fifteen is a bad age. When you're fifteen, you want to be a man and you're afraid people will think you're just a lad. So you try to act superior and you don't know it only makes you seem an idiot."

Delighted to be the recipient of such a man-to-man talk, Indy liked the idea of Ian appearing an idiot. Grinning broadly, he reflected that Jamie never made him feel stupid or inferior or a fool. If only his Dad could be more like Jamie, more understanding. But nothing he did seemed to please his father.

Following his line of thought a bit further, he asked, "Jamie, do you think there's a Loch Ness Monster?"

"I can't say. People claim they've seen things but what they see varies so much, it's hardly likely there are so many different monsters. I think a lot of people made mistakes. They see birds or fish or even boats, or they see something because they expect to see something. And much of the time, the monster was seen at the start of the tourist season."

"You mean people made it up so tourists would come?" Indy smiled as he realized what an advantage that would be. "But Jean said Morag saw it," he protested.

Jamie's eyes twinkled. "Indy, Morag is a very scatterbrained young girl with a good imagination. She might have made the whole thing up."

"But she could have seen it, couldn't she?" Indy was reluctant to relinquish his fantasy, especially in the face of the determined opposition of both Jamie and his father.

"It's possible, I suppose."

"What would it look like?" First, gather information, that's what Dad always told him.

"They think it might resemble a plesiosaur."

"What's that?"

"Some kind of reptile that's been extinct for around sixty-five million years, give or take a few. They think some could have survived here. Loch Ness used to be a sea loch but the land changed. There were earth shifts and any large creatures would have been cut off in the loch, and it's warm enough for them to survive."

"But what are they like?" persisted Indy, trying to imagine what the monster would look like.

"It would be fairly large, maybe twenty feet long, with a long thin neck and a small head. Witnesses say there are humps trailing behind the head when it's swimming, and it uses its tail to steer. But I doubt you're likely to see it, Indy, so don't get your hopes up."

"You don't believe in it either," Indy accused, somehow disappointed, as if his friend had let him down.

"Not really. I come here every summer and I've never seen anything that might be the monster. Your dad probably doesn't believe in it either."

"No. He doesn't." Indy's face fell, remembering the previous day's conversation with his father.

"Don't take it to heart. Maybe it really exists, and even if it doesn't, there are plenty of interesting things to do. We'll take the boat out again, and Jeannie can come too." He pulled out a pocket watch to check the time. "It's getting on toward breakfast. You don't want to be late, do you?"

"Gosh, no. Dad would have a fit."

Indy wasn't really late for breakfast, but his father was already in the dining room when he arrived. Half afraid of another lecture, he relaxed when Dad said calmly, "There you are, boy. Out for an early morning walk?"

"Yes, sir."

"Good idea. It never hurts to take the air. A beautiful morning."

Indy eyed his father uneasily, wondering if he wanted to make peace. "Yes, sir," he said in doubtful tones as he took his place at the table.

Dr. Jones noticed his look and studied him consideringly, making Indy even more uncomfortable. As if he realized it, Henry asked quickly, "What did you do on your walk?"

"I met a man from England. He and his friend are camping near here. And I saw Jamie MacArthur." He applied himself industriously to his porridge, still hungry after the early morning chicken.

"A fine lad. Up at Oxford, is he?"

"I don't know, Dad. I think so." Jamie had mentioned something like that while they worked on the boat yesterday.

"He sounds like a good friend for you, Junior."

"He is. We went out yesterday on the boat Jamie let me help him fix the engine,"

"That's an expensive boat, son. I think it might be better if you left repairs to the experts."

"But it works fine now, and Jamie said I did a good job," Indy defended his efforts.

Professor Jones eyed his young son with stem consideration, then he smiled. "Well done, boy."

"Thank you, Dad." Indy was surprised and pleased. He was not accustomed to praise from his father and he was too young to understand that after the discipline of the previous day, his father was trying to find a way to mend the breach between them.

Henry wasn't used to the glowing look Indy gave him in return, so he addressed himself to his breakfast, and when he spoke again, it was to change the subject. "What have you planned for today, Junior?"

"I'll go along and find Jean. Jamie asked me to look out for her. He says she's lonely here with no one to play with."

"That is commendable of you, Junior. Enjoy yourself."

Indy didn't know if he would enjoy himself or not, but it had been a far better breakfast than he had expected. His father had been kinder, friendlier. Maybe he was sorry about yesterday. Indy felt good, whistling the song he'd heard the Englishman sing as he sauntered along. Today nothing seemed impossible. His grades were good enough and they could be still better. They would be the top in his class before Thanksgiving! Surely his father didn't mean to take away the books he read for fun, the adventure tales about people in fabulous realms, on quests, encountering peril and using their wits to come through. As long as he got top marks in school, his father couldn't take his adventure stories away. Besides, his father liked some of the stories himself. He knew everything there was to know about the tales of King Arthur. Indy didn't see the difference, though he was sure his father would. But he had a lot to live up to. If he could do as well as Dad in school, one day he could be an important man too. He vowed to work harder than ever when he returned home.

The path he followed led along the shore. As he walked he picked up a handful of pebbles and tossed them into the water one at a time, trying to see how many times he could skip a stone across the surface of the loch. At first he was lucky if he could get them to go twice, then he caught the rhythm of it and finally one of them skipped seven times.

He was trying for a record eight when something disturbed the water. There was scarcely any wind, so it couldn't be that. Curious, he froze, watching as the water frothed and churned, then something rose up out of the loch with the waters cascading down its gleaming sides, a head attached to a long, snakelike neck.

It was the monster! Indy stared openmouthed, unable to believe his eyes at the creature that was no more than twenty feet from the shore, close enough to grab him if it wanted to. Rooted to the spot, Indy stood his ground, momentarily astonished and pleased to discover he wasn't the least bit afraid.

The creature simply floated there as if it were as curious about Indy as Indy was about it. The boy couldn't help noticing all its sharp teeth. It was more than twenty feet long too, closer to forty, and although its head was small in proportion to the rest of its body that bulked largely just below the water's surface, it was still big enough to carry off a large dog--or a small child--in its mouth.

It must have come in response to Indy's stone throwing. Somewhere he had read that shock waves and sounds are easily transmitted through water. Maybe the monster had heard or felt the stones striking and had come to investigate, hoping it was something good to eat.

For what seemed a long time, boy and monster stared at each other, then the creature sank soundlessly below the surface. The waters rippled in widening rings, then slowly stilled, leaving Indy alone with the loch.

Still half doubting the impossible vision, he poised there indecisively, then with a yell, he turned and raced for home as fast as his legs would carry him.

"Dad, Dad, it's real! It's real! I saw it! It's big and it does have a lot of teeth."

"Junior!" Indy's father raised his head from his book, his expression far from pleased. "Slow down, boy. You know the rules about disturbing me when I'm working." Observing Indy's distraught condition, he practiced a ritual he had developed to deal with childish alarms and excursions. "Count to twenty."

"But, Dad--"

"Count."

Indy stiffened in resentment but he raced through the numbers in a way certain to irritate his father. When he had finished, he stood gasping for breath, defiance clearly written in his expression and his posture.

Professor Jones eyed his son with some annoyance. "Tell me about it as calmly as possible." Reluctantly, he put a marker into his book and closed it

"It's the Loch Ness Monster, Dad. It is real, not mythical after all. I saw it just now! It's big and it's real."

"I thought we had finished this nonsense yesterday, boy." He looked very displeased and Indy hesitated, startled to realize his father doubted him.

"But I saw it," he persisted. "It's different now."

"Is it? What did you see?"

"It was big with a long neck and a small head and it had a lot of teeth. It looked like...like a plesiosaur," he finished, producing the word triumphantly. Dad always respected a display of knowledge.

"Plesiosaurs are extinct."

"This one isn't." As he stared at his father, his excitement drained away. "Don't you believe me?"

"No. If this is an attempt to gain attention, it's not a clever one. You are wasting my time with your lies and I won't tolerate it."

"I'm not lying. I never lie."

"You can hardly expect me to believe this nonsense,"

"I thought you would. It's true. I swear it." He was angry, but even more, he was hurt that his father would call him a liar. He had never told his father a lie. Pushed beyond endurance, he said something he had never dared before. "Mom would have believed me."

Professor Jones reacted out of a combination of pain and pure instinct, slapping his son across the face. "Leave your mother out of this."

Eyes blank with shock, Indy stared helplessly at his father, a hand going up automatically to rub his cheek. This was far worse than yesterday. At least then his father had corrected him for his own good, but not now. He was convinced his dad didn't love him at all, maybe he even hated him. Indy could think of nothing to say, so he did the only thing left to him. He turned and fled.

Deeply shocked by what had just happened, Professor Jones sank down in a chair. "What have I done?" he burst out "Junior. Come back!" The violent banging of the front door was his only reply.

At first Indy had cried. Not very much because it was not his nature, but some. He couldn't help it. After a short time, he caught himself and knuckled the tears away, trying to think of a way to prove to his father what he had seen. The Professor was sure to respect good scientific proof. But he could imagine no way to prove the monster's existence short of showing his father the beast, and he was certain his father would never bother to look.

He was so wrapped up in his misery than he had not heard the footsteps approaching his refuge in the little cave. "Indy?" The voice was small and hesitant and so was the hand that reached for his, causing him to jerk up in surprise.

Jean's eyes were bigger than ever as she stared at him in uneasy concern. "What's wrong, Indy?"

"Nothing," he proclaimed unconvincingly.

"Why are you so sad?" she asked gently, squeezing his hand in a clumsy attempt at comfort.

"I had a fight with my father," he admitted reluctantly, avoiding her eyes.

"Because of the binoculars?"

He shook his head. "I saw the monster."

"Really? Oh, Indy! Did it chase you? Did it have a lot of teeth?"

*She* didn't doubt him. He nodded. "Really. Lots of teeth, but it didn't chase me, it only looked at me."

"Oh." Jean apparently considered this pretty tame. "I wish I could have seen it. Will you show me? Maybe it'll come back,"

"I'll show you where I saw it but it might not come back." He stood up and gestured toward the loch. "Let's go now."

As they headed for the loch, she fell into step with him and put her hand trustingly into his. "Then why is your father mad at you?"

"I told him about the monster. He said I was lying, He didn't believe me."

"I believe you."

Indy smiled faintly. "Thanks. But Dad doesn't and he's really mad at me. I think he hates me."

Jean stopped in shock. "No, he doesn't," she cried. "He loves you. Fathers always do."

"No, they don't. They don't have to."

Too young and too secure to understand the concept, she looked at him unhappily. "Your dad loves you," she insisted. "I know he does."

Indy thought he had an awfully funny way of showing it, but he kept silent to avoid upsetting Jean. Jamie had been right when he said she had a good heart. "Anyway," he said stiffly, "He doesn't believe there's a monster. But I know there is."

"You could show it to your father."

"He won't even look."

"I'll get Jamie to look," Jean offered, "Show me where you saw it and I'll show Jamie. He'll tell your dad,"

Indy smiled a little, suspecting that Jamie just might help him, and he knew Jean would. But that was a bad idea. "Don't you go down there alone, Jean. It might not be safe."

"It's safe with Jamie."

"Just don't go alone, Promise."

"I promise. Show me now though."

But this time, the monster stayed out of sight though Indy threw pebbles again to try to attract it. He didn't doubt his experience, but he would have felt better if someone else had seen it too. Then Dad would have to believe him.

After a while they gave up and went in search of other entertainment Jean had cheered him up a bit. No matter what the horrible Ian said about babies, Indy didn't care. Jamie was a lot smarter than Ian, and he liked Jean too.

They came upon Jamie sitting at the end of the dock, a fishing pole in his hand. He had been singing too loudly to hear their approach but, alerted by vibration of the dock, he turned and favored them with a friendly wave as he reeled in his line.

"Are you catching anything?" Indy asked with interest

"No. I like fishing for its own sake, not because I particularly want to catch anything. Then when I do, it's a bonus." He eyed Indy shrewdly. It wouldn't be too hard to see that he had been crying but Jamie had enough tact not to mention it. "Dad took Ian out in his boat," he volunteered. "I suppose they'll have fun, but Dad won't let Ian steer. Dad said to tell you he's grateful for your help with the engine."

"Really?" Indy was impressed that Mr. MacArthur hadn't minded. "He's not mad because you let a kid mess around with it?" he asked suspiciously.

"He'd only be mad if we did it wrong," Jamie assured him. "But he doesn't get mad very often. He's pretty easygoing." His eyes narrowed as he looked at Indy, who realized that something must have shown in his face. "Here now," he went on, making the connection with no trouble. "Are you having father trouble, young Indy?"

Though Indy wanted to deny it, he heard himself burst out, "He doesn't care about me at all." Embarrassed at his show of emotion, he turned away and stared fiercely out across the loch.

Jean sat down beside Indy on the dock. "Yes, he does," she insisted with evident exasperation that she should need to repeat her reassurance.

Jamie looked from Indy to Jean and back again. "What is all this?"

Still avoiding Jamie's eyes, Indy said defiantly, "You wouldn't believe me either."

"I think I might. I can tell something's wrong. I'm your friend, Indy. Will you trust me?"

"All right. I saw the monster this morning." He said it bluntly as if it were some sort of test, though he didn't quite realize it

Jamie looked down at his bent head. Despite the bravado of Indy's tone and his refusal to meet his eyes, Jamie had a good idea that Indy was telling the truth, at least as he saw it. "Tell me about it," he said gently.

Indy raised his head. "You believe me?"

"I don't think you're a liar. Tell me what it looks like."

Eagerly, Indy described his sighting with a wealth of detail that might have convinced a greater skeptic than Jamie.

"You know," the older boy admitted, "what you say could be true. It certainly doesn't contradict any of the monster stories I've heard. I think I envy you. I wish I could have seen it."

"I told Jean not to look for it alone," Indy put in.

"Thanks. You stay away from the shore, Jeannie, unless someone's with you. That's an order, understand?"

"Yes, Jamie."

Her brother grinned down at her and gave her an affectionate pat on the head before turning back to Indy. "I believe you. I take it your father doesn't?"

"He wouldn't even listen. He said I was lying. I never lie to him. Never!"

"I don't think he meant to hurt your feelings. Sometimes, when a person gets older, it becomes harder for him to believe new things."

"He believes in the Holy Grail," Indy interrupted. "Some people think *that's* just a myth." He couldn't hide the resentment in his voice. His father's myths were acceptable, while his own were considered trash. It wasn't fair.

"I know," Jamie agreed. "It seems hard. But it would be hard for him to change his mind without evidence, just on one person's say-so."

"I didn't lie, Jamie. He said I was just trying to get attention."

"Don't you feel you get it?" asked Jamie softly.

Indy just knew it was hard to impress his father, that he had to work twice as hard as his friends to get half the attention. But saying any more would be too personal. "I wouldn't lie to him, Jamie," he insisted.

"It's all right, I believe you. But it sounds like you're a bit mixed up. Your father cares about you. You're all he's got."

"I don't think so. Besides, he's got his research. He loves that best."

"Now you're talking nonsense. Of course he loves you."

"He doesn't act like it."

"You know, Indy," said Jamie seriously, "I think it must be very hard to be a father. Parents must try to understand their children--even if they don't always manage. But how often do children stop to think what it's like for parents. No, listen to me. This is important. It's hard to be a parent anyway, but most of the time there are two of them. Your dad is alone. He's missing your mom and raising you without her. It must seem like he's hard on you and maybe he is, but I'm sure he doesn't mean to be. Do you understand what I'm saying to you, Indy?"

He nodded reluctantly. "Maybe you're wrong," he insisted. "You don't really know."

"Maybe not, not for a certainty. I never discussed it with him. But I have talked with him about other things. It's hard for him to show his feelings. Maybe in a way he's shy. He can talk about his work all day long--he told me a lot about it and it was all over my head--but talking about his feelings is different, something most men aren't very good at. I'm just saying think about it. You might find I'm right.

"And now," he added, changing the subject, "If I'm not mistaken, here are the fishermen back. Shall we see if they've caught anything?"

Mr. MacArthur had a smile for Indy when he swung onto the dock. Short and stocky like Jamie, his hair had once been the same color but it had faded and become streaked with grey. He had a lot of laugh wrinkles at the corners of his eyes and a good-natured face. Indy liked him.

"Indy," he said cheerfully. "The very man I want to see. I must thank you for all the time you put in on my engine yesterday. Jamie says you did a first rate job."

"Thank you, sir. It was fun. I like engines,"

"I think most boys do. Here's a little reward for your trouble." He pressed something into Indy's hand.

It was a pound note. "It's too much, sir."

"Nonsense, if I'd had to take it to be fixed, it would have cost me far more than that."

"I didn't help Jamie for money," Indy said stiffly.

"I know that. But you deserve it all the same. Buy yourself a treat with it "

Indy brightened. "Really, sir?"

"Yes, really."

In spite of that triumph and the understanding of his friends, it was hard to go home for lunch. He trailed back slowly, his hand in his pocket gripping his pound note as if it were a talisman. But Mrs. Grant was waiting for him when he came in the door like the voice of doom.

"Your father is in his study, young man. He wishes to see you."

Indy received the housekeeper's message in silence, not yet ready to face his father. But there was a chance that Jamie was right so he went along nervously and tapped on the door.

"Come in."

Indy stepped inside, closed the door carefully behind him and turned to face his father.

The professor actually looked nervous, as if he hoped it didn't show. "Son, I want to apologize to you."

"Apologize?" Indy echoed in astonishment.

"Yes. I should not have struck you like that. I'm sorry."

Indy could hardly believe his ears. No matter what he'd expected, it hadn't been that. Looking at his father's stiff, slightly embarrassed face he didn't know what to say. He knew he shouldn't have mentioned his mother, but to mention her now in an apology would be just as bad. So he only said, "Yes, sir," and waited.

"It is...difficult for me to discuss your mother."

"I know, sir."

"The fault was mine,"

Indy smiled tentatively. Maybe it was going to be all right. This was the first time he could remember his father mentioning his mother at all, though it was hardly a mention. But it didn't really set things straight, and he was as embarrassed as his father, so he said the wrong thing. "What about the monster?"

Professor Jones' face darkened. "We won't discuss that. I want no further mention of monsters in this house. Do you understand, Junior?"

So that hadn't changed. His father still believed him a liar. "Yes, sir," he said sadly. "Is that all, sir?"

Henry looked at his son's unyielding face as if he couldn't believe Indy would defy him and insist on the monster story. But he just said, "Yes. Run along and get cleaned up for lunch."

Indy spent much of the afternoon by the loch. He didn't see Jean or Jamie, and the only person he met was the Englishman who was camping by the loch. As Indy came around the shoulder of a hill, he found the camp, with his new friend sitting on a campstool cleaning a handgun. Startled, he looked up, then relaxed. "Oh, it's you, my American friend."

"That's a funny-looking gun. What kind is it?"

"This gun is a special gun. Me brother brought it home from the Boer War. Guns are a hobby of mine. It doesn't shoot; it's just for looks. I'm cleaning it up. No, don't touch it. You'll get it dirty."

Indy, who felt his hands were still quite clean after an afternoon beside the loch, jerked his fingers away. "Sorry. But I never saw one like that before." He glanced around the otherwise deserted camp. "Where's your mate?"

"Hiking around, looking for the monster."

"I saw it after I talked to you. It's real after all."

"Is that a fact? You 've changed your tune, haven't you, lad?"

"It's different when you see it," Indy replied with great dignity.

"Tell you what, me lad, Why don't you show it to me tomorrow? I'd like to see it too,"

"Well, I'll try."

"Good. But run along now. I've some work to do."

Though he would have liked to stay longer and examine the gun, Indy obeyed, heading back along the shore toward the dock in no particular hurry.

Jamie was on the boat washing the deck when Indy strolled into sight. He waved cheerfully but didn't stop his work and Indy didn't join him. Instead he turned away from the shore and saw Jean coming down from the big house toward him.

"Hi, Indy," she greeted him, sitting beside him on a big rock. "Have you seen the monster again?"

"Not yet."

Jamie finished his work, tossed a bucketful of soapy water over the side, then vanished below deck. "Maybe we can go out on the boat and look," Jean suggested.

"Would Jamie take us?"

"Wait here and I'll go see."

As she ran toward the dock, the Englishman came along the shore and fell into step with her. Indy couldn't hear their conversation but they walked out on the dock together and climbed aboard the boat. Hoping for a ride, Indy hurried after them just as the stranger started the engine.

That brought an annoyed Jamie up on deck. "What the hell are you doing?"

To Indy's horror, the stranger lashed out with his fist and sent Jamie crashing to the deck, then before he could rise, the Englishman lifted his gun and hit Jamie over the head with the gun butt. Jamie went limp and Jean screamed. The stranger leaped to the wheel and the boat headed out across the loch even as Indy ran yelling onto the dock, too late to stop them.

It was obvious he couldn't get them back. For a moment he stood helplessly on the end of the dock watching the boat diminish in the distance. He was too stunned to think clearly, to realize he had been pitched headfirst into a real adventure at last.

It was not exciting after all. He remembered his first conversation with the Englishman who had asked a great many questions about the MacArthurs and their boat. Indy hadn't understood then but he did now. He knew the MacArthurs were rich and he had heard about holding people for ransom. That must be what he had just witnessed. The Englishman had planned to kidnap Jean, but when Jamie had surprised him, he had been knocked out, maybe even killed.

Frightened, Indy stared at the distant boat to see which way they were going so he could tell the police. Once he was sure it was heading for the camp, he hurried home as fast as he could run.

Professor Jones looked up annoyed as, for the second time in the same day, his son burst into his study shouting, "Dad, Dad!"

"What is it this time, Junior? I am trying to work."

"Jamie and Jean have been kidnapped!"

The professor stared at him. "What are you talking about now?"

"I saw it happen. The Englishman did it. He took Jean onto the boat and when Jamie came on deck, he hit him on the head with a funny gun from the Boer War, and then he stole the boat and took them both away."

"Are you making this up, too?"

"No," Indy shouted. "It's true."

"This is intolerable. Do you recall the story of the boy who cried wolf! You expect me to believe that someone kidnapped the MacArthur children while you watched?"

"But that's how it happened. I couldn't stop him, but I saw which way they went, so we can tell the police."

"We will not bother the police. I don't understand why you are starting to tell those ridiculous stories, but don't intend them to continue. Go to your room at once and stay there until you decide to tell the truth."

"But it is the truth. We've got to do something." He caught his father's arm and shook it. "He hurt Jamie already, and he might hurt Jean. At least talk to Mr. MacArthur. He'll tell you they're gone and the boat's missing."

"And find they have simply gone for a boat ride? No, Go to your room."

"I won't! We have to help them."

"I have had enough of this. Go at once."

Staring at his father helplessly, Indy turned and bolted for the door. He had to get help. If he was forced to wait until his father realized Jean and Jamie were missing, it might be too late.

But Professor Jones caught him before he reached the door. Wordlessly, he led his struggling son upstairs, put him into his bedroom and locked the door. "We'll discuss this later," he said ominously and went away.

Indy's furious protests died immediately. It wouldn't help, and being upset and angry was a luxury he could not afford.

Scrambling around his books and papers, he found a scrap of clean paper on which he scribbled a note for his father, propping it on his pillow where Dad would find it.

Then he prepared himself by gathering up his slingshot, a coil of rope and a box of matches and changing into his sturdiest pair of shoes before climbing out the window. It wasn't easy to work his way onto the kitchen roof and for one heart stopping moment, he almost lost his balance, but he made it. Tiptoeing soundlessly across the roof, he reached the far side and carefully worked his way over the edge, fumbling for the branch of the vast tree that grew there. Once amid the branches, he was home free, scrambling down as easily as a monkey. He was running the minute his feet touched the ground.

The first place to look was the Englishman's camp. The boat had been heading in that direction, and he found it there, beached and tilted at an angle. But the camp was gone.

Indy had expected that, but he was disappointed all the same. Cautiously he approached the boat, even though he doubted he would find anyone on board. There was nothing to show that the Englishman had been there except for a dark stain on Jamie's clean deck. Investigating it reluctantly with his fingertip, he realized it was blood.

Jerking his hand back quickly, Indy knew this was where Jamie had fallen. He felt sick, then he realized that if Jamie were dead, they wouldn't have bothered to take him away.

Unless they had thrown him into the loch... Uneasily, Indy peered over the side, relieved to see no trace of a body.

The more he considered it the more he realized the camp he had seen here couldn't have been a permanent one, more likely just a place for them to bring the boat. There had been only one small pup tent, and no other signs of residence but the camp stool the Englishman had been sitting on and the fire. Easy enough to move a tent. The campfire had simply been extinguished. No attempt had been made to camouflage it. Indy suspected they had a permanent camp not too far away. If they had rented a house in the district, people would know. He was fairly sure Jamie and Jean hadn't been taken too far because if the

Englishman wanted ransom, he would stay close. He glanced over his shoulder. Maybe he was being watched right now.

All Indy knew about following a trail had come out of books, but he had read enough of them to know what to do next. Men carrying or leading Jean and Jamie and weighted down with a tent should leave some sort of trail. His theory was right--the grass was bent and small branches were broken. After the light faded, it wouldn't show, but it wouldn't get very dark and Indy shouldn't have trouble following it. If it weren't such a desperate situation, he would have felt very proud of his discovery.

\*\*\*\*\*

A thunderous knocking on the door drew Henry Jones from his study as Mrs. Grant hurried to open it.

Alex MacArthur stood there, looking distraught and worried. Forcing his way past the housekeeper, he cried urgently, "Have you or your son seen Jean or Jamie this afternoon?"

He looked so upset that Henry stared at him in shock. "Good God, man, what's wrong? Come in." He drew MacArthur into the study and poured him a brandy. "Sit down. Drink this."

MacArthur tossed it down automatically. "Two of my children have just been stolen for ransom."

"What! If my son told you that, you mustn't--"

"No, no. The kidnapper rang me up just now. I'm not to contact the police or they'll kill Jamie and wee Jeannie. But your boy was with them earlier. I saw him from the window--it must have been just before it happened. He must have seen it. Let me talk to him, Jones. Where is he?"

"Oh, my God. It's true?" Henry was thoroughly shocked. "I thought he was making up a story. I locked him in his room." Ignoring MacArthur, Henry raced out of the study and took the stairs two at a time, aware of the other man behind him. He unlocked the door to Junior's room and stopped dead in the doorway.

His son was gone, the open window testifying to his means of departure, and a note was propped against his pillow. Henry grabbed it up and read it hastily:

*"Dad, I went to rescue Jamie and Jean. The bad guys have a camp along the shore north of here. Bring the police and come after me."* It was signed defiantly, "Indy," the name Henry never used.

"My God," he repeated, feeling the blood drain from his face. "He went after them. You have to notify the authorities now."

"If I do, they'll kill my children."

"They might do it anyway, My son is out there too. If anything happens to him..." He sat down abruptly on Junior's bed, clasping his head in his hands.

\*\*\*\*\*

The trail led Indy to the road and he stood there a moment, sick with disappointment, believing he had been wrong and they had taken Jean and Jamie away in a car or wagon. But he was too stubborn to give up, so he crossed the road, casting about for the trail. Maybe they only wanted observers to think they had driven away. Clever villains often laid such false trails in books.

It took him less than ten minutes to pick up the trail on the other side of the road. Triumphant he plunged on, determined to find them.

After another ten minutes, the ground became too hard and bare to follow the trail. Uncertain of his next step, Indy halted again but decided to continue carefully in the same direction.

There was little cover between him and the thick cluster of trees ahead. Did he see a movement there?

Hastily he flattened himself on the ground, creeping forward like an Indian scout until he reached a ditch that looked like a dry stream bed. It led in the right direction and he dropped into it gratefully, scrambling forward on his hands and knees. It seemed to take a long forever.

But it was worth it. When he was near enough, he crept out and, darting silently from tree to tree, drew closer to the spot where he thought he had seen someone move.

He was right! In a little clearing he found a much more permanent camp than the one on the shore with two large tents, a camp stove, a supply box, a campfire, a

table and benches. All this Indy saw in a moment because in the next he noticed Jamie and Jean, and that drove all other thoughts from his mind.

Both of them were bound. Jean was leaning against Jamie, alert and frightened but Jamie was slumped back against the tree trunk, his eyes shut, blood staining the side of his face. Indy wasn't sure if he was conscious, but at least he was alive.

He shot a cautious glance around. Of the Englishman there was no trace, but the other man, his "mate" was at the far side of the camp, looking around alertly. He had a revolver in his hand.

Carefully, Indy judged the distance, then he picked up a likely rock and fit it into his slingshot. He'd always liked the story of David and Goliath and he thought it worth attempting to emulate, especially since he was the best shot among his friends back home.

Taking careful aim, he let the stone fly, delighted when it flew unerringly straight to the target, the back of the enemy's head. The man jerked with a choked-off cry, then dropped to the ground.

Indy ducked out of sight in case the Englishman were somewhere about, but there was no sign of him. Slowly he inched up and found Jean staring at him, opening her mouth to cry out his name. He made hasty shushing sounds at her and pointed inquiringly at Jamie. At once Jean pressed against him and whispered. Jamie's eyes opened.

Indy put a finger to his lips, and waved his hand toward the fallen man. Jamie's eyes widened, then he turned back. "The other one's gone," he called. "Hurry and untie us."

Indy raced forward and began to struggle with the knots, finally pulling out his pocket knife and sawing away at the bonds. "I saw him hit you, Jamie," he burst out. "Are you all right?"

"I've a wee headache, but I'm all right. Am I glad to see you! What did you do to that character?"

"Slingshot. Can you pull a little on the rope?"

Jamie complied and in a moment his hands were free. He turned at once to untie his sister while Indy cut his ankle bonds then passed the knife to Jamie who carefully sliced through the ropes on Jean's wrists.

"Let's get out of here," Jamie urged, "before his friend comes back. We'll tie this one up first though." He picked up the rope fragments and looked at them regretfully.

"I brought a rope," Indy cried, unwinding it from around his waist and holding it out to Jamie.

As he did, he felt a sudden blow strike his left arm and heard a loud report echo through the camp. Blankly he stared at his arm and saw it was bleeding, and immediately it began to hurt. Shocked, he realized he had been shot.

Jamie rolled sideways at the sound, his fingers closing over a rock, fumbling it for a moment as he fought the pain of returning circulation. Indy saw him cast a glance around the clearing and knew the exact moment he saw the Englishman. Indy groaned loudly as much for a distraction as for the pain and saw the Englishman dart a hasty glance in his direction as Jamie threw the rock. It hit the man's hand and he dropped his gun with a curse that Indy promptly committed to memory. Then Jamie lunged at the man and they fought.

Suddenly, it was necessary for Indy to sit down and it took all his energy to watch the fight. When he reached up exploringly to touch the wound, the pain made him dizzy yet, and he struggled to stay conscious.

"Indy," cried Jean in his ear. "What should I do? Your arm is bleeding."

"You should bandage it," he managed. "Have you got anything to use?"

"My handkerchief. It's clean," She produced it and tied it around his arm. It hurt and it didn't quite stop the bleeding but Jean didn't know what else to do, and Indy could think of nothing else to tell her.

Then Jamie was there. "Move over, Jeannie, and let me look."

"Is he going to die?" she wailed.

"No, don't be silly." Indy thought he sounded worried. "But his arm's broken." He rearranged Jean's makeshift bandage, using two sticks for splints, explaining to Indy what he was doing. If he had felt better, Indy would have been fascinated. But before Jamie had finished, Indy closed his eyes and drifted off into a confused sleep, prepared to let Jamie finish for him.

\*\*\*\*\*

Professor Jones was at his wits' end. MacArthur had refused to notify the authorities and Henry wanted to set out immediately to search for his son. He had been wrong and more than anything he wanted the opportunity to tell the boy. No, more than anything else, he wanted Junior to be safe.

But he had no idea where to look. "North", the note had said, but even if they went along the shore, they might not find anything. MacArthur sent his gamekeeper that way and the man had returned to report he had found a deserted camp and a trail that led only to the road. There seemed nothing to do but wait.

Henry paced up and down, up and down until he thought he must surely wear a hole in the carpet. Mrs. Grant brought him tea but he waved it away. "Not now, Mrs. Grant." She looked at his face and left him alone and he was grateful for her tact.

After she left, Henry sank into a chair and closed his eyes. He realized that Junior must have believed him unkind, and he had never intended that. He had been cruel without intending it and he knew that if anything happened to Junior, he would never forgive himself.

Suddenly the door was flung open to admit Jamie MacArthur, carrying Junior in his arms. Jamie's face was covered with blood and so was Junior's arm, and worse, the boy was lying ominously still. Henry's heart lurched even as he realized that his son was breathing normally, though his face was pale.

Jamie saw the shock in Henry's face and said reassuringly, "He's alive, and he'll be all right. He's been shot and his arm's broken, but I don't think it's serious."

"My God." He reached out numbly and took his son into his arms.

"He found us and rescued us," Jamie explained, putting a comforting arm around his sister's shoulders as she clutched at him with frightened hands. "Don't be too hard on him, sir. All he wants is your approval. Somehow he's got hold of the idea that you don't love him."

Henry stared at him in dismay, unable to find the right words to answer this charge. Had he given Junior that impression? He knew that was the way he was, but his son mattered, though he didn't quite know how to say so.

"We've got to go home," Jamie insisted. "Dad must be worried sick. If you had a telephone, I'd ring him up, but you don't. Tell Indy we'll come and see him tomorrow." He scooped Jean up into his arms and hurried out the door.

The Professor turned to see Mrs. Grant hovering in the entrance, her face horrified. "Send for the doctor," he barked and pushed past her to put his son to bed. It seemed he had been given another chance.

\*\*\*\*\*

It was two days later. Indy, his arm in a sling, was allowed up for the first time and had made his unsteady way outside where chairs had been set up on the lawn overlooking the loch. His father, who had been a far more comfortable companion than usual since he'd been hurt, helped him up and walked with him outside until he was ensconced in a deck chair. There he discovered that Jean and Jamie and even Mr. MacArthur and Ian had arrived to celebrate the occasion with lemonade and cookies. Indy stretched out his good hand and bagged three of them.

It was rather enjoyable, being the center of attention. His father had spent remarkably little time in his study the past two days, ignoring his precious research and dedicating his time to caring for his son instead. He was not an ideal nurse, being too stiff and Victorian for that, but he had done his best, and Indy had been delighted. Careful to say nothing to annoy his father and upset the precarious status quo, he had been on the best terms with him he could ever remember. He doubted it would last because he knew his expectations and his father's were so different, but in the way of boys everywhere, he planned to make the most of it. At least he was certain his father didn't hate him. Maybe he wasn't the type to go fishing with him or to behave like other boys' dads, but Indy realized that, in his own way, he was special and he wouldn't trade him, even for somebody like Mr. MacArthur.

The only thing unresolved now was the monster. By tacit agreement, neither he nor Dad had mentioned Nessie during Indy's convalescence, and except for the fact that he would have welcomed vindication, Indy was content to let it ride. The rest of the summer stretched before him, filled with promise. Maybe he could find corroboration before they returned to America, but even if he didn't, he thought it would be all right.

"How's it feel?" Ian asked with sudden fascination. "To get shot, I mean?" It felt strange to have Ian's attention focused on him approvingly for a change.

He laughed. "It hurts. You want to try it?"

"No, I don't, thanks." Ian was no longer the snob he'd been before, though Indy doubted that would last either. "But think what a good story it will make when you go back to school."

Indy relished the idea. He had great plans for making the most of it.

"True," agreed his father with a smile. "But one story like that is more than enough, Any more and my hair will turn totally white." He patted his son's shoulder. "And that is an order. I hope you'll avoid this kind of adventure for the rest of the summer."

Indy smiled at his father. "Yes, sir," he agreed willingly. "Once was more than enough." There would be other adventures one day, and hopefully they wouldn't hurt quite so much, but even if they did, he could survive them. But he'd vowed not to worry his father any more this summer. Maybe if he was very careful and very lucky, it would even be a vow he could keep. It wasn't the ideal solution but it would do. Yes, it would do very well indeed.

He looked out across the surface of the loch, hopeful for the arrival of the monster and the verification he wanted. In the books he loved to read, the monster would arrive now, right on cue, but that kind of ending was for books, not reality. He'd prove himself to his father one day, see if he didn't And maybe in the process he'd find Nessie again.

Grinning from ear to ear, Indy looked across the dreams of his future and knew he was going to enjoy every minute of it.

**end**

[Back To Index](#)