

INDIANA JONES

and the Mask of Cortes

by the Indyfan
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Part 1

Guatemala , 1939

“A desert isle... maybe a trading post? I don't know.” Indiana Jones exclaimed to his Guatemalan guide, Bernard. Indy adjusted his magnifying glasses closer to the mysterious dark spot in the Pacific Ocean to the west.

“ Let me see the glasses.” Bernard demanded. Indy handed him the glasses. “ I can't tell, Jones.” Bernard said.

“ Well... there's only one way to find out what it is...”

The buzz of a engine filled the central American air. Indy tossed a few rifles on to the flying boat, and an extra tank of petrol.

“ Senor, you really want to go out there?” Bernard asked, “ No ones been out there for years.”

“ That doesn't scare me.” Indy replied.

“Oh... Senor. You must pay me double if I go.” Bernard said.

“ Triple if you go buy us some more petrol... we're gonna need it.” Indy exclaimed.

“ Yes senor.”

The flying boat soared over the pacific ocean heading directly for the dark spot in the water. *What the hell am I doing... I bought a flying boat and enough rifles to support an army... all just to check out some odd dark spot in the sea.* Indy thought.

“Stop! Look!” Bernard called from the back of the plane.

“What is it?” Indy asked.

“ An Island off in the distance!” Bernard exclaimed. Indy drove the plane into high gear and soared towards the isle...

“Miss Powell! A sea plane in the distance! It's getting closer to the Island!” a British soldier called. A tent flap flew open and a middle aged Woman with blond hair and blue eyes stepped out.

“What is it now George?” Cynthia Powell, a British explorer asked.

“A sea plane! Headed our way!” George replied.

“Damn it! We'll have to-” Before Powell could finish, the sea plane soared over the Island, did a loop and crashed on the sandy Guatemalan beach. Indy peered out of the semi cracked windshield.

“Uh... Jones. I think we're castaways.” Bernard said to Indy.

“Nonsense.” Indy replied. Bernard grabbed two Rifles and a machete. He handed Indy one the rifles and the Machete.

“Oh yeah. Here.” Bernard said as he tossed Indy his bull whip.

Accompanied by three British soldiers, Powell ran to inspect the crash. The trio of Soldiers ran ahead to the Beach. They lifted their long and slender Rifles at Bernard and Indy and cried: “Halt!”

Part 2

“Why did you come to this island?” Powell asked. Indy opened his eyes and looked around. He was in a small, stone room with vines climbing the walls. Indy turned to the other side. On the other side was an jade head mounted on the wall. The head only had one eye, and no nose. “I ASKED YOU A QUESTION! Answer me now!” Powell snapped. “Senorita. We come only to investigate this isle. Although we *are* sorry that we threatened your... soldiers.” Bernard exclaimed. Powell drew out Indy's Rifle from her side and aimed it Bernard. “That is a lie!” Powell snapped, “You came here for another reason.” Indy turned to Powell. “Well then. Enough about us. Why are you here, sugar?” Indy asked Powell. “Sigh”. First of all, My name is Cynthia Powell. I am here at this Isle in search of the Mask of Cortes, a full jade mask with the power to control the orbit of Earth around the sun. Or so the Natives thought.” *The orbit of Earth around the sun... Damn. With complete control of that, Powell could easily take over the world.* Indy thought. *Wait! A Jade mask in the shape of a head?* Indy turned over to the head on the other side of the wall. *The museum is short on central American artifacts.* Indy “re-thought.” “Psst... Bernard?” Indy whispered. “What?” Bernard whispered back. “The mask!” Indy whispered while pointing at the head on the wall. “George! Take care of the Prisoners.” Powell commanded. Powell and George left the room.

“O k. Just cut that rope and run.” Powell exclaimed to George. George drew out a knife and sliced the rope in two.

“SSSSSSSSSSSSSS...” “Indy, what is that noise?” Bernard asked. “I don't know-” Before Indy could finish he spotted the Jade head mounted on the wall move. It's huge mouth opened and sand poured out of it. “Shit. The intend to drown us in sand.”

Part 3

Indy worked his out of the tight knot of rope. The sand was almost up to his neck, and it had already reached Bernard's nose. Indy ran over to the closed door. "Damn it!" Indy yelled. Bernard got and grabbed the mask off the wall.

"Holy Shit! WE DON'T NEED THE STUPID MASK!" Indy Cursed at Bernard.

"Sorry! Sorry!" Bernard yelled back. Indy trudged through the sand to the wall.

"This is Serious!" Indy screamed.

"Indy!" Bernard had his wrinkled hand aimed in the direction of the ceiling. The roof was granite, and covered with vines and creepers. Besides its many scratches and curved, it bared one more thing: a hole. The hole was large, big enough for Indy to fit in. He unfurled the whip, and lashed it around a creeper. He tugged himself out of the sand, and climbed furiously up to the hole. Bernard followed. Indy nudged through the hole, and into broad daylight. It was a volcano, for sure. He turned to the beach, where he saw a few soldiers fiddling with the plane. Suddenly, an explosion erupted from the engine. The soldiers ran off and ducked behind a boulder. The whole plane exploded in a ball of orange fire.

"Damn..." Indy cursed.

"What?" Bernard asked as he pulled his fat body through the hole.

"We're stuck here."

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To be continued

Next book

Indiana Jones and the Lunar Inscription

Indy and Bernard travel through the jungles of the Isle, a pack of determined soldier's behind them at all times. They will stop at nothing to make sure the interlopers are destroyed.

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