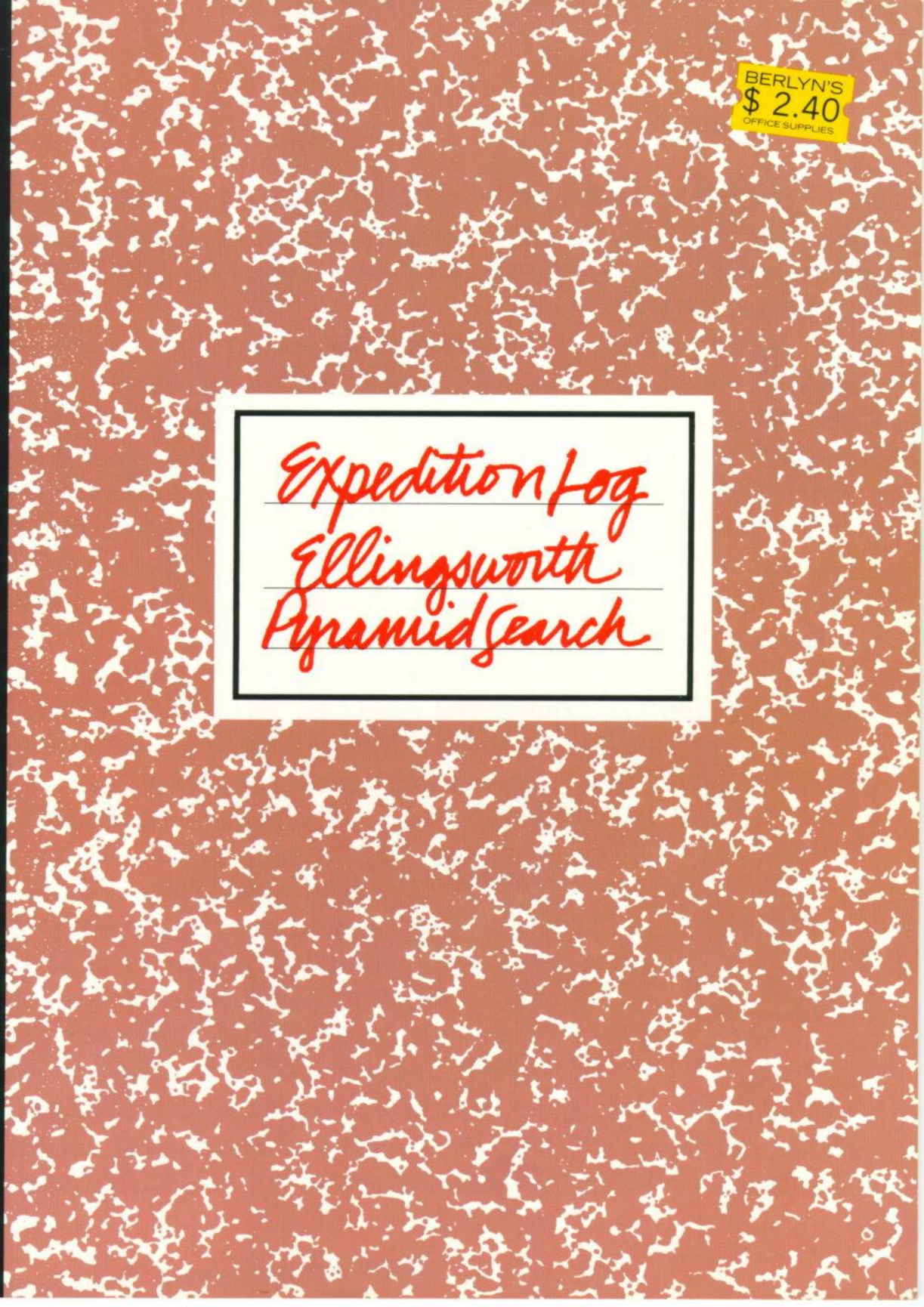

BERLYN'S
$ 2.40
OFFICE SUPPLIES
Expedition Log
Ellingsworth
Pyramid Search

DATE July 8

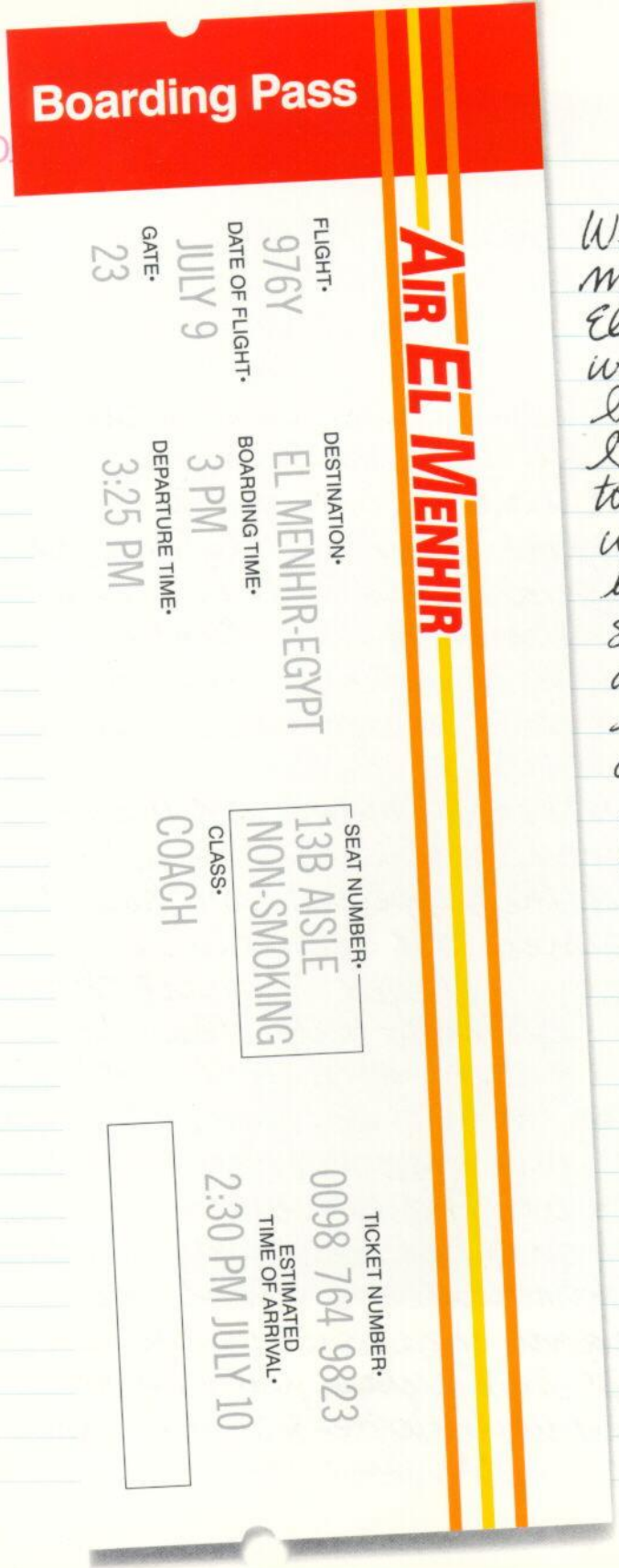
I think I'm on to something big. Really big. This is the chance I've been waiting for, the chance to prove to everyone that I'm not just someone's errand boy.

After the way Craige treated me on that ridiculous safari, I developed a distaste for him. Everyone jumped when he spoke—the great white hunter, puffed up and dressed the part. I knew everything he knew about running a safari and he still treated me like dirt. Even his client, Joshua Rankin, thought Craige was someone really special, someone who had seen everything, been everywhere, was always in control of every situation.

The way he always barked orders got to me after a while. "Help the bearers strike the tents," he'd say, or, "Check the supplies." God, how I learned to despise him.

Rose Ellingsworth
55 Wheeler Street
Cambridge, MA
USA 02138
611-555-7635

I played it smart, though. I knew better than to confront him, to let him know I saw right through him. I bided my time, waited till we were back in the States, then formulated a simple plan. It was risky, and I had no idea what Craige would do if he caught me at it, but I was just as good as him, and all I needed was the break to prove it.



Well that break came this morning, when a Miss Ellingsworth called. Craige was out of the office, so I answered the phone. I told a little lie when I told her who I was. She wanted someone with a lot of experience to find something out in the desert, and I told her I was Craige's partner, and I had all the experience for the job. When she asked for Craige, who was out checking on some new equipment, I told her he was on safari, and it was me or no one.

She bit! She gave me her address and I went over to talk to her. She was a gray-haired spinster-type, about 65 or so, living in an old, pretty run-down place.

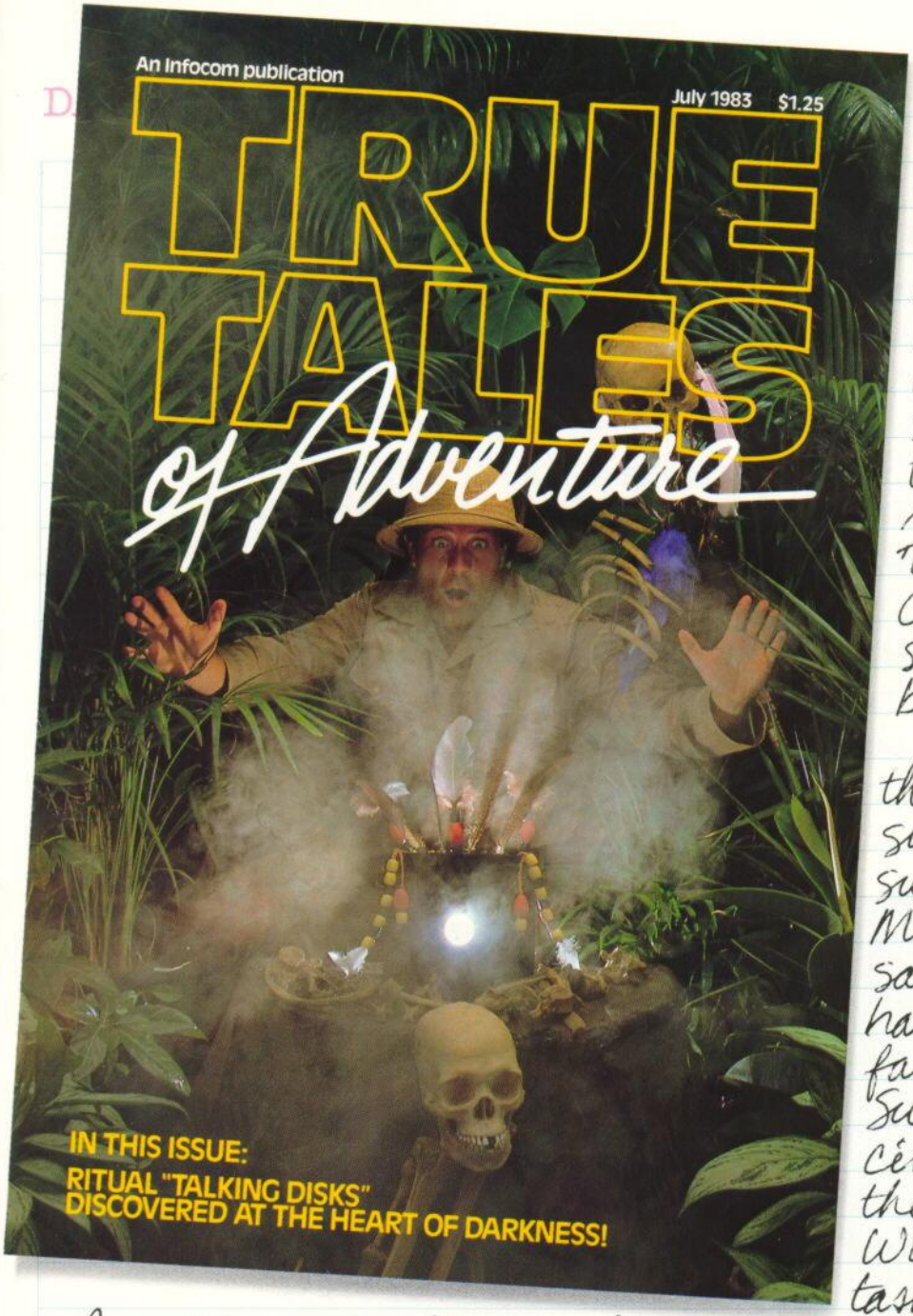
DATE

This is the story she told me:

Her father was an archaeologist in the early part of the century. Somehow he got his hands on an ancient artifact, a pottery shard more than 5000 years old inscribed with strange hieroglyphs. From what he deciphered, the shard pointed to the general location of a pyramid, a pyramid which no one had ever heard of before. He kept as quiet about his discovery as possible and, after four years of bowing, scraping, and petitioning foundations and universities, managed to fund a small expedition in 1920. He took his wife and newborn daughter along for the trip. After a few months of disheartening searching, he came across something which proved he was on the right track — a small block of limestone inscribed with those same odd hieroglyphs. When he decoded it he discovered it referred to vast riches and a queen.

That's as far as he got, though. The desert heat and the local water got to him and he died there. His widow and child returned to the States and, when Tut's tomb was discovered a few years later, Miss Ellingsworth's mother figured they'd dug up her dead husband's pyramid. She stowed all his records and belongings in a steamer chest and forgot about the whole thing.

And there it rested for sixty years until the mother died. Miss Ellingsworth went through the stuff in the attic and found the limestone cube,



a map, a partial hieroglyphic dictionary, and a rubbing of the cube. From what she could tell, the pyramid was nowhere near Tut's, so she called Craige to see what could be done.

"Just think of the historical significance of such a discovery," Miss Ellingsworth said to me, handing over her father's things. Sure, it was a cinch. I looked the pieces over. With the map, the task seemed easy. I could practically see the pyramid in my mind. All the glory would be mine — not Craige's! This was a chance to show the world what a fool Craige was, a chance to prove that I was better than him.

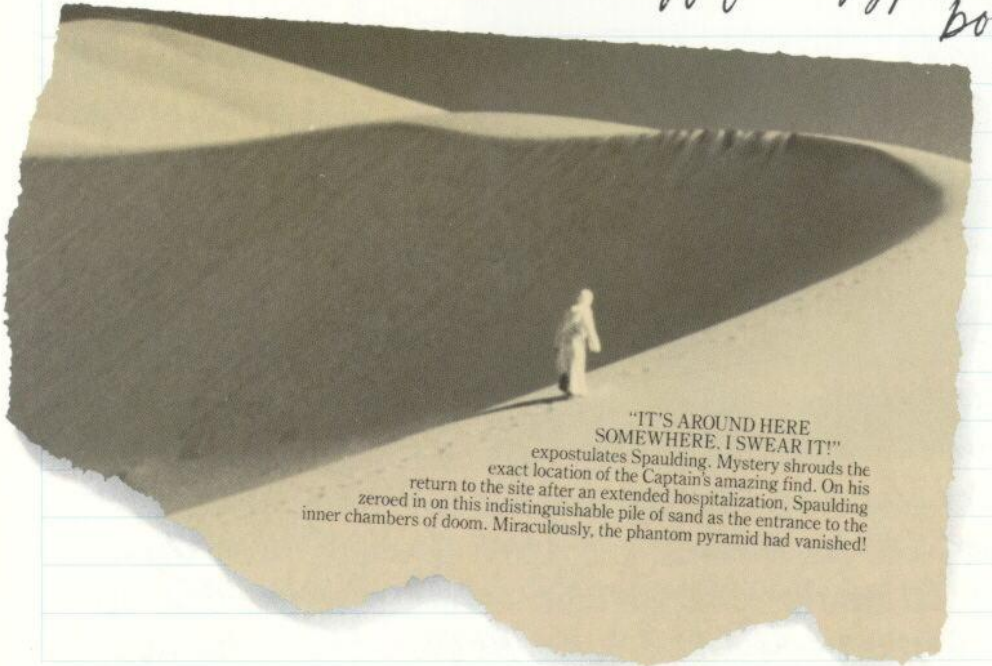
DATE

There would be enough gold and treasures in the pyramid to set me up for life but, more importantly, it would give me the reputation I deserved but had been denied by the glory-grabbing Craige.

I've been preparing for something like this to come along. I've saved money, sold the condo and just about everything I had that was worth anything, waiting patiently for the right opportunity. Now it's here and I realize I'm under-capitalized.

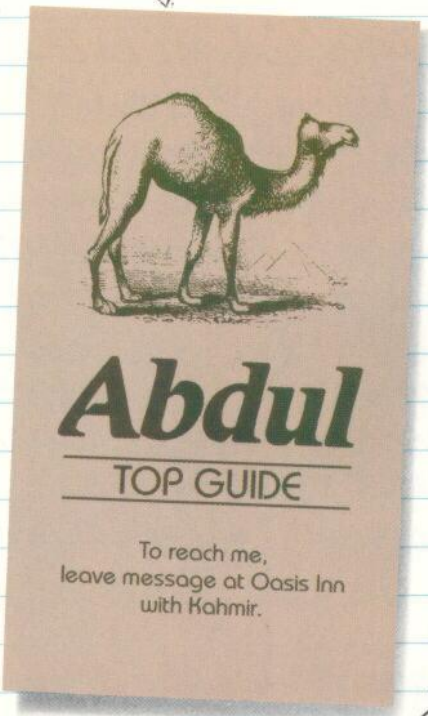
Miss Ellingsworth has no money — all she really wants out of this is to make her Dad into someone famous — so it's all up to me.

I packed my bags and got my visa today. Tomorrow I take off for Egypt. I won't bother giving Craige notice.



"IT'S AROUND HERE SOMEWHERE. I SWEAR IT!" expostulates Spaulding. Mystery shrouds the exact location of the Captain's amazing find. On his return to the site after an extended hospitalization, Spaulding zeroed in on this indistinguishable pile of sand as the entrance to the inner chambers of doom. Miraculously, the phantom pyramid had vanished!

DATE July 13



We leave for the pyramid site tomorrow at daybreak. I'm in El Menhir, a muddy little village on the Nile. I've managed to keep my purpose here a secret — I told the locals I was a scientist, interested in making sonar soundings in the desert. But I did confide in Abdul, the top guide in the area. He'll be the go-between for me and the locals he lined up to do the work. He also rounded up all the supplies we need — tents, K-rations, cooking utensils, and the like.

July 22 It's been one disaster after another, but none of it is really my fault! First, we hardly get into the real desert area when the navigation box falls off the back of the jeep. Great! I had to radio back to Cairo for a replacement and they said they'd get it to me, air-drop it into the encampment, in a few days — another expense in an already tight expedition $$$!

Then the dates Abdul bought turned out to be insect infested and spoiled. The locals started grumbling and muttering, and one of them had the nerve to demand more money. I promised everyone a big bonus if all went well.

A ration of fermented camel milk and dried dates kept the Captain alive for over three weeks as he wandered aimlessly through the catacombs. This electronic watch, which was programmed to play "Skip to My Lou My Darling" and the "Gregorian Funeral March" at 15-minute intervals, helped keep Spaulding's mind from slipping into the hopeless morass of insanity.

They looked at me as if I were lying. I don't think they trust me, and I don't know how much longer I can keep them digging, and still stay in control. I don't remember Craige ever having these problems. And this kind of thing sure never happened to the heroes in "True Tales of Adventure."

August 6 We've been at the site for three weeks and the new navigation box still hasn't arrived yet. I figured it would be best to keep the men busy — "idle hands" and all that — digging in the general area indicated on the map. Without that box, though, it's like looking for a needle in a haystack.

Worse, the crew suspects I'm trying to pull a fast one on them. Abdul came to me and said I had better do something or there'd be trouble. I laughed at Abdul, telling him that I was in control, that nothing was going to happen that I didn't want to happen. Abdul said "What about the box? Did you want it to break?" I guess I got a little too angry when he said that. I slapped him across the face! Abdul said nothing, but he glared at me. I think I might have handled him better.

DATE August 8

THE BOX STILL ISN'T HERE! Without it, I don't think I'll be able to hold things together much longer. Our food stores are pretty low. The men are grumbling more and more. They stop working unless I stand over them and watch. One of them simply refuses to work at all, and Abdul is no real help. He seems to take their side.

August 12

No box!! Radioed Cairo yesterday and the day before. They assure me it's on the way. If it is, then where is it?

Abdul led the men into the desert to perform some religious ceremony, but I didn't believe it was a holyday. All I could think was that the whole thing was getting out of control. That I was losing the only real chance I ever had. That if I didn't get them back to digging it would be all over. I marched out into the desert to confront Abdul. I asked him to stop his foolishness and get back to

El Menhir

EQUIPMENT RENTAL

"Come speak American with us today"
AMID ABEND, PROPRIETOR

ALL EQUIPMENT GUARANTEED*	
5 Compasses	£E12
10 Collapsible Shovels	£E35
10 Tungsten-Tipped Pickaxes	£E37
1 Metal Detector	£E54
2 Boar Bristle Brushes	£E21
3 Cases Kumiss for Medicinal Purposes	£E48
5 CAMELS at £E12 per day. Includes tandem saddles and fly-swatters. Does not include camel feed or water. Total camel rental fee to be determined upon return of camels, saddles, and swatters. Deposit of £E200 required.	
TOTAL for other equipment	£E207
Payable at time of rental.	

*to be less than 8 years old and in working order.

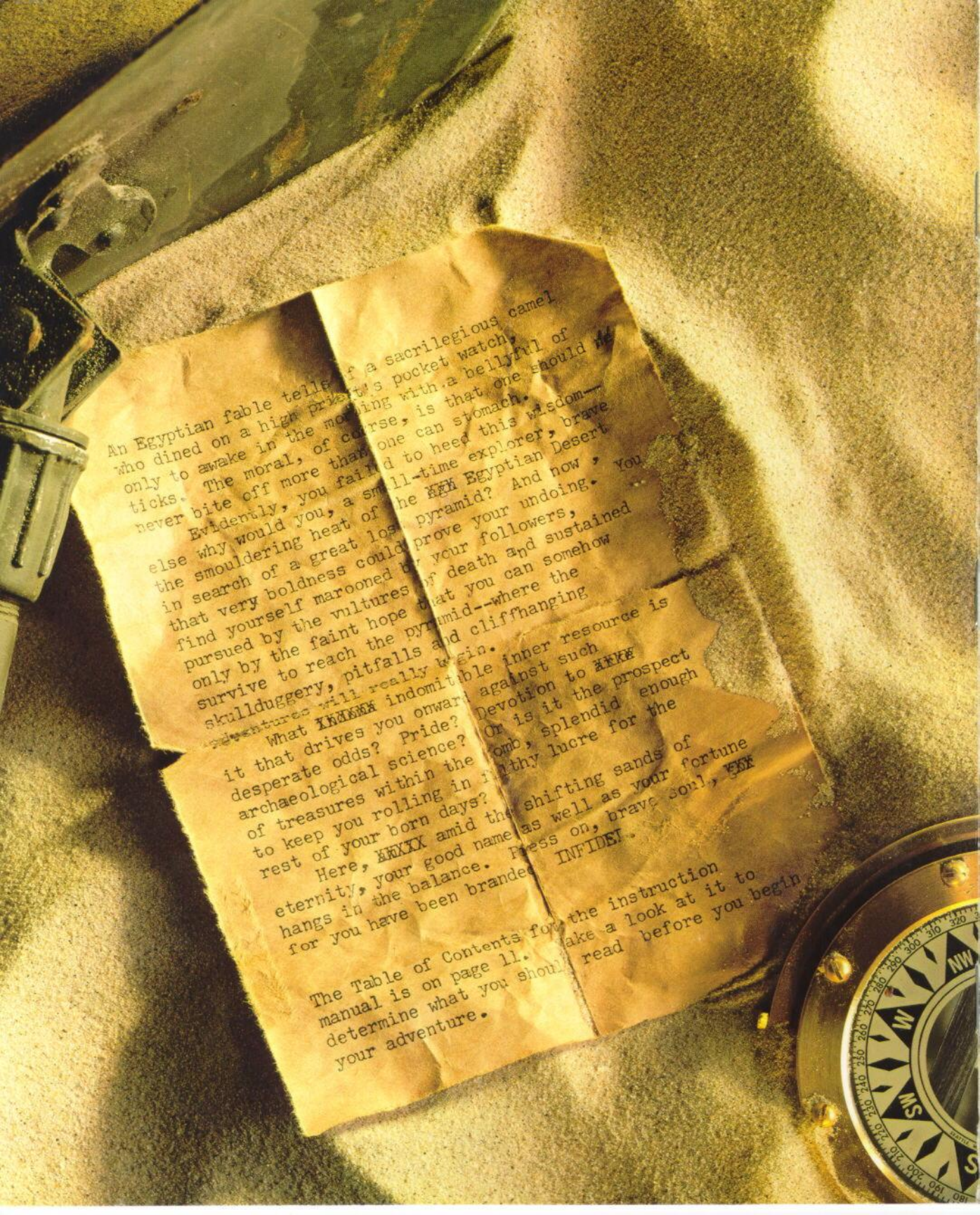
DATE

work. Abdul looked very offended! I pushed him, demanding he order the men to work. He didn't push me back, but he did say, "You shall regret that, sacrilegious dog!"

Terrific! Looks like I blew it! How was I to know it really was a holy day? They moved off further into the desert to conduct their ceremony out of my sight. A little later, while I was lying on my cot, trying to figure out what to say to them that wouldn't sound too much like an apology, one of the men came into my tent. He seemed real friendly, and asked for the calfskin of Kumiss. I figured they'd gotten over my little flareup and all was forgiven. He brought the calfskin back a few minutes ago. I'm going to write to Miss Ellingsworth back in the States to assure her everything's going okay. One thing I don't need is for her to hire someone else for this job, especially after what I've been through. A few swigs of Kumiss should get me through the letter OK.

IOU's

Sally $400
Abdul £25
Kahmir £12 plus tip!
Mom ~~$25~~ $40 plus 5% interest
Joyce $50 plus dinner


An Egyptian fable tells of a sacrilegious camel
who dined on a high priest's pocket watch,
only to awake in the morning with a bellyful of
ticks. The moral, of course, is that one should
never bite off more than one can stomach.
Evidently, you failed to heed this wisdom—
else why would you, a small-time explorer, brave
the smouldering heat of the Egyptian Desert,
in search of a great lost pyramid? And now, you
find yourself marooned by your followers,
pursued by the vultures of death and sustained
only by the faint hope that you can somehow
survive to reach the pyramid--where the
skullduggery, pitfalls and cliffhanging
adventures will really begin.
What drives you onward against such
it that drives you onward against such
desperate odds? Pride? Devotion to
archaeological science? Or is it the prospect
of treasures within the tomb, splendid enough
to keep you rolling in filthy lucre for the
rest of your born days?
Here, amid the shifting sands of
eternity, your good name as well as your fortune
hangs in the balance. Press on, brave soul,
for you have been branded INFIDEL.
The Table of Contents for the instruction
manual is on page 11. Take a look at it to
determine what you should read before you begin
your adventure.