

CRUSADERS FOR THE CURSE

You are a famous archaeologist credited with some of the most illuminating finds of the century. It was you who single-handedly excavated the King Tutankhamen mummy, discovered the ancient city of Troy, resurrected ancient Spanish Galleons from the deep and wrested the Biblical Ark from the clutches of the Nazis. Your exploits are typically the stuff of which highriding adventures are made, and more than once you find yourself crusading against the evils of the world while searching for an appropriate home for your priceless artifacts: the hallowed museums of world culture. Your current project, through a Getty grant, is in Pompeii, Italy, where you are on the verge of discovering a mythical talisman honored for centuries to be the source of incredible supernatural forces. The Pyramid of Poseidon, as it was known, was a marble object in the shape of a pyramid which gave destructive forces to its current possessor if he held it closely in his hands and chanted a ritualistic prayer to Poseidon, the God of the Sea. The saga as told through the centuries was that the pyramid only had this power at dusk when Apollo, the God of the Sun disappeared on the sea's horizon. With the talisman came a curse: invariably those who disturbed it or moved it from its original resting place at the Temple of Rhodes had only one intention in mind-- to wreak havoc upon Western Civilization. Thus, a Phoenician shipper, in 78 A.D., committed the ultimate sacrilege by unearthing the talisman and returning to Italy with it. There he rubbed the pyramid, chanted the curse, and buried his commercial rival, the fishing village of Pompeii, in a cloud of volcanic ash from the bowels of Mt. Vesuvius. Unknowingly, he too was pulverized by the steaming gases that incinerated his fishing vessel, anchored too closely to the Pompeian coast.

Two thousand years later, the Curator of an international archaeological Society calls you up and leaves a message on your answering machine...

1. Archambeau is now dead,
It's for you to forge ahead,
To the location he did mention,
Go there now without dissension,
For the talisman to be found,
Upon the beach you should abound
Do walk downthere south and over stones,
In a crevice there are the fisherman's bones,
And in coffin you realize,
The whereabouts of your prize,
Those with injured gait,
May choose not to participate.
2. You know that ol' Poseidon's curse,
With a chant is made much worse,
To find out how this strange chant goes,
Collect the words from your foes,
At each site that you go to,
Is a phrase that's with your clue,
Mark it down and keep it there ,
For you'll need it in a prayer,
The Pyramid thieves may acquire an evil power,
Long before civilation's hour,
With this threat you can't be petty,
Go now to the Museum Getty.



4. You have the first part of a map,
That Wasumi left through mishap,
Through his evil ranting and raving,
It is your path that he is paving,
In your upcoming and sinister search,
Walk through a trail of aligned birch,
And by the bathroom, hark!
Is a dead tree with some bark,
Buried somewhere rather tall,
Is a clue to which you crawl,
And though you save the girl from dying,
(It was not from lack of trying),
From this place you cannot depart,
To another clue you now dart.
5. Esmeralda the traitor witch,
The Santerians they did ditch,
For Exposing the Matamoros clan,
Her penalty was eternal ban,
She knows the next chant phrase you need,
To New Delhi you should heed,
Up the road of women chaste,
or the Devil's favorite taste.
6. As a stableboy in 1840,
Wasumi worked in an adobe,
From Jamaica he brought black magic vibes,
Which he shared with Indian tribes,
Old Wasumi was hung for those deeds
At a tree to which Calabassas leads,
Take the road you were on before
Right on Mulholland Highway is your door.
7. Some distance North you must still endure,
Down OTC to Mulholland is sure,
And if you can be deft,
Before 101 is a left,
At the cantina if you're early,
Have a drink and don't be surly.
8. Your ancestors, originally from Holland,
always had a profound interest in archaeology. Your great-
great-grandfather, Lars Jones, in addition, was an old eccentric
who avidly followed the development of witchcraft in Europe.
His intense involvement in the subject was often mistaken as
lunacy, so noone paid much heed when he was found dead on the
grounds of his home, having purportedly thrown himself off the
the second story balcony.

He lived just north of the Ventura Freeway,
And you can't get there in a straightaway,
16.4 km east and you're a champ,
Count your distance from the logical ramp,
At that point take a major right,
And off the first ramp you alight,
And at your first street take a left,
And do it again or be bereft,
Of the castle that will quickly show,
If up this Boulevard you do not go.

9. Entombed alive and left to die,
You hear the bats begin to fly,
You follow them with your last match,
And find a secret passage hatch,
Near the Colorado and Southern line you go
In a Puh...



10. To the airport the witches fled,
To fly to their ultimate watershed,
It's a ticket with TWA,
And with their flight there's some delay,
Just follow their tracks,
They're probably LAX,
And before they climb on board,
Find out where the map is stored.

11. With the talisman now in hand,
And with the chant that you command,
Pray to Poseidon at home base,
So he might forgive the human race,
He should understand up on the deck,
That a man who died in one shipwreck,
Is the one on whom to lay the blame,
For Satan's close and dangerous claim.

HOTLINE 540-6019

THE CRUSADERS FOR THE CURSE'S CLUES

1. On tape
This is Dr. Jean-Pierre Archambeau calling.
I've a message for you of the greatest importance regarding your excavations of the Phoenacian shipwreck. An ancient document has been found in an old Sicilian village demonstrating that the fisherman's boat .7 miles north of your present worksite at the Sunset-Coastal intersection. The talisman is expected to have washed ashore in the hull of the ship just where it crashed against a huge boulder off the Pompeian coast near the Surfview route. I tell you this now because some strange people with white paint on their faces have been following me and I am afraid for my life! (Knock on door). Who's there? What do you want? (Gunshots) Aaargghh! " Sorry, wrong number . . . "
2. In empty pyramid box, skull
The bones are there,
But beware,
The ancient talisman and its curse,
Were taken by someone who was there first,
Your phone message came somewhat late,
Archambeau's killers are your bait,
For they've the icon for their caste,
To Room 118 you must haste,
It's a Grave Stele in the Greek collection,
That holds the secret to your predeliction,
The animal's cornered and just across,
Hurry now lest all be lost.
3. Behind Stele
The Santerian worshippers of views Satanic,
Are your thieves, it's time to panic,
With evil plans in ritual mirth,
They'll now wreak havoc on the earth,
To straighten out your legal claim,
It's a computer you must tame,
Refer to it on the second floor,
It's "Salvage Law" you must explore,
Go to the most archaeological cite,
In this law review's your might,
For the animal to locate,
Remember just to elevate!
4. Letter in volume
(w/ first map)
My dearest Calf's Heart,
We patiently await your holy and selfless sacrifice to the Satanic emperor of the Universe at the Park of Tapia, The Blood King for the ritual that will begin our devout pilgrimage to power over the world. You should remember the Park well--several miles north on Malibu Canyon Road--it's where we had your sister, Festering Lung Maggots. Tapia will be in exaltation at seeing the white nape of your neck split by the sword of Rotting Tripe, our tribal leader. With your life's blood flowing over hot flames, Tapia will christen us with

10. On windmill
on blue notecard

Dear Indy,

At last my research has unlocked the clue to the notorious Santerian hideaway - the place where devil worshippers hide their magical rocks to await the appropriate celestial time that will bring forth their destructive powers. There's a set of maps, the third whose location I discovered recently while reading an old World Atlas, reference number G1019T48a, at the Powell Library. I am afraid I am too late for my aggressors are upon me. I leave for your sake and your children a doomsday of great destructive power, where all the evil forces will converge at the Satanic eclipse, June 16, 1990.

Lars Jones

11. In Atlas

To Turkey you both travel with velocity,
You for a map, Arnold out of curiosity,
There in an old mosque you find,
The remains of one of the witching kind,
Buried with him in his casket,
The third map you find in a basket,
But without time to look,
You're captured by a Santerian crook,
He entombs you in a grave,
But old Arnold he forgave,
You clearly overhear the guard,
Say 4411 S. Sepulveda Boulevard,
You recognize this as the station,
From which Turk trains depart the nation,
It's the same as Westwood, only later,
A direction still could not be straighter.

12. Key in train

To the devil Arnold sold his soul,
And led Santeria to your goal,
He's just a traitorous Benedict,
Off the speeding train he's kicked,
You got from him the attached key,
Which fits a locker in Terminal Three.

13. Map in locker

You now have secret map number three,
- And with the other two you'll see,
Just how the talisman they did hide,
Let location E be your guide,
And before Santerian evil spells our lot,
Find out where X marks the spot.

5. In bark

You've stopped the ritual and saved a life,
But to now rescue the world from strife,
And for more of the devil worshippers' notes,
You must puncture that which floats,
Look around, you'll find a tree,
It's sharp and accurate that you must be.

6. In balloon

For the riddle to unravel,
It's North to India you must travel,
There Esmeralda's purple is a disguise,
The Satanic avengers know she's wise,
To escape reprisal for earlier blame,
Jothi's now her given name,
Under her dress you'll grab your game,
Off with the shoes and please be tame.

7. Scroll in
Temple

To all visitors far and wide,
My warning now you must abide,
If not Santeria will have its glory,
And consummate its horror story,
There are three maps that make a set,
To find the talisman before sunset,
At its new resting place,
So do please increase your pace,
For 6.02 km from your door,
The 2550 marker tells you more,
Down an old abandoned road,
Leonis left directions to his abode.

8. In mask

To Miguel's mud barn you must roam,
For it's there Wasumi made his home,
He was later brought back from the dead,
Through a chant that was voodoo pled,
He's now returned for the second draft,
Under birdseed is hidden his witchcraft,
And though an animal on a cantina does sit,
Barking forth his party wit,
For the real animal to find,
In the kitchen there's coffee to grind.

9. Letter and map
under buggy

My fellatious Wasumi: 26 May 1850
Fourscore and sixty years hence,
The disciples of Satan will have their prince,
To spread darkness upon the earth,
From their talisman and its worth,
You'll see this second map assists,
To find where the hiding place exists,
But a Holland doctor by the name of Jones,
Is on my tail and after your bones,
From his windmill he does say,
He knows of the talisman's hideaway,
He lives alone behind a castle,
Killing him should be no hassle!