



THE
LOST TREASURE
OF THE
INCAN EMPIRE

A True-Life Adventure Novel

by

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*Herein, I have highlighted
certain relevant passages.
Pay them careful attention,
for they may save your life.
Paul Jamison*

Where to start my incredible story?
As I sit here typing these words on my dependable 1903 Underwood, my thoughts inevitably turn to the strange history of the hot, dusty Peruvian town of Haaracu. It is there I suppose, in the dark shadows of an ancient world, where my story really began.

It all started with the first contact between a powerful but peaceful tribe of Incan warriors and the greedy Spanish conquistadors who coveted their wealth.

I set it down here exactly as I have so painstakingly pieced it together.

The Golden City of Tumbrez Disappears

When Pizarro and his band of Spanish conquistadors arrived in the Peruvian city of Tumbrez, they marvelled at the city's magnificent riches. The conquistadors found in Tumbrez the wealth of an empire ripe for the plundering.

Pizzaro could scarcely believe that to the Incas of Tumbrez, this wealth meant nothing. Gold, silver, and jewels gave them no pleasure. They gloried more in their fields of ripe, golden corn. In their richly woven tapestries. And in their beautiful Caraquenquey birds.

The natives believed that only two of these majestic birds ever hatched. The birds belonged exclusively to the supreme chieftain of Tumbrez. Feathers from these birds adorned his royal headdress. If anyone but he should dare to wear these feathers...death!

The people of Tumbrez cared for these birds, satisfying the birds' persistent cravings for different kinds of foods. In return, the birds gave up the royal feathers so reknowned for their great beauty.

Leaving behind reassurances of his peaceful intentions, Pizzaro left Tumbrez and set out for Panama to secure the reinforcements necessary to sack the golden city.

When he returned with a legion of men armed to the teeth, he found that he had been outsmarted by the clever natives. In his absence, the Incas of Tumbrez had stripped the city bare of its riches and had disappeared into the mountains. Gold, jewelery, sculpture, fine vicuna wool, all gone! Even the royal Caraqueunqueys appeared to have flown the coop.

And where is that treasure today? What became of the tremendous wealth of the golden city of Tumbrez?

The conquistadors searched for this wealth for decades, and never found it. The old legends persist that it still exists, riches beyond comprehension, hidden somewhere in the mountains of Peru. Awaiting only the arrival of a stalwart adventurer brave enough and clever enough to unearth its secrets.

Intrigue in the
Deceptively Peaceful
Village of Haaracu.

Nestled by a quiet mountain stream

*Rumors persist that
these shy birds
still exist.*

*This was not me.
Could it be you?*

*I suspected all was
not as it appeared in
Haaracu, and I was
right.*

in the shadow of Mount Chimborazo, lies the peaceful native village of Haaracu. The village with its thatched roof masonry houses has remained virtually unchanged since the days of the Incan empire.

The natives of Haaracu still hunt and fish for their food. They still worship the deities of the sun, moon and stars. As their Incan ancestors did before them, they still regard the rainbow as the symbol of the sun god's highest achievements.

The village is located in what many Peruvians regard as their country's most sacred spot. Many natives believe that on this ground Manco Capac, son of the Sun God, first descended to earth to found the Incan dynasty. Others say, no, this was the spot where his sister, Oello Huaco, was born.

Oddly enough, no one knows exactly how the village of Haaracu came to be. It just seemed to magically appear overnight. Another peculiarity is that no one who lives in the village can trace ancestry further back than the Spanish conquest.

A persistent local legend insists that the original inhabitants of Haaracu hid great quantities of wealth somewhere in the mountains around the village. But nowadays, nobody believes these legends.

And so, the villagers of Haaracu maintain their unrefined lifestyle. They are a simple people content with the fulfillment of their basic needs. None

I do!!!

of them had ever been lured into searching for the fabled hidden storehouse of treasure.

*That has changed.
Oh, now that has changed.*

The Strange Story
of a Treacherous Peruvian Llama Herder

Cupay, a young Haaracan llama herder, grew increasingly dissatisfied with his station in life. He began to lust after that which only wealth and power can bring.

His travels with his herd took him to the farthest corners of the Haaracun valley, to the ocean beach on the west, and high up into the mountains.

From time to time, far back in the jungle or high on a mountainside, Cupay would find an ancient artifact. Village law prohibited the keeping of such artifacts, but this scheming llama herder ignored the law and kept them anyway. He saw them as an eventual source of great wealth and personal power. Over the years, he collected a sizeable number. But he was still not satisfied. He desired more, more, more.

One evening, after tethering his llamas for the night, Cupay studied his latest find, a brooch. It was by far the most impressive piece he had ever discovered. It was circular in shape, the image of the radiant sun, the supreme deity of his people. The center of the brooch contained a magnificent diamond.

Turning the brooch over in his hands, Cupay discovered to his utter amazement that the ancient treasure was

*This find started
Cupay on his road
to ruin.*

inscribed with the symbol of Atahualpa, the last of the royal Incas. Could this brooch be a clue to the much-sought-after treasures from the Golden City of Tumbrez? If so, this brooch had great value, indeed!

Over time, suspicion arose concerning the devious llama herder's long forays deep into the jungle. One evening, as Cupay fondled his precious brooch and contemplated how it would hasten his ultimate goal of power and glory, a voice directly behind him bellowed his name. Dropping the brooch in alarm, Cupay quickly clambered to his feet. He turned around to find himself face to face with the village chief and his council of elders.

Village law was very precise and unyielding in matters of this kind. By rights, for concealing an artifact, Cupay should have been fed to the local shark that lurked in the waters off shore.

Instead, the elders stripped him of his hoarded treasures (all but the brooch, which was lost when the village chief startled Cupay), and of his other worldly possessions. They then set him adrift in the ocean on a rickety old raft. Thus they would let the gods decide the just punishment for his transgression.

Cupay cursed and castigated the chief and the elders as he drifted out to sea. He called upon the gods to rain down horrors upon the village. He vowed to someday return and take his

retribution.

After several days adrift at sea, Cupay was rescued by a lonely tramp steamer, The Andes, a decrepit freighter steaming from port to port in search of a cargo.

Cupay remained with that ship for many, many years thereafter, causing much woe to anyone who crossed him. Through foul means, underhanded activities, and ruthless actions, Cupay eliminated any crewman who blocked his rise to power. Stories abound of unconscious seamen pitched overboard into shark-infested waters after an argument with Cupay. Cupay eventually eliminated even the ship's captain. Thus did Cupay gain control of the ship itself.

And through it all, Cupay never lost his desire for wealth and power. Nor did he forget his vow of revenge.

*Should you ever
meet this man,
be extremely wary
of him, for he
is evil!*

Dreaded Pestilence Strikes Haaracu

Even as Cupay, shouting his curses, disappeared over the horizon, drastic misfortunes struck the hapless people of Haaracu.

Earthquakes, never before a problem, shook the earth with regularity. The thundering earthquakes caused damage more quickly than the villagers could repair it.

Huge fissures opened in the jungle floor, sometimes large enough to swallow up a herd of llamas or a field of corn. As time passed, the intensity of these great earthquakes got stronger and

stronger.

To add to the misery of the village populace, a huge condor moved into their valley. As a result of some horrible genetic defect, this terrible beast grabbed up anything left lying about. He took everything from laundry to small animals. No one could determine where he took these items, nor what caused him to take some things and not others.

Compounding the villagers' grief, a tribe of headhunters moved from the Amazon jungle to the outskirts of the village. These fearsome warriors periodically raided the village, killing innocent people and making off with anything of value.

In a horrible display of sacrilege, these headhunters looted a village shrine and stole a small gold idol cast in the image of Pachacamac, the creator god.

The villagers were outraged by this desecration of their holy shrine. Yet they were powerless to prevent it. The headhunters were masters of jungle warfare. The villagers lived in mortal fear that someday these headhunters would take over their village completely.

The villagers eventually came to believe that they had been bewitched by the curses Cupay hurled at them as he drifted out to sea. Villagers secretly discussed possible ways to appease the vile llama herder. So certain were they that he was the cause of their misery, that, if he were to magically reappear in their midst, he would have little trouble

*I, myself, almost lost
valuable supplies
on numerous occasions.*

*I never heard of a
defence against the
savage attacks of
these headhunting
barbarians. I wish
you better luck.*

persuading them to elect him village chieftain.

A Precious Treasure Rediscovered

Pity poor Amaru. The villagers of Haaracu considered him capable of nothing more demanding than cleaning out the llama pens and carrying the dung to the cornfields. Amaru hated his smelly work. He longed for the slightest bit of escape from his daily drudgery. He listened with awe to the tales his neighbors told, tales of travel to exciting places like Lima and even Cuzco. Oh, how he longed to go there, too.

Unbeknownst to Amaru, he would soon have his chance to do so.

One day, his chores completed, Amaru wandered past Cupay's former campsite, the place where the village chieftain and the elders had discovered Cupay with his treasures. Suddenly, his eye caught a quick flash of light darting from beneath a log.

Bending down, Amaru reached under the log and retrieved the ancient relic Cupay had dropped and lost when the village elders appeared. It was the most precious of Cupay's findings, the ancient brooch inscribed with the symbol of Atahualpa, the last of the royal Incas. Even after all these years, the brooch was in good condition. However, unknown to Amaru, the great diamond, once set into the center of the brooch, was now missing.

Amaru did not recognize the ancient symbol of Atahualpa. But he knew solid gold when he saw it. This brooch was his

ticket out of Haaracu.

Amaru tucked the brooch securely under his poncho and did something he had always dreamed of doing. He started through the jungle toward Lima, the city of his dreams.

Weeks later, he finally arrived there.

Exhausted and hungry, confused by the strange sights and sounds of the city, Amaru wandered aimlessly through the streets. Finally, in a street just off the oceanfront, he entered a dingy bar.

His eyes burned from the pungent smoke of sailors' pipes. He crossed to a table along the side wall and sat down.

His native dress caught the attention of one of the bar's patrons, a rugged American.

The stranger was quite a large man, nearly as big as Amaru. It was obvious from the stranger's well-muscled body and sun-darkened face that he was no ordinary tourist. Since the other patrons in the bar were all Peruvian sailors, this American attracted a great deal of attention. In fact, the simple Amaru had never seen such a man before.

The stranger approached Amaru, and addressed him in Amaru's own native dialect! Amaru happily returned the stranger's greeting.

Sitting down at Amaru's table, the stranger ordered up several plates of delicious food and a container of a most delightful malted beverage. These he

*Here's where I enter
the story.*

gave to Amaru.

Within a short time, the two were conversing as if long-lost friends.

As the hours passed, the great quantities of malted beverage which Amaru consumed began to cloud his judgement. Amaru told the stranger the history of his village and the details of his jungle journey.

The stranger listened with obvious excitement. He asked countless questions about Amaru's village. The stranger was well-satisfied with the meager information he received.

As the stranger rose to leave, Amaru, faced with the terrifying prospect of a dreary night alone, without money in this strange city, reached under his poncho, pulled out the brooch and offered it for sale to the stranger.

The stranger could have bought the brooch for a pittance, but he was an honorable man.

He took the brooch from Amaru and slipped it into his own pocket. Knowing that this uncultured native would most likely be shanghaied, or worse, robbed and killed by thugs if left alone here on the waterfront, he motioned for Amaru to follow him.

The stranger took Amaru to a small cottage on the edge of the city. The stranger knocked twice on the cottage door, paused a moment, and then knocked three more times.

The door opened to reveal a diminutive Peruvian native, stooped and

*I could hardly
believe my luck.
The key to the
treasure of Tumbes,
in the hand of this
peasant.*

bent from the passing of his 70 years.

At the sight of the stranger, the old native's face brightened. He immediately invited his visitors inside.

The stranger explained to Amaru that he must return to North America to secure help and funding to continue his search for a fabulous treasure buried somewhere in the mountains outside Amaru's native Haaracu. He told Amaru to remain here with his old native friend until he returned. Then they would journey together to Amaru's village.

The stranger pulled a large sum of money from his pocket. He handed it to the old native with instructions to give it to Amaru as needed. With that, the stranger went away.

Amaru waited patiently for several days. But finally, not realizing the vast distances involved between his native land and North America, he became concerned when the stranger did not immediately return. So Amaru slipped away from the small cottage and returned to the waterfront in an effort to find his missing benefactor.

Amaru searched the bars and the warehouses and the massive dock where ships awaited their cargo.

He approached a particularly rusty old vessel with its name, The Andes, barely visible on its bow.

On the bridge of this vessel, Amaru saw a man he recognized. Cupay, the cast-out llama herder of his village. He called out to his former neighbor.

*And from there I
returned to Chicago
to seek help.*

Cupay recognized Amaru at once. Although Cupay harbored deep hatred for the village chief and the village elders, he felt no such enmity toward Amaru. In his simple way, Amaru had always been a kindly soul.

Cupay, now captain of The Andes, invited Amaru aboard.

Cupay listened to Amaru's story with great interest. Cupay could barely contain his anger when he discovered that Amaru had given the brooch, HIS brooch, to some stranger.

Cupay told Amaru that the stranger had deserted him and would not return. He told Amaru the stranger intended to sell the brooch for a great deal of money, money that rightly belonged to Amaru and Cupay. Cupay insisted that they pursue the stranger and retrieve the brooch.

Amaru at first refused to believe Cupay's version of events. The stranger had been so kind. But finally Cupay convinced him of the stranger's greed.

And it was settled. Cupay and Amaru together would do whatever necessary to recover their missing brooch.

*And here's where
you come in.*



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