

THE QUEST FOR CAPTAIN SAMMY'S TREASURE

by C.L. Hart

EXCERPT

Darkness and ominous silence dominated the Jungle of Kled. Strange towering trees moving in ways that defied explanation cast shadows that shimmered and danced. Each rustle in the darkness represented a potential threat, and every shadow teemed with unseen danger. A network of twisted vines snaked through the underbrush, their thick tendrils blocking any light that might have penetrated the canopy above.

A palpable sense of dread filled the air as strange and terrifying cries echoed from the shadows.

The flapping of massive leathery wings could be heard as monstrous creatures ascended into the dark green sky. Insects of enormous size buzzed and crawled across toxic flowers. The feeling of being watched was ever-present, a sense of malice stalking every step.

It was into this scene that three peculiar travelers fell from an ovoid of light the color of key lime pie filling. Despite the bumpy landing, the first of the trio seemed unperturbed. This sturdy, mature gentleman quickly righted himself, doing a jaunty jig in the air, his silver and gold curls bouncing as he moved. A beam of moonlight passed through him, revealing his ether