



Buddha's Tooth

A Thailand Adventure



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-Foreword-

Some people are born to be heroes. Some people earn it through years of trying. Allow me to introduce you to three likely lads who had heroism strangely dropped on their heads.

Please enjoy the first adventures of Nicholas (Nick) Godfrey, Stuart, (Stu) Wilson, and Peter Harris (Spock). Three unattached, English, horny, mid thirty-year-old lads on holiday, as they almost battle against evil forces, almost rescue damsels in distress and almost save a country from total destruction.

They definitely do however, drink copious amounts of amber fluid and have lots of horizontal fun. The story is set mostly in the amazing city of Pattaya, located on the Eastern Seaboard of Thailand. Lush green palm trees, crystal clear waters, warm golden sand and herds of buffalo wandering aimlessly over grassy meadows, you won't find there. However, chrome pole molesters, Go-Go dancers, ogling dens, cheap amber fluid and beautiful, accommodating women more than make up for it.

Follow their hilarious antics through the many stages of intoxication; from 'juiced' through 'spannered' and 'shitfaced' up to the ultimate stage of being totally 'wankered', as they unknowingly enter into a chase between good and evil for the recovery of an ancient holy relic. Enter into a diverse culture of South East Asian people, whose attitudes, traditions, and lives, have, and always will, remain a mystery to the Western world. So, unless you like stories about buffaloes, please read on and enjoy *Siam Storm*, an absolute must read survival guide for anyone travelling to 'The Land of Smiles'.

Korþ kbun krap

(Thank you)

Moreover, if you want something to do after reading this epic. Think about this puzzle:

A man and women marry and have a baby boy. One year later, they have another baby boy, but the two boys are not brothers. WHY?

If you are stumped, the answer is revealed in Chapter 21.



-Prologue-

The ancient stage is set. The delicate scent of jasmine, lotus blossom and other oriental fragrances drifts soothingly through the warm candlelit main hall of the *Wat*, the temple. Inside are highly trained *Chang*, elephant warrior monks of the *Tinju* order, kneeling with their foreheads touching the marble floor, arms extended in front of them. They are deep in meditation and await the moment, like crouching lions waiting for the scent of their prey.

Situated in dense jungle and surrounded by jungle-encased mountains, this *Wat* was said to be around 2000 years old and built by monks in *Salaburi*, which was a remote village, just a short distance away from the small south eastern Thai/Cambodian border town of *Pong-Nam-Rom*. The *Wat* was small by temple standards, with gleaming domes and arches, covered in gold leaf and it had skilfully carved statues that depicted Buddha's journey through life, both as a prince and a pauper.

The *Wat* was built against a mountain to the rear of the village. The meticulously maintained *Wat* had a large door at the front, a small door at the rear, and a door at the side leading to a meditation room. The exterior of this small, windowless room, had mosaic tiles formed into murals that depicted a nobleman on a horse, smiling down upon a poor, decrepit individual. It was believed this was the moment when Prince *Siddhartha Gautama* decided to give up his earthly possessions and begin his journey to enlightenment, eventually becoming known as 'Buddha' and entering *Nirvana*, heaven, whilst still alive.

Inside the meditation room was; an embalmed corpse laid out on a stone slab, a foetus in a glass jar, preserved in a clear liquid made from the bark of a local tree, and a skeleton. The monks entered this room for intense meditation on the journey through life and to reflect on birth, death, and the afterlife. Cut into one wall was an entrance with a small tunnel, which led to a large cave, and a heavy golden gate that covered the cave's mouth.

One hooded monk stood guard on either side of the gate. Each carried a small bow and quiver filled with menacing arrows. The handles of their sheathed swords sparkled, even through the dim light. This cave housed the teachings of the Lord Buddha and the *Wat's* most valuable possession...four Pre-molars, wisdom teeth of the Holy Buddha, kept in a golden box, about the size of a matchbox and adorned with rubies and sapphires from the nearby mines of Chantaburi.

The inner chamber of the main temple was basic, with large, smooth marble pillars set on either side of a three-metre wide aisle. Small mats were placed on the marble floor to the side of the aisle for the monks to pray, receive teachings, and meditate. Outside the main temple was the monk's living quarters and large arenas where they would learn fighting skills, both with and without weapons. Although the weapons were ancient, in trained Tinju hands they proved to be as deadly as any modern-day weapon. Handed down from generation to generation, the monks' skills as great warriors, in all forms of combat were legendary. The early kings of Siam, which has been known as Thailand since 11 May 1949, used Tinju monks as bodyguards and assassins throughout the centuries.

Due to inhospitable terrain, humidity, and many biting insects, the approach to the village was difficult. With no roads or visible tracks, the only people with the knowledge to find their way were the villagers and monks. Through this anonymity, the village and *Wat* remained unhindered for millennia. Using

knowledge passed down through the ages, they farmed the land, tended their cattle, and survived on medicines provided by the many trees and plants found in the surrounding forest. They were totally self-sufficient and had no need for the trappings or indulgences of the outside world that had long since forgotten them.

The monks, all males, were chosen before birth. When a Tinju monk died, the next first-born son of a villager became his replacement. It was believed that he was the reincarnation of the deceased Tinju. At just one day old, the infant was taken to the temple. There he would remain for the rest of his life, never knowing his real parents or family. The infant would be taken care of, taught, and nurtured by the other monks. For the boy's family it was a great honour to have a son who was Tinju because they were known for their great wisdom and kindness in their search for enlightenment. They were born Tinju and died Tinju.

There were currently 75 monks. The youngest was two years old, and the eldest was 86. For the monks of the Tinju order, it was their credo to guard the sacred relic. Active duty started at the age of ten, and continued throughout their lives until they were around 70 years old. They retired from active service and, except for the 'Prime Master', lived the remainder of their lives as elder monks, undertaking teaching and guidance for the young monks.

A Siamese trader and emissary to the King, acquired the holy remnants of Prince Siddhartha Gautama over 500 years after his death, about the same time Christ was born. At the time, it was widely believed that any ruler who worshipped the relics of Buddha would be given the power to command and rule wisely. The trader brought the relics to Siam from China after searching for 20 years, but he was well rewarded for his endeavour. They were presented to King Bumnalonkorn of Siam

who had a golden box encrusted with locally mined rubies and sapphires made to house the relics.

In order to keep them safe, he needed the most highly trained *Chang*, elephant warriors from the Kingdom to guard them with their lives. After many months of fierce gladiatorial competitions, 50 of the country's best warriors were chosen, along with 25 of the holiest Buddhist teachers. With their hair and eyebrows shaved, and bedecked in the traditional bright orange robes with the addition of a red sash, the Tinju monks were created. Their role was to guard the holy relics and every year, on the King's birthday, to escort the relic to the Imperial Palace so that the King could ask for continued wisdom to rule.

The King chose a site in the heart of a jungle. He named it *Salaburi* and brought in artisans from all over the Kingdom to build the *Wat*. Taking 12 years to construct, it was built next to a cave in one of the nearby mountain and was made secure with gates and booby traps. The boxed relics were then placed into a small gold statue of Buddha. The key was given to one holy man, who was then given the title Prime Master.' Only he knew the booby traps, and only he could hold the key. People from all over the kingdom...families of builders, carpenters, teachers, doctors and farmers, were selected and came in to take care of the new monks and made up the population of *Salaburi* village. A new civilisation was created, cut off from the outside world and it developed with its own culture.

Apart from the King, his Chief of the Palace Guards, the head of the *Temple of the Emerald Buddha at the Imperial Palace, and the Tinju, nobody else is aware of the existence of the holy relic. The Chief of the Palace Guards had the responsibility of transporting the Tinju to and from the palace. Large army transports would be driven to Pong-Nam-Rom. The monk's would be waiting, and get into the vehicles, and proceed to the Imperial Palace in Bangkok. The monks would then

disembark and enter the Temple of the Emerald Buddha, forming rows on either side of the aisle.

The Prime Master would walk over to the Emerald Buddha, remove the golden box from his robe, and place it at the foot of the Buddha. He would then pray alone for several moments before joining the other monks to await the King's arrival.

In *Salaburi*, two hooded monks guarded the remnants 24 hours a day. The relics were only removed prior to the current monarch's birthday, in time to transport them to the Imperial Palace. When the Imperial Palace was located in the former capital of Chiang Mai, the journey took weeks. After its relocation to Bangkok, it still took several days before the introduction of motor vehicles. Now the journey was only a five-hour drive. The monks removed the relics the day before in order to perform their own ritual at their *Salaburi Wat*, the "Ceremony of the Great Journey". This was the greatest day in the monk's year, as it meant the next day they would be going to the Imperial Palace and meeting their beloved monarch, *King Bhumipol Adulyadej the Great of the Chakri House*, whose birthday falls on the fifth of December.

Khun Somchay had been Prime Master of the Tinju for four years. Now 58 years of age, he had the strength of a lion and the speed of a striking snake. His mentor, the former Prime Master, *Khun Vitchae*, had handed over the honour to *Somchay*, after losing his sight and being unable to perform his duties.

Within the Tinju society, monks ranked in order from Novice, to Warrior, to Master, with only one nominated as Prime Master. Although *Somchay* was not the eldest Master, his merit and courage had convinced his peers that he was the right man for the job.

Somchay now stood in front of the large golden statue of Buddha, situated at the rear of the Tinju temple. The statue, approximately 20' tall, was of the Buddha sitting in a cross-legged lotus position with open hands and smiling face as he

looked down at everyone below. In the statue's hands lay the small matchbox-sized gold and jewel encrusted box containing the sacred relic, which had been ceremoniously brought from the guarded cave several hours earlier. Somchay, his head bowed and hands in the Wai position, chanted a prayer for enlightenment, wisdom and courage. His chanting continued for several minutes, and then he fell silent.

The two hooded monks who stood on either side of the statue lit more of the heavily-scented essence sticks, positioned around the statue in small sand traps. This took several minutes and, as small wisps of smoke started emanating from the sticks, the air started to fill with a fragrant, earthy aroma. After all 30 sticks were lit. Somchay took the small box from the statue's hands and turned to face the prone monks. He held the box high above his head and uttered a command in an ancient Siamese dialect, lost to the world except for those in this holy place. The monks now sat and looked at the holy box and, in a singular crescendo, praised the Lord Buddha so loudly that it seemed to resonate in Nirvana. This carried on for several minutes, all in perfect tone, perfect pitch, and perfect unison.

Somchay was first to notice the change in the aroma surrounding the temple. Somchay's sense of smell, as that of all Tinju monks, was honed to be the same as a hunting or prey, animal. The fragrant aroma of the incense had been replaced by something that he'd come across before. It was similar to the sweet, nutty smell given off by the cakes at the village bakery. . . . almonds. However, he knew this was not cake. It was something more modern and, his senses told him, far more sinister. The wispy curls of smoke now turned into large plumes. Somchay shouted out and clasped the box to his body. The other monks were now on their feet, hurrying toward Somchay. The hooded monk, standing to the right of the statue, thought he saw the monk to his left side putting on a black mask, but he ignored this and went to protect his master. Confusion reigned as, one by one; the monks fell unconscious to the floor. Somchay fell

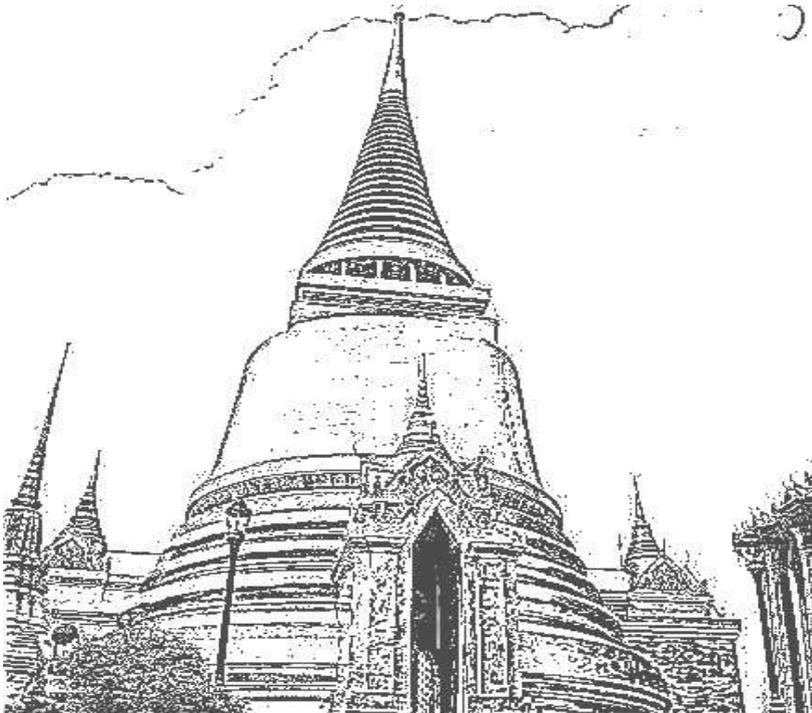
against the statue, and the holy box tumbled from of his hand. He looked up at the smiling face of Buddha, the last face he was to see in this life. The smoke filled the temple and, as each monk collapsed with confusion etched upon their faces, surrendered to this mortal coil and dispatched to their nirvana.

One figure still standing was a hooded monk, who quietly walked through the smoke to the lifeless body of the dead Prime Master. He bent down, retrieved the holy jewelled box and placed it in a small pocket inside his tunic. He looked through the smoke at the blurred orange-clad figures of the monks, now either dead, or writhing and convulsing on the marble floor. One monk, in particular, caught his gaze, and he stared for several moments until the monk's body ceased all movement. Slowly, but purposely, he then made his way to the back entrance of the temple where, once outside, he removed his S-16 respirator and took a gulp of fresh air. He removed his robes, stood in his camouflage under garment, and picked up the remainder of the cyanide flares. "*I do not want to leave any evidence,*" he thought. He bundled up his robe into a crude rucksack and tied that, along with his deadly evidence to his back. He took a last deep breath and ran off toward the jungle.

The back door of the temple was left ajar, and a faint cough was followed by a dull thud, as the other hooded monk came stumbling through. He had used his robe to filter some of the gas and held his breath as the deadly cyanide billowed out around him. Somehow, he'd found the strength to run out of the gas stream into the fresh air, letting out his breath in a loud, throaty roar and inhaling deeply, he filled his lungs with air. Still wheezing, he bent over and vomited. He turned his head and caught a glimpse of a figure running into the distance and then disappearing into the jungle. He collapsed, unconscious.

***The 'Emerald Buddha'** is a large gold coloured statue of a sitting Buddha approximately 50 feet high. On its head is a carved emerald, approximately 4 inches high with the effigy of Buddha carved into it. This is mounted in a small gold and glass case. The Thais regard this as the holiest Buddha in Thailand. It is open to the public, as are some other parts of the Imperial Palace.

TEMPLE OF THE EMERALD BUDDHA



– Chapter One –

The silence was broken by a high-pitched screech, followed by several beeps. A hand came out from under a small bundle of blankets and slapped the top of the alarm clock. Mumbling, the sound of breaking wind and the grating of a scrotum being scratched signalled that Stu was finally awake; he pulled back the blankets and rolled out of bed. He made his way over to the light switch. *‘Bloody freezing’*, he thought, *‘but never mind as this time tomorrow I will be basking in the sunshine’*. He looked over to an armchair, where a white bundle of fur lay with its eyes open, staring at Stu as he switched on the light.

“Come on, lazy dog; get your useless carcass up. You are going on holiday,” said Stu

Stu had moved back to Cleethorpes, a small northern English coastal town, and had been living there in a flat above a hair salon for four years. Although born and raised there, he had moved away when he was 17 and joined the Royal Navy. After 14 years he’d left the navy, and spent the next several years moving around the country before deciding to return to Cleethorpes and set up a furniture business. Stu purchased a cheap dilapidated shop house and fixed it up so that it was habitable. He rented out the shop to a hairdresser, and a downstairs flat behind the shop he had leased to his friend. Stu lived upstairs with his old white boxer dog, *‘Chunky’*.

Although he’d had several women in his life they had never stayed with him long; possibly due to the fact they didn’t really like him, he remained alone with his faithful companion, who he had dragged around the country for eight years. Chunky was

purchased as an eighteen-month-old unwanted pet and, when brought from the animal rescue shelter to meet her new owner, she had thought she was in for an easy life. Poor, misguided animal.

Chunky was well known for her stupidity and affection, by both the neighbours and local fire department, which had been called out on many occasions to free her head from the many railings and other obstacles that she had managed to become stuck in.

Now into December, England was cold, and the icy chill cut to the bone. Keeping extremities warm was a full time task, with the long periods of darkness causing deep depression among many of its inhabitants. England was not a nice place to live during the winter months, which is why Stu had decided to take his holidays now. He had staff that could take care of his business, and his friend, Tony, to take care of Chunky. He would be back before Christmas so he could spend time with his mum and friends.

Stu was short but stocky, with a well-formed beer gut. He would be the perfect weight for his height, if he was six foot five, but he fell short of that by over a foot. His mousy brown hair always looked uncombed, mainly because it was and, although he thought he looked handsome, in reality he had looks that only a mother could love. Not a rich man but never short of money, he had worked hard for what he had earned, and had the reputation of being thrifty; *'as tight as a duck's arse in water,'* to be more accurate.

His friend Spock lived in Stu's downstairs flat. The two had been friends since childhood and had always kept in contact throughout the years, sharing many drunken adventures whenever Stu was in town. This included having his neighbourhood closed off by armed police, looking for a crazed man in a checked shirt waving a shotgun around. This was actually a shitfaced Stu, who had borrowed Spock's air rifle with

its telescopic sights to look for a comet, which was supposed to have been easily viewed in the northeast night sky. Due to the fact that Stu didn't know which direction was northeast, he went outside and searched the sky using the rifle's sights, but to no avail, so he gave up, went inside and drank some more. Within ten minutes the street was swarming with armed police searching for a crazy man waving a gun around.

Spock had recently finished a relationship with his long-time girlfriend, who had decided after ten years together that she didn't really like him. She did, however, like her boss at the fish processing factory where she worked. She even liked his new black eye and crooked nose, courtesy of Spock.

Stu found a cheap flight on the Internet to Bangkok and Pattaya and, after finding out they were in Thailand, advertised as the 'Land of Smiles', the two had booked 15 nights, flying from Manchester on 7th December. They met several local lads who had already been to Pattaya and, after they had told them what to expect, they decided they had made the right decision.

Stu had a hot shower, pulled on his jeans and a thick shirt, and made himself a cup of tea. He opened a tin of dog food, which he scooped into a bowl, and went into the living room, leaving Chunky with her snout buried in the food. He sat in his armchair and went through everything silently in his mind. Bags packed - 'check'. Tickets, passport, traveller's cheques, - 'check'. Condoms - 'check'. Dog food, 16 days supply - 'check'. Train tickets - 'check'. He knew that he had forgotten something but could not think what it was. Then he realised. "Shit!" He rushed out of his armchair and raced off downstairs.

"Spock, are you awake!" he bellowed through the wall to the downstairs flat.

"Yes matey," came a muffled reply and continued, "I'll be up there in ten minutes. What time are you taking the dog and what time's the taxi coming?"

Spock, whose real name is Peter Harris, and was a similar age to Stu, is a giant of a man with a large build and shaven head, making him resemble a large primate. He had earned his nickname at school because of his unusually large ears. Although not pointed, his lugs bore an uncanny resemblance to those of Star Trek's resident Vulcan, so he had been nick-named 'Spock'. The name had stayed with him all his life and even he sometimes forgot that his real name was Peter. He loved his newly single life, loved the parties, and loved his work as a hygiene engineer. (Dustbin man.)

Spock was the life and soul of any party with his unusual party tricks. He would sit down, lift his legs to his neck, break wind and ignite this rather lethal gas that produced a blue flame as methane met spark. He had lost all his top teeth in a run-in with a lump of 4x2 wooden club wielded by an unhappy customer during his stint as a 'bouncer' several years ago. So, his other favourite trick was to remove his denture's, which he would then drop into some poor innocent drinker's pint of beer and then, with a big cheerful laugh, apologise and offer to finish off the drink for them. This practice had all but ceased after one night at their favourite Indian restaurant, 'The Tiger of Bengal'. Severely spannered, Spock decided to put his dentures into a girls drink. In went the false teeth, but instead of shrieking hysterically, the girl just calmly finished her drink, tipped out the dentures and promptly threw them across the restaurant. Everyone found this amusing, except for Spock. The false gnashers were passed along, Spock ran around and tried unsuccessfully to find out who had them, the restaurant's patrons were in hilarious uproar. The dentures were eventually found buried in a half-eaten bowl of Bombay mix and taken to the kitchen, cleaned and brought back to Spock on a small silver platter by a very perturbed Indian waiter. The restaurant is now fondly known as 'The Teeth of Bengal'.

The terrible two-some were now on their way. Chunky had been taken to her new residence for the next 16 days and the

lads were on the 12:40 train to Manchester airport. They weren't due to fly out until 21:50, but they wanted to give themselves plenty of time to check in with China Airways and have a few drinks. They had got as far as Scunthorpe, a small industrial town 20 minutes from Cleethorpes, when Spock opened his small hand luggage and produced a half-full bottle of whisky.

“Still three hours until we get to the airport, so we might as well finish this off,” said Spock and continued “after all, we are on holiday and it would be a shame not to.”

They arrived in plenty of time and checked in their luggage. They were allocated aisle seats and when told about the free drink service on the flight, they felt even happier.

On the aeroplane, they met Nick, who was in the seat next to Spock and, as luck would have it, was travelling to Pattaya. Nick was staying three weeks, as he did not want to be in England over Christmas. He chuckled and told them that he would have a better Christmas in Pattaya. Nick stayed with his sister in Brighton, a southern English coastal resort, and made this journey many times a year, both for leisure pursuits and business, which, as he explained, was buying copy designer clothes and watches to sell back in the U.K. He explained how it was becoming more difficult due to the Thai government's restrictions on copy merchandise. He gave Spock and Stu some information about what to expect in Pattaya, the routine about paying bar girls, where to change money and how much to pay for things. The two lads listened intently, especially about the girls. The only time they spoke was when Stu asked about brothels, to which Nick replied, chuckling.

“There aren't any. Wait and see.” That became his standard reply to all their questions.

“Wait and see. Just remember whatever you do, fall in love with the place, but do not fall in love with the girls.”

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