

CHALICE

BUDDHA'S TOOTH II

A Cambodian Adventure

Robert A Webster



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Darkness will settle on the people of Cambodia.
There will be houses but no people in them, roads
but no travelers; the land will be ruled by barbarians
with no religion; blood will run so deep as to touch
the belly of the elephant. Only the deaf and the mute
will survive.

Ancient Cambodian Prophecy

Deal with difficult situations like a dog.
If you can't eat it or hump it.
Piss on it and walk away

Not so ancient English Prophecy



-Foreword-

The world already has Bond: James Bond.
Jones: Indiana

Man: Super, Spider and Bat.

Now meet the next generation of super heroes as they begin their second adventure in South East Asia, once again thwarting the plans of some very dodgy characters in the face of adversity.

Stu, Spock, Nick and Pon, who can crush an empty beer can with one hand, leap from a girl's bedroom in a single bound. Emit lethal methane flames sometimes without scorching arse hairs; once again face their adversaries in the land of smiles (Thailand) and the beautiful and friendly country of Cambodia.

Enjoy the adventure as they unknowingly enter once again into a deadly chase to recover a holy relic and solve an age old mystery. All this they achieve whilst undergoing a metamorphism from being juiced, through spannered and shitfaced to totally wankered, by taking the magic potion otherwise known as beer and, although forced to drink their nemeses fruit based drink for ladies, remain in total control, as they fight for a place near the bar.

Follow once again their hilarious antics as they undertake another voyage of discovery in their search for chalices. A journey which takes them from the hustle bustle of the streets of Phnom Penh, to the splendour of Angkor Wat and the tranquil, golden beaches of Sihanoukville in the pursuit of women and good times, whilst aiding their friend in the recovery of the holy relic.

Join in the fun as they fumble around discovering lost worlds, make new friends, and unlock mystery from the annals of science.



- Prologue -

The telephone ringing brought Detective Inspector Crinigan out of his daydream. He picked up the receiver.

“Hello, Inspector Crinigan, Scotland Yard” he announced.

“Hello detective, this is Dr Timothy Clerk, I work for H.M Ambassador, David Reader from the British embassy in Cambodia and we seem to have a mystery here.”

“How can I help, Dr Clerk?” said the detective now thoughts fully focused on the conversation.

“A body was found a few weeks ago in one of the shallow dry wells in a recess in the main temple at Ta Prohm, about 1km away from one of Cambodia’s main tourists sites, Angkor Thom. A tour guide and party of tourists found the body after the guide decided to frighten the party by taking them off the usual route and into the dark back recesses. It backfired, as he shone his torch into the well, saw the body and scared himself shitless. We are having difficulty with identifying the corpse. All we really know from the autopsy is the man had been brain dead for about a week. He wasn’t carrying any form of identification and he was dressed only in a flimsy hospital gown, but the nearest hospital is 12km away

and they have had no Berang (foreigners) admitted in the last few weeks and none have been reported missing. We have kept the body on ice for about a fortnight to try and work out the puzzle and identify him, but so far we have had no success in doing either. We had a few people come forward when we put a photo in the Cambodia Daily reported seeing this individual around Phnom Penh several weeks ago, and said that he was an Englishman called Nick, a tourist from Brighton.” Clerk explained and then asked “ I was wondering if I could send you blood and DNA samples taken from the body and dental x-rays, along with photographs and fingerprints to see if you could positively identify him”

“Yes of course” said Crinigan after listening with great interest and enquired, “How did he die?”

“That’s the mystery” said Clerk. “The corpse only appears brain dead and we just don’t know how, it appears he had some kind of fright that caused a Berry aneurysm, which subsequently burst, but there are some major anomalies which we can’t fathom out and the facilities here aren’t great. We have done all we can at this stage. I will you the report and you can see what I mean, it is incredible but I don’t want to say too much on the phone”

“What do mean by only brain dead?” enquired a now confused detective.

“That’s one thing I don’t want to discuss on the phone” repeated Clerk.

“I understand,” said Crinigan, “if you send what you have to my office, I will see to it”.

“Thanks I will dispatch them immediately” and make arrangements for repatriating the body.”

“Could you send the corpse to our coroner’s office, so we can investigate further” Crinigan requested, now his Detective juices tingling with anticipation of something to get his teeth into at last.

Clerk thanked the detective then hung up the phone and wrote on the top of a small package already address to:

New Scotland Yard,

Broadway,

London

SW1H OBG:

Urgent: For the attention of: Detective Inspector Donal Crinigan.

Head of Special projects investigation unit.

Detective Inspector Donal Crinigan was born in Dublin the son of an Irish Guarda; he had followed in his father's footsteps and family tradition and joined the police straight from school. He then went on to join the Metropolitan police and moved to London where he became a homicide detective, and due to his fastidious nature and thorough detective work, rapidly moved up the ranks, now after 18 years with the Met, at 53 years of age, he was bored with the police force. He had two grown up sons, both in the police and an ex wife, who he still kept in contact with and still had strong feelings for, even though she had remarried. His Irish accent though still audible, had all but gone, unless he got angry then a string of Irish obscenities could be heard echoing around the corridors of New Scotland Yard, his subordinates knew they were in deep shit, when he would come out of his office point to the offending individual and with a broad Irish twang shout 'Johnson come here you little bollix.' Nowadays the only thing he got to investigate was dead Yardies and drug dealers, although he knew who committed the murders, he knew months of investigation and footslog, would only result in some slick city lawyer getting the accused murderer set free on some technicality. He was now ready to take a redundancy payment if offered and doing something different.

‘I am sick of these bollixes getting away with murder because we didn’t describe in detail what their fart smelt like’ he used to moan to his colleagues ‘Bloody red tape’.

Maybe this case will be different it certainly sounds intriguing he thought.

He swung around on his chair and gazed out of his office window overlooking St James Park and the pelicans; it was a warm sunny beautiful day in June.

In the morgue at Phnom Penh’s Royal Rattanak hospital, a corpse lay on a large metal post mortem table, around it stood bemused men from the Cambodian coroner’s office, and Dr. Timothy Clerk. Having just got off the telephone to Detective Crinigan, he stood and looked at the post mortem corpse.

‘This will baffle them in London’, he thought ‘it certainly mystified me, I will keep up to date with this strange case’.

Orderlies came in and swathed the body and Timothy signed the orders to have the corpse and all tissue and organ samples sent to England.

He left the hospital and headed to the Frog and Parrot, a small bar situated on the banks of the Tonle Sap River, for a well deserved beer and to see if the owner, Steve, could assist, as he knew most of the happenings around Phnom Penh.

Angkor Thom was the last and most enduring capital city of the Khmer empire. It was established in the late twelfth century by King Jayavarman VII. It covers an area of 9 km², within which are located several monuments from earlier eras as well as those established by Jayavarman and his successors. At the centre of the city is Jayavarman's state temple, the Bayon, with the other major sites clustered around the Victory Square immediately to the north

Ta Prohm is the modern name of a temple at Angkor, Cambodia, built in the Bayon style largely in the late 12th and early 13th centuries and originally called Rajavihara. Located approximately one kilometre east of Angkor Thom and on the southern edge of the East Baray near Tonle Bati, it was founded by the Khmer King Jayavarman VII as a Mahayana Buddhist monastery and university. Unlike most Angkorian temples, Ta Prohm has been left in much the same condition in which it was found: the photogenic and atmospheric combination of trees growing out of the ruins and the jungle surroundings ensures privacy and only very few brave visitors

Angkor Wat (Angkor temple) is the central feature of the Angkor UNESCO World Heritage Site containing the magnificent remains of the Khmer civilization. Angkor Wat's rising series of five towers culminates in an impressive central tower that symbolizes mythical Mount Meru. Thousands of feet of wall space are covered with intricate carving depicting scenes from mythology. Soon to be classed as one of the Seven Wonders of the World.

- Chapter One -

“I’m going in squadron leader, bandits 12 o’clock high”
I said Stu, in a well spoken English from the annals of a World War air ace accent, as his head went down toward a familiar black triangle with his tongue out ready to please Dao. He was stopped mid way down by a slap across his ears.

“Don’t yap, just work” exclaimed a perturbed, but horny Dao.

Stu continued on to Dao’s moist pink chalice and tasted her nectar. Now on the first day back of his third visit to the land that he now called home, he was pleasing the woman he now knew as the love of his life and the woman he intended to spend the rest of his life with.

Spock, also getting up to similar antics in the adjacent room at the Sawasdee hotel, with his little angel Moo, also happy to be back in Thailand with the woman who he now endearingly called ‘ little shit.’

It was now May and the lads had saved their money for this third visit to Thailand. They had previously spent a fortnight there during March, but it didn’t seem as magical or adventurous as their first visit, and they had almost missed their flight out, due to having to get Nick some medical attention at the airport. They again returned to UK depressed, and after a few hours of arriving home went to the travel agents and booked another flight. While in the UK they had phoned the girls daily, which had left them yearning more to go back there to be with them

Both Stu and Spock had mellowed since they’d been going to Thailand. Spock had even been kind to Chunky, Stu’s faithful old boxer bitch, and had willingly shared his

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bars of chocolate with the bemused animal that previously had to steal them off his table. Stu's mum, Pearl, had seen her son turn into a right gooeey Jessie, who spoke constantly about Dao and how he wanted to bring her to meet Pearl;

“you'll love her mum” and despite the fact Dao could hardly speak English, Stu convinced his mum they could sit and chat all day and compare treasures, as Stu referred to the ornaments Pon had given them. The carved, flawless ruby had been kept in Pearl's ‘treasure box’ as she used to fondly refer to the small wooden box made by Stu in woodwork class when he was 12. It had become a handy home for all the junk that Stu had given his mum over the years.

“Well, bring her over then son,” Pearl would say.

“Can't get a bloody visa,” Stu would grumble, “too difficult and we haven't been together long enough, but Spock and I will try again next time”.

They had tried to contact Nick several times by telephone, but they only got to speak to his sister who, when she realised who it was, became very nervous and agitated and, one time when Stu announced “It's Stu here, Nick's mate from Thailand, is he there?”

Stu was certain that he'd heard a panicked yelp in the background, followed by the sound of wood breaking and a groan of pain,

Stu put this down to the television.

Stu and Spock decided not to try to contact Nick again and thought they might run into him in Pattaya.

Nick however, had other plans, and after Stu's phone call, where he subsequently fell off the kitchen stool and cracked his head on his sister's oven, decided that Pattaya was too dangerous, so therefore decided to go somewhere different. He had friends who had visited Cambodia and said that they'd

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had a great time, so he decided to try there and booked a flight for May 3rd to Phnom Penh, the capital city.

Now shagged and showered, Spock, Stu, Dao and Moo decided they should go out and have a bite to eat. They met in the reception of the Sawasdee and Stu announced.

“Tonight girls we will eat steak”.

They had heard about a small restaurant located at the top of Walking Street, which had the reputation of serving the best Kobe steak in Thailand and, after finding out what Kobe steak was, and the usual price elsewhere in the world, they decided to splash out 450baht and try some.

They left the hotel and got on a baht bus and travelled around the one way system and alighted at the bottom of Walking Street.

Walking street is a large street closed to traffic, on either side there are large bars, discos and go-go bars and the most concentration of entertainment establishments in Pattaya.

They had just entered the street when Spock noticed a large complex filled with small bars, at the centre stood a boxing ring where two Muay Thai fighters were exchanging blows. The customers cheered when a fighter landed a punch or a kick.

“Shall we go have a look after we finish eating matey?”
Spock Stu

“Good idea,” said Sty

They continued walking toward the restaurant and something in one of the shops caught Spock’s eye.

“Hang on a minute,” he said and went into the shop and returned several minutes later, much to the bemusement of the other three, wearing a hat, which looked like something the Australian soldiers wore for jungle warfare.

“I’ve been looking for one of these for ages, look” he said you can put the sides up or down” he removed the hat and

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folded one side up and popped in the press-stud, and then replacing it on his head announced, “Errol Flynn. . . , what do you think?” He said with cheery grin

Dao, Moo and Stu all agreed he looked like an absolute twat.

Undaunted Spock mumbled,

“Well I like it” and he sauntered off in the direction of the restaurant as the other three followed far behind, so nobody would think they were with the ‘twat in the hat’.

They entered Tranquillity, a small but plush restaurant and they were led to a small four seat table and sat down, Spock removed his hat.

“Right,” said Stu, “we will start with two beers and two fruit based drinks for the ladies.”

“Coke” announced Dao and Moo ordered a beer

Spock and Stu ordered two Kobe steaks with Rockford cheese in the centre and the girls, as usual, wanted fried rice. However when their meals came, Dao tried the delicious steak and ordered a plate for her and Moo to share. They agreed that it was the best steak the lads had tasted, plumb, juicy and served just how they liked it, one medium, one well done, it just melted in their mouths, with the cheese in the centre exploding with a tangy sensation, which left them enjoying every fork full.

Now fed and happy, they wandered onto walking street and into the boxing bars. They positioned themselves at a small bar directly in front of the ring and ordered three beers and a wine cooler and then settled down to watch the boxing. After 30 minutes, the ring announcer asked the audience if anyone would like to try their luck against a Thai boxer.

Moo volunteered Spock, who looked confused, but not wanting to embarrass himself, decided to give it a try. He removed his daft hat and handed it to Moo, for safe keeping and he entered the ring to roaring cheers, mainly from Stu

Dao and Moo. Spock went to the centre of the ring and faced a small Thai boxer.

‘They want me to fight this toothpick’ thought Spock.

They had given Spock the largest boxing gloves they had, but although still too small for his large clubbing maulers, he squeezed into them and the bell sounded to start the fight. Toothpick man became like a small whirling dervish, as he rounded on Spock and rained down high-kicks, elbows and fists against Spock’s chest, which was about as high as he could reach. Spock, shaken by this flurry, tried a wild swing that the fighter easily avoided and punched Spock in his gut, bringing a gasp to Spock and another sound, familiar with his usual trick. Again, Spock swung wildly, but the Thai moved to his right and moved behind Spock. This move was a terrible mistake, as the Thai’s face came level with Spock’s arse. A large, hair blowing methane gas deposit, erupted from Spock’s sphincter, full into the face of the horrified toothpick.

The fighter got a face full of this deadly mixture; he coughed and spluttered, in a vain attempt to expel this foul odour.

Spock swung around and brought his fist down like a hammer on the head of the Thai. The stunned boxer looked at Spock, smiled and then fell face down unconscious.

A loud cheer came up from all the foreigners present. The Thai ring announcer and trainer rushed into the ring to check the fallen and cyanosed fighter, followed by the complex manager, and herded Spock, who now stomped around the ring in a victory march, out of the ring. Spock returned to his seat and recovered his hat from Moo. The trainer led his still dazed fighter out of the ring, shouting obscenities at Spock in Thai, and Moo shouted and screamed back at him. Moo then turned to Spock

“Man speaks no good, say you cheat”.

Stu, amused by all this, turned to his old friend and said

“Cheese and Singha beer mate?”

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“Yep” replied Spock “lethal mix” and to prove a point, Spock let rip again.

“Nasty,” grimaced Stu, getting a whiff.

Dao and Moo also got a nostril full and they got off their seats and started to move away.

“Go take a dump” said an unimpressed Moo as she headed off around the other side of the bar.

Still amused, Stu turned to Spock.

“Moo’s English seems to be getting better mate”.

“Yep,” said Spock, “you should hear what else I’ve been teaching her.”

“I can guess” replied Stu as the two lads carried on nonchalantly drinking their beer.

The four returned to the hotel around 1 am and, after replenishing their beer, whisky and the girls Listerine mouthwash supplies, decided to have an early night and plan what to do the next day.

Dao woke Stu early the next morning.

“Somebody knock on door.”

“What?” said Stu, still half asleep.

“Somebody knock on door.” repeated Dao.

Stu got out of bed and slipped on his shorts, grumbling under his breath,

“If it is a bloody cleaner screeching, ‘clean loom, clean loom’ there would be an arse kicking coming in the vicinity of room 114.

There came another knock.

“Wait stupid, I’m coming” growled Stu as he swung open the door.

His face turned from anger to a large smile and he chuckled.

“Hello mate,” he said, “What brings you here?” he looked at his watch, scowled, and then growled

“At 6 bloody 30 in the morning.”

- Chapter Two -

Professor Norman Rumble sat in an easy chair listening to Holst, The Planets through the headphones of his iPod. He stared again at the clock, which he'd been doing for the past few hours now. His gaze fell upon the framed photograph which hung on the wall 'Soon', he thought, "and at last the world will give us the recognition we deserve. It will be good to get out of here and live a normal life, instead of the life of a mole'. He stared again at the black and white photograph of himself as a young man, alongside an older woman, both smiling, and holding microscopes.

Rumble looked around his office at other photographs on his wall. Many were of a younger Norman with a pretty olive brown skinned lady with round brown, sparkling eyes, and a young boy of similar complexion, but with deep blue eyes that resembled Rumbles. His eyes flitted to other photos in the room that showed the same people, but at different times. The last photograph showed a young man in an academic robe, holding a diploma in computer science.

Rumble smiled with pride when he saw this photo of his son and, with as tears weld up in his eyes he looked at an old faded colour photograph of just the woman.

"Sorry my darling I was just too late" he said aloud to the photograph and as he wiped the tears from his eyes said. "But soon, I promise we will be back together again".

Norman smiled at the photo.

The Planets concerto reached its climax as the door burst open.

"Norm," said an agitated professor Boran Ngem. Norman immediately removed his headset and asked

"Is the process complete?"

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