

Treasure Cave

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featuring



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The Greanwold Quest - Treasure Cave

TREASURE CAVE

- CHAPTER ONE -

The road from the top of Old Tom's Hill led straight down into the main street of the small seaside town of Ocean Park. Keegan Clarke stood aside the crossbar of his well used mountain bike. The look on his face was grim as he cinched up his chinstrap. His long blonde hair stuck out at all angles from under his helmet. He had blue eyes and an infectious grin and was wearing an old sun bleached T-shirt, baggy shorts and runners with no socks. Leaning over the handlebars, he stared down the steep hill that fell away before him. He checked his watch.

"OK, this is it." he muttered under his breath.

Releasing his brakes, he pedaled fiercely and then let the momentum carry him off down the hill. He glanced up from his head-down position over the handlebars and saw the town loom closer – much closer and very, very quickly. In fact – too quickly. He was sure he was close to the speed of sound. His eyes were watering. As he sped down the last part of the hill and entered the main street he glanced at his watch and then lifted one hand into the air, pumped once and let out an exhilarating whoop.

"Whoopeeeeee!!!"

There was a startled look on the faces of several townsfolk as they jumped out of the way. Dogs ran for cover and cats scurried up trees for safety. Keegan zoomed through Main Street and headed right for the front door of the General Store halfway down the street. Both his hands pumped the brake handles with no noticeable effect. Keegan glanced up to see the doors of the store rushing towards him – far too quickly but it was too late.

"Uuuuh Ooooooooooh!!! Nooooooooooooooooooooo!!!"

Inside the store, Mr. Shama, the wise and mysterious proprietor leaned over the counter reading his morning paper.

A kindly looking man with a soft voice, longish gray hair and bright laughter-

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filled eyes, he was a favorite in town with both adults and children alike. His old time shop was a general store with a curious selection of strange bits and pieces from horseshoes to big old saw blades as well as old fashioned candy jars, gardening tools and agricultural implements displayed side by side with ghetto-blasters, TV's and computer games. In one corner was an old fashioned soda fountain.

"He sure likes to keep a lot of old junk in there, believe me." Keegan's dad said though he still liked browsing through the "old junk" as much as Keegan did.

When Mr. Shama heard Keegan's hollering, he smiled to himself and murmured.

"Ah yes - school, is obviously *out*."

Mr. Shama left his paper and walked casually over to the main door at the front of the store. He stood to one side, grasping the big old brass doorknob in his hand. He began to count down.

"five...four...three...two..."

On "one", he pulled open the door and Keegan exploded through the doorway in a cloud of dust. His bike seemed to leap through the door and then slid along the old wooden floor with Keegan hanging on for dear life. Keegan and the bike came to rest against the back wall of the store. A display of plastic spray bottles tumbled all around him.

As the dust settled, Keegan looked up from under his bike helmet and grinned an embarrassed grin at the storekeeper. Keegan's knapsack had burst open on the floor beside him. A loop of rope, a water bottle, some climbing equipment and a rolled up map lay scattered about.

Keegan shook himself and struggled to his feet, attempting to straighten his bike helmet that had slipped forward over his eyes.

"Hi Mr. Shama! I need a new compass, a snorkel, licorice, a magnifying glass, a..... "

"Whoa there, Keegan Clarke!!" Mr. Shama interrupted sternly. "Slow down there. What *you* really need is a new set of brakes for that bike of yours young man..... and tighter straps on your helmet."

He reached out and pulled Keegan's helmet up from over his eyes.

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"You will *seriously* wipe out my store one of these days young Clarke."

Keegan smiled disarmingly at the old storekeeper.

"Gee, I'm sorry Mr. Shama. I just wanted to beat my time down Old Tom's Hill. I didn't realize my brakes were so bad."

He bent down and put his scattered belongings back in his backpack.

"I have a lot of exploring to do this summer Mr. Shama." he said earnestly. " So, I'm going to need a lot of stuff."

"Well, slow down just the same Master Keegan or else you'll be spending your summer exploring the *hospital!*"

Keegan grinned mischievously. "OK Mr. Shama, I'll try and stay under warp speed."

Mr. Shama attempted to look stern but couldn't hide a faint grin.

"Ahem." he said with a straight face. "Yes. Now, what can my humble store supply the great *treasure* hunter with this time? You do have credit for the cleanup work you did for me after that big rainstorm. Now don't forget." he said, eyes twinkling and wagging a finger at Keegan. "I get 25% of whatever treasure you find. Deal?"

Keegan looked at him seriously.

"Yes sir Mr. Shama. I haven't forgotten. We have a deal. Twenty five percent of all *treasure.*"

"Treasure? Did I hear the word *treasure?*"

The words were whispered in a creepy voice by a tall strange looking man dressed in a long oilskin coat. He had a black broad-brimmed hat placed at a sinister angle on a thin head and he peered around the open doorway of the store. Reywal De Koorc did a swift double take and then peered back around the door. A recent resident in town, he had taken over the old Play-land imitation castle on the outskirts of Ocean Park and converted it into a rather mysterious and spooky residence. Considered to be quite weird, bad tempered and eccentric by those few town's people who had met him, he and a somewhat stranger companion kept to themselves except for an occasional excursion into town to

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buy supplies.

Inside the store and unaware of the onlooker, Keegan unrolled the map from his backpack on the general store's dusty countertop. He and Mr. Shama scrutinized it with great interest. Keegan stabbed his finger at several points on the map.

"So you see, this year I'm going to find treasure for sure!"

Mr. Shama looked at the map and smiled. "Ah yes, so I see Keegan. You've put a lot more X's on the map than you did last year." Mr. Shama tapped a finger against his head. "Smart thinking."

"But....." Mr. Shama looked around and then leaned conspiratorially closer to Keegan ".....you know something, Keegan?"

"What Mr. Shama?"

Mr. Shama pulled a black grease pen from his pocket and made a large X at a point on the map where the cliffs met the shoreline.

"I have a feeling, in fact I *know*, if you start just about *here*....."

Keegan looked at the mark in awe.

"You think there is some really cool stuff there Mr. Shama?"

Mr. Shama nodded his head seriously.

"Yes I do. Now, I have something special for you Master Keegan that may come in very handy in your adventures this summer."

Mr. Shama glanced around and ensuring there were no customers entering the store took a small glossy black box from his coat pocket. He opened the lid on the box and removed a bright green stone that he handed to Keegan. The stone appeared to shimmer in the dusty light of the store. Keegan examined it with interest as he moved the stone around in his hands. It felt warm to the touch and light seemed to glow from inside the stone. Keegan looked up at Mr. Shama who was studying his reaction to the stone with interest.

"Is this a lucky rock?"

Mr. Shama nodded wisely. "Yes, you could say that Keegan, you could say that. Yes, really."

Cupping his hand to his mouth he said to Keegan in a conspiratorial tone. "This

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is our secret. Take great care of the stone Keegan. In fact, place it safely into the bottom of your backpack.”

He watched as Keegan tucked the stone away in one of the pockets of his backpack and nodded sagely. “Well done, now let me get you your licorice – oh, and the other important supplies every great treasure hunter requires. And, maybe you have time for a complimentary soda.”

The Bad Guys

- CHAPTER TWO -

Reywal again peered cautiously around the doorway of the general store. He stroked his chin thoughtfully and then turned to speak to Datslob, his companion, who at first glance appeared to be an odd looking teenager. However, closer examination revealed a mixture of state of the art robot and a 21st century teen. He wore a silver earring in one ear and an oversized Grateful Dead t-shirt with a large yellow woolen toque on his head. He had headphones attached to a Discman and was bobbing his head around to the music.

"Did you hear that, Datslob? Treasure! Very interesting, yes very interesting indeed."

Datslob stared blankly up at Reywal. Reywal grabbed the right headphone and allowed it to snap back against Datslob's head.

"Woooooooo. Cool feedback man." said Datslob looking momentarily startled as he removed his toque revealing a crop of blond artificial hair. He rubbed the side of his head and grinned up at Reywal.

"Do that again Reywal dude!! That was awesome."

Reywal reached down and clicked off Datslob's Discman.

"Listen you delinquent little robot. I am not "dude". I am Mr. Reywal to you – or *master*. I rue the day I let you talk me into signing onto that robot bill of rights."

He sighed "If it weren't for that I would have melted you down into a hubcap by now."

He bent down and hissed in Datslob's ear. "Pay attention."

Reywal looked furtively about and leaned closer to Datslob. "Treasure is about to be discovered, and I, Reywal the greatest..."

Datslob interrupted with a yawn. "Yeah, yeah... the greatest criminal genius in the entire world. "Yeah, yeah, I know."

Reywal snapped Datslob's other headphone. "Don't interrupt you pile of

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discarded tin cans.”

At that moment Keegan burst out of Mr. Shama’s store with his bike.

He ran full tilt into Reywal and the pair of them spilled out onto the street. Keegan leapt to his feet and apologized hastily. “Oops! Sorry mister! Are you OK?”

Reywal slowly stood up and dusted himself off with a momentary look of irritation on his face. As Keegan picked up his bike, he stepped in front of him and instantly assumed an oily smile. A black gloved hand held onto the handlebars of Keegan’s bike as Keegan straddled the cross bar and attempted to ride off.

“Allow me to introduce myself young man. My card.”

Reywal reached into his coat pocket with his free hand and pulled out a large card that he presented to Keegan with a theatrical flourish. Keegan peered at the card and read out loudly. “ YOU ARE ORDERED TO APPEAR BEFORE THE COURT TO ANSWER THE CHARGE OF PARKING IN A HANDICAPPED ZONE.

Keegan handed the card back and squinted up at Reywal.

“Parking in handicapped parking.” he said. “What a creep - bye.”

Reywal, confused, peered closely at the card, snorted crossly and dug into another pocket. Still holding onto the handlebar of Keegan’s bike he produced another card that he stuck under Keegan’s nose with an even greater flourish.

“Oh, crimminy blast! Here! I, Reywal De Koorc specialize in the recovery of certain lost items.”

He leaned down to Keegan conspiratorially and spoke from behind the back of his hand. “ ...such as, oh let's see, *treasure*. Yes, treasure. It says so on my card. See! Perhaps a young adventurer such as yourself could use the assistance of I, Reywal, the greatest...”

Datslob interrupted. “..crim...”

Reywal quickly placed a hand over Datslob’s mouth before he could finish.

“As I was saying before I was rudely interruptedthe greatest treasure hunter in all of ..well...” he placed a thumb and forefinger under his chin and looked thoughtful. “..... all of *everywhere* really. Now I'm sure if I could

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examine your map.”

Reywal reached for the map poking out of Keegan's backpack. As he extended his hand another large hand descended on Reywal's shoulder. Reywal looked at the hand on his shoulder and then allowed his gaze to follow up the equally large arm to the big beefy face of Officer Mackintosh, the town policeman.

“Is that your - ahem –*automobile* sir?” asked the policeman.

He gestured at a 1950's looking bright red convertible parked in the handicapped parking space outside Mr. Shama's store. The vehicle was a streamlined contraption, low to the ground with large tailfins and many antennas. It was painted bright red with the words “De Koorc Secret Treasure Hunters Ltd” painted boldly on the doors.

Reywal turned to Officer Mackintosh with a look of irritation.

“If you mean the fastest, most fuel efficient vehicle on earth, then yes it is mine.” Reywal said indignantly. Officer Mackintosh pulled a well-worn ticket-book from his pocket and licked the point of a pencil before he began to write.

“Fast, fuel efficient, and illegally parked. I'm going to have to give you a ticket. Can I see your driver's license please?”

Keegan spotted his chance to make a timely exit. “I've gotta go! Bye Officer Mackintosh!”

He leapt on his bike and pedaled swiftly away as Reywal fumed at the police officer who was reading the details of his license in a loud voice.

“Reywal *Herbert* De Koorc...”

Reywal looked about with an embarrassed look on his face to see if anyone was in earshot. “Yes, yes, yes, we don't have to bother with details. Just write the crimminy blast ticket.”

Mr. Shama peered out the window of his store with a thoughtful look on his face as Reywal snatched the [proffered](#) ticket from the hand of Office Mackintosh and stomped angrily off towards his car. Slamming the driver's door shut, he settled into the drivers seat, muttering under his breath. As Datslob dropped into the

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passenger seat, Reywal handed him the parking ticket.

"Here you little metal cretin. Stop smirking and file this."

Datslob opened the glove box and stuffed the parking ticket in with many other tickets. He glanced over at Reywal and grinned.

"What are you going to do when the glove box is full?"

As Reywal placed a set of old fashioned flying goggles and a leather-flying helmet on his head, he giggled. "Probably buy another car."

With no reaction from Datslob, he cinched up his chinstrap and snapped.

"Anyway, stop wasting time with stupid questions. We have to hurry! That little brat is probably digging up gold right now as we speak!" He issued starting instructions in the manner of an airline pilot to Datslob.

"Sequence aft thrusters!"

Datslob flicked a switch. The engines whirred impressively.

"Check." said Datslob.

"Magneto-charger to full power!!" called out Reywal over an increasingly powerful whine.

"Cheeeeck." repeated Datslob in a bored voice. The whining noise increased to a powerful pitch as Reywal pulled a lever.

"Initiate drive mode!!!"

Datslob pushed a button. The engine noise increased to a crescendo and then slowly spluttered into silence. Reywal glowered at Datslob who looked back with an indignant expression on his face.

"Hey. I didn't do nothin'!!! Honest *Herbert!*"

Reywal went red in the face. "Argggghh!!!! Don't call me Herbert you little robotic junk heap." He paused and glanced over his shoulder. "Now get out of the car. If we hurry, we can get the Number Six bus to the beach after I call the garage to have this bucket of bolts repaired."

Reywal pulled a cell phone from his pocket and dialed in a number that connected him with the local repair shop. He gave instructions to have the car repaired and delivered to the parking lot at Ocean Park beachfront then he giggled quietly to himself. "He, he. It should be ready to haul home a load of

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