

# SAHARA ADVENTURE SERIES



## 4. REVENGE OF THE DESERT

**Meiring Fouche**

Translated by Andelene Brits

# SAHARA - ADVENTURE SERIES



NO. 4  
REVENGE OF THE DESERT

*Meiring Fouché*

Translated by  
ANDELENE BRITS

# REVENGE OF THE DESERT

*by*

**MEIRING FOUCHE**

and

translated by  
**ANDELENE BRITS**

*Published by:*

**TREASURE CHEST BOOKS -  
PUBLISHERS**

Strand Mews

Strand

2023

## **REVENGE OF THE DESERT**

The sketch on the cover page was generated with AI software. This book is the third edition (updated version) and the first edition translated into English.

Copyright in this work is strictly reserved. No part of this book may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic, mechanical, photocopying, recording, or otherwise, without the written permission of the publisher. All the characters and the events in this story are fictitious and do not relate to any person, living or dead.

## **REVENGE OF THE DESERT**

by Meiring Fouche and translated by Andelene Brits

ISBN 978-1-928498-79-7

Published by:

Treasure Chest Books - Publishers, Strand Mews,  
Strand, 7140  
South Africa

Copyright @ Pieter Haasbroek (2023)

**Online Store:** <https://panther-ebooks.com>

**Website:** <https://www.softcoverbooks.co.za>

## **ABOUT THE TRANSLATOR**

“Andelene Brits was born in Paarl in 1966, the youngest of three daughters. I attended Paarl Gymnasium and matriculated there in 1983. After that, I worked in financial institutions. I got married in 1989, and I have three sons. I do not have grandchildren yet, only a lot of dogs! For the last twenty years, I have been a housewife. I have written many stories over the years but have never published anything, although writing is my passion. I love books and have a whole library in my house. I go and browse in second-hand bookstores for treasures. My other passion is people, and I do charity work for those in need. There is not much more I can say about myself, just that what I am doing now is something I have been waiting for all my life to do. Deal with the written word. Words are power. Thank you.”

## SUMMARY

Reading the fourth story from Meiring Fouche's "Sahara Adventure series", namely "Revenge of the Desert", will leave you craving for more Sahara action from this author! This story begins when a patrol of French Foreign Legion soldiers fails to return to their fort as scheduled while patrolling in the scorching heat of the Sahara desert.

Days later, the patrol arrives but the men are bound, tortured, and barely clinging to life. All but one, a blond South African legionnaire named Teuns, who has been captured by El Karima, the alluring yet brutal princess of the Dulac tribe. She orders Teuns taken to the capital city of Dutra to be executed before sunrise on the "Hill of Eagles", where victims are tied to poles and left to the mercy of fierce mountain eagles. As Teuns awaits his gruesome fate, an old friend who harbors a grudge against El Karima surprises him with a last-minute reprieve. Before attempting to escape from Dutra, Teuns decides to steal the Dulacs' sacred Sword of Dutra from El Karima's palace, a move sure to enrage both the princess and her people. Meanwhile, the Legion commanders at Fort Dini Salam receive orders from the top brass in France to eliminate El Karima, whose hands are soaked in the blood of too many Legion soldiers. Captain D'Arlan proposes an ingenious but risky plan to Colonel Le Clerq. With only sixty men at his command, D'Arlan leads his soldiers into the desert sands to execute his scheme. Though successful in defeating the first Dulac patrol, D'Arlan's

tactics are so shocking that El Karima dispatches five hundred warriors to confront them. Despite being surrounded, the legionnaires stand their ground. In retaliation, El Karima herself takes command of two thousand Dulac fighters to wipe out D'Arlan and his sixty men.

During the impending clash, Teuns manages to steal the Sword of Dutra and escape, only to be recaptured. With help from a freak sandstorm, he breaks free once more before finally rejoining D'Arlan's group. As the Legion soldiers face El Karima's two thousand-man army, their water and ammunition dwindle perilously low. In a moment of desperate inspiration, Teuns takes an unexpected action that causes chaos in the Sahara and takes everyone by surprise. Will D'Arlan's risky gambit pay off? Can the legionnaires defeat El Karima's overwhelming force? What surprising move does Teuns make that shocks both friend and foe? The stakes are high and the desert is unforgiving as the Legion soldiers seek revenge against the sadistic El Karima and her Dulac warriors in this thrilling Saharan adventure.

“Revenge of the Desert” is a thrilling tale of camaraderie, ingenuity, and perseverance against seemingly impossible odds in the unforgiving Sahara. Legends like the brave Teuns Stegmann, Captain D'Arlan, known as the “Houdini of the Sahara”, and El Karima, the alluring yet brutal Dulac princess, clash in battles of wits and war.

Set in North Africa during the French Foreign Legion's campaign against the Dulac tribe, this adventure will captivate fans of military fiction. Author Meiring Fouche's vivid storytelling puts you right in the desert heat, tasting the sand and fighting for survival. With vivid scenes like the brutal torture and death that awaits on Dutra's "Hill of Eagles", this book is not for the faint of heart! Yet heroes like Teuns inspire with their bravery, camaraderie, and refusal to surrender even in the most dire circumstances. D'Arlan's ingenious battle plans offer fascinating military strategy. Striking imagery like the "sea of ants" formed by thousands of Dulac warriors evokes the vivid setting. Many cliffhangers make you eager to see what happens next.

For those who enjoy classic adventure epics like *Beau Geste* or *Lawrence of Arabia*, "Revenge of the Desert" is sure to delight. This book can transport you right into the Sahara desert action alongside memorable characters. It highlights how human courage and loyalty can triumph over cruelty and oppression. The evocative setting and thrilling plot will keep your heart racing as you root for the heroes to prevail against incredible odds. With vivid action and intrigue, "Revenge of the Desert" will captivate fans of military fiction eager to discover the fates of Teuns, D'Arlan, and their brave comrades.



## EXTRACT

The morning star is starting to fade when Teuns wakes up. He gets up slowly and staggers around on the sand because he is weak. He listens to the silence and pulls his horse up onto its feet. When in terrible peril, simple and conspicuous things are sometimes lost to a man. Your senses become dull, and you do not notice things staring you in the face. He has been like this since the day before yesterday when they had captured him at Harba. First, it was only fear he had experienced, a deathly fear that had dulled his senses. Then, from yesterday, he had only been aware of his terrible hunger and thirst and the shadow of death hanging over him here in the desert.

He pulls the buckle of the belly girth tighter. He struggles to do it because his hands are shaking with fatigue. If Teuns had not needed to tighten the buckle early this morning, he probably never would have survived because just as he drops the saddle's flap back in position, he becomes aware of something... the saddle bag... Who on earth would think about a saddle bag when you are busy dying?

## **TABLE OF CONTENTS**

### **Chapter**

1. The Dying Horsemen
2. Bloody Beaks
3. Like a Needle in a Haystack
4. The Silver Sword
5. Blood on the Marble
6. Sleep is the Enemy
7. Journey to Death
8. Copper Sun
9. Unstoppable Enemy
10. Murderous Hooves

## **4. REVENGE OF THE DESERT**

### **Chapter 1**

#### **THE DYING HORSEMEN**

On the battlements of the French Foreign Legion's fort, Dini Salam, two guards are walking toward each other in the night wind. When they come face to face, they click their heels, as is the custom, but they do not turn around again and walk in opposite directions as they are supposed to do. One guard is speaking to the other, which is against the rules and strictly forbidden by the Legion.

"Jack," the one big, strong guard, with a Lebel over his shoulder, whispers to the other in the moon's dim light.

"Yes?" the other one asks curiously.

The big man is Fritz Mundt, the massive German. He is the biggest man in the whole garrison and the French Foreign Legion, and if given a chance, he can polish off an entire keg of beer on his own.

Jack is Jack Ritchie, the blonde Englishman of noble descent. He had joined the French Foreign Legion to avoid putting his good rural family in England, in disgrace, because of a minor transgression on his part.

"What is it, Fritz?" The Englishman whispers and draws his eyes into slits to make out the German's expression in the dark.

"I am telling you that something is wrong. I can feel it. All is not as it seems."

"You have said that a hundred times already, Field Marshall Von Boek," Jack teases, although he also feels

something is amiss.

“It does not matter if I have said it a thousand times before,” the German defends himself, “it stays the truth.” “This will not be the first patrol that has arrived late, Fritz.” Jack tries to comfort him, but even his own words sound hollow.

“They should have been back here three days ago, and up till now, we have had no tidings of them.”

“Maybe they have met up with a bunch of beautiful Arab girls at some or other oases, big guy,” Jack tries to joke. Just as serious as the nation he belongs to, Fritz Mundt ignores the frivolous remark.

“Have I not told you that it is a bad idea to separate us from the South African, Teuns Stegmann? Have I not told you that time and time again? And here we have it, and I think that calamity had struck all because the three of us have been separated. It is just wrong, and I have always had that feeling, and I think now my feeling of impending disaster will prove to be true. I do not know why D’Arlan had decided this time to separate us. Why could not we have joined the patrol?”

“I think D’Arlan might have decided to promote the South African to the rank of corporal, which is why he has been sent out with Vermeer’s patrol. That is probably it.”

“Jack, can you remember a period when the three of us were not together? You, me, and Stegmann. Can you?”

“No, we have never been separated before,” Jack agrees, and the realization shocks him. He, the big German, and the South African, Stegmann, have become great friends,

and they have always wangled things in such a way that they could be together, even in great danger. If they had over-indulged in the wine, they have always stayed together to help one another, and even when they get a leave of absence and take women out, they are together. If a fight breaks out under the men, they are together. Many times before, out in the desert, they had given one another their last water or cigarette. They are more than just friends with this tall, blonde South African, who had joined the French Foreign Legion because the Arabs had murdered his brother during World War Two. They have immense respect for this man, as he is one of the bravest men they have ever encountered. Not one of them has forgotten how he had managed to save a whole column of the French Foreign Legion once in Dutra, the capital of the war-like Dulacs.

“Now, this is where the problem comes in,” says Fritz Mundt. “This time, we are apart, and that means trouble. I am telling you something has happened.”

“Do you think that the patrol has been overpowered?” Jack asks hesitantly.

“What else? Those damn Dulacs have been far too quiet. It is about time that they start with their shenanigans again. I am telling you again. There is trouble.”

“I cannot accept that Teuns Stegmann and the other guys have been killed.”

“I do not even want to contemplate it,” says Fritz, and he shivers, “but we have to accept the fact that it is a possibility. Where could they be? They should have been

back three days ago, and I think D'ArLAN might be just as worried as we are. This afternoon he had sent a couple of men to the caravan drivers to ask if they had not seen Vermeer's patrol."

"And?"

"They have not seen a damn thing, not even a trail, and Vermeer's patrol was supposed to follow the main caravan route towards the Atlas Mountains. They should have come across them. They had to!"

"Who says they are speaking the truth? These drivers, you know..."

"Hush!" Fritz whispers urgently.

"What is it?"

"Did you not hear anything? You are so deaf, Englishman, that the Arabs can remove your brain without you knowing about it."

"Listen! There it is again. Can you hear it now?"

"This time, I heard it," Jack Ritchie says assertively.

"Sounds like the neighing of a horse."

They hear it again, and it sounds like the neighing of a horse about to die. However, it is not the neighing of a fresh horse. Another sound now reaches their ears, chilling them to the bone. They hear a soft, moaning sound like a man dying or in terrible pain. The man in distress and anguish sends shivers down these hardened men's spines because they have heard that sound before. They know what it means. Mundt and Ritchie hastily move to the side of the battlement and peer through two openings between the short towers of the wall.

Fritz Mundt's hands are trembling on the hardened concrete of the battlement's tower, and Jack Ritchie's mouth is suddenly very dry, and his ears are burning.

"What in the blue devil?" Mundt asks in a whisper while staring through the dim moonlight at the scene beneath them.

"Riders," says Ritchie, "but there is blood. I can even see it from up here."

"What did I tell you?" the German whispers and spits out his chaw of tobacco. "What did I tell you!" he nearly screams.

"Who or what are they?" the Englishman enquires.

Another groan reaches their ears, like a sighing accusation that cuts through a man. The horse neighs softly again.

"Vermeer's patrol had returned," says Fritz Mundt, and his voice has a strange tone. With these words, he turns around and rushes down the steps to the guard room. Fritz's eyes are big and shiny when he storms in there.

"*Mon Sergent*," Mundt bursts out when he sees Sergeant Renan, the officer of the guards, "There are riders outside the walls, wounded riders."

"Riders? What riders?" the sergeant asks with a frown.

"They are wearing the uniforms of the French Foreign Legion, *mon Sergent*..."

"What are you talking about, Private Mundt?" the sergeant asks, sounding stunned, and then he jumps up, puts his kepi on his head, and storms out of the guard room. The men sitting there with him, awaiting their turn on guard duty, follow Mundt and Ritchie. They run