

# SAHARA ADVENTURE SERIES

11. REVENGE OF THE SABRE

**Meiring Fouche**

Translated by Andelene Brits

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*by*

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## **REVENGE OF THE SABRE**

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## **REVENGE OF THE SABRE**

by Meiring Fouche and translated by Andelene Brits

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## **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 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

In this eleventh book from Meiring Fouche in the Sahara Adventure series, “Revenge of the Sabre”, the scorching Sahara sun bears down on Legionnaire Teuns Stegmann as he makes his way through the bustling streets of Algiers. A reprieve from duty in the unforgiving desert, Teuns looks forward to relaxing with friends and spending time with the beautiful Julie Lefevre.

While relaxing with his fellow Legion friends, a mysterious stranger interrupts them claiming to have news about Teuns’ long-lost brother. Teuns had joined the French Foreign Legion to find his brother, a fighter pilot shot down years ago over the desert. The stranger says Teuns’ brother is alive and wants to see him. Though his friends warn him it’s a trap, the man convinces Teuns by showing him his brother’s identification tag. Teuns decides to apply for leave to accompany the stranger, but his plans are derailed when a bar fight breaks out between the Legion men and Arabs. By the time the police arrive, and the chaos finally settles, Teuns has vanished without a trace.

Teuns finds himself captive of the villain Carlos, a ruthless Spaniard and deserter from the Legion, along with three henchmen. They give Teuns a choice. Reveal where he hid the priceless Sabre of Dutra years ago at an oasis, or his brother dies. The sabre is a sacred treasure of the barbaric Dulac tribe. Carlos plans to retrieve it and sell

it back to the Dulacs for a fortune. Shackled hand and foot, Teuns is taken to the oasis in the desert and ordered to produce the sabre. With his brother's life hanging in the balance, Teuns has no choice but to comply. Shackled and starving, he begins the long and arduous journey across the Sahara with Carlos and his gang of violent henchmen.

As they close in on the hidden sabre at a remote desert oasis, tensions rise among the men. Trying to stall them and form an escape plan, Teuns cleverly manipulates Carlos' henchmen to turn on one another. One by one they meet their demise, until only Carlos remains. But with Carlos growing ever more unstable and brutal, Teuns realizes that his own death awaits, whether or not Carlos gets the sabre. Just as Teuns sees his chance to flee, a massive force of three hundred Dulacs arrives, intent on reclaiming their sacred sabre. Their sheik insists Teuns reveal the sabre's location, but won't release him until it's safely in Dulac's hands.

Trapped and out of options, Teuns must tap into every ounce of Legion resourcefulness to survive and hatches a brilliant but desperate scheme. If he can precisely execute every step, he just might have a slim chance at escape. But timing is everything, and the odds are stacked heavily against him. One false move could mean capture, torture, and certain death at the hands of the barbaric Dulac tribe. When all seems lost, Teuns plays his final trump card in a daring gambit for freedom. Will his bold plan pay off

before the Dulacs catch on and attack? Will Teuns live to fight another day in the French Foreign Legion? Can he protect the sabre's secret and evade the Dulacs' wrath? As enemies close in on all sides, Teuns faces the ultimate test of courage in this non-stop thrill ride under the desert sun.

With non-stop adventure and a narrative as scorching as the Sahara sun, "Revenge of the Sabre" is a must-read for fans of Fouche's thrilling saga. Teuns Stegmann faces challenges that push him to the very limits of courage and endurance in his quest to uncover the truth about his missing brother. But in the unforgiving wastes of North Africa, even one false step could spell disaster. Follow Teuns into the breach as he navigates a perilous web of treachery, betrayal, and war in a fight to survive the deadly traps of those pursuing the mystical Sabre of Dutra. Action, intrigue, and drama blaze across every page, transporting readers directly into the dangers and delights of Fouche's vivid Saharan world.



## EXTRACT

He stares up at the sky again, and then he sees it... A big, black shadow flashed over him as the sun had risen a while back.

Teuns Stegmann jerked as he was startled.

It had been the shadow of a vulture. He had never even thought about that. It had completely slipped his mind that these wretched creatures could see much better than any man, and this one had seen him.

He searches the sky, and there is the filthy bird again. It circles high in the air but with certainty. Another one joins the first one, and another...

He balls his fists, grinds his teeth, and feels like shouting out damnation over these horrible birds, which seem intent on giving his position away. They circle and circle, and every time thick, black shadows slip over Teuns.

He starts struggling with the shackles again, trying to push the chain down with his arms, but it is futile. Teuns tries the same with his legs but is unsuccessful in freeing them. He is like someone relentlessly trapped in a corner.

What can he do if a Dulac should find him here? Trying to stay calm, his brain constantly seeks a possible escape route...

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# 11. REVENGE OF THE SABRE

## Chapter 1

### THE LITTLE STRANGER

The lights are dim, the noise is loud, and the fumes of wine are hanging in the big room, where the huge crowd of people is fiercely chatting and drinking.

Men from the French Foreign Legion are sitting shoulder to shoulder with Arabs in their long, white cloaks. Also present are traders, caravan drivers, hawkers, and idlers. Somewhere an orchestra plays Eastern music, and from time to time, they change to modern jazz, although nobody is paying any attention to it.

The Legion men are talking extra loudly, as most of them sitting here tonight, busy drinking, are on leave, and they try to make the most of every moment. They know they will soon have to return to the scorching misery of the Sahara desert.

The conversation is noisy at the small table in the furthest corner. Teuns Stegmann, the tall, blonde South African, had just sat down after fighting a path open through the crowd. A noticeable blush is visible under the brown of his shining cheeks, and there is a special light in his deep blue eyes. His big, well-formed hands seem to be trembling, and he is as shy as a schoolboy who had taken his first girl on a date.

“Tell us! Tell us!” Fritz Mundt roars. He is the big German, the strongest man in the French Foreign Legion.

“Yes, speak up!” Podolski, the big Pole, urges him on. “How does she kiss?” Jack Ritchie, the blonde Englishman, wants to know.

They all lean forward, their upper bodies on the table, as if Teuns is on the point of sharing a big secret with them. Petacci, the little Italian soldier, does not ask any questions. Still, he is looking fixedly at Teuns as if he already knows the secret and if he is already familiar with all the details the tall South African can share with them. Finally, he asks. “Are her lips warm and quivering, *mon ami*?”

Teuns moves uncomfortably around on the hard chair. He looks down at his hands and then at the bottles of wine in front of them on the table. His gaze finally travels over the masses of people to the warm night outside.

“Come, come...” Fritz Mundt encourages him. “Do not keep us hanging, man.”

“What is there to tell?” Teuns asks, spreading out his big hands in desperation and blushing deeper.

“What we would like to know,” Podolski says loudly. “Is how *Mademoiselle* Julie Lefevre makes out, or have not you found that out yet?”

Teuns looks a little unhappily at the big Pole, and Jack Ritchie lays his hand on the South African. It seems there is some sympathy in his eyes.

“Do not tell us you had merely taken her to sit on a bench underneath some or other palm tree, *mon ami*,” he says.

“Or had just taken her for a stroll along the waterside of Algiers,” Petacci chips in.

“Maybe they had just been staring at the moon!” Fritz Mundt roars. He throws his hands into the air. “After all, you had saved her life, not true South African?” the big German teases him.

Teuns Stegmann’s thoughts slip back for a moment to that bitter time when the Arabs had kidnapped Julie Lefevre, the beautiful daughter of Captain Gaston Lefevre. It had happened when she had gone to visit her father in Dini Salam. That was when Gaston Lefevre and himself had to outsmart a horde of Arabs on their own in Fort Laval to keep themselves and Julie alive. Afterward, she heartily invited him to come and visit her when he was on vacation in Algiers again. He had now taken her up on her offer.

He recalls their evening together in her apartment, about the meal she had prepared for him, the delicate wine she had poured, the soft, enticing smell of her real French perfume, the aroma of her hair, and her supple, warm, alluring lips. He thinks about her lips... How they trembled slightly under his seeking mouth and how her arms embraced his shoulders in wonderful supplication. Once more, he hears her whisper in ecstasy and feels the slow movement of her slim fingers through his hair.

Teuns looks at the men in front of him, one after another, and sees the mischief in their eyes and the longing.

“A person does not speak of such things,” he says desperately. He leans forward, and there is a firmness in the posture of his shoulders. “Not one of you rascals will ever tell what you have done with a girl on an evening out. Of that, I am quite certain. You have gotten spoiled rotten

in the French Foreign Legion.” He looks at Jack Ritchie in particular, who he had always considered to be a well-brought-up gentleman.

“Do not try and teach us etiquette,” Fritz bursts out. “We want to hear what you have been up to.”

Teuns is embarrassed and moves his hands. He laughs. “You are just being silly,” he defends himself. “I shall not tell you anything except for the fact that she is a wonderful person. I am going to see her every night while we are here... It will be for a full, wonderful week.”

Podolski wipes his hand over his mouth. “You lucky devil,” he whispers.

Teuns frowns and asks shyly: “Why do not you guys also take out girls? Do you want to tell me there are no girls here in Algiers you can ask out? The place is crawling with beauty.”

“Yes, but not one of them is *Mademoiselle* Julie,” Jack Ritchie complains. “The other girls only want to drink wine with a man and spend his money, and then they lose interest.”

“Can we not take turns with *Mademoiselle* Julie?” Petacci asks timidly, and his small eyes twinkle. Teuns immediately withers the small Italian with a sharp glance. They stare at him so intensely that Teuns summarily calls the waiter and orders more wine.

“Are we going to hear something about your romance tonight?” Fritz Mundt asks again.

Teuns quickly wipes his face in a gesture of total hopelessness.

“Leave me in peace,” Teuns says. “Let us drink some wine and be merry. Stop this nonsense now. If you continue like this, I will not see you again after visiting Julie.”

“It must be wonderful to keep such a secret in your heart,” Podolski whispers, wringing his hands. The words between them dry up, and one after the other, they start looking at Petacci.

The little Italian’s attention is no longer on the group around the table. Instead, he is looking away from them over the crowd of people. His eyes squinted against the irritating smoke cloud hanging over the big restaurant.

“What are you looking at, Italian?” Podolski asks. “It nearly seems you see a Dulac aiming at you.”

“We are being watched,” Petacci says. “There is a yellow beak showing interest in us.”

“He must think we are five handsome chaps,” Jack Ritchie quips.

“He is not looking at us as if he thinks we are handsome,” Petacci answers. “Do not look all at once. I will show you where he is sitting, and now and then, you can look. He is watching this table with particular interest.”

“You make me shudder, Italian,” Fritz Mundt teases him. “An Arab should not stare at me, as I will summarily get up and go and break his horrible neck. Tonight, I am in the mood for a fight.”

As unobtrusively as possible, Petacci gestures to where the Arab is sitting, and the others take turns to look. They are most definitely being watched. It is the conclusion