

CAVEMEN VALLEY



A. P. DU PLESSIS

CAVEMEN VALLEY

by

A.P. DU PLESSIS

and

translated, proof-read and edited by
PIETER HAASBROEK

Published by:

TREASURE CHEST BOOKS - PUBLISHERS

Strand Mews

Strand

2024

CAVEMEN VALLEY

The cover sketch was designed using the AI-powered tool DALL-E 3 (openart.ai). This third book in the Jungle Hawk Series is now available for the first time in ebook format and in the English language. The translation was completed with the help of AI tools such as ChatGPT (chatgpt.com).

The copyright for these stories is reserved and cannot be reprinted or distributed in whole or in part without the publisher's written permission. Reprinting includes any electronic or mechanical form, such as e-books, photocopying, writing, recording on tape, or any other means of storing or accessing information. All characters and events in this story are purely fictional and have no connection to any living or deceased individuals.

CAVEMEN VALLEY

by AP du Plessis

ISBN 978-1-7764912-2-3

Published by:

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

Copyright @ Pieter Haasbroek (2024)

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

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

SUMMARY

In this third story of the Jungle Hawk series, the Hawk rescues Aztec Calder from the jaws of a lion. In his delirious state shortly before his death, Calder mutters about a lost valley, primitive humans and animals, and a group of white people trapped there.

This news piques the Hawk's interest, and he decides to immediately search for the lost valley in Africa. Armed only with his bow and arrow, a hunting knife, and a loincloth made of leopard skin, he embarks on his quest for the mysterious valley, which remains completely unknown to society.

By following Aztec Calder's tracks, the Hawk soon discovers the lost valley, but to enter it, he must first descend a steep cliff wall that surrounds the tropical valley. There he almost loses his life to a flying prehistoric creature, and this is only the beginning of one of the strangest and most suspenseful experiences the Hawk has ever had.

While searching for the white tourists who had to make an emergency landing in the prehistoric valley with their plane, the Hawk encounters dinosaurs and various primitive human tribes. Danger lurks around every corner, and it isn't long before the Hawk learns that once you find yourself in this lost valley, you never come out alive...

EXTRACT

But the Hawk is long gone from his perch. He had already grabbed a baboon vine and swung away from the enraged beast. With a roar that makes the Hawk feel as if even the baboon vine in his hand might shatter, the creature charges after him. As he lands on a branch, the massive jaws of the prehistoric beast crush the branch just below him. The Allosaurus' short forelimbs reach for the Hawk, who is barely four feet above it.

The forelimbs narrowly miss the Hawk, but they grab the branch and tear it from the trunk. The Hawk falls, tries in vain to grab hold of another branch, misses it, and then crashes down just in front of the massive creature. Harrowing moments follow as he desperately tries to avoid the animal's heavy hind legs. His entire body is already drenched in sweat. This primeval colossus is indestructible, he thinks. Above him, the Hawk sees the Allosaurus' smooth belly skin, its short, claw-like limbs, gaping mouth, and an eye glinting with hatred.

3. CAVEMEN VALLEY

Chapter 1

STRANGE DANGERS

Aztec Calder stumbles and falls repeatedly along the narrow forest path. His long, gray beard hangs dirty and stringy, halfway down his emaciated chest. His clothes are in rags, and his arms and legs are thin and bony.

Gasping, he stops. The world spins around him. Weary, he closes his bloodshot eyes. He pulls the rifle, to which he clings like a treasure, closer to his body.

Aztec Calder is tired, deathly tired. Behind him are two years of utter terror. Two years in which death was his companion every second. For him, Alex Kromhout, Mimi Loberg, Peter Couzyn, and Elize Angeli... In those two years, the horror from prehistoric times overtook him and four other members of their group. Cruel, as only prehistoric times can be cruel, which in this strange valley in Tropical Africa has become a reality.

But Aztec Calder finally managed to escape. Escape? In his fevered brain, doubt grows. Escape to where? He wanted to seek help in civilization, but he has been stumbling aimlessly for days, without encountering a single human being.

Day by day, he felt his strength gradually waning, until he was eventually driven forward by sheer willpower alone.

Weakly, he wipes his sweaty forehead. His eyes burn like two coals of fire. In his chest, the fever already scorches and makes his legs weak.

And then he notices the male lion staring at him with devilish pools of light in its eyes. He tries in vain to lift the rifle, his eyes fixed on the king of the jungle. The lion's tail twitches, as if it cannot quite comprehend the strange creature before it.

Aztec Calder's breath rasps through his throat. Finally, the rifle trembles on his shoulder. His eyes drop to the sight. The bead sways before him. His legs buckle slightly beneath him.

The lion lets out a menacing growl, then lowers itself onto its belly and creeps a few steps closer. Aztec Calder's finger curls around the trigger. The bead is on the lion, above him, then below him. The shot cracks loudly, and the bullet plows a furrow through a tree branch.

Then the lion leaps. Calder stumbles backward, falls, and blocks with a weak arm. He screams hoarsely and weakly.

And then his eyes widen. His thoughts gather at a point, but just as they begin to make logical conclusions, they scatter like water. He sees again the giant creature with its long neck in the valley, its awkward forelimbs, its tail dragging behind it like an oar, and its teeth gleaming in rows in its large mouth...

In his lucid moments, he sees the lion before him, spinning around and rearing up on its hind legs. He hears it roar, sees the gaping maw and the long claws in its forepaws... Then he sees the sunburned body of a white man on the beast's back, his gleaming knife blade, and his blonde hair disheveled in all directions...

Later, he is aware of a swaying rhythm, of arms under his legs and around his back, of wonderful cool water dripping into his thirsty mouth, and of soft leaves under his feverish body. Then he raves again, sees the animals of that strange valley, the prehistoric men with their long, matted hair, muscular bodies, clubs, and pelts...

Again and again, he relives his death struggle with the creature with many teeth and the long tail. The massive beast that towered over him like a mountain, over him and over Alex, Peter, Mimi, and Elize... and also over Zato. He relives the gruesome moment when the beast grabbed Zato in its short forelimbs and tore him apart before the bullets hit its brain and sent it tumbling to the ground.

And beside him watches the strange white man, whom he vaguely remembers through his fevered brain as having fought the lion. In his lucid moments, he realizes that this stranger must have dealt with the lion.

Aztec Calder often raves. It is in moments like these that he shouts against that strange valley, against the cruel fate that landed them there. And it is then that the white giant bends over him and listens... listens to his strange, confused story that unfolds before him like a telegram. He patiently listens to the tattered man's tale of deprivation, suffering, danger, and to his and his friends' attempts to escape from their terrible circumstances...

Slowly, the days drag by. Calder gradually becomes stronger, his delirium less frequent, and his appetite greater. But he is still just skin and bones, an emaciated, pitiful figure.

It was a week later when he sat up for the first time. Above him was a roof of leaves, tree bark, and vines. Beneath him was a floor of bamboo. Through the open door and windows of the rough hut, strange sounds drifted in. Sounds that he later, after overcoming the dizzy feeling in his head, identified as those of birds and monkeys.

Calder slowly pushes himself up. The dizziness threatens to overtake him repeatedly. He looks around. In the corner are his rifle and tattered clothes. He glances down at his body and sees that he is wearing strange leather clothes.

He vaguely remembers that a strange, half-naked white man was constantly by his side. With his arm against the rough bamboo wall, he pushes himself upright with a strenuous effort. Everything goes black before him, but with a stubborn willpower, he keeps himself upright. Slowly, he stumbles towards the door. The dim sunbeam filtering through the leaves pierces his eyes like daggers. He closes them and blinks a few times. Around him, above him, and below him are branches, vines, creepers, and also fluttering birds.

He stumbles into the rough opening that serves as a door and peers down. He sees only gray depths, branches, and vines. Calder feels dizzy, nauseous, and lightheaded. He tries to step away from the opening and stumble deeper into the hut. His legs give way the next

moment. In his mind, an urgent warning sounds. He wants to scream, grab the bamboo wall, and falls backward. Then he plunges forward. He is aware of a strange sensation, as if he is flying. His bony body strikes a branch, hovers on it for a moment, slides off, and then plummets further into the depths... Aztec Calder is dead...

Up to this point, he could follow Aztec Calder's erratic trail. Before him, the vegetation is now sparser and the rocks more numerous. His piercing blue eyes scan the steep mountainside, which rises from the jungle to the heavens, until the cliffs disappear into thick mist clouds.

An unyielding world, where even the birds are silent, and the animals slink away in shame, as the old native had told him the previous day. An old, gray native who wanders alone in this area...

The young man, naked except for the leopard-skin loincloth around his slim waist, suddenly shivers and wonders if it's from the cold that's pushing down the damp mountain slopes. He shakes his broad shoulders, runs his hand over his long, blond hair, which is tied back at his nape with a pigskin thong, and looks back in the direction from which he came. Far to the west, thick, dark banks of thunderclouds hang, with long streaks of rain falling from them. Behind him lies a sea of green vegetation. Somewhere among those countless primeval forest giants, Aztec Calder is buried, now two days' journey away.

And now he is on his way to the strange valley with the strange creatures from bygone days. A valley he had never heard of in all his many wanderings through the mighty Congo forest.