**The Crypt**

The night sky was impossibly black. Darkness invaded every last molecule of the air and held its ground with absolute determination. Despite it being night time, the earth was baked and radiated intense heat. So saturated with heat was the air that breathing was nearly impossible: the hot, sticky air clogged the lungs like smoke. Beneath your feet, you might hear the faint sound of a scuttling scorpion, but this was a land where silence had a choking grip. It was as if nothing dared to make a sound; as if every living thing knew just how dangerous and deadly this place could be…

Out of the gloom, a pair of headlights began to weave their way through the desert, throwing, now and again, a flicker of light onto the great pyramids beyond. There were two men in the front: one of which was of a considerable size, the other a lean, mean faced old man with scars littering his face like roads on a map. For a few moments, the roar and splutter of the engine disturbed the hot tranquillity of this place before it came to an abrupt halt.

As the two men opened the boot, it became apparent that they were not alone.

Tossing her bound body to the floor, the two men revealed the purpose of their visit. The woman they had taken hostage was of special significance to this place; they knew just how valuable she was.

With a disturbingly calm demeanour, the two men began to unload a series of files onto the ground. As each one hit the floor, it threw up a plume of dust, like a nuclear explosion in miniature. All the while, the woman held a steely, determined glare in the direction of the two men. She may have been bound but she certainly wasn’t scared.

Finally, the scarred man spoke:

“These pyramids contain our fortune. This research, *your research,*” he pointed to the pile of papers, “proves that you know where the vast wealth of this pyramid can be found. You are going to take us to this treasure. Comply, and you might escape this situation with your life. Refuse, and you die on the spot.”

Not another word was spoken that night.

Silently, the woman was unbound and helped to her feet. The entrance boulder was moved aside. Slowly they entered the mouth of the pyramid, the two men with the woman in one hand, a torch in the other.

She led them through the intricate network of tunnels. Whilst the light in there was dim, she could have walked it blindfolded. This was an impossible network of turns and tunnels, yet somehow she had navigated them to the King’s chamber.

The men were mesmerised by the beauty and splendour of this gold cavern. The torchlights flashed and glistened across the endless piles of gold. Their greedy eyes gorged on the sight of this incredible wealth.

She knew that this was her moment. Savagely, she spat in the face of one of the men, broke herself free from their grip and ran for her life. Gradually, winding back through the labyrinth, the cries of the men grew fainter. Quickly reaching the entrance of tunnel, she forced, with all her might, the boulder back over the mouth of the pyramid.

The woman ran into the thick black night knowing that the crypt had claimed two more souls for burial.