

Excerpt from Crash of the Warbird

Spring had come and the stench had returned to the cave, or Scott began to notice it more. He began to search for the source of the smell, which seemed to be coming from the other passage, which led to a large stone blocking the tunnel. The man could tell the stone had been moved in the past, so he began to attempt to move the stone from whatever it covered. He retrieved some long pieces of wood to use for pry poles, and was finally able to move the stone.

Scott took his torch, peered into the cave, and was not prepared for what he saw. The cavern had what appeared to be shelves, ledges carved into the walls. The man entered the tomb to see bodies, of what looked like humans laying on the shelves, mostly deteriorated to the skeletal stage, but some were still in the process of decomposition.

“Self, now this isn’t a sight you see everyday. We are in a tomb of humanoids that have been buried recently. I wonder what they did with their bodies over the past few months,” said Scott.

The torchbearer walked around the tomb site, deciding there must be over a hundred bodies in this burial chamber. There was no sign of clothing, but there were what appeared to be tools. Most of the bodies were adult, some were children with a few

infants intermingled, but all were neatly placed with their hands folded across their chests.

Who could possibly be using this cave as a burial site, and why had there been no mention of them in anything he had read? It was obvious that the site was still in use. Perhaps they were the source of the noises he had heard, but he had seen no sign of humans dwelling in the forest.

He looked at the tools, and decided that they were similar to what he had seen identified as having belonged to prehistoric man, or cave dwellers. He had stumbled up on the burial area of this race of humans, or at least humanoid in structure.

Scott closed the tomb as he had found it, and returned to the outer cave, knowing he needed to vacate this place as soon as possible. The creatures needed the place to bury their dead, and he needed to find his way home, so Scott began to make plans to begin the journey home.