

Dr. Angela Bailey

“To be ignorant of what occurred before you were born is to always remain a child. For what is the worth of human life, unless it is woven into the life of our ancestors by the records of history?”

-Cicero

For as long as you can remember, you have been fascinated by the past and the mysteries of lost civilizations. Growing up in Arlington, Virginia, meant that you spent nearly every weekend of your childhood going to the Smithsonian museums and marveling at the skeletons of creatures who died millions of years before the first homo sapien was born; treasures and artifacts of civilizations who had passed from this mortal coil generations before the Roman Empire was founded; the modern technological marvels that someday would be accepted as commonplace.

Therefore, when you attended college, it was inevitable that you would choose to study archaeology. Your parents were somewhat dismayed by your bold choice of careers; they had hoped you would study poetry and eventually find some nice finance major to settle down with. But the thought of being able to uncover the mysteries of the past by yourself appealed to you too much to simply let it wither away as a docile wife tethered to her home. You needed to explore, to travel, to see the mysteries of life for yourself.

After you gained your doctorate in archaeology, you ventured forth to see what excavation sites would have you. None of them would. You were young and without any real experience in the field; everyone you talked to suggested that you find a place at a desk job for a while, eventually working your way up to supporting a dig. Perhaps they simply weren't willing to deal with a head-strong woman as a companion. In any case, it seemed that no group would take you on.

So you decided to strike out for yourself. It was risky, to be sure, but you were confident enough in your own abilities to take the chance. You borrowed money from your friends and from your parents, who had resigned themselves to accepting the thought of their daughter as an adventurer into the past.

You used the money to gather supplies and passage to India. You had written your doctoral thesis on the primitive religions of the northern regions of India, and you had read about several ancient temples that still lay hidden underneath the dense jungles. You traveled from village to village for a year, talking to mystics and seers who told you the fables of their religions, and slowly began to get an understanding for the area and its peoples.

Finally, running short on supplies and money, you decided to make a try for it. You had heard from several villages that there was an ancient temple devoted to the deathgod Angevud located in the mountains to the north. Angevud, the Decimator, was a precursor to the modern Hindu Kali; those that worshipped her were the assassins and

thugees of their times, devoted to death and destruction. Tales of Angevud had been well documented by other researchers, but no one had ever seen a temple to her before; it is believed that all of her followers were killed in the war occurring here in the last part of the first millennia.

You trekked through the mountains, buffeted by the snow and cold, working your way slowly to the place where the temple was most likely to be. It only was a few day's journey, but the arduousness of it made the trip feel like weeks. Finally, you came upon the cave that would house the temple, assuming that there actually *was* still a temple around here.

Inside was... inside was breathtaking. Beautifully carved stonework tables and pillars, giant pits blackened with age-old fires, and the idol. The idol was breathtaking. It was a twenty foot tall vision of Angevud in all of her anger. Her eyes, replaced by the jewels of Theravoost in the ancient legends, still shone with a fire all their own. Upon closer inspection, you realized that her eyes shone because they were giant rubies.

Ecstatic, the only thing you could do for the first few hours was to wander around in mystic awe at the sights you were seeing, sights unseen by western man, and probably not seen by any man within the last eight hundred years. The artwork and carvings were incredibly detailed and showing direct influence from the prevailing themes of the time period. You had done it. You had found a lost treasure, a King's ransom in fame and fortune.

You immediately set about gathering whatever could be carried back to the village. This included prying the rubies out of the statue of Angevud. You hated to disturb the temple, but you had no choice. Your friends and family were worried about you and their investment, and you needed to bring proof back to the U.S. that such a place really did exist. The various stone bowls and tablets that were small enough to carry were sent to various museums across the states, and the two Stones of Theravoost were sold; one to the U.S. government, and one to Harold Sturvin, a collector of antiques. You hated to do it, but you needed money to repay your debts, pay off Indian officials to keep from making an incident of your explorations, and to finance your next expedition.

You have just started that next expedition. You have always been fascinated by Native American lore and rituals, and you found out about an ancient Cherawanee sacred burial ground located in Arizona, just south of the town of San Inguon. It was while you were in San Inguon, examining the site, that you met Harold Sturvin. An exceedingly rich man and a collector of ancient artifacts, he expressed a great interest in buying one of the Theravoost Stones from you. The other was deposited at Fort Lucas Rita, where it will soon be on its way to the Smithsonian, you assume.

Your crew (for now you have enough funding to have a crew, albeit not a very competent one) has begun digging into the southernmost mesa around San Inguon, looking for any clues to the ancient beliefs of the Cherawanee, most of whose legends and

beliefs have been lost to the mist of time (or more likely, assimilated with other Indian beliefs when forced onto the reservations). You have already gathered a slight measure of fame for your exploits in India; perhaps what you uncover here will seal your reputation as one of the greatest archaeologists ever.

Stock quote: “Hmm. This artifact seems to be from the late Phoenitian era. I’ve always been fascinated by their culture...”

Mannerisms: Dr. Bailey is a young, headstrong woman plowing her way through the world. Ruthless when she needs to be, she is obsessed with the idea of understanding history (and securing her own place in it), and is more than likely to unleash something that she cannot control.

People You Know:

Mayor Cunningham: The mayor of San Inguon. He’s only interested in doing whatever benefits the town, and is looking to you for ideas on how your dig can help increase tourism. Needless to say, you dislike dealing with him, but his permission is essential to your being able to perform the dig.

Sheriff Ward Barnes: The standard countryside sheriff. Laid-back and unimposing. You wish that most of the authorities you had to deal with were like him.

C.J. Nickels: The oldest resident of San Inguon, and people claim he came here with the original settlers back in 1859. This is nonsense, of course, for if he did, he would be well over a hundred and ten years old. Still, he may be a good source of information regarding the Indians and the original settlers of the town.

Goals:

1. Find out what you can about San Inguon and the local area. Interviewing C.J. Nickels would be a good place to start. You need to find out what this town was like in the past, where its people came from, how they reacted to the Indians in the area, and what happened to the Indians. Without this kind of information, you’ll have a much harder time understanding what you find in the mesas.

2. Find ancient treasures. Your dig team will take care of most of this, but when they find something, it’ll be up to you to figure out what it is. In addition, there are rumors of old caves throughout the mesas; you may have to find a few sturdy people from town to help you explore some of them.

3. Achieve fame and glory. Make yourself known. Find out about hidden secrets of the town and the local Indians. In general, self-aggrandize shamelessly.