

# THE ADVENTURE PACK

## *A StoryTellers Expansion Pack*

**1** Snap Hamilton banked hard, pulling his biplane up and to the left. A glance over his shoulder confirmed that there were still three bogies on his tail. Fortunately, there was good cloud cover overhead and he knew that none of their planes could match his Betsy. He pulled back hard on the stick.

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**2** Snap Hamilton could barely wait for his plane to stop before jumping out. Once he was out, he ran as fast as he could for the cover of the trees lining the beach. He was pretty sure one of those enemy planes had spotted his emergency landing, and he needed to get as far away as possible. He was just glad he hadn't been flying Betsy. He'd never have been able to abandon her on the beach like that.

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**3** Snap Hamilton's jaw dropped in amazement. He'd heard about the giant zeppelins the enemies were using, but he hadn't seen one before. It was huge – and surrounded by a haze of enemy planes. He flew Betsy up into the cloud cover so he could think. How the heck did HQ expect him to take that thing down?

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**4** Snap Hamilton peered out of the trees towards the little airstrip. He'd crashed deep in enemy territory and he knew he didn't have a chance on the ground. He was going to have to steal a plane and fly it back.

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**5** Snap Hamilton looked fondly out the window at Betsy, the little Sopwith Camel he'd flown on so many missions. He was glad the war was winding down, but he sure was going to miss that little plane. Suddenly, the sirens blared overhead. Smiling, he grabbed his flight jacket and sprinted for the door. It looked like he was going to have one last dance with Betsy after all.

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**6** Ace Burlington thumbed on the autopilot and let the ship land itself. It had been a long trip from Earth, but he was excited to be arriving at the Altair system. Now he just had to find that missing ambassador.

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- 7** Ace Burlington smiled grimly as he watched Sara walk into the Altairian communications center. When Earth High Command had sent him here to investigate the disappearance of their ambassador, he'd never guessed he'd discover a full-fledged invasion force. Now he just had to hope that Sara would distract them long enough for him to sneak in and transmit a warning back to earth.
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- 8** Ace Burlington slowly lifted his face out of the dirt where he was lying. As his vision cleared, he remembered where he was. The Altairians had tossed him into one of their gladiator arenas. He must have cracked his head during the fall. A low growling drew his attention towards his opponent, and he scrambled to his feet to face the giant hunting cat.
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- 9** Ace Burlington took a deep breath and dove into the murky river. He sure hoped he was right that the dogs wouldn't be able to track him across it. He figured his ship was only about three miles away. If he could just get there in one piece, he could blast off into the relative safety of space.
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- 10** Ace Burlington smiled tenderly at Sara. She was the one Altairian he'd miss when he was gone.
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- 11** Cat hung quietly from the ledge, waiting for the duke and his guards to walk past. For the hundredth time, she found herself wondering why no one ever looked up. Not that she minded, of course. She dropped soundlessly to the ground behind them, catching the door before it could close and slipping inside the palace.
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- 12** Cat stretched luxuriantly. She loved hot tubs – especially when they were stolen. Suddenly, she heard a noise in the outer chamber. Uh-oh, she thought. This could be bad.
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- 13** The duke was tired. He unbuckled his scabbard, looped it over the bedpost, and then flopped down onto the soft mattress. Watching from his closet, Cat took a deep breath. Well, she thought, it was now or never.
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**14** Cat waited patiently until the guard had left and then pulled her emergency lock pick out of her hair. It only took her a second to open her cell door and let herself out. Now she just had to get out of the dungeon itself. She looked around for ideas.

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**15** Cat smiled at herself in the mirror. It felt so good to see that diamond necklace around her neck! It was a shame she was going to have to give it back. Of course, first she'd have to get back into the palace without anyone seeing her.

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**16** Jeremy stopped in amazement at the edge of their campsite. Where was everyone? What had stamped the campfire out like that? Why was there a huge tear in the side of his tent? He dropped the firewood he'd been gathering and backed into the trees.

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**17** Jeremy woke up with a start, heart beating fast. He looked around, trying to figure out what had awakened him. Then he heard it again: a loud thump on the roof. Someone - or something - was up there and it wanted to get in.

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**18** Jeremy looked around the old morgue. Even though it hadn't been used in several years, the place was still downright creepy. He wished he'd never taken that stupid dare to spend the night. Suddenly, he heard a tapping sound.

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**19** Jeremy peered over the edge of the boat. What had that noise been? Had they hit something - or had something hit them? Suddenly, he stumbled sideways as something large hit the boat far below the waterline. Calling out a warning, he ran toward the controls. They had to get out of here fast.

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**20** Jeremy let out a long relaxing sigh as he sat down in front of his TV. It was good to be home again. He flipped on the news and opened the sack of mail that had accumulated while he was away. A package on top caught his eye immediately. It had no markings on the outside and appeared to be a DVD case wrapped in brown paper. He reached for it.

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**21**

Striding Falcon looked down at the train tracks running through the valley. A couple trees had fallen across the tracks. That would be the perfect place for the bandits to rob the train. He strung his bow and jogged silently towards the rocks. The bandits had been impersonating his people, causing bad blood among the cowboys. Now he would catch them and put a stop to it.

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**22**

Striding Falcon watched the crows circling in the sky. The army they followed was almost here. He had to turn them away from their path - but how? He spoke their tongue. Did he dare approach and speak with them? Or should he try to lead their scouts down the wrong path?

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**23**

Striding Falcon drew his knife as watched the grizzly bear approached the cabin. He didn't think the great beast would try to enter, but it would be foolish not to be prepared.

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**24**

Striding Falcon sat nervously in the circle. When the pipe came to him, he touched it to his lips briefly and passed it along. This was his first time at council, and he needed a clear head. The decisions made tonight would change all their lives. He looked to Standing Oak, waiting for him to start speaking.

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**25**

Striding Falcon sighed when he saw that the man riding the horse was Lefty. The two of them had been friends for years, and that was what he needed now – a friend. He dropped down out of the tree and waited for Lefty to approach.

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**26**

Agent 57 carefully lifted the goblet and pretended to drink heavily. The man sitting across the table watched as the super spy apparently chugged down the poisoned beer. He nodded to his comrades at the bar. Now was their chance to finally capture the famous Agent 57.

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**27**

Agent 57 tossed the still-warm revolver back into the trash where it had been lying. It was clear now that the enemy agent was still somewhere in the school. Now it was just a question of finding him without causing a panic among the children.

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**28**

The Assassin looked down from the roof at the figure smoking by the streetlight. That had to be Agent 57. It just had to. Who else would be lurking around the docks at three in the morning? Suddenly he heard a voice behind him. "Wrong again," Agent 57 said with a smile.

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**29** Agent 57 quietly slid the window open and stepped through it into the room. Intelligence reports had indicated the plans would be hidden behind the roll-top desk in the study. Unfortunately, they hadn't indicated how many people still lived in the house.

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**30** Agent 57 flipped the switch and watched the fluorescent lights flicker on throughout the underground warehouse. The sound of running footsteps echoed through the cavernous room. Agent 57 couldn't spot who made them, but it didn't matter. There was a job to do.

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**31** Long Tom's sword danced in his hand, keeping the other pirates at bay. How the heck had he gotten himself into this mess? Well, that was easy. Whenever he met Maggie on shore, he always ended up in a fight.

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**32** Long Tom raised his hat and bowed to the assembled crowd on the dock, thinking fast. They were going to want to know where the treasure was. The treasure that he'd promised to bring back. The treasure that he hadn't been able to find. He could hear his crew grumbling behind him. He'd better make this good!

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**33** Long Tom sprinted down the street towards the docks, Maggie's brothers hot on his heels. Why were they always trying to kill him? Oh yeah, Long Tom smiled as he remembered. That was why. Fortunately, the docks - and his shipmates - were only a few blocks away.

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**34** Long Tom gazed at the island jungle from the deck of his ship. Had he found it at last? Was that really where the famous lost treasure was buried? He shouted the command to weigh anchor. They'd have to use the longboats to go the rest of the way.

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**35** Long Tom lifted the gold coins in both hands and let them rain down back into the chest. This was it. After all these years, he had finally hit the jackpot. He looked up and down the deserted beach and sighed. Now he just had to find his ship again.

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**36** Sir Gallant looked down the hillside towards the entrance of the giant cave. Was there really a dragon in there? He had watched it for most of the morning and seen nothing. Oh well, he thought, drawing his sword, there was only one way to find out. Leaving his horse tied loosely among the trees, he scabbled down the hillside towards the cave.

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**37** Sir Gallant looked back over his shoulder at the people of the village. So many of them, he thought, so many people depending on him for protection. He hoisted himself up on to his horse. He'd meet this Lord Sessin, despite the odds, and see to it that these good people would be left alone.

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**38** Sir Gallant carefully raised the handkerchief the lady had dropped at his feet. She was, he thought, truly beautiful. If only he weren't promised to another... he held out the embroidered piece of cloth to her.

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**39** Sir Gallant raised his lance in a brief salute and then pulled the visor of his helmet down. These jousting competitions were a great way to earn some extra money. That was good, because he could really use it, what with the baby on the way. He lowered his lance into position, ready for the joust.

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**40** Sir Gallant paused in his digging when he saw the darkness sweep across the sky. Was this the end? Had the enemy such incredible powers that he could fill the sky with darkness? He took a deep breath to steady himself. It mattered not. Sir Gallant had never abandoned his people before and he wasn't about to start now. He called out to the other men to redouble their efforts. They had to finish the earthenworks before the enemy horseman arrived – regardless of the weather.

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**41** The dusty, beaten up black limo rolled slowly to a stop in front of Al's Sandwich shop. Guido stepped out of the back, looked around quickly, and then stepped up to the door. He gestured to the driver to keep circling the block. It was time to have a talk with Al, and he didn't need anyone else listening.

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**42** Guido sat in the corner of the bar, his black fedora pulled low over his eyes. He didn't want anyone here recognizing him. He really didn't.

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**43**

Guido looked out the peephole of the Speakeasy's front door and then jumped away fast. It was the feds! As they started pounding on the door to break it down, he sprinted through the crowd for the back door.

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**44**

Guido looked down the empty street. Behind one of those doors, he thought, was his old friend Jimmy. Mugsy had snatched him just a few hours ago. Guido knew he didn't have much time. If he didn't find them quick, Jimmy was done for.

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**45**

Guido tried to keep his hands steady as he took the witness stand. He could talk his way out of this. He could talk his way out of anything.

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**46**

Liandra looked out at the empty desert in astonishment. She couldn't believe her bad luck. First, she ran out of fuel and was forced to land on this primitive planet. Then, when she was out looking for fuel, the silly humans had stolen her ship! Now what?

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**47**

Liandra carefully placed one massive paw on the bars of her cage and pushed. Immediately, the metal started bending under the pressure. Silly humans, she thought, thinking their lion cage could hold her. Suddenly there was loud crack as the metal gave way. Liandra flicked her tail in annoyance, hoping no one had heard.

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**48**

Liandra crouched in the bushes on the edge of the concert. The music coming from the stage was simply beautiful. What amazing things those humans could do with strings and boxes! She wondered how she could get a recording without causing a panic.

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**49**

Liandra carefully dipped one huge paw into the river and lifted the human child out. Placing him carefully on the bank, she looked over at the rest of the humans eating their picnic. They were oblivious, as always. She checked to make sure the little one was okay. What should she do now? She couldn't just leave the helpless little one lying there, but if she called out the other humans would probably run away – or shoot at her.

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**50** Liandra lifted Sam up onto her back. It was humiliating having him riding up there, but he had saved her life. She sort of owed him. The least he could do was help him escape. She gathered herself and eyed the electric fence. It was too high to jump.

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**51** Max rubbed his eyes blearily as he held on to the side of the racing fire truck. He felt like he hadn't slept in days. First there was that fire over at the hardware store and now this apartment building blaze. He stifled a yawn as the truck pulled to a stop, and then grabbed his hat and his axe. No time to be sleepy. He could hear people trapped inside, people he had to save.

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**52** Max ran back to the window to give the all clear. Everyone was out of the building. He stopped at the window, his shout dying in his throat. Where was the ladder? He leaned out of the window. Where was the ladder truck going? What was going on? Why were they leaving him stuck on the third floor of a burning building? He waved and shouted, but no one looked back. He turned away from the window, hefting his axe. It looked like he was going to have to find his own way out.

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**53** Max grabbed his trusty axe and ran towards the building. A fire was a fire, he thought. It didn't matter what caused it or why. What mattered was that there were people stuck inside. Arriving at the door, he checked his equipment one last time. It still bothered him, though. Who would set fire to a hospital?



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