



WOW

H.J. RUSS

# Nik Henning & The Dark Gemstone



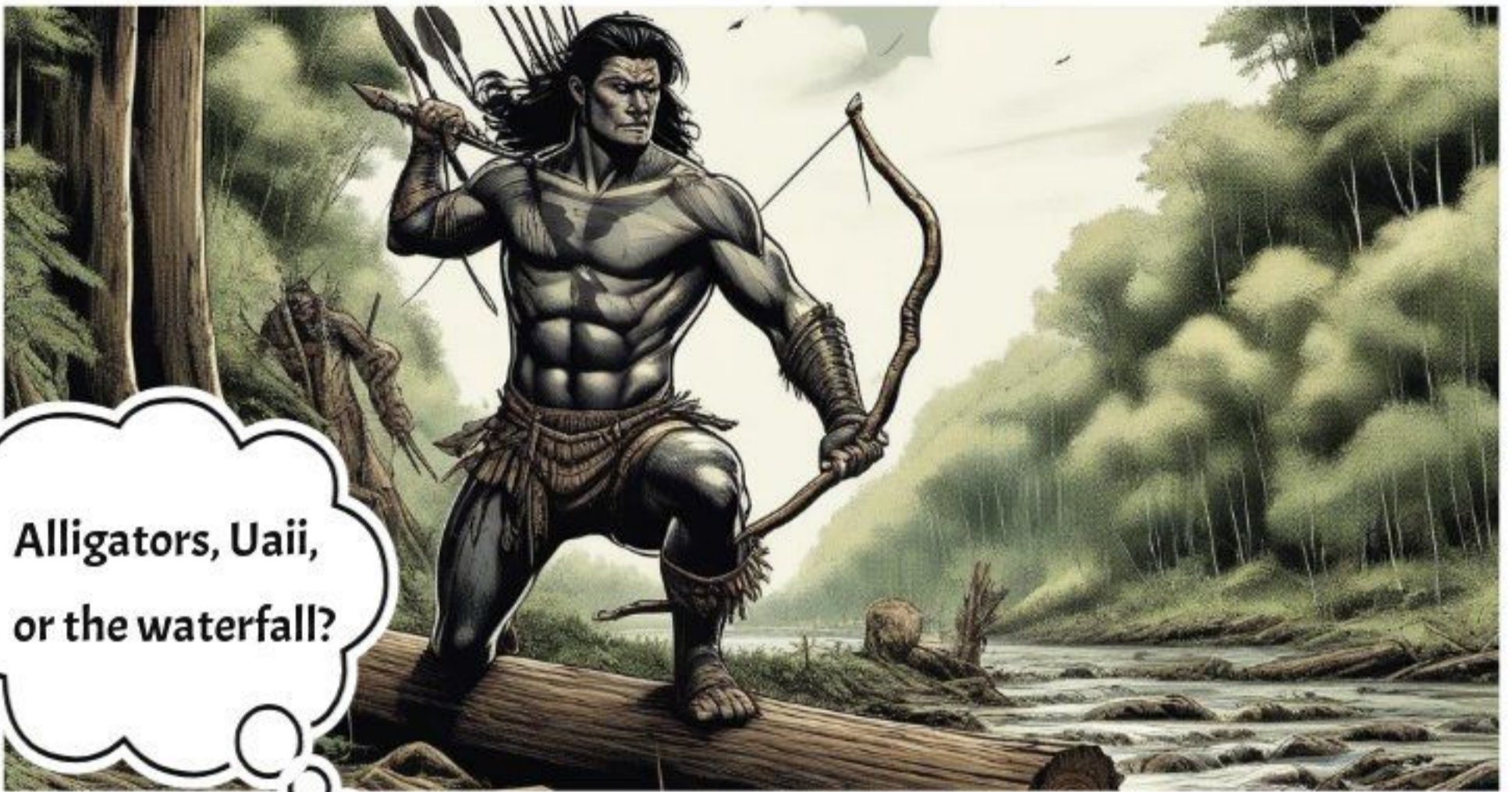


Deep in the Brazilian jungle, uncharted territory between Jutai, Marauá, and Marapatá.

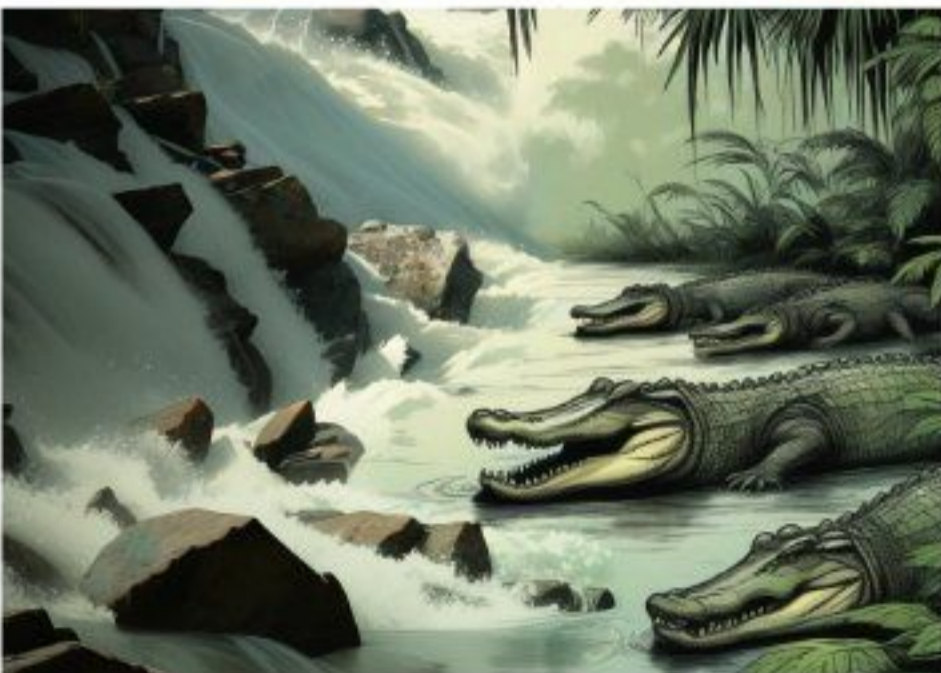
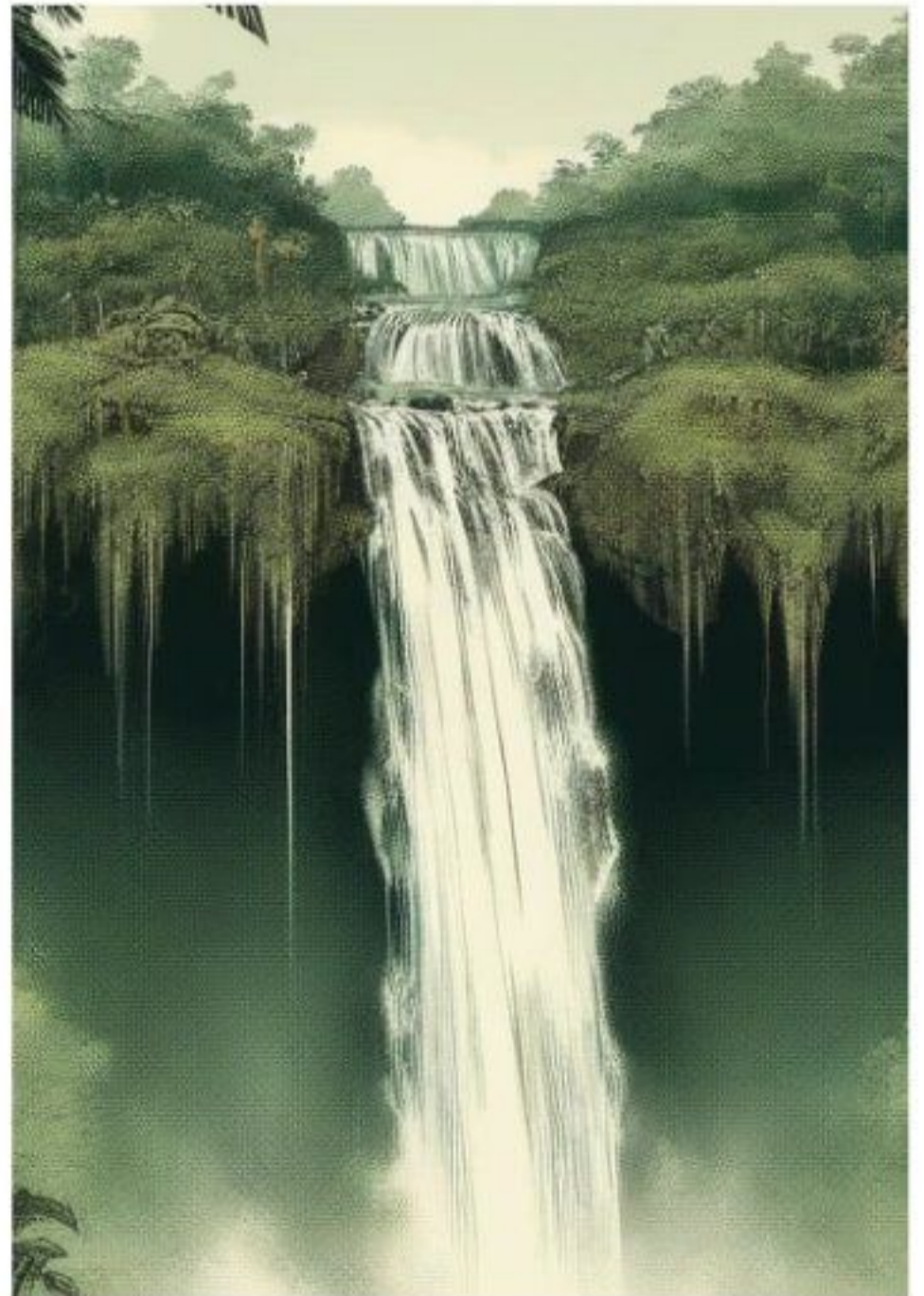
Nik's escape plan was not that good. A wild chase through the jungle began.



Yes, Nik had found the amulet. Yes, he had stolen it from the Uaii Warriors. Or had he merely borrowed it? No, this time it was undoubtedly theft. And yes, the Uaii were furious with him.



Alligators, Uaii,  
or the waterfall?



On both sides of the bank the Uaii, armed with bows and arrows, formed a guard. There were no records about this indigenous tribe. The only thing Nik had discovered was that they crafted shrunken heads from the skulls of intruders.



I might not survive this one!



Nik chose the waterfall, and a second later, he shot over the edge and fell—very deeply. Though Nik had screamed at the top of his lungs, the sheer force and thundering of the water drowned out his cries.