**Indiana Jones and The Maya Temple of Doom**

Trekking through the lush vegetation of the rainforest, Indiana kept his eyes peeled. He had learnt to be vigilant, aware of the many perils the jungle could throw at him. Every step taken along the endless carpet of green, was a step closer to finding the priceless treasure. The jungle was hot, hot and humid which caused beads of sweat to appear on his broad, bronzed forehead. Birds flew overhead and their chirruping filled the skies with a beautiful melody; the gentle breeze joined in with the chorus as it ruffled the leaves in the canopy and the cascading water of the waterfalls added to the symphony of nature. Such a scene would cause many to stop and gaze in wonder but not Indiana: he was driven and determined; to those who travelled with him, he seemed fearless. If he could travel alone, he would but there was safety in numbers when journeying through this hostile, impenetrable place: the depths of the Mexican jungle.

With eyes like a hawk, Indiana noticed an unusual addition to one of the tree trunks which stood guard along their route. Pushing the vines, which hung down in front of the trunk, out of the way, he removed the object that had been hidden in the ridges of the bark. It was an ancient map. With care, Indiana inspected the fragile, aged paper and studied it. It was just as he had hoped: it was a map leading them to their prize of the golden mask. This Maya treasure was not only made of solid gold; it was also said to possess magical powers. Indiana sensed the excitement he would feel if he succeeded in this ultimate quest and imagined holding the coveted mask in his strong hands.