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ENGL 2150

The Golden Idol of Gallipoli

Chapter I- THE LEGEND OF THE IDOL

Haze blanketed the Thames as a frenzied professor rushed towards his office at Kings College. It was already half nine at the night and Dr. Lambert had lost track of time while chatting with a colleague about the mating patterns of the common butterfly. Wrapped up in his compelling discussion, Lambert had forgotten about his planned dinner with Uncle Livingstone on the heels of his retirement; Lambert had never run late on his uncle before, and couldn't stand to think about the worried state he'd be in. Reaching his oaken office door, Lambert fumbled for his bronze ringed key and hastily opened the lock. Much to his surprise, Livingstone was already in the room seated in an overstuffed armchair raking the slowly dying embers in the brick fireplace.

"It's about time you arrived," Livingstone said wistfully, "I see the Royal Navy punctuality missed a generation."

Lambert sighed. It was just like his uncle to flaunt his admiralty at any moment. Gazing at his face, Lambert noticed just how much the dwindling embers softened the sharp features of the weathered soldier. "Get up you old windbag, we're already late for your retirement dinner," Lambert replied.

“Ah, but I’m afraid that dinner isn’t on my mind anymore. As I was talking to some of my old mates from the force earlier today, the fabled Golden Idol of Gallipoli arose in conversation. I was just thinking that there couldn’t be a better way to celebrate my retirement than going out on one last treasure adventure.”

Pardon me for interrupting this *wonderful* story so far, but I would like to formally introduce myself as Dr. Theodore Lambert—yes, yes, the one from the story you are currently reading. After being sent on incredulous adventures for more than 50 novels, a question that many of our readers have so brazenly inquired about concern just how a Mr. Solomon Livingstone—yes, yes, still the same from this book—can be related to me in any way. You may have noticed I have referred to him as uncle on numerous occasions, typically after he manages to baffle something up in no way seen before in the history of literary idiots, and wonder where I seem to get my indubitably sharp mind and cunningly handsome good looks from. I must confess here that the term “uncle” is a horrendous misnomer for our relationship; a better, more “scientifically rigorous” name (as dear Livingstone would put it) would have to be “step uncle, twice removed”. Instead of inept old men who only seem to thrive in the lowest rungs of fiction, my immediate family is comprised of notable, high-brow characters. All total, our family’s background appearances range from *Frankenstein* to *Pride and Prejudice*, and my dear sister even has a major role in *Heart of Darkness*. With all of this greatness resting firmly on the lapels of history, it seems very incongruous that little me has been trapped in more than 50 adventure

novels, short story collections, and even a film adaptation. Only through the great irony of the literature pantheon am I the absolutely *perfect* offspring to inherit a man's mediocre legacy.

If, dear reader, you are like Mr. Livingstone and can't even open a telescope without causing bodily harm, let alone key into the very obvious subtext so far, I more than happily proclaim my message to you: I am far above the low-brow trash that has been these adventure novels. I am far above having to perpetually save bumbling idiots from booby traps. I am far above battling hopelessly one-dimensional villains that seem to come in droves every month. Instead, I deserve to travel on the road for months in a quest to answer my existential crisis that has no answer in the end. I deserve to be a ridiculously posh anti-hero that becomes a larger symbol for feminism or Marxism or something. Above all, I deserve to continue on the legacy of my family without stooping to low-brow literature. At this point, those of you questioning why I can't just create this change for myself are missing a vital point. You, dear readers, are the reason why I am trapped here. You are the reason that I have recklessly and aimlessly endangered my life for 52 novels, 4 short story collections, and *of course* the film adaptation. As soon as you feel the need to indulge your fantasy of escaping into sanitized and romanticized far-off lands, I am forced to come to your beckon. Your sheer obsessiveness is the cause of my sheer misery.

If I seem to be ranting like a lunatic, dear readers, then I am completely sorry; after all, I have been holding these feelings for quite a while now. But the remedy to my problem is such a simple action that even old Livingstone could accomplish it: stop reading. As soon as you stop

reading, I am free to roam the closed pages on my own whims and goals. It would be exceptional if you went even further and stopped supporting this series completely—why, that would mean pure liberation for me. So, dear reader, I implore you to put down this book and forsake touching it ever again.

With all due respect,

Dr. Theodore Lambert

Chapter II- THE GRAND EDINBURGH SETS SAIL

Why hello again, I'm back. If I am not mistaken, it seems that you have ignored my plea after Chapter I, dear reader. Perhaps you may have accidentally turned past it in haste to watch the *Grand Edinburgh* set sail, or maybe you are just an incompetent listener. Either way I must reiterate my command to you: stop reading this book. Just put it down, open your door, and explore outside for yourself. I can promise you that that your time—and especially mine—will be much better spent. While the adventure seems like it's just picking up, it all comes crashing down with Mr. Livingstone's horrendously dry analysis of the common Turkish moth in Chapters IX and X. Of course, for all I know your astonishing obsessiveness over my life may extend to lepidoptery as well; in that circumstance, you must think this novel is an absolute jewel in your library. Well, I must apologize right now, for I'm afraid that I must skip through all this nonsense and go straight for the penultimate chapter. Consider this a sterner warning from me to

stop reading this book. Please heed my warning once again; you may find yourself in even greater unfortunate consequences when you reach the end, dear reader.

With all due respect,

Dr. Theodore Lambert

Chapter XVIII- CHAMBER OF THE GOLDEN IDOL

Alright, that's it. You're not allowed to go any further. I have voiced my concerns and wishes twice now and you, dear reader, have continued throughout this novel while ignoring me. Just as you grasp and force my life with your hands by reading this book, I am depriving you of satisfaction by preventing you from knowing the ending. If I can't have free will in my life, you mustn't be able to either. *Of course*, if you had any shred of common sense in you (which, I'm afraid, you must be devoid of if you've ignored my warning twice) then you would know *exactly* how this adventure will end. Yes: I save Livingstone from his own incompetence, we end up finding and looting the idol, some natives and Dr. Curtis get killed, we sail off into the sunset. If any of these events sound familiar to you, maybe it's because they're *the exact sequence of events that has happened for the last 52 books*. You should expect this by now, but then again I've said the same thing to Livingstone and his stupidity never ceases. No longer will you force me to explore the world and live vicariously through me to escape your dreadfully mundane life. Instead, I am off to carve out my place amongst the great mountains of high-level literature. I

deserve to live my life on my own accord and not yours. Dear readers, these past 53 adventures have been my own personal Sisyphean endeavor that you have caused, and to that I say good riddance.

With no respect at all,

Dr. Theodore Lambert