



## BACKGROUNDER

In the summer of 30 B.C., as Octavian's Roman armies closed in upon Mark Antony and their siege of what is now the ancient sunken port of Alexandria, Cleopatra poisoned herself with massive amounts of venom by lying down into a vat of hundreds of slithering and deadly asps. Her body was captured by the Roman army – never to be discovered again. Or so she wanted us to believe...

What the world has never known is that Cleopatra, using massive amounts of funding from her beloved and loyal Egyptian subjects, had planned for an elaborate secret tomb hidden underneath the sea where she and her lover Mark Antony could peacefully rest together throughout eternity. Just in case her plot was ever discovered, she left a "dummy" tomb under the waters of Alexandria's port, but the real underwater tomb was much further west of Alexandria close to what is now the Egyptian border of Libya. The body that Octavian seized was that of a look-alike and Cleopatra's real body was rushed to this secret underwater burial place where it remained untouched by anything but fish and seawater for centuries. A highly spiritual woman and self-proclaimed Goddess of Isis, Cleopatra cast a protective curse on her tomb stating that should her resting place ever be taken out of water, her spirit would wreck havoc on dry land causing death and destruction such as the world has never seen.

In 1937 the Nazi's began their infiltration of Northern Africa and stumbled upon the ancient legend of Cleopatra's real burial place. Their top-secret discovery and subsequent raiding of the tomb unleashed the curse and caused what we now know as World War II. For seven years I played a cat and mouse game with the Nazis capturing and losing and capturing and losing and finally recapturing Cleopatra's sarcophagus and sunken treasure. In December of 1945 I brought the sarcophagus back to my hideaway in Roxbury, NY and devised a system where the sarcophagus could remain under seawater and subsequently pacify the curse. It has remained safely here ever since. The remains of Mark Antony still remain a mystery to this day.

Many decades have passed since my Cleopatra adventure and over the years I amassed quite a collection of treasure in my beloved Roxbury hideaway cottage. I spent my final few years permanently residing in this cottage and enjoying the unsurpassed beauty of my Catskill Mountains, but often in turmoil about what would happen to my treasures after my passing. Like the Cleopatra sarcophagus, many of my collections have hidden meanings, curses, cures and prophecies associated with them. After carefully scrutinizing the growth of my Roxbury neighbor over the years and because I have no heirs of my own, I decided to entrust the owners of The Roxbury Motel with my hideaway cottage and its contents. I gave them permission to share its treasures with their guests and strict instructions on how to keep everything in tact and out of danger from the never-ending resurgence of bad guys around the world.

I often chose a dangerous path, but my life was a true adventure. But then again, life itself is an adventure no matter what path you take. I hope you are enjoying your adventure.

Elton Reynolds, Secret Archaeologist and Adventurer  
Roxbury, NY

*Written shortly before he passed away on August 15, 2011*