

Ancient Mayan pyramid carvings at Chichen Itza tell of the world's only green ruby, "Ojo De Jaguar" (The Eye of the Jaguar). Some scholars believed its existence only a myth. Others believed the fabled green ruby did exist but was now lost to the world forever. And for good reason, as the "Ojo De Jaguar" carried with it a terrible curse. The curse was this: all those who gazed upon it were compelled to provide the wearer multitudinous margaritas. Many a Mayan civilization fell to ruin supplying never-ending margaritas to its gem-wearing kings and queens. Naturally, when NuClia heard about this curse, she knew if the jewel did indeed exist, she would someday find it. This is her story.



# **NuClia's Quest For The Lost Ancient Green Ruby "Ojo De Jaguar"**

# We just wanted to get warm...



This past New Year's, Iona Trailer, Portia Potty and myself made the pilgrimage to Antarctica for the Annual Penguin Roundup. We decided on the way back we needed a good thawing from all the ice and snow. We decided to make a little sidetrip to Puerto Vallarta, Mexico for some sun and fun. And of course, some delicious margaritas! ¡Muy sabrosa!

# We find a secret tunnel...



Late one night, as we were having our photo taken with the famous seahorse statue in Puerto Vallarta, Portia accidentally bumped the leg of the naked boy rider with her fan and a secret tunnel opened up underneath the statue. Being the curious girls we are, we had to see where it would lead us!

# The tunnels leads us far away...



We climbed down into the tunnel and found strange Mayan heiroglyphs lining the walls. We walked for only 10 minutes but later discovered we had traversed thousands of miles across Mexico, clear to the Yucatan Peninsula. At the time we had no idea we were experiencing the lost magic of the Mayan civilization. Who knew?

# What lies above?



When we reached the end of the tunnel, we found ourselves faced with a pole leading up. To what, we had no idea. With much hoisting and huffing and tropical steamy sweat, we managed to get all three of ourselves up that pole. Portia and Iona got up first and then yanked me up with them.

# Could this be Chichen Itza?



We found ourselves in a small enclosure. Just outside was a very large Mayan Temple. As I looked around, I realized nothing had been ravaged by the decay of time. The paintings and carvings were in mint condition. They could not have been more than 5 years old! Could we have not only traversed hundreds of miles, but also time as well? Being fluent in Mayan, I noticed many of the hieroglyphs said "Chichen Itza".

# Temple of the Jaguar



As we emerged into the tropical night, I was certain we were indeed at Chichen Itza. This temple was vaguely familiar to me, having seen pictures of my great-great grandfather doing archeological digs around such a structure. This looked like the Temple of the Jaguar. My great-great grandfather had spend his life searching for it's treasure, the "Ojo De Jaguar", the world's only green ruby.

# The Quest Runs In The Family



I first learned of the “Ojo De Jaguar” as a child in the lap of my mother, Toxic Waste, who told me stories of my great-great-grandfather, Panty Waste. Panty spent most of life (plus the entire Waste fortune) searching for the lost green ruby. He desired the ruby’s curse, to have an unending supply of margaritas given to him by all those who gazed upon the jewel. This photo was taken shortly before he died. On the back was scrawled “I have found Vomita, the drunken Mayan god. I know I am closer than ever to uncovering Ojo de Jaguar...”

# Inside the Temple of the Jaguar



As we entered the temple, we were blinded by green light coming from the center of the room. It was the “Ojo De Jaguar”. Knowing the importance of the gem, I raced forward and snatched it up before Iona and Portia had a chance. With the help of Mayan magic, we had traveled through space and time and now the long lost treasure was mine!

# Danger in the Temple



Well, the Mayan were not fools and as soon as I snatched up the ruby, poison darts and spears came raining down upon us! The Mayan had protected their jewel very well. Using our wigs as shields, we were able to escape the temple unharmed and quickly sprinted to the safety of the tunnel.

# Safely Back In the Present



We raced through the tunnel, and in ten minutes found ourselves back in present day Puerto Vallarta. The next day, I wore my gem to the beach and sure enough, cabana boys were surrounding me with margaritas galore. I had more than I could drink in a lifetime so naturally I shared my cocktails with Portia and Iona for their help in finding the lost gem “Ojo De Jaguar”.

The End.