Traveling Home

by Stargazer19

Summary

An expedition for the Topaz of Ahuizotl becomes dire when Donald and Scrooge become separated from the rest of the gang. Especially when the legends surrounding the Ahuizotl may be true.

Notes

This story is based on the legends of the Ahuizotl. I have Huey explain the legend in the story but I do intend for it to be real in later chapters. I have the story planned out and mostly written. The time it takes me to post between chapters will mainly be me trying to proofread and edit the written chapters. I write everything down in a pocket notebook first. Then I have to type it and proofread. Hopefully, this will prevent me from having hiatuses and discontinued stories. Hope you enjoy it and let me know if there are ways I can improve the story!
The Mountain

“Are we almost there Uncle Scrooge?” Dewey moaned. The McDuck Mansion residents, barring Mrs. Beakley, and Launchpad McQuack had been walking for hours through the mountains of Central Mexico in search of the Temple of the Ahuizotl. Scrooge McDuck discovered an old legend about the Ahuizotl in his study and wanted to find the Topaz of the Ahuizotl. Launchpad had flown them to the edge of the small mountain range the previous morning.

“Not yet, lad. We probably have another 8 hours to go. We’ll reach the bottom tonight.” Scrooge checked their location on the map he was carrying.

“It says in the Junior Woodchuck guidebook that the Ahuizotl is a mystical creature that looked similar to a dog and a monkey, with a hand for a tail. It was said to drown fishermen in lakes and eat them. Aztecs believed that being drowned meant you were destined to enter the Water God Tlaloque’s paradise, Tlulac, or that you were hoarding stones from the Gods.” Huey flipped the page. Louie shuddered at the idea of being destined to be drowned.

Scrooge interjected, “The Temple of Ahuizotl is said to hold the rare Topaz of Ahuizotl, a local stone that is said to symbolize the element of water. Now we have a little more ways to go before we are out of the mountains and in the marshes. After that, it shouldn’t be too hard to find.” Scrooge was leading the front of the group with Donald. Everyone else was trailing slightly behind.

“Wouldn’t that be neat if we encountered a real Ahuizotl?” Webby smushed her cheeks with her wings and smiled.

Louie chuckled, “Only you would think meeting a mythical creature that wants to drown and eat you would be cool.”

The group devolved into quiet chatting amongst each other. Donald and Scrooge started walking further ahead to scout the path. They continued climbing for another hour before they finally reached the top of the mountain.

“Wow! This view is beautiful!” Webby exclaimed. Huey pulls out his camera and snaps a couple photos.

“This will be great for my mountain climbing and viewpoint photography badges!”

“Now wee ones, you can see the temple over there. It’s been scoured before but no one has ever found the Topaz. Everyone who has visited this temple claims they can feel something watching them and many have also disappeared in the marshes, most likely from quicksand. The map of the inside of the temple is short because the tunnels that stretch past a mile are very unstable due to the marshland. I think we have a good chance of finding the Topaz though. We still have a way to go but once we approach the marshes be very careful to stay on the path. Some of the grasses are very tall which can hide quicksand and pluff mud, which is like quicksand but more unstable.” Scrooge lectured.

“That’s why I made sure you all have rope in your bags.” Donald piped up. “If one of us gets stuck, we can just pull out the rope and haul you to safer ground.”

“Yeah and the whistles in case we get stuck while separated. You already lectured us on this Uncle Donald.” Louie groaned and held up the whistle that was hanging around his neck.

“Well, I’m just making sure. It’s dangerous and I don’t want you kids getting hurt.” Donald stepped
slightly off to the left and worriedly looked back, “Now steer clear of this side of the path, it’s really steep and the rocks look a little loose. We’re gonna detour that way.” Donald pointed as he stood in front of the fork of the path that faced the marshes. The detour headed back inside the mountain range and would take longer to reach the bottom, but Donald wasn’t taking any chances. He stepped back to let everyone walk past while blocking off the other path. Of course, Donald’s bad luck would get in the way. The part of rock under his right foot suddenly crumbled away.

“Waaak!!” Donald threw his left hand out as he slid backward.

“Donald!” “Donny!” “Uncle Donald!”

Scrooge lunged forward and grabbed Donald’s outstretched hand. He tried to pull him back, but the path under Scrooge’s feet crumbled under the pressure and both went sliding down the mountain.

“Mr. McDee!” “Uncle Scrooge!”

It took a second for Donald to realize that he had dragged Scrooge down with him. He quickly pulled Scrooge close and hugged him around the straps on his backpack. Their slide turned into tumbling, the backpacks both ducks were wearing did very little to slow down their momentum. Rocks banged and dug into Donald’s sides and arms, while Donald tried to cover Scrooge as best he could. Finally, after hitting multiple ledges, they finally stopped rolling on the edge of the ridge about halfway down the mountain. Donald’s eyes were tightly clenched, and he winced as he slowly unwrapped himself from Scrooge. Everything hurt. Scrooge opened his eyes and pushed himself up.

“Donald, lad, are you alright?” Scrooge pulled his pack off and shuffled around the items inside. He pulled out the first aid kit while Donald answered, “I’ve been worse. Are you fine Uncle Scrooge?” Scrooge tsks as he pours a small amount of rubbing alcohol on a cotton pad.

“Since you decided to be the shield, all I’ve got are a couple scratches.” Scrooge looked up and noted the blobs of color many yards above them. He gave a little wave and was satisfied when the blobs disappeared behind the ridge.

“It looks like Launchpad and the kids are going to continue heading down the mountain. It shouldn’t be too hard to meet up again afterward since we should be able to see each other pretty well.”

Scrooge went back to attending to Donald’s cuts. Donald sighed and let him. While he was glad the kids were safe, it wasn’t going to help his nerves any, not knowing how they were doing. Regardless, Donald grunted in affirmation and let Scrooge patch him up. After a couple minutes, Scrooge had the bad cuts bandaged and the two were off again. The drop saved them a couple hours of walking and by the time they finally reached the bottom, it was almost evening.
Chapter Summary

Night has fallen. While Launchpad takes care of the kids, Donald and Scrooge have a little heart to heart.

Chapter Notes

I know this is a little short but I wanted a touchy-feely chapter before Chapter 3. Things are about to get worse.

By nightfall, Launchpad and the kids had made it three/fourths of the way down the mountain. Launchpad tried his best to cheer them up with stories and jokes, but they were too worried about Donald and Scrooge. Once it was too dark to continue, Launchpad decided that they should stop and set up camp for the night.

“But Launchpad!” Dewey cried out. “We’re almost at the bottom! It won’t take much longer and then we can go find Uncle Donald and Uncle Scrooge!” The other three nodded in agreement.

Launchpad sighed, “I know you kids are worried but Donny and Mr. McDee are fine. They’ve been in worse situations before. We’ll camp here for the night and once it’s morning, we’ll finish going down and meet up with your Uncles then. I’m sure they already stopped for the night anyway.”

The kids grudgingly accepted that Launchpad had a point and promptly plopped down onto the ground. Everyone pulled out food from their backpacks and had dinner. Launchpad could still feel the tension in the air though.

*Maybe they’ll cheer up if I tell stories about DW?*

“Hey kids, have you heard about that superhero is Calisoto?”

Meanwhile, Donald and Scrooge had already set up camp and were watching the stars. They had already reached the bottom of the mountains. Donald’s eyes roved the sky above as he checked off navigational stars in his head. He had learned many things in the Navy and celestial navigation was one of them. The skill was still useful so Donald always used it, even if they had a map. When Donald was done position fixing, he realized how quiet their makeshift camp was. Scrooge seemed a little awkward, eyes staring above but feathers tapping the ground as if trying to come up with a conversation topic. Donald sighed. They weren’t that close after the whole Spear of Selene incident,
but maybe he could let some of the grudge go.

“‘You know,’” Donald paused. Scrooge turned to face Donald. “Ever since I was a little kid, I always loved looking at the stars. No matter how angry or upset I got, I could always calm down by stargazing.”

Scrooge’s face morphed into surprise. Donald wasn’t one to talk about himself that often. He faced the sky again in hope that Donald would continue.

“‘In the Navy, I would always be on deck at night. Didn’t matter whether I had night watch or not. I would gaze at the stars and recite the constellations in my head while listening to the lull of the waves. Before I took the boys in, I sometimes took Daisy out to the park and we would stargaze. It’s some of the memories I cherish most with her.’”

Scrooge remembered how stressed Donald was after he became the boys’ guardian. He didn’t believe he was capable of supporting both the nephews and Daisy. Feeling she deserved someone whose income wasn’t so unreliable, he had broken up with her. She understood Donald’s reasoning and they remained good friends. It was hard for Donald at first to admit that to himself but as far as Scrooge was aware, they still got together on occasion. He wondered how the lass was doing.

“‘You know, you’re always willing to do everything you can for those boys. I know I’m not good at expressing some of my more personal feelings, but I want you to know that I’m proud of you, nephew.’”

Donald’s head swiveled towards Scrooge so quickly, Scrooge almost laughed.

“I’ll have ye know though, that if you ever bring this up I will deny it heavily.” Donald chuckled and turned back to the sky.

“Crazy old bird.” With that Scrooge and Donald passed the evening by pointing out constellations until the fell asleep.
The Marsh

Chapter Summary

Some info on the temple and then everything goes horribly wrong.

Chapter Notes

I based Donald's reaction on his reaction with the plane in the Casino episode. Let me know if it seems out of character.

Scrooge woke up to the first early rays of the sun peeking over the horizon. He stretched his wings out, checked his watch, and then slowly started to eat breakfast. It was currently 5:30 am. By the time Donald awoke, a half hour later, Scrooge was packing up their stuff.

“Glad you’re up nephew! I was thinking, we can probably head out towards the temple and then wait for Launchpad and the wee ones. It’ll be easier for them to find us.”

Donald yawned and lazily nodded. He packed up his gear and pulled out a hiking stick. Scrooge had bought one for everybody in anticipation of the marsh. He figured it would be useful in finding patches of quicksand or pluff mud as they made their way to the temple. The temple was about four miles from the mountain so Scrooge and Donald figured they could walk half a mile and then wait. After walking about 15 minutes, Donald stopped and looked back. He could see some colored blobs that were almost at the bottom of the mountain. He turned back to Scrooge, who was still walking ahead.

“Hey! Let’s wait here. I can see them from here.” Scrooge stopped walking and turned to squint at the mountain.

“Alright nephew, we can rest here for now.” Donald stabbed his hiking stick into the ground and walked over to Scrooge.

“Since we have to wait for them to catch up, tell me about the temple.” Scrooge shot an annoyed look at Donald.

“Were you listening at all on the plane ride here? I already explained everything!” Donald rolled his eyes.

“Your explanation consisted of what the Topaz was and how we were gonna get here. I know you have a map so what’s the temple supposed to look like?” Scrooge pulled his bag off and shoved it into Donald’s wings. Then, he rummaged through the pockets till he pulled out a slightly worn map.

“This,” Scrooge began as he unraveled the map, “shows all the documented tunnels that run through this temple. These tunnels expand for about a mile in all directions. I told you earlier how the tunnels are very unstable, but the tunnels up to the mile mark are reinforced with stone. Part of the confusion with this temple is that there are many rooms and chambers in the underground part of the temple.
The three floors above ground have been scoured already so if the jewel really exists, it must be in the underground tunnels.”

"We'll have to be really careful when we go past that mile mark then. I really don't want the roof collapsing on top of us let alone getting lost." Donald started wringing his wings.

"That's why I brought some paper and pens to create a map while we are inside. As long as we are careful, the tunnel should be fine."

Donald looks up from the ground at Scrooge.

"Do you think I can see that map for a moment? I want to take a photo in case we get separated."

Scrooge huffs but takes the map out of his pocket. Donald snapped a photo with his phone and then let Scrooge stuff it away. As Donald turned to look at the mountain again, Scrooge thought he saw movement further ahead. He paused. After a minute, Scrooge was distinctly aware of some kind of motion in a patch of marsh a couple feet ahead.

“Donald?” The quiet worry in Scrooge’s tone instantly made Donald alert. He softly walked up to Scrooge.

“What is it?” Donald whispered. Scrooge readied his hiking stick and walked forward. Donald followed alongside. They took a couple paces forward when rustling behind them made them jump. They turned towards the rustling but saw nothing except the vestiges of movement in the grasses. Donald and Scrooge waited a couple minutes before deciding it was okay to let their guards down.

“Maybe we should head back towards the mountains and wait for everyone there?” Donald suggested.

“Maybe we should. I don’t know what that was an’ I don’t really want to find out.” Scrooge and Donald tried to walk forward but immediately froze when the action caused them to sink to their tail feathers into the ground.

“Waaak! We’re caught in quicksand!” Donald screamed. Scrooge’s eyes went wide.

“Okay, Donald don’t panic! Moving will only make us sink faster. As long as you don’t move, we won’t sink.” Donald started hyperventilating.

“What do you mean don’t panic?! We are stuck in quicksand with no way to defend ourselves against whatever that thing was and the rest of our team is still a couple hours away. How are we going to get out of here?!” Scrooge held his wings up in an attempt to calm him down.

“Take a deep breath okay? If you can get the rope out of my bag, I can try to hook it on something. Maybe there’s a rock that I can use so we can pull ourselves out.” Donald took a deep breath.

“Okay fine! Don’t move okay? I have to move a little behind you to get to your bag.” Donald took pushed himself backward and sideways before Scrooge could protest. While the action worked, Donald was now sunk to his stomach. He quickly unzipped Scrooge’s backpack and pulled out the rope. The movement made him sink further. He quickly tied a lasso and handed it to Scrooge. Scrooge looked around for somewhere to latch the rope onto before spotting Donald’s hiking stick, still stuck in the ground.

“What luck nephew! If I can lasso your walking stick, we can pull ourselves back to stable ground.”

“Can you hurry it up please?” Donald struggled to keep his voice calm. He was already sunk to his
chest. Scrooge twirled the rope and tossed it at the hiking stick. It missed. Scrooge reeled it in as he sunk a bit. Scrooge twirled the rope again. The lasso landed on the hiking stick and pulled taut around it.

“Yes! Come on Donald!” Scrooge tossed the rest of the rope behind him and pulled himself forward. After he freed himself from the quicksand, he turned around to help pull Donald out.

But Donald wasn’t behind him.

“Donald?”
The Quicksand

Chapter Summary

Scrooge tells the others what happened.

Chapter Notes

I have Webby refer to Scrooge as Uncle Scrooge in this chapter (and Donald as Uncle Donald in later chapters). Since this doesn’t follow a specific time period in Ducktales, I feel like Webby will consider them family at some point in the future.

“Donald?” Scrooge’s eyes widened. The only sign that Donald had been there was his sailor’s hat, lying in the quicksand where Donald must’ve gone under.

“No…no no no! This can’t be happening!” Scrooge grabbed his hiking stick and started poking it into the quicksand under Donald’s hat. He couldn’t feel him anywhere. As he pulled the stick back, the hat caught on the end.

“Donald… I can’t lose you… Please…” Scrooge slumped to the ground. He silently wept over the loss of his beloved nephew. It felt like the Spear of Selene all over again.

He didn’t know how much time had passed as he sat and stared at nothing. He snapped out of his trance when he faintly heard his name.

“How am I going to explain this to them?

Scrooge made to get up when his hand brushed against the hat. He grasped it as he stood up. He knew the boys would want it but he couldn’t bear the thought of parting with it. It was all he had left of his nephew.

“Hey! Uncle Scrooge!” Dewey yelled. Their group had finally made it down the mountain. He could see Uncle Scrooge resting up ahead but he couldn’t see Uncle Donald anywhere. Maybe he was more hurt from the slide down the mountain than they thought. He could see Scrooge walking back.

“I wonder where Uncle Donald is?” Huey questioned. Launchpad frowned and looked around.
“I don’t know little man. Mr. McDee will probably tell us when he gets here.”

“Do you think Uncle Donald is okay?” Dewey quietly asked. The others turned to look at him.

“Do you mean from the fall?” Louie replied.

Webby was quick to reassure, “I’m sure he’s fine! Uncle Scrooge probably has him doing something to help us get to the temple.”

The kids relaxed at that but Launchpad wasn’t so sure. His instincts were telling him that something was wrong. When Scrooge finally got within a couple yards of the group, Launchpad knew he was right. Scrooge was covered in mud, his eyes were red, and he looked numb.

“What’s wrong Uncle Scrooge?” Huey asked. Scrooge opened his mouth to reply but no sound came out. Louie hopes that his bad feeling is wrong.

“…Is it Uncle Donald?” The others, minus Scrooge, stared at Louie in shock. Tears started to fall down Scrooge’s face again.

“I’m sorry… I couldn’t save him.” Everyone looked at Scrooge again.

“What do you mean? Where’s Uncle Donald? Was it the fall?” Dewey asked frantically. Scrooge shook his head.

“We went ahead so that you could see us better. S-Something startled us and we accidentally backed into quicksand. He helped me get out but when I went to help him he was g-gone.” Scrooge gathered the kids in his wings. Launchpad stepped forward and placed his wing on Scrooge’s shoulder.

“I’m so s-sorry,” Scrooge whispered.

The boys started to sob. They wriggled out of Scrooge's grasp.

"Uncle Scrooge we have to go back! What if he's still alive?" Dewey shouted. The boys started running in the direction Scrooge had come from. Launchpad gasped and chased after. He managed to catch up and lifted them up into his wings, effectively preventing them from getting out.

"You can't just run off like that!" Launchpad scolded.

His heart had almost leapt out of his throat at the thought of the boys getting caught in quicksand as well.

"I tried boys. I tried to find him in the quicksand but I couldn't. There's no point in going back either. I don't know how long it's been but he most certainly would've d-drowned by now."

Scrooge shut his eyes, he looked pained.

"I've failed him twice now. We need to go home. He'd never forgive me if you kids got hurt."

Huey glared at Scrooge.

"That's the only reason?! He died for you and you're putting it on us? How about you quit this stupid adventure because you realized you're a greedy miser who willingly put his nephews in danger for fame and fortune. It's all your fault! If you didn't want to find that stupid gem, Uncle Donald would still be here!"
Everyone stared at Huey in surprise.

"Huey..." Scrooge extended his wing out to him.

Dewey and Louie turned to Scrooge and started glaring at him as well.

"He's right though! It was fun at first but we have had a lot of close calls on these adventures. Even though everything worked out, you still traded Uncle Donald for Uncle Gladstone!" Louie snapped.

"Not to mention you almost got us all killed in Atlantis! We get targeted by your enemies like the Beagle Boys and Glomgold! It's not that family is nothing but trouble, it's you that's nothing but trouble!" Dewey yelled.

Scrooge flinched.

Webby watched with apprehension. This couldn't be happening. After being alone for so long, she didn't want to lose more family.

"Please, guys! Let's stop arguing! Maybe we aren't too late! M-maybe is was the Ahuizotl?! Maybe it pulled him under and he's waiting for us to rescue him?! We can go to the temple and rescue him!" Webby sobbed. Scrooge shook his head.

“Lass, I wish that were the case but he’s gone. Even if the Ahuizotl is real, it took people in lakes, not quicksand.” Scrooge turned to face the mountains.

“Boys, I don't know if you'll ever forgive me for what I've done. I'm sorry.”

The boys didn't reply. They quietly sobbed in Launchpad's arms as Scrooge started walking back towards the mountains, leaning heavily on his cane. Launchpad took that as his cue to guide them back up the mountain. He set the boys down and relaxed a bit when none of them darted towards the marsh. As he gently pushed everyone else forward, he glanced back at the marsh.

_I'm gonna miss you, Donny. I'll make sure to keep them safe._

He could grieve once he got everyone home.
Chapter 5: The Temple

Chapter Summary

Donald tries to escape the temple with the Ahuizotl is giving chase. Scrooge and the others make it back to the plane and an amigo arrives at the village.

Chapter Notes

I have a Spanish to English translation at the end of the chapter. You’ll understand once you get to the end. I also made this a longer chapter than usual to make up for the lack of updates yesterday and the late update today. Happy Easter!

Day 1

“Can you hurry it up please?” Donald struggled to keep his voice calm. It pitched in panic at the end though.

He was already sunk to his chest. Scrooge twirled the rope and tossed it at the hiking stick. It missed. Scrooge reeled it in as he sunk a bit and twirled the rope again. Donald gripped his bag’s straps in anticipation. Scrooge had just hooked the rope on the stick when Donald felt something grab his leg. Before he could cry out in alarm, he was dragged under the quicksand. After a couple seconds, he hit solid ground with a resounding thud.

“Ow!” Donald sat up and rubbed his back.

“Where am I?”

~Grrrrghrrgh~

“Oh no...” Donald quickly stood and faced the direction the growl had come from.

The Ahuizotl glared back at him. It flexed its deadly claws.

~ROOOAAARRRR~

“Waaak!” Donald turned around and ran.

He didn’t know where he was going but he had to lose the creature. Each tunnel had several other tunnels connected and he ran until he found a door. He shouldered it open then held his breath as he shut the door, pressing his ear to it. Donald didn’t relax until he heard pounding pawsteps go past. Now that he was safe for the moment, he could try to figure out where he was. He turned away from the door.

“Wa-!” Donald clasped his beak shut with his hands.
Hopefully, the Ahuizotl didn’t hear that.

The chamber was filled with decaying bodies of fish and skeletons. Some skeletons were still wearing frayed or damaged clothing of villagers and sailors. Donald stumbled and vomited. He took a couple deep breaths to calm down before carefully tiptoeing his way through the chamber. The smell was horrible and he didn’t want to chance being in the same room for too long.

As he passed a pile midway through the chamber, a glimmer caught his attention. He turned back. There amidst a pile of dead fish, was a pile of stones. At the very top of the pile, was a gleaming blue topaz the size of a hairbrush.

That must be the Topaz!

Donald snagged it off the pile and shoved it into his bag. Since the chamber had three other doorways, he decided to go through the doorway directly across from where he entered.

Just as he closed the door behind him, he heard a thunderous bang from the chamber.

Oh no! It caught up with me!

Donald couldn’t stop to pull up the map on his phone. He would have to look at it after he got to a safer place. He took off through the tunnels again, crisscrossing in every direction. Donald must’ve been running and dodging through chambers and tunnels for hours, with short breaks in between, before he finally felt safe enough to rest awhile. Donald collapsed against the tunnel’s wall in exhaustion. He took a gulp of water from his water bottle and grabbed a granola bar from his bag.

Who knows how long I’m gonna be trapped in this tunnel? I have to make sure I ration everything just in case.

Donald had a couple extra water bottles in his bag as well as several bags of trail mix and a couple granola and protein bars. Launchpad had been carrying most of the supplies so Donald only had snacks on him. Once he was more rested, Donald pulled his phone out of his bag.

IT’S 9:45 PM?! Donald was dumbfounded. He didn’t realize that a whole day had passed by.

Everyone must be so worried! I hope Uncle Scrooge took the kids home. I don’t want them anywhere near this temple.

Donald noticed that his phone battery was at 78%. He would need to conserve it until he could get to the surface and call his family. He unlocked his phone and pulled up the photo of the map. He scanned it for any chamber he recognized but couldn’t find anything remotely similar to where he was.

Looks like I’m in one of the unexplored areas. I wonder how big this temple actually is?

Day 3 - Morning

It took Scrooge and the gang about 2 days to make it back to the little village that they had landed the plane by. Everyone was tired and heartbroken from their adventure and the villagers picked up on it.
They noticed how that one duck with the black sailor suit was absent and that the rest of the travelers looked worn.

“If there is anything this village can do for you all please let us know. We give you our condolences for your friend.” The head of the village offered. He was a large dog with a gray mustache.

“Thanks, man, but I think we all really just want to go home now. It’s hitting everyone hard right now.” Launchpad replied.

Scrooge and the kids didn’t even notice that they were being spoken to.

“Have a safe journey home, travelers.” The villagers departed to their homes or nearby buildings to let them be.

Launchpad turned back to the group. They were heading for the plane on the outskirts of the village. The whole trip back had been quiet and depressing. Even now Launchpad wasn’t sure how to help them. He was struggling to keep himself composed enough to get them home.

I hope Mrs. Beakley knows how to help everyone. I don’t even know how we’re going to be able to handle this, let alone inform Donald’s friends and family about his passing.

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Panchito Romero Miguel Junipero Francisco Quintero Gonzales and his trusty steed, Señor Martinez, were traveling alongside a mountain range. The two had been traveling for some time, seeking adventure and fortune so that Panchito could build his own Rancho.

“Hey look Señor Martinez! Es un cuidadito!”

The two were still a couple of miles from the village.

“Let’s ride!” Señor Martinez whinnied in agreement and took off running.

As they were approaching the village, they noticed a big red plane taking off from the left-side outskirts.

“That’s pretty fancy Señor! I wonder who they are aye? We’ll ask the aldeanos when we arrive.”

The two were surprised when they saw that most of the villagers were not outside when they rode into the village center. Panchito guided Señor Martinez to a trough filled with water and walked into the bar. He found several villagers inside having a drink.

“Hola Señora!” Panchito greeted as he pulled up a chair to a pretty dog.

“What was up with the fancy plane?”

The woman smiled sadly at Panchito.

“It was a group of travelers that just left. They wanted to find a treasure that is in a nearby temple, even though we warned them that many adventurers have been lost in their journey. It seems the same consequence beheld them.”
Panchito took his sombrero off his head and held it to his chest.

“Aye, it is a sad day indeed to lose an amigo. Tan triste de hecho.”

“I’m sure it sounds horrible but I sort of expected it. It was a duck that was dressed in a black sailor suit and sailor hat. The Ahuizotl is known to take sailors and fishermen.”

Panchito froze at the description.

No, I’m being dramático. Just because it sounds like Donaldo doesn’t mean it is.

“Can you tell me what the travelers looked like?”

The woman could tell that something was wrong since Panchito’s tone changed.

“… There was a tall pato wearing a pilot’s suit, an older pato with a thick accent wearing a top hat and holding a cane, three pequeño patos wearing red, blue, and green, and una pequeña pato wearing a purple and pink blouse and skirt. The one that never returned had the worst temperamento.”

Panchito quickly placed the hat on his head.

“The one that went missing, that is one of mi mejores amigos! I have to go look for him! Where is the temple?!”

The woman got up from her seat.

“I’ll show you where to go, but first you’re gonna need some supplies.
“Mejores amigos” – Best friends
The Mansion

Chapter Summary

Panchito and his friend Perrosá begin their travel through the mountains. Scrooge and the others arrive home and are now tasked with notifying Donald's friends and family of his passing.

Chapter Notes

At this point, I’m sure the timeline is starting to get confusing. I’m going to add a quick timeline here.

Day 1: Arrive at the village, begin a journey into mountains.
Day 2: Donald and Scrooge slide down the mountainside, reach the bottom of the mountain range
Day 3: About mid-morning, Donald is kidnapped by the Ahuizotl. Scrooge and the others meet up late morning/early afternoon. They make the journey back up the mountains.
Day 5: Scrooge and the others make it back to the village. Panchito arrives at the village and leaves for the mountains. Launchpad gets everyone home. They try to notify every one of Donald’s “death”.
Day 6: Donald finally recognizes where he is on the map. Attempts to find an exit.

Also, do you guys want everyone's reactions to Scrooge's calls? Or just a select few? I did write one reaction for this story but I can just gloss over it if you guys would prefer that. If you want some of Donald's friends, I figured that would be the boys explaining it.

Day 3 - Morning

Panchito followed the woman to the home of the Village Chief.

“By the way, my name is Panchito Pistoles. What is your name Señora?”

The woman faced him while she knocked on the door.

“It’s Perrosá, nice to meet you!”

It took a couple seconds for someone to answer.

“Ah, Perrosá. What can I do for you?” The Village Chief greeted.
Perrosá gestured to Panchito.

“This señor is a friend of the pato that did not return with the rest of the travelers. He would like your
assistance in order to search for him.”

Panchito stepped forward and held his sombrero in his hands.

“Please señor, my name is Panchito. Perrosá described the travelers to me and I believe them to be my friend Donald Duck and his family.”

The village chief interrupted.

“Yes, that was his name. You would like to search the area past the mountains but need supplies yes?”

Panchito was surprised.

“Yes, señor. I am very close with Donaldo and it would mean a lot to me if you would aid me.”

“Very well Panchito. If Perrosá can find a villager willing to guide you through the area, then I will supply you and your guide with supplies.”

Panchito grinned and placed his sombrero back on his head.

“Muchas gracias señor!”

Panchito turned to Perrosá.

“Would you be willing to guide me?”

“Sí, Panchito! I know the land very well.”

The chief asked several villagers for their assistance with gathering supplies for Perrosá and Panchito. It took an hour for them to leave. Panchito bade farewell to Señor Martinez and the two began their journey up the mountains.

“The Ahuizotl is known for living in lakes, but I have a feeling that it has expanded its territory. I fear it has started hunting folks in the marshes. We’ve heard of a couple travelers disappearing in the marsh, even though they have appropriate gear for quicksand.”

“Wait, so you think the Ahuizotl is the reason Donald didn’t come back?” Panchito was trying not to get his hopes up.

Perrosá nodded in affirmation. She was not expecting Panchito’s grito.

“W-why are you happy about that?”

Panchito grinned, “Mi amigo is brave, clever and strong! He has saved me a couple times on our adventures. If he encountered the Ahuizotl, then he is alive and trying to come back to the village.”

Day 3 – Afternoon
It took Launchpad four hours to land the plane back at the McDuck Mansion. Mrs. Beakley was already waiting for them and entered the moment the cargo door opened up. She sought out Webby first, wrapping her in a big hug. Afterward, she extended the hug to the boys. Launchpad walked in and helped Scrooge stand. The two ducks guided everyone into the living room and sat them down. Mrs. Beakley brought a rolling tray of hot chocolate and tea for everyone. Launchpad cleared his throat.

“So, I know it’s hard, but we should probably notify the rest of your family and Donald’s friends about what happened.”

Scrooge flinched. The boys looked at each other before nodding.

“Mrs. Beakley? Could you get my contact list for the family?” Mrs. Beakley nodded and walked off.

“Boys, do you have the numbers of your Uncle’s friends?”

The boys didn't answer. Scrooge sighed. They were still upset with him. Launchpad noted that he would have to sit the boys down and talk with them but for now they really needed to notify everyone.

"Hey kids, I know it's hard but would you call your Donny's friends so that they can come by? We need to start planning a... funeral.” Launchpad's eyes watered a little.

Everyone flinched at the mention of a funeral.

The boys started to cry again but Huey managed to reply, “The only one we don’t have is Jose’s and Panchito’s. U-Uncle Donald saved all their letters though, so their addresses are in his room.”

Scrooge was not looking forward to going through Donald’s room. He was hoping to leave it intact and just never go in. It was too soon.

“Launchpad, I’m sorry to ask this of you, but would you be willing to find it for me? I-I don't think any of us can go in there. Not yet.”

Launchpad smiled sadly.

“Sure thing Mr. McDee. I’ll be right back.”

As he left, Mrs. Beakley returned.

“Here you are, Mr. McDuck.”

She handed the contact sheet over. Scrooge stared at it. He knew once he made the first call, he would be admitting that Donald was truly dead.

Scrooge slid his phone out of his pocket. He dialed the first number on the list.

“Hey, Uncle McDunkle! What a surprise! You never call me! Got an adventure or something you want me to join?”

“Gladstone-”

“Whoa Uncle, you sound really serious! Something happen?”

Even being interrupted couldn’t annoy Scrooge right now.
“Lad I need you to come to the mansion.”

“...What?”

"Donald, the boys, and I went on an adventure several days ago. It w-went so wrong.”

"Uncle Scrooge, you're scaring me. What went wrong?"

"I'm sorry Gladstone. Donald died during the trip."

“...I’ll be there later today.”

“Wait Glad-!” He hung up. Scrooge slumped back on the couch. This is going to be hard.
The News

Chapter Summary

Scrooge and Huey notify some of Donald’s friends about his death. Donald finds the exit.

Chapter Notes

Sorry it took so long to update. Got really busy with school. I also went and updated all the previous chapters. The changes I made were;

Instead of 2 miles from the bottom of the mountains I made it 4. Justifies Donald getting lost for 2 days

Added a date tracker after the quicksand incident (Chapter 4)

Gave the nephews a MUCH stronger reaction to Donald’s death (Chapter 4). This was this biggest change I made in the story.

Rearranged one paragraph so that the story reads chronologically. (From Chapter 5 to Chapter 7)

Day 3 - Afternoon

“…I’ll be there later today,” Gladstone replied monotonously. He clicked the end call button but couldn’t bring himself to do anything else.

It was surreal. After everything that Donald had ever gone through, sure things had gone wrong, but not like this. For all Gladstone teased Donald about his bad luck, Gladstone admired him. He loved his family so much. He went on so many adventures and was a part of the Navy. He worked hard for his life and, while it wasn’t easy, Donald made every attempt to give the boys a good life.

Why do I keep losing the people I care about? My parents, Della, and now Donald…

“Sir, excuse me but are you alright?”

Gladstone jumped. He looked up from the phone and realized that there was an airport employee giving him a concerned frown. He had forgotten he was standing in the luggage return area of the Hollywood Airport.

“I-I’m okay. Sorry about that. Can you take me to customer service? I need to catch the next available flight to Duckburg.”

The employee nodded.

“Of course, sir!”
They walked together to the customer service desk and luckily, no one was in line. Gladstone thanked the employee and approached the desk.

“Excuse me, I would like to buy a ticket for the next available flight to Duckburg please.”

The service employee typed away at the computer.

“We have a couple seats left for a flight that leaves in the next 30 minutes. You have enough miles for a free ticket if you would like me to book your flight with it.”

Gladstone shakily smiled at him.

“Thanks, I appreciate it.”

The man prints out the ticket and hands it to Gladstone.

“Here you are, sir! I hope you have a wonderful day.”

Gladstone sighed, “Thank you.”

He turned and made his way to the gates.

_I’m taking a page out of your book, Donald. Family helps family. I’ll stick around as long as they need me._

Mickey Mouse hummed as he shut his front door with his foot. He was carrying multiple brown bags of groceries and plopped them down on the kitchen counter. Pluto came running from upstairs.

“Hey, Pluto! Have a good nap?” Pluto nods and starts sniffing the bags.

“I told Minnie I would make dinner tonight. I’ve got a couple more hours before I need to start cooking, but I figured I could get some of the prep work done.” Mickey grabbed a cutting board from an overhanging cabinet.

“Hopefully Chief O’Hara won’t call me to work on a case before then. Minnie was so livid the last time I canceled due to a case.” He smiles and chuckles to himself.

Mickey gets back to work, cutting up vegetables for dinner when the phone starts ringing.

“Wonder who that could be?” Mickey plucks the phone from the receiver in the living room and holds it up between his ear and shoulder as he gets back to cooking.

“Hello? Mickey Mouse speaking!”

“M-Mickey?”

Mickey freezes. He slowly sets the kitchen knife on the counter and walks into the living room.

_Is that Huey? Is he crying? Donald would be having a fit if he heard him like this. I have a bad feeling about this…_

“What’s wrong Huey? Are you guys alright?”
Mickey sat down in the armchair by the phone.

“Can you c-come down? We were on an adventure with U-Uncle Scrooge and-and!”

Huey started crying over the phone. Mickey started panicking.

“Huey, it’s okay! Take a couple deep breaths okay? Of course, I’ll come down. I need you to tell me what’s wrong though. Maybe you can put Donald on the phone and he can explain it if it’s this hard for you to tell me.”

Mickey felt his heart sink when that only served to make Huey cry harder.

“M-Mickey… U-Uncle Donald is d-dead.”

Mickey’s hand starts shaking and tears well up in his eyes. He didn’t notice when he lowered the phone to his lap, or when Huey called his name when he didn’t respond.

No, no, no… Donald… is dead?

Pluto, noticing something was wrong with his owner, walked up and put a paw on his lap. Mickey snapped out of it and put the phone to his ear again.

“I’m gonna need to find someone to watch Pluto for me. I don’t think Scrooge would like a dog in the mansion.

“Just y-you. I’m going to have D-Dewey call Goofy next.”

“I’m gonna go get Minnie and then we’ll be at the mansion in a couple of hours okay? Who else have you told?”

“Thanks, M-Mickey. See y-you soon.”

Mickey hung the phone up, pulled it off again, and then dialed Minnie.

“Hello? This is Minnie Mouse speaking!”

“M-Minnie, I’m gonna hafta cancel dinner tonight. I need you to p-pack some bags and be ready to leave in half an hour.”

Minnie cut him off.

“What’s wrong? Are you being chased by a villain again?”

“Minnie, I just got a call from H-Huey. He was crying over the phone and asked if we could go over to the mansion. Donald passed away.”

Pluto was running around grabbing his toys, bed, and food bowl so that Mickey could throw it in a bag for whoever he could get to watch him.

Chief O’Hara would probably do it. I need to call him to say I won’t be coming into work for a while anyway.

Mickey’s attention was brought back to the phone when he heard Minnie give a soft gasp.
“O-Oh poor Donald! How h-horrible! I’ll pack m-my stuff and meet you outside my h-house in half an hour then.”

Once Minnie hung up, Mickey dialed another number.

“Hey, this is the Goof residence, Max speaking!”

Goofy pulled his face out from the hood of his car.

“I almost got it.” He muttered to himself. His car hadn’t been working the past couple days and he was determined to fix the problem. As Goofy grabbed a wrench off the workbench on the side of the garage, he faintly heard the phone ring from the living room. Goofy thought about answering before he heard the footsteps of his son running down the stairs from his bedroom. He smiled and went back to the hood. Goofy takes the wrench and gives one of the screws on the engine a few good turns before wiping the sweat from his brow and slamming the hood shut. He sets the wrench aside, climbs in, and starts the car. It runs without a problem.

“Alright, I did it!”

Goofy steps out of the car and enters the house.

I wonder if Maxie is still on the phone?

Goofy walked into the living room but frowned when he saw Max. He was sniffing and rubbing tears off his face. Goofy put an arm around his son’s shoulder just as Max hung up.

“What’s wrong Maxie? Who called?” Goofy spoke softly.

Max sniffed again.

“Mickey called to tell us that D-Donald passed away. H-He said we need to pack our bags and head over to the mansion.”

Goofy’s face morphed into heartbreak. He wept silently while holding his son close, before pulling away and wiping Max’s eyes.

“All right son, let’s pack our bags for a couple days. I’ll drive us to the airport and then we can play a game together or watch a movie on the flight okay? That’ll cheer you up. I know Huey, Dewey, and Louie are going to be sad as well, so maybe you can help me cheer them up when we get there.”

Max chuckled wetly.

“Okay, dad.”

Daisy sighed as her cameraman gave her the signal that they were off the air. She was in Los Angeles on a news story about a celebrity’s charity ball. She had been invited as a part of the DNN
and had dressed to impress in a sparkly purple dress.

“Thanks, Justin! Only another couple hours to go before we can go home for the night.”

Daisy had recently started working as a newscaster and loving every second of it. She was really good at it too according to people she interviewed and her number one fan, Donald. Daisy smiled at that.

*I just wish I got to see him more often. We may not be dating officially but I swear that duck still acts like we are a couple. Not that I mind in the slightest. It was really more of a formality.*

Daisy chuckled again. She excused herself from the group she just finished interviewing and walked out into the hall. Daisy dialed Donald’s number, hoping he was back from the latest crazy adventure he had gone on. No one answered though, so she left a voicemail. She turned around and just as she was about to enter the ballroom again, her phone started ringing.

“Hello, Daisy Duck speaking how can I help you?”

“Lass? It’s Scrooge. Where are you right now?”

Daisy frowned at the tremble in Scrooge’s voice.

*He’s normally so stern and composed… I wonder what’s with him.*

“I’m at that Charity Ball in Los Angeles. Are you guys back from your latest adventure? I tried to call Donald a couple minutes ago and he didn’t answer.”

She heard Scrooge wince. Now she knew something was really wrong.

“Scrooge what’s going on?! How come Donald didn’t answer me?”

Daisy could feel her heart clenching in fear.

“I’m sorry, lass. We were adventuring in Central Mexico when an accident occurred. I’m afraid D-Donald passed away.”

No…

Daisy dropped her phone. Her knees felt weak and tears slipped silently down her face. She took no notice of the partygoers that saw her slide to the ground, trying to ask her if she was alright. She just stared straight ahead. Someone picked up the phone to figure out what was going on. They found out the news and sent someone to get the cameraman and another to grab a glass of water. Daisy couldn’t believe it though.

*He can’t be dead! This can’t be happening!*

Her cameraman finally arrived and he lightly shook her shoulders. He took the glass of water someone had gotten and put it in her hands. Eventually, she snapped out of her daze and drank it to calm down. He took the phone from the person who had grabbed it and assured Scrooge that she was fine and that he was going to make sure she would be at the mansion by tonight. He guided her out the door and back to their hotel.
Day 3 - Evening

It took Donald two full days to find himself in a chamber that was on the map. He had spent the past two days dodging the Ahuizotl and trying to find a way to mark his location. He tried water mixed with some chocolate from a protein bar but whenever the Ahuizotl caught up to him, Donald had to run and couldn’t mark every he went through. Ultimately, he found himself even more lost. Eventually, Donald finally stumbled into a tunnel that was reinforced with stone. He knew this meant he was somewhere within a mile of the Temple and figured out where he was using a nearby chamber.

*Thank goodness! Now that I know where I am, I can follow the map to the exit!*

The temple had four exits to the floor above that shaped a square midway on the map. From his location, he was in between two of them.

*Now I just have to make it to an exit without getting caught by the Ahuizotl.*

Donald checked his phone. He only had 15% battery left.

*Darn it! I have to keep checking the map, but I might kill my battery before I can get out of here!*

He checked the map again and memorized it as best he could before powering it down. He walked through tunnels as best he could without checking the map. Finally, he arrived outside the chamber with the exit. He placed his ear close to the door but heard nothing inside. He held his breath and opened it as quietly as he could.

“What the…?”

The chamber was wrecked. The stairway that led to the surface floor was crumbled into a pile of stones and dust. Whatever furniture was supposed to be in the chamber was demolished in the same fashion.

“Great! Now I have to look for another exit!” Donald growled. He kicked one of the small stones that was next to him and it hit an unsteady rock pile with a soft clank. The pile of rocks rumbled and fell over with a bang.

The sound was answered with a loud roar from a nearby tunnel.

“Why me…?”

Donald tried to pinpoint where the Ahuizotl was from the roar. However, with the echo of the tunnels, he couldn’t tell.

*I’m just going to go in the direction of the next exit.*

He walked up to the door and opened. It. He was face to face with the Ahuizotl. Both stood still. Donald gave a sheepish laugh and slowly closed the door on the Ahuizotl. He gave a yell and darted back the way he came. The Ahuizotl gave chase.

*I just need to make it to an exit. It won’t follow me above ground.*

Donald ran through several tunnels and chambers before he reached the next chamber with an exit. He had stopped trying to lose it and just focused on reaching the chamber as fast as he could. It
surprised him when the Ahuizotl gave up chase just as he reached the chamber. He threw open the door.

*Not again! Why is this exit destroyed too?!!*

Donald growled in frustration and darted through another door. About halfway to the next exit, he tripped on some rocks. He tried to get up but the lack of energy from rationing food and water, as well as his depleting adrenaline, made it hard to do so. Donald pushed himself up to his feet, stumbled, and collapsed against the wall.

*I need a break.*

Donald pulled out a half-eaten granola bar and a bottle of water. Once he was a little more rested, he stood up to continue on. He stopped though when he heard a loud row and rumble up ahead.

*What?*

The sound of rumbling was followed by thuds and cracking. It went on for a couple minutes and Donald finally realized what was happening.

*The Ahuizotl is destroying the exits!*
The Ruins

Chapter Summary

Donald attempts to escape the temple. Scrooge and the others begin to talk about funeral plans. Panchito and Perrosá finally reach the ruins.

Chapter Notes

I probably won't update again for a while. I have more midterms coming up and finals are coming up as well. Panchito will vary between calling Donald his real name, Donal', and Donaldo as he and José have called him all these before in the comics.

Day 3 Evening

Donald couldn’t stop pacing.

_The Ahuizotl knows I’m trying to escape. That’s why it’s destroying the stairways. It wants to trap me here._

He slid the bag off his shoulders.

_Is there anything in here I can use?_

He tossed aside supplies, garbage wrappers from the small number of snacks he had eaten, and an empty water bottle. At the very bottom of his bag, was a long coil of rope.

_That’s right! When Scrooge and I were stuck in the quicksand, we used HIS rope! I can escape with this!_

He chucked everything back into his bag and slung it over his shoulders again. He walked back to the last stairway he was at. When he entered the wrecked room and couldn’t hear the Ahuizotl, Donald got right to work. He tied a lasso and picked his way across the room to the hole in the ceiling where the stairway was. Donald scanned the room above for anything he could snag the rope onto.

It took a while but he found a broken support pillar that was still attached to the floor. Donald threw the rope several times and smiled when it hooked. As he hoisted himself onto the rope, he heard a thunderous roar from the Ahuizotl.

_Oh, great! He figured it out!_

Donald started climbing as quickly as he could but just as he was almost to the top, the Ahuizotl burst into the room.
“Oh, come on!” He shrieked.

The Ahuizotl turned its attention to him. It lunged and Donald barely managed to swing the rope out of the way fast enough to dodge it. However, he had forgotten about the hand for a tail. As the Ahuizotl lunged past, the hand dug its nails tightly into Donald’s leg.

“Auggghh!”

His grip slipped and he slid a few inches on the rope. He was supporting his weight and the weight of the Ahuizotl hanging from his leg. Donald kicked out at the hand with his other foot. He landed several hits but it didn’t seem to deter the Ahuiztol’s grip at all. It made Donald slide down another few inches on the rope.

“I’m not dying today, so LET GO!” He swung himself on the rope.

The Ahuizotl swung into the wall and as it weakened its grip in pain, Donald kicked at the hand as fiercely as he could. The nails ripped through his leg but it gave a shriek as it released its grip and slammed into the ground. Donald wasted no time climbing the last few inches up and heaved himself over the edge. He hobbled away from the hole towards the entrance to the ruins and didn’t stop until he was standing at the border between the marshes and the ruins.

“F-Finally. I m-made it.” He slid to the ground next to a chunk of stone.

Donald looked down at his leg as shouldered the bag off. It was bathed in red but he couldn’t tell if it was from the sunset or the blood from the gashes in his leg. He grabbed his phone and the bandages from the bag. As he cleaned and wrapped his leg, he noted it would probably need another dressing as the bandages were quickly turning red. He then grabbed the phone and turned it on. Or tried to.

“Come o-on. S-Stupid phone! Please t-turn on!”

He tried again but it didn’t work. It was dead. Donald slumped against the stone.

“H-Ha, ha, ha, h-ha. W-Who gets s-stuck with all the b-bad luck? No-one b-but Donald D-Duck.”

Day 4 Evening

“Thank you all for coming at such short notice. I know this is a hard time for everyone but I appreciate the fact that you put aside your busy lives to come. Even though your all staying at the mansion, I called this meeting to discuss the funeral arrangement for Donald.” Scrooge addressed everyone around him.

He noted all of Donald’s friends were seated together on the couch, except for Panchito and José. Panchito hadn’t replied to the letter they had sent but José promised that he would arrive in 3 days. He was planning to see if he could find Panchito first before he caught a plane to Duckburg. Feathry and Gladstone had sat together on the armchair. Grandma Duck was sitting with Daisy on the loveseat. The two were holding the other’s hand and tearfully listening along to Scrooge. All the children were somewhere in the mansion.

“Now, I plan to cover the costs of everything but I wanted your opinion on the service and the date. Since everyone is already here, I believe that setting the funeral for four days from now will give us
time to prepare everything.”

Everyone nodded in agreement.

“Then that is settled. I wanted to get input from you guys for…”

The kids were all huddled together in Huey’s room.

“It’s hard to believe that he’s dead.” Huey whispered.

Louie nodded. “I kept waking up in the middle of the night to see if he’s checked on us or fixed the bed.”

Dewey sighed. “Remember how he used warble in his sleep whenever one of us started having a nightmare?”

“Yeah… It always calmed us down really quick.” Louie chuckled.

“Or how he would dull sharpened pencils so we couldn’t prick ourselves with them?” Dewey chimed in.

The three chuckled at the memories.

“I keep thinking this is all a bad dream and we’re just gonna wake up and he’ll be there spazzing in worry.” Louie’s voice cracked.

Webby frowned sadly at them. She looked at the door and then back to the boys.

“Do you think you should talk to Scrooge soon?” Webby questioned.

The boys had turned the cold shoulder to him ever since they got the news.

Huey sighed.

“Yeah. We should apologize. I lost my temper and he didn’t deserve that.”

Louie and Dewey turned to Huey.

“He totally deserved it!” Louie started.

“No, he didn’t. It was an accident and we pushed all the blame on him. He’s hurting too and we are only making it worse.”

The two looked at the ground.

“…You’re right. We’ll talk to him after their meeting.”

Louie turned to Dewey.

“Seriously, Dewy? You’re going to agree with him?”
Dewey put a wing on Louie’s shoulder.

“Family helps family, Louie. I know Uncle Donald had a grudge with Uncle Scrooge, but he wouldn’t want us to have one.”

Louie couldn’t hide the pained whimper that sounded from him. Webby and his brothers hugged him. Louie took a deep breath.

“Alright. We’ll talk after the meeting.” They all nodded.

After that everyone devolved into awkward silence. Max looked around the room and saw the tv and game station in the corner. Max cleared his throat.

“When my mom passed away, Dad and I spent time together in order to cheer each other up. Maybe we could play games now and then after you guys talk with Scrooge, we can go hang out with everyone. It’s been a long time since we’ve had so many friends and family in the same place.”

The others smiled at him. Leave it to a Goof to cheer everyone up.

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Day 3 Night

Panchito and Perrosá walked through the mountains as quickly as they could. When night fell, they slept until the moment the sun broke the sky and it was light enough to see. By the end of the 2nd day, the two had reached the base of the mountain.

“Should we wait for morning to reach the temple? It can be dangerous maneuvering through the marshes.” Perrosá questioned.

“If you are still up for continuing then I would like to do so. Donald might be in trouble and I know if our situations were reversed, he wouldn’t stop unless he needed to.” Panchito strode forward.

He pulled the stick from his back and starting forward, poking ahead of him as he went. Perrosá shrugged and followed along. The moon, although not full, was still bright enough that the two could see relatively well. They walked for several minutes when Panchito noticed something odd sticking out of the mud.

“Aye! A hiking stick! This must’ve been Donald’s. We are close my friend.” Panchito grabbed the stick and placed it in the basket on his back.

“Are you sure you two are not hermanos? You’re enthusiasm knows no bounds amigo and I feel like only familia would know how to deal with it for as long as you’ve known each other.” She teased.

Panchito laughed heartily.

“Sí, Perrosá! José, Donaldo, and I are hermanos honorarios. The Three Caballeros! We write letters all the time and every now and then, we’ll get together. I don’t know what I’d do if I he was gone.”
The mood turned somber.

Perrosá let out a soft sigh. She patted his shoulder and they continued onwards.

Compared to their trip through the mountains, getting through the marshes wasn’t as long, but it was much more dangerous. Multiple times, the two had almost walked into quicksand. Eventually, they were finally approaching the ruins.

“I think we should rest once we reach the ruins. Going through the marshes was stressful and You and I need to be ready in case we encounter the Ahuizotl while looking for Donald.” Perrosá advised.

Panchito sighed. He looked up from the ground and scanned the ruins.

“I think there’s a good spot over there. There’s a slab of stone that- “Panchito’s eyes widened.

There, slumped against the stone, was Donald Duck. He was unconscious.

“Donal’!”

Translations

“Hermano(s)” – Brother(s)

“Amigo” – Friend

“Familia” – Family

“Honorarios” – Honorary

“Caballeros” - Gentlemen
The Ruins Part 2

Chapter Summary

Donald, Perrosá, and Panchito start to head back to the village but are stopped by the Ahuizotl. They must beat it before they can leave. Meanwhile, someone receives a letter.

Chapter Notes

Sorry I’ve been away for a while! I had finals and then I went on a family vacation. We’re almost done though! Special thanks to Disney Boy for the idea of a final battle with the Ahuizotl!

The two rushed forward and knelt down beside him. Perrosá saw the quick patchwork Donald had made on his wounded leg and pulled her basket off her back. She started changing the bandages while Panchito worked on waking his friend up. He patted Donald’s cheek.

“Donald, wake up! Come on, mi amigo!”

Donald’s eyelids fluttered and he let out a groan. Panchito grabbed a bottle of water from his own basket and lightly splashed Donald with it. Donald flinched before finally opening his eyes. Panchito let out a loud grito and hugged him.

“I’m so glad you’re awake! You wouldn’t believe how worried I was about you! I knew you were alive! How are you feeling? “

Donald blinked at his friend, trying to figure out what was going on.

“T-That’s right! I escaped from the temple but what are you doing here? How did you even find me?”

Panchito helped Donald stand.

“Perrosá helped me find you. Apparently, your family thought you drowned in quicksand and returned home without you. I arrived after they left and didn’t want to believe that you were dead. Thus, I asked for help from the villagers and Perrosá guided me through the area to find you! I’m so glad you’re alright!”

Wait, my family thought I died? Oh, no…

Donald used Panchito to stand He limped towards the marsh.

“I-If my family thinks I’m d-dead, then I need to contact them as soon as possible. I don’t want them to think they’ve lost another family member.”

The group managed to walk a few feet away from the temple before Donald collapsed against Panchito.
“Señor Donald, maybe we should wait and rest for the night. I do not believe you are well enough to travel.”

Perrosá helped Panchito lower him to the ground. Donald groaned in pain but shook his head.

“I have to get back to my boys. I have to get back to my family. I am not wasting a second trying to get home.”

Perrosá sighed and helped Donald back up. Her and Panchito each took a wing and carried him between them. The trio continued to make their way towards the marsh when they heard scraping.

“What is that?” Panchito questioned.

Perrosá gasped and they all turned back to face the temple. A thunderous roar sounded from the hole in the floor and a hand appeared on the edge.

“Oh, no.”

Panchito turned to look at Donald.

“Is that-?”

The Ahuizotl roared again as it clawed its way out.

“RUN!”

Panchito hefted Donald onto his shoulder and ran in one direction with Perrosá running in the opposite. They ran back towards the temple since the ground was more stable. The Ahuizotl charged after the two. Perrosá bent down and picked up several rocks as she ran.

“Hey, beast!”

She chucked one of the rocks at it. The Ahuizotl screeched and turned to Perrosá. Panchito realized what she planned and quickly deposited Donald in a safe place hidden on the outside of the temple. He returned and picked up his own rocks.

“Hey, feo!”

He cawed and chucked his own stones. The two continued to chuck and run. They managed to corner it next to the hole in the floor. However, the Ahuizotl started picking up its own rocks and hurling them back. Panchito ducked out of the way of one rock and immediately rolled away when the Ahuizotl lunged at him with razor-sharp claws. Perrosá couldn’t think of anything else to do and continued to throw rocks.

Donald pulled himself up from the slab Panchito hid him behind. He could see a series of crumbled rocks that he could use to climb up to a hole in the wall. He hefted himself up the rocks and peeked through the hole to see the battle. The ceiling in front of Donald was crumbled and unstable, it gave him an idea.

*I can trap it under the rocks but I need to make sure it can’t just pull the rocks off with its tail.*

*Sweee!

Donald whistled. The Ahuizotl turned to face him.

“Over here you stupid beast!”
Perrosá and Panchito gasped.

“Donal’, what are you doing?”

Donald grinned. The Ahuizotl charged at him. He picked up a rock next to him and smashed it against the loose ceiling. The rocks rumbled and broke apart as the Ahuizotl reached him. It screamed as the rocks dragged it down to the ground and pinned it.

“Panchito! Cut off its tail quick!”

Panchito’s eyes widened. He quickly pulled out his pistols and shot the tail off.

“Now you two, pile as many rocks as you can on it! We need to trap it so it can’t escape ever again!”

Once, Donald was sure his friends were doing as he asked, he scrambled down from the rocks and joined them. They piled every rock they could carry on top of it. The creature growled occasionally but could not get out.

“We did it!”

Panchito cheered. He grabbed Perrosá and Donald and pulled them in for a hug.

“Now, we need to get you home! It’s a long journey mi amigo, will you be okay going through the mountains?”

Donald grinned determinedly.

“Nothing can stop me from returning to my family. Let’s go, everyone.”

“Good night everybody! Thank you so much for coming. Travel home safely!”

José called out to his audience as he walked off the stage.

*Another successful performance. Now to call it a night!*

He whistled and twirled his umbrella as he walked out of the bar and back to his house.

*Thank goodness my tour is finally over. I love seeing all the beautiful women but it feels maravilloso to be home.*

As he approached his house, he grabbed his mail from his mailbox. He flipped through the letters while he unlocked his front door.

*Bills, coupons, bills, oh?*

He looked at the letter. The handwriting was messy but he recognized the names.

“Ah! The nephews! I wonder why they have written to me?”

José walked into his living room and sat down on the couch. He opened up the letter and read the
contents. His face dropped as he read it.

“… Oh, my poor friend…”

He shakily grabbed a cigar from his pocket and lit it. Then, he stood up and rushed to his room. He packed up his suitcase and headed outside. He needed to find Panchito.

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